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THE UPLIFT

VOL XVIII CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 25, 1930. No. 1

several numbers repeated in the numbering.

We are to be patient. To be patient with folks is to be kind to them in many cases. We should be more than ready to make allowances for the shortcomings of others. We are to pity and try to help rather than to cast down and jump on them if they err. Kindness is the way of the Lord. Harshness and vindictiveness are the ways of the evil one.

"Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me;
Let me praise a little more."

—Detroit Free Press.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

AIM HIGH

"Some men are afraid of being too religious. What we need today are men who believe deep down in their souls what they profess. The world is tired and sick of sham. Let your whole heart be given up to God's service. Aim high. God wants us all to be His ambassadors. It is a position higher than that of any monarch on earth to be a herald of the cross, but you must be filled with the Holy Spirit. A great many people are afraid to be filled with the Spirit of God—afraid of being called fanatics. You are not good for anything until the world considers you a fanatic. Fox said that every Quaker ought to shake the country ten miles around. What does the Scripture say? 'One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight.' It takes a thousand to chase one now. Why? Because they are afraid of being too religious. What does this world want today? Men—men that are out-and-out for God and not half-hearted in their allegiance and service."

—D. L. Moody.

HIGH SCHOOLS OF CABARRUS COUNTY EXPANDING

Within a period of six years the rural high school enrollment in Cabarrus County has increased from 260 up to 769. This represents an increase in enrollment of 195.7 per cent. Six years ago, in 1923-24, only 4.9 per cent of all of the rural white children attending the rural schools where in the high school grades; whereas, in 1928-29 12.1 per cent were in the high school grades.

The above statistics to a certain degree represents the increased efficiency of the rural school system. They represent the increased attractiveness of the work and the increased holding power of the schools, because most of the children in high school are beyond the compulsory school age.

247757

Two questions arise regarding the increase indicated: First, what has caused them? Second, to what extent should the above increases be extended?

The increases indicated above have been made possible by the following factors:

1. Increased length of school term.
2. Better buildings and equipment.
3. Increased transportation facilities.
4. Better trained teachers.
5. Broader courses of study to meet varying needs.
6. Consolidation of elementary grades, providing better trained pupils and a more certain "tie-up" with high school.
7. Better supervision of instruction.

In 1928-29 12.1 per cent of the total rural enrollment was in high school. This represents an increase 7.2 per cent within the six year period ending at that time. It is generally agreed that approximately 25 per cent of the total should be in the high school department. In the rural schools of the state 13.8 per cent are in high school. Thus, while Cabarrus County is making commendable progress, it is yet much below the goal desired.

In 1924 there were 30 high school graduates as compared with 95 in 1929. This represents an increase in the number graduating of 216.7 per cent within the six year period. In 1924 11.5 per cent of the high school enrollment graduated, and in 1929 12.4 per cent graduated. This shows that the holding power of the schools is greater now.

The rural high schools are well organized and doing good work. However, Cabarrus county will refuse to be satisfied with anything short of the best. Every child must have the opportunity to get a high school education, one that really fits for life.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A WISE STEP

Dr. D. G. Caldwell, of County Health Department, in making his regular report to county board of health, made a most progressive and wise move in recommending a full time school nurse, for rural and city schools, thereby making it possible to do follow-up work, keeping in touch with children with physical defects. There is wisdom in this recommendation both from an economic and health point of view—in every sense of the word better results

will be realized for money expended. "Such a nurse," said Dr. Caldwell in his report, "would enable the health department to function more efficiently as an organization of real, live health workers, and align itself more nearly with other recognized departments."

The board of health also went on record as approving this addition to the staff of the Cabarrus County Health Department. There is not a doubt that the people at large will feel kindly towards the proposition. We make possible superior educational advantages for the children and the argument for an all time school nurse is equally as strong. In fact it is a christian duty to see that the children are kept in a splendid physical condition to take advantage of school opportunities. We commend Dr. Caldwell for his splendid recommendation.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A NEW DISEASE

The latest in diseases is the "parrot disease." We have never had a fondness for parrots, and from this on will have less use for them. We have our doubts about this disease, "psittachosis," (if you know what that means and how to pronounce it) being contracted by handling a parrot. We know one woman who was the happy possessor of a parrot, and whenever you visited the home you were entertained by telling of the smart tricks of Poll. "Old Poll" was handled and cuddled the same as a child. This parrot died from old age; she was the pet of the household as long as she lived and there was not the least apprehension about getting germs by fondling her. It is stated that: "In Germany, five deaths were attributed to the parrots' disease and 15 or more persons were ill with the malady. The symptoms of which are similar to those of pneumonia and typhoid fever."

There were also many victims in the United States—all the victims recently had handled parrots which were ill or soon died.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE DAY IS FAST COMING

We scarcely scan a paper just at this time wherein we are not confronted with some report of some kind for the year past. The figures are large and varied making it impossible to retain even a part of the statistics, unless personally interested. But, the most significant to our way of thinking, some-

thing that everybody should think upon, is the increase of auto accidents and there is not a hope that there will be a let up in the death toll as long as we promiscuously permit "all classes and kind" drive a car having as the only requisite the age limit. Have you ever thought that an engineer of any railroad train has to pass through a test and apprenticeship before entrusted with such a responsible position? It is true a train carries more people than an auto, but the auto driver assumes a similar responsibility when sitting at the wheel of his car. Let us think for a minute. The Federal Bureau of statistics states that in 1928 25,000 people were killed in auto accidents; in 1929 28,000 met death by auto accident on the highway and there is reason to believe that 1930 will register a greater number of deaths if we do not have licensed drivers. The time demands it. There are many unavoidable accidents we admit as in all other manners of travel, but at the same time there are a goodly number caused by reckless driving of automobiles on the highways throughout the states. The day is truly coming when every one who wishes to operate a car will have to attend some kind of a school to be qualified for the job, and then pay for the privilege. Another revenue for some purpose.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

TWO OPININIONS

Governor Gardner considers farm relief the greatest question of the hour—greater to his way of thinking than the limitation of naval armament, the London conference or the tariff:

> In the state's prison Governor Gardner said he recently had a survey among 200 young white boys. Only 15 per cent of them ever had lived on the farm. "If dudes and degenerates and those who cannot eat or sleep could have spent three years in communion with nature, he said, "they would not have been in prison." "The farmer may have been cheated in a trade," Governor Gardner said, "but that's better than being in the state's prison."
>
> Mr. Felix Harvey of Kinston said:
>
> "If I were czar, if I were supreme in North Carolina, I would make it a crime for a baby to drink milk from a can.
>
> "Every man in eastern North Carolina ought to have a hog and he ought to know a good deal about a pig, he certainly has been on the hog long enough.
>
> "Stop this biennial and perennial drain; but until the crop lien

speaks the language of food and feed you will sit in bondage all the years.

"You can write your declaration of agricultural independence when you grow your own food crops."

"I hear that you have 1,000 cows in this county and 1,500 automobiles. That may not be too many automobiles, but it certainly is too few cows.

"I would like to trade 500 of your automobiles for 500 good Guernseys, Jerseys or Holsteins. But don't trade now. It would be an injustice to bring a cow into the county now—there is nothing to feed her on.

"If I had what you spend for canned milk, canned corn, and canned ham, and probably corn that is not canned, I could pay all your taxes."

And these 12 counties took that awful larruping, apparently with a great deal of relish.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

WE WELCOME HIM

The Old North State welcomes William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and one of the two living ex-presidents. We know the fine climate this State offers, with a scenery unsurpassed and the best people in the country will give him an "at home" feeling, and he will find that which he is seeking—renewed health. Here's hoping he will return to Washington thoroughly reconditioned and he will be physically strong enough to render much valuable service to his country as he has done in the past.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The great philanthropist, Julius Rosenwald, regarded as one of the country's wealthiest men, was married to Mrs. Adelaid Goodkind, Philadelphia, last week and prior to wedding ceremony, according to pre-nuptial agreement gave her $1,000,000 instead of all rights to his estate. The proceeding seems fair enough to our way of thinking—there is no danger of the wolf ever creeping in with a good cool million. We imagine the great philanthropist prefers having the pleasure of doling out his millions for charitable purposes rather than entrusting it to others. Mr. Rosenwald is sixty seven years of age and his bride is sixty. They are now on a Mediteranian cruise of several months. They are truly old enough to make any pre-nuptial contract without any comments from any one.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

My guess is, that if long skirts come in, they won't stay long.

—o—

Some one has said that "singing warms the blood." I have heard some that made my blood boil.

—o—

Laugh and the world laughs with you. Snore, and you sleep alone.

—o—

A switch is the most persuasive thing in the world. It will do more for child welfare work than all the other means put together.

—o—

One of our doubtless reliable statisticians informs us that there are 526,000,000 Christians in the world. In my moments of depression I wonder where they live.

—o—

There is an old saying, "He that wants health wants everything." I have seem many people that had good health who wanted everything, too. So there's not much difference after all.

—o—

It is reported that a Georgia farmer recently rounded up his numerous children, and they numbered 41. It would seem that in his income tax exemptions instead of paying Uncle Sam he would get a rebate of a snug little sum.

—o—

They are now talking about making fool-proof airplanes. It will never work as long as there is a fool in the world. And you are sure to find them riding in ariplanes and automobiles. When one drops out one or two more come on to take his place.

—o—

In a short time 100,000 census enumerators will begin to enumerate Uncle Sam's over one hundred and twenty-five millions of wards. Counting their noses, as it were. Girls, be sure yours is powdered, and men, be careful yours is not over red from patronizing the bootlegger.

—o—

A California man is seeking a divorce because his wife is "sullen, mean, irritable, morbid, disagreeable, cool, bitter, jealous, heckling, picayunish, insulting, miserly, gluttonish, temperamental, selfish, uncivil and inconsiderate." Outside of these little foibles he says she is all right.

—o—

Astronomers tell us that the earth's atmosphere, including its clouds and water vapor, is responsible for maintaining our average temperature at the earth's surface fully 50 degrees F. above what it would be if the sun shone directly upon the earth without an atmosphere. Moreover, the range of temperature between day and night, shade and sunlight, would be enormously increased if the moist atmospheric blanket were removed.

—o—

The garden and farm seed catalogues are flooding the mails. Many of them are being planted in the post-office waste-basket. But they are more beautiful this year than ever. If the vegetables, the grains, the fruits and the flowers could be grown

to look as beautiful as they are represented in these catalogues what wonderful results there would be, and what a beautiful world would be revealed.

—o—

A group of men were discussing their radios in a drug store the other day. An old man had been listening silently. Got a radio, old man?'' asked one of the men. ''Yeah,'' replied the old man. ''I got a little two-tube affair. It's pretty good, though.'' ''Can you tune out the little stations with it?'' ''Well, I was listenin' to a quartette the other night, an' I didn't like the tenor, so I just tuned him out and listened to the three of them.''

THE LAKE AT KANNAPOLIS

Have you seem the pretty lake;
The bright gem of Kannapolis.
Where lovely girls and handsome boys,
Spend many golden hours of bliss.

How those rippling waters sparkle,
As o'er them plays the cooling breeze,
What beauties the lake encircle,
The elegant umbrella trees.

During the good old summer days,
When all the flowers are in bloom,
Roses of sharon and laurels,
Laden the air with sweet perfume.

The old and young from many lands,
Gather around this crystal sea;
Feathered songsters and cornet bands,
Pour forth sweet strains of melody.

Beauteous is that scene to me,
Reminder of the bright blue sea;
Of Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Where Jesus loved so much to be.

Sometimes I view this lovely lake,
Wearing a calm and placid face;
My thoughts rise to that blessed home,
Standing beside the sea of glass.

All the saints of earth shall gather,
On yonder bright celestial shore;
Oh there we will praise our Saviour,
Forever and forever more.

—H. Denny

COUNTRY PEOPLE STILL HOLDING ON TO GOD AND HOME AND NATIVE LAND

Thirteen Thousand Questionaire Votes On Schools, Economics, Prohibition, Divorce, Tobacco And Birth Control Analyzed.

By C. W. Hunt

The January issue of Farm & Fireside, Springfield Ohio, which will next month change its name to THE COUNTRY HOME, carries a summary of the questionaire taken last fall, when 13 questions were asked, in connection with the prize offered for the best 25 word message to the American public. In reply to these questions there came 13,431 replies; seventy per cent of them from farmers, 28 per cent from small towns people and two per cent from city people. No doubt a large per cent of these replies came from the west, though there were some from every state. The fact that these replies came from country and country town people makes it worth while to let country and town readers have a chance to see that in most of the fundamentals the great majority stand on safe ground. The editors who studied all these 13 thousand replies sum it up in this:

"Whatever your faith, whatever your practices, these facts stand: the old time farm and small town moralities have served mightily all these years to hold this nation steadily on its course. The old time "God-is-a-guest-of this-house" religion, bigotry and all, has given America a foundation in unquestionable faith, a shining goal of common attainment and a set of rules, on the whole commonsensible, by which to play the game of life."

Seven leading subjects were discussed, as follows: schools, economcis, farm relief, prohibition, divorce, tobacco and birth control. Taking these in the order named the following facts and figures are gathered:

Schools

These have always been a bone of contention in all country districts and the small towns are in the same boat. This questionaire shows the people almost equally divided still on district and county control. 49 per cent for district and 51 percent for county control. Note how close? But when the matter of consolidation is touched there is a large increase in the affirmative vote; 78 per cent for and 22 per cent against.

Economic Questions

The question was asked: do you want fewer farmers and less competition? Forty one per cent of the thirteen thousand replies were yes, while 59 per cent said they thought it a bad idea, yet when the question was asked: do you favor large corporations doing the farming, rather than the individual, only 20 per cent thought well of the plan.

Farm Relief

No question has been discussed with as little understanding as the matter of farm relief as embodied in the plan of the Federal Farm Board, with

money to advance in marketing crops. It will be recalled that the United States has voted twice to issue certificates, called debenture bonds, good for real money, on farmers surpluses; yet when farmers themselves are asked how they feel about it, the vote is only ten percent in its favor, for debenture bonds. Forty per cent favor some form of farm relief, while exactly half of the replies say they have no faith in any attempt by the Federal government to help farmers.

Prohibition

There is less surprise at this vote than any other one of the seven subjects. Seventy eight percent, two fifths men and three fifths women vote for the enforcement of the present prohibition laws, and want no modification of Volstead act. That reflects the vote Alfred E. Smith did not get in 1928.

Divorce

Here follows what may be a surprise to many. Only 19 percent of the votes were in favor of divorce on account of incompatibility, while eighty one percent are opposed to making it any easier than now to get a divorce. That shows that the country people are not in favor of divorce, and is a healthy sign. (Nothing like plenty to do to keep people happy and out of mischief). This vote also shows that a larger per cent of the young are more in favor of divorce than the older and settled people.

The Use and Growing of Tobacco

No doubt the bulk of the ballots come from states growing little tobacco, as compared with the Carolinas, Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky, and the vote is 35 percent against the growing of the weed, and 65 percent vote that the farmer has a right to grow and sell the weed. The negative vote here is larger than many would have expected. The question was asked; have farm papers the right to advertise tobacco generally? The answer to this was fifty eight per cent in the affirmative and forty two percent that they have no right to advertise tobacco. But when the matter of cigarettes came up the vote was 78 per cent against advertising them at all, and 22 percent for. And when advertising cigarettes for women the vote was 84 per cent against and sixteen per cent for, most people will agree that this vote ran true to form. And now comes a subject hardly permsisable, but is a question of the hour and was voted on as was the foregoing, that of

Birth Control

And this vote will be surprising to many. Sixty seven per cent of those who answered, and remember these are country people, said they were in favor of doctors being allowed to impart information on that line, where both man and wife asked for this knowledge; while 33 per cent said they were not in favor of such knowledge being given out by doctors. The women voted slightly stronger for this than the men.

Summing it up.

Four out of five voting oppose corporate farming on large scale.

Four out of five fear easier divorce.

Four out of five oppose any change in the prohibition laws.

Four out of five oppose the printing of tobacco advertisements and five out of six oppose the printing of advertisements of women smoking.

A majority are in favor of men grow-

ing tobacco if they like, but do not want cigarettes made for their women. Another important thing these ballots show three to four times more people are interested in living rather than in the making of a living. And also shows that the older the voter the more interested he or she is in the Eternal. The editor closes the summary with these words:

"American people have welcomed progress to their doors. They have joyously quickened and altered their living habits and mental attitudes.

"Against the greater part of the New Morality, however, they stand—perhaps over-apprehensively on guard.

"They fear and hate it; they have absolutely no time for it. They will not, if they can help it, let such ideas take root in their homes.

"These homes, they regard, as always, not only as places for their own refuge and serenity but as outposts, fortresses of our national character, and of the integrity of our national life.

"And it is their dominating passion and determination to hold these fortresses untroubled and secure."

"The "Tell America" message of twenty five words, which won the first prize was this: Take pride out of war; take politics out of government; take profession out of religion. Humanity first. My country next——Melva Collins, farmer, Dalton Wis.

The second prize was this: We callous our hands and harden our hearts for more barns and machinery. What we need is rested bodies, developing minds and visible souls—Leland Mathias, farmer, Elkhart, Iowa.

This writer sent a message, which did not get even honorable mention, as follows: Rekindle the home fires and teach your children to obey you and the law; for the home is the heart of the nation. Sanctify it.

"TAKE HOME A SMILE"

"Take home a smile; forget the petty cares,
The dull grim grind of all the day's affairs;
The day is done, come be yourself a while,
Tonight, to those who wait, take home a smile.

Take home a smile; don't scatter grief and gloom
Where laughter and light hearts should always bloom,
What though you've traveled many a dusty mile,
Footsore and weary, still take home a smile.

Take home a smile—it is not much to do,
But much it means to them who wait for you;
You can be brave for such a little while,
The day of doubt is done—take home a smile."

—Selected.

MENTAL LAPSE

By R. R. Clark in Greensboro Daily News

The superintendent of the Pennsylvania highway patrol reports that investigations of 6,857 motor vehicle wrecks show that all of them were the result of "mental Lapse," and that all of them could have been avoided if the drivers had been mentally on the job. This failure to keep one's mind on what he is doing is called inadvertence, lack of attention to the job in hand, etc. The mind wanders off to something else and while attention is diverted for an instant disaster may seize the opportunity and the damage is done. There isn't anything to do about it. Mental lapses are not an indication of mental aberration, of real mental disorder. Therefore one who is occasionally inadvertent to what he is doing can't be put in the class of mental incompetents and removed from the steering wheel.

While inadvertence is a real source of danger in motor vehicle driving and is the cause of more wrecks than is realized, for the mental inadvertence isn't ordinarily admitted after the smash, even if the driver of the wandering mind lives to tell the tale, it is by no means the sole cause, even if it is the major cause, which may be doubted. The people who drive recklessly, who knowingly and wilfully takes risks, are not inadvertent. They know perfectly well what they are about and they take chances deliberately. Sometimes, with unusual mental alertness, they calculate the chances. They believe they can make it, only to find after the smash, if they are alive and capable of thinking, that there was an error in the calculation.

So far no method has been devised that will prevent either of the things mentioned. Inadvertence may be cured by one serious experience, or it may not. It depends on how well the habit is fixed. The daring driver might be checked in the same way. But unfortunately no action can be taken until after the wreck, and then only if the driver survives without serious hurt. If one is told that he is careless, that he permits his wits to wander and thus invites a smash, he will vehemently declare that he always knows what he is about. Sometimes he believes it, sometimes he knows he is lying. But refusal to admit a weakness is a common weakness. The daring fellow treats warnings with contempt. He is so sure of himself that he can't be made to believe that he isn't a superman at all times.

There is a mental quirk, you might say, in both the subjects mentioned. But it isn't the kind that gets one locked up as dangerous, although as drivers of motor cars they may be a greater menace than many of the people at Dix Hill and Morganton who are restrained of liberty.

"Pleasures are the commas used to punctuate life's sad story."

STRATFORD HALL TO BE PRESERVED

By Gertrude S. Carraway in Charlotte Observer

Stratford Hall on the Potomac in Virginia has been purchased by the Robert E. Lee Memorial foundation. It will be restored and furnished, then maintained as a national shrine in perpetual memory of the beloved Confederate leader.

State Will Organize

This organization, national in scope and purpose, was started by a group of southern women in New England, who were inspired by Sidney Lanier's address on Lee. Headquarters is being retained in Greenwich, Conn., Mrs. Charles D. Lanier as preident; but repreentatives of many varied patriotic organizations and numerous parts of the country are interested in the movement.

North Carolina will be organized for work along the line on Monday, January 20, the day after Lee's birthday, when committees appointed by Mrs. Edwin C. Gregory, of Salisbury, state director, will gather in the Sir Walter hotel at Raleigh for advance plans. It is likely that North Carolina will assist materially with the work.

The title to Stratford Hall, the birthplace of General Lee, was taken by the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Inc., on July 19, 1929, when an initial part payment of $30,000 was made. The total cost of the property is $240,000, which includes the historic mansions, outbuildings and an estate of more than 1,100 acres.

Women to Co-operate

A resolution to contribute $50,000 was passed by the United Daughters of the Confededracy in their annual convention last fall at Biloxi, Miss., subject to ratification by the state divisions. As the mansion is of colonial and Revolutionary importance, besides Confederate fame, it is being accorded also the support and interest of other patriotic organizations and individuals.

The Colonial Dames of America in Virginia have donated $10,000, preferably for library restoration at the home. The Garden club of Virginia has agreed to undertake the restoration of the colonial gardens. The sum of $10,000 has been voted by the Daughters of the Confederacy for the restoration of Robert E. Lee's bedroom there.

Daughters of the American Revolution in Virginia have pledged their cooperation in the undertaking, as Stratford Hall, the home of the Lees, played such a vital part in the early history of the country, having been the birthplace and home of two signers of the Declaration of Independence, the home of a general in the Continental army and others who helped to establish American independence.

Sons of Veterans

Sons of Confederate Veterans, through their commander-in-chief, John Ashley Jones, have appointed a special committee to assist with the work. A special appropriation will be asked of the next Virginia legislature. Nineteen states are now organized to complete the task. Eleven others are starting organization work.

Among the members of the board of Directors are Dr. George A. Lee, honorary president; General A. T. Goodwyn, honorary vice president; Mrs. Granville G. Valentine, Mrs. Joseph R. Lamar, Viscountess Astor, Mrs. Currie Duke Matthews and Mrs. George Gordon Battle.

Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, wife of the artist and one of the famous Langhorn sisters, of Virginia, is chairman of publicity, while Miss Helen Knox, manager of the women's department of the Chase National bank, of New York, is chairman of the finance committee. Mrs. Fairfax Harrison is chairman of the garden restoration and Mrs. Robert Worth Bingham is chairman of house furnishings, Miss Ethel Armes is historian and national executive secretary.

State Directors

As Mount Vernon is governed and directed by a board of women comprised of a vice regent from each state, Stratford will be governed by a director from each state, all of whom will be women, under the leadership of a national chairman. The national advisory board is comprised of men, of prominence in educational, political and business circles, who will cooperate actively with the directors in the way of goving advice, counsel and practical suggestions in hehalf of the purposes of the foundation.

Several events are planned for 1930 by the members of the committees, including "birthday parties" on Lee's birthday on January 19, with a special group meeting in the birth chamber at Stratford during the afternoon and a radio program at night; a garden party between April 27 and May 3 at Stratford, commemorating the great event in the life of Lighthorse Harry Lee when during the month of May, 1793, parental consent was given him by Charles Carter of Shirley on the James to marry his daughter, Anne Hill Carter, the mother of Robert E. Lee; July 4, celebration at Stratford commemorating the patriotic services of Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee, signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the constructive part in the nation's making taken by all the Lees of Stratford and their illustrious neighbors of the Northern Neck of Virginia; October 12-18, memorial services in honor of General Lee. The estate will be open to the public on Sunday, October 12.

Tidewater Virginia

Stratford on the Potomac is the Westmoreland county in Tidewater Virginia, 90 miles below Mount Vernon and near Wakefield. The property there was acquired in the days of the Pawhatans by Richard Lee, of Stratford-Langton, Essex, England, the first American ancestor of Robert E. Lee.

The manor house was built 1729-30, when Richard Lee's grandson, Thomas Lee, the first native-born governor of Virginia under the British crown, established his home there. It was constructed mainly with money given him by Queen Carolina, wife of King George II of England in reward for his services to the crown.

The first four years of General Lee's life were spent there. After the family moved to Alexandria in 1811, it was at Stratford and at Shirley that he spent his holidays and

vacation months until he went to West Point in 1825. Through that section he spent much time tramping, hunting, fishing or riding.

Descriptive of Place.

A description of the place was given by General Lee, as follows:

"The approach to the house is on the south, along the side of a lawn several hundred acres in extent adorned with cedars, oaks, and forest poplars. On ascending a hill not far from the gate the traveler comes in full view of the mansion, when the road turns to the right and leads straight to a grove of sugar maples around which it sweeps to the house.

"The edifice is built in the form of an H and of bricks brought from England. The cross furnishes a saloon of 30 cubic feet and in the center of each wing rises a cluster of chimneys which form the columns of two pavillions connected by a balustrade. The owner who, before the Revolution, was a member of the King's Council, lived here in great state and kept a band of musicians, to whose airs his daughters Matilda and Flora with their companions danced in the saloon or promenaded on the house top."

Built according to a unique style of architecture, previous to the colonial type, the house is different from all other buildings on the continent. It more resembles the castle halls of the fourteenth century in England and France. Its brick walls are of fortress thickness; its bulky chimneys are grouped oddly in each wing; and the large entrance hall is medieval and massive. Considering its age, it is in a remarkable state of preservation.

In his memorial address on Lee at Macon, Georgia, soon after Lee's death, Sidney Lanier spoke in part, as follows:

"All the gods of Greece are dead, but Lee has only now begun to live. The gods of Greece at this moment have not a lover left in all the lands of all the world; but Lee,—ah, there is not a heart beating about this board, wherein he does not sit, shining with immortal radiance and encompassed with the purest loyalties that human hearts can offer. The gods of Greece were shadows; they were myths; no man ever saw them; but our god-like Lee, old comrades, have we not beheld with our own eyes the majesty of his incarnate manhood, glorious amid the red pomps of battle, glorious amid the simple fashions of peace?"

In writing of Lee, Woodrow Wilson said in part:

"His achievements are in the memory not only of every soldier but of every lover of high and gifted men who likes to see achievements proceed from character, to see things done which are not done with the selfish purpose of aggrandizement, but in order to serve a country and prove worthy of a cause. These are the things which make the name of this great man prominent not only, but in some regards unapproachable in the history of our country.....

"One of the most interesting things to remember about Lee is that he was an ideal combination of what a man inherits and what he may make of himself.... We like to remember all the splendid traditions of the Lees

but we like most of all to remember that this man was greater than all the traditions of his family....

"A man whom you remember, not as a man who loved war, but as a man moved by all the high impulses of gentle kindness, a man whom men did not fear, but loved.....All through his life you are aware of a conscious self-subordination to principles which lay outside his personal life....

"In a man like General Lee you see a common consciousness made manifest; and this singular thing revealed, that by a root which seems to be a root of failure a man may be lifted to be a model of a whole nation. For it is not an exaggeration to say that in all parts of this country the manhood and the self-forgetfulness and the achievements of General Lee are conscious models to men who would be morally great."

Hill's Tribute

The following tribute to Lee by the illustrious southerner, Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia, is frequently quoted, even in northern papers and periodicals, as Lee is coming more and more to be appreciated throughout the nation:

"When the future historian comes to survey the character of Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plain of humanity and he will have to lift his eyes high toward Heaven to catch its summit. He possesses every virtue of the other great commanders without vices.

"He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guilt.

"He was Caesar without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was as obedient to authority as a true king. He was as gentle as a woman in life, pure and modest as a virgin in thought watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates and grand in battle as Achilles."

MAKE ME CHEERFUL

God, make me cheerful as I do
The things I know are right.
Then may I help some others, too,
And make their burdens light.
So many happy days will come,
And they will always bless
Each corner of my heart and home
With love and usefulness. Amen.

—From John Martin's Book.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SESQUICENTENNIAL

(Religious Telescope)

One hundred and fifty years ago, in a little cottage of Gloucester, England, was launched one of the greatest youth movements of history—a quiet meeting at a round table destined to be of more far-reaching influence than the children's crusade.

It was the first organized Protestant Sunday school—a daring social venture of Robert Raikes, an obscure editor of Gloucester, who in 1780 organized the little class which was the beginning of one of the largest and most powerful organizations in the world.

Today the membership of the Sunday schools of the world numbers more than thirty millions. The organization is taken so much as a matter of course in modern Christian civilizations, and plays so vital a part in the national and international education of youth, that its beginnings are not always considered. But on the sesqui-centennial of the founding of the first Sunday school, June, 1930, delegates from three continents will gather in Toronto to do honor to Robert Raikes in a ceremony of dedication of a great bronze statue of that famous layman.

At the same time a similar heroic staute will be erected and dedicated at Gloucester, near the site of that historic dwelling in which the first Sunday school was held.

Both statues are in replica of the now famous one which stands guard over the Thames, on the embankment at Victoria Gardens, London. The original was erected on the one hundredth anniversary, a gift from the school children of England, who in tribute to Robert Raikes, raised the money for the great bronze figure by the giving of pennies.

Scholars, religious teachers, students, and laymen from all over the world will gather in the Canadian city to do honor to Robert Raikes when the statue is dedicated in June, on the occasion of the convention of the International Council of Religious Education. The Toronto statue is the gift of J. L. Kraft, noted philanthropist and business man of the United States, treasurer of the International Council of Religious Education. Mr. Kraft, who is a native of Canada, has been a staunch supporter of Sunday schools all over the world, and is at present superintendent of a large Sunday school on the north shore, in Chicago.

Toronto, by vote of the city council, will furnish the site for the statue, the base, and the care of the statue in perpetuity.

That first Sunday school of Gloucester, which numbered less than a score of boys, was undertaken by the socially-minded editor of 1780 because of his intense interest in those countless children of his city who were adrift on the streets throughout the Sabbath day. Child labor in England was common sight in his day, and the social conditions among poverty-stricken youth were deplorable as the prison conditions which Robert Raikes decried in his Gloucester Journal. In that day a Sunday school

was a radical departure from the methods of most who were interested in "social uplift." Prison and reform schools, more and more labor, were the usual answer to the crying problem of the youth of England.

After months of careful planning of a possible Sunday school organization for boys, Robert Raikes drew his protegees from off the streets, and taking them to the little cottage where he had his offices, set them to the study of English and of the Bible. His initial classes were so successful that he founded a similar school for girls three years later.

From the first organization, Robert Raikes expanded the organization. He engaged several women teachers in various parts of the city to hold Sunday morning classes in their homes. He himself secured the membership of these classes, sending children to the nearest neighborhood schood for instruction in reading and the learning of catechisms and Bible history.

The social experiment proved so successful in the suburbs and city of Gloucester that other influential men in the city undertook similar organizations. In less than a quarter of a century Sunday schools were established in almost every section of England.

It was in 1780 that Robert Raikes make his first experiment. In 1786 it was estimated that 250,000 children were receiving instruction in Sunday schools.

From the beginning rose the first Sunday school society, in 1785. And in 1803 the first Sunday school union was formed in London, largely through the efforts of Robert Raikes, followed by the organization of similar unions throughout England. These first schools, because of the social nature of their inception, united secular with religious education. The schools which rose from them in Scotland were almost entirely of a religious nature, however.

In the years immediately following Robert Raikes' experiment, Sunday schools were established in Scotland, Ireland, and America. The Protestant Sunday school, as it exists today on the continent of North America, was established by the Church of England in Halifax, Canada, 1783; next in Philadelphia, in 1790, when thirteen persons met to organize the movement.

The growth of Sunday schools in all Protestant churches throughout the world was rapid and all-enveloping, until today the organization has branches in every country, in every civilized community, of the world.

Rev. Chas. P. Anderson, Presiding Episcopal church Bishop said:

"Whenever the church spends its energies on social and political reforms, or undertakes to fight the world's political and social battle by using the world's weapons, or identifies itself with the world in hope of producing a glorified human society of external pressure, the result will inevitably be a loss of morals. It is beginning at the wrong end. It is patching up the machinery of society which may work today and break down tomorrow, instead of reconstructing the motives of men."

UNKNOWN SOLDIER UNKNOWN

(Boston Globe)

Fears that the identity of America's unknown soldier might someday become known were set at rest today at the War Department as a sequel to Armistice Day observance.

The records there showed that the utmost care was taken to make certain that the body chosen to represent the young Americans who lost their lives could never be identified, even though such a remote possibility as the process of elimination were considered.

In preparing to make the selection, the army authorities exhumed four unidentified Americans, one each from the Meuse Argonne, St. Mihiel, Somme and Aisne Marne cemeteries.

The uniforms and equipment and the places where they had been buried originally established the fact that they were Americans, and their wounds showed the cause of death. No body was taken which bore any clue whatsoever which might lead to its identification.

All were then prepared for burial, placed in identical caskets and brought together at Chalons-Sur-Marne, Oct. 23, 1921. The next day, in an improvised chapel in the City Hall, Sergeant Howard Younger, chosen from a detachment of American soldiers to select the body of the unknown soldier, paused before the four caskets and placed a small spray of white roses on one of them.

That casket then was placed in one specially prepared to receive it, and the body thus began its long journey homeward to symbolize the heroic sacrifices of those who died unknown.

A GOOD TURN

You all know the slogan of the Boy Scouts—"One good turn a day." Sometimes, though, it is rather hard to find the opportunity. Doris Armstrong did a good turn the other day without realizing she had done anything special. Frances poured into her ears a mean story about something Vivian had done.

Doris met Phyllis afterwards and was on the point of telling her how mean Vivian had been. Then she remembered how much kinder it would be to Vivian not to repeat it. Perhaps after all there was some excuse for Vivian of which she knew nothing. Doris never realized that she had done her good turn that day when she resisted the temptation to pass on the story about Vivian.

Did you ever stop to think that if no one passed on the mean things which they have heard about others, the unkind words soon would be forgotten. The next time you hear some gossip about another girl, do a good turn by not repeating it.—Queen's Gardens.

VIRGINIA MOVES FORWARD

(Adapted from Public Welfare (Virginia)

A few years ago practically every county in Virginia maintained an almshouse. Now two-thirds of the counties in the state have abandoned them. No county that has abandoned the almshouse has ever reopened it, and it is pretty safe to say that none ever will, so satisfactory has the new method proved. Those counties which have discontinued them entirely have found outdoor relief, social work methods, private boarding and private institutionalizing less expensive and better socially. Those which have consolidated have found the capital outlay much less and the per capita cost hardly one-half the former almshouse per capita.

Whether a county should dispense with the almshouse entirely or join others in erecting a district home has not been a matter of chance, but a definite policy. The small, eastern counties have done away with the almshouse entirely, while the larger counties of the north-west and southwest have effected consolidations. The population of the eastern almshouses had become so small and social service had developed to such an extent that the inmates could be adjusted in society at less cost and in a more desirable manner. With larger general populations, with underprivileged areas and less of social organization, it was found in-expedient and inadvisable for the larger counties to do without institutional care entirely. Still the population of the individual county almshouse was too small, due to the extension of the state system of institutions and the generally improved social conditions, to maintain the individual almshouse either economically or after approved institutional methods. The answer, therefore, was found in the consolidation of a number of the larger counties' almshouses into district homes.

At present there are five district homes taking care of the indigent from twenty-five counties. There are forty-one counties which have closed the almshouse entirely. There are thirty-four county almshouses remaining. The ambition of the State Department of Public Welfare is to see thirteen of these thirty-four counties unite in establishing two new disrict homes—one in the southwest and one in the northwest. The indigent from the remaining counties would be taken care of in one of the seven district homes, or by boarding them at City Homes, at private institutions or locally.

The Holy Scriptures is the best book, for it teaches Faith, Hope and Love, and instructs us how these virtues should burn and shine in times of trouble and disappointment.—Dr. Martin Luther.

MISERS OR SPENDTHRIFTS

(Selected)

We have recently looked at "collections" and "selections" of good literature to find what is most highly regarded as a Christmas story. In our own library, the "Christmas Carol" of Charles Dickens and a poem of Sir Walter Scott were given precedence. The "Christmas Carol" was written in 1843 and was both the first and the best of the series he wrote for the season of the nativity. It has of course, an English background, and American readers need to transpose its scenery.

The central character is one Scrooge, whom the great English novelist describes as "a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner." He had no friends; he repelled children and dogs, and was relieved when they fled from him. He kept a clerk in a state of semi-starvation and was constantly aggravated by a nephew from whom the world had not yet squeezed all the impulsive goodwill of youth. On a certain Christmas Scrooge was visited by the ghost of his dead and equally miserly partner. By means of a series of dreams, he saw his real, sordid character and perceived the true joys that are possible in homes not possessive of wealth. Dickens conceives him to have seen that his path would eventually plunge him into eternal misery, unless he altered the manner of his life.

The Carol is the story of a miser. Dickens was rather fond of this type of moral turpitude. His series of novels rarely lack a description of the hard grind of undeserved poverty, escape from which is accomplished by the possession of wealth. Perhaps the sins of society in his day were such as arose chiefly from economic want and from lack of education. It is our impression that the miser and the ignoramous are no longer the most conspicuous malefactors.

Not the gathering, but the scattering of money is probably the most destructive sin of this age. Instead of the skinflint, society is cursed with the spendthrift. The enormous resources of a continent richly blessed by nature have been drawn upon, until there is apparently no limit to the pandering luxury on top of satisfying desires. Mr. Coolidge may maintain, as he did in his Armistice Day speech, that the American government is poor. We believe him on the days we pay our taxes, but he would have great difficulty in persuading any one that the average citizen is in immediate want.

But the real evil lies in what the people themselves think; we are not pessimists, but unless the rewards of very moderate industry are inexhaustible and are to be poured out in ever increasing volume, extravagance will bring its usual penalty upon us. The volume of business done on credit, the constant baiting of advertisers to buy the most expensive forms of commodities, the vast sums expended on unproductive decorations, upon the perfume and frill of life, have given an immoral taint to our times.

Dickens seems to have laid the sins

of his age to the unequal accumulations of wealth. His books are mostly novels and therefore subject to discount. There was another writer practically his contemporary, whose philosophy is a similar indictment of the cause of class distinctions. His name was Karl Marx. Russia's present government rests upon his arraignment of wrongly distributed gains from toil. Marx unconsciously collaborated with the genial Dickens. Each reacted against a real sin.

But the semi-starvation really so much worse than profligacy are only more pitible? Are the sharp features and the dulled eyes of the undernourished any farther from normal than are those flushed with shameless lust and tigerish in the search for new forms of indulgence? A prophet would as fiercely rebuke the profligacy of our times as did they of the former century the cringing worship of accumulated wealth. Pimps are as bad as misers.

"PLAY THE MAN

Play the man!

With your body. Keep it fit
By the highest use of it.
For the service of the soul,
Every part in full control,
Strong for labor, deft to do
All that is required of you.
Play the man!

Play the man!
With your mental powers free
From all narrow bigotry;
Search the truth that it may bless
All your days with happiness.
Thus may brain and brawn agree
Make you what you ought to be—
Play the man!

Play the man!
Keep your inmost soul as pure
As your mother's virtue. Sure
If within no evil dwells
There's no power in all the hells
Strong enough to drag you down,
Rob you of your manhood's crown
Play the man!

—Selected.

A YOUNG HERCULES

By Ward Skeen

Harold Sand was nineteen, six feet tall and heavy built. He had blue eyes and a mass of curly brown hair. Born and raised on a farm, the heavy work of farm life had developed his muscles until he hardly realized his strength, although it was always used for a good purpose.

With cold weather coming on, the Sands were very busy about the place, banking up the house and barn with dirt perhaps, two feet high, all around to keep out the wind. This not only added to the comfort of the family, but saved fuel. It also helped toward keeping their animal friends in the stable warm.

These precautions to a stranger in the country might seem just a lot of extra work, but the residens of North Dakota had found, by experience, that anything they could do to help keep out the cold was work well rewarded.

Mrs. Sand had not been feeling well for several months and this put an extra burden on Harold, who did practically all the housework for his mother in addition to helping his father with the heavy farm work out of doors.

Winter came on with a bad storm that lasted several days. Snow was piled in great drifts everywhere. The roads were almost impassable with a team and sled.

King Winter seemed to be acting with a vengeance. Only a few days after the first storm, another blizzard raged across the prairies, piling the snow still higher and making it well nigh impossible for the farmers to get to town, or to get about among the neighbors for visits.

This blockading of the roads worked a severe hardship on the Sands, for Mrs. Sand must go to the doctor at least once a week, sometimes oftener Of course, they could call the doctor, but at that time the farmers in this particular section did not have telephones, so, to call a doctor, meant to drive into town. If Mrs. Sand was not too ill they took her in town to see the doctor, as it saved an extra trip for the team and was also cheaper. Money was not very plentiful with the farmers, many of whom were just proving up on their homesteads. These families often made sacrifices in order to save a few dollars, that would not be thought of today.

The weather continued bad. At times it seemed as though the trips to see the doctor would have to be postponed. Harold and his father would wrap Mrs. Sand up well in blankets and place her in a large grain tank mounted on a heavy bobsled. Then they would take a couple of scoop shovels along so that, where the drifts were too deep for the horses to get through, the men could shovel out a roadway ahead of the team. This made progress very slow, and it was doubtful at times if the visits to the physician were of enough benefit to offset the time it took and the discomforts suffered by Mrs. Sand in making the trip.

One day George Taylor, who lived several miles away and who was trying to buy up enough live stock to

fill out a carload, came over to see if Mr. Sand had any hogs or cattle to sell. It so happened that the farmer did not have a thing to sell.

Harold owned a fine, yearling heifer that he had raised from calfhood. Its mother had died and Mr. Sand had given it to his son. As he petted it, young Sand often day dreamed of the time when he would have a fine large herd of cattle, all descended from his pet.

"What will you take for that yearling?" bantered the stock buyer now.

"Not for sale, Mr. Taylor. She will be the grandmother of the famous Sand Dairy Herd some day," smiled the boy as he carefully picked out a handful of extra fine hay and handed it to the animal. She took the proffered food daintily and munched it slowly.

"Well, I am having a deucedly, hard time to pick up enough stock right now to fill out a car. And if I don't get enough to ship, I'll have to feed what I have until spring and that will be a calamity," confessed the buyer ruefully.

Mr. Sand and Harold accompanied Taylor to his sleigh where they all paused to talk a while longer Young Sand examined the "Cutter" carefully. It was new and very nice; soft upholstery, a curved dashboard, a low cut body at each side and a step to make climbing in easy. And while presenting a refined, classy appearance, it was strong, though very light.

"Say, Dad, that is just what we ought to have to take mother to town in." The youth touched his father's arm as he spoke.

"Yes, I would like very much to have one like it, but they cost entirely too much for our pocketbook. Perhaps next year, if the crops are good, we will be able to buy one."

"Yes, but next winter may be too late. Mother may be well and strong again by that time if....." the boy's voice broke slightly, "we can give her the best of care this winter." The youth turned away and walked back into the stable. Going to his pet he stroked the shiny coat of the animal while he was deep in thought for several minutes. Then with a determined air, he walked back to where his father and the stock buyer were.

"Mr. Taylor, I'll trade you the heifer for this sleigh."

Mr. Sand gasped. He did not think his son would trade the calf for a gold mine.

The stockman hesitated for a minute. Then climbed out of the cutter, he walked back into the stable for a final estimate of the animal's worth before deciding.

"Well, Harold, I believe it is about an even trade. Although I use the sleigh a lot, you folks sure do need it to take Mrs. Sand to town. It's a go," agreed Mr. Taylor.

"Then next fall, I'll give you a hundred dollars for her." The boy spoke hurriedly. "I don't want you to ship her away."

"Well, now, that is something else again. I will have to ship the car light, and I was figuring on her weighing, say, six hundred pounds. That would help out. Really, Harold, if I trade, I will almost be compelled to ship her out."

"If you keep her until fall and I give you a hundred dollars for her, that is more than you will make if you ship her to the market. I don't

want her to go to the packing house," argued Harold.

I think I know how you feel, Harold, but a hundred dollars is a lot of money,'' countered Mr. Taylor.

''I'll add that WE will pay you a hundred dollars next fall.'' Mr. Sand spoke quietly. "'The boy is making a sacrifice so I'll help him out.''

The stock buyer, used to considering cows or hogs as just so many head, worth just so many dollars, considered this attachment for an animal as something unusual. He extended his hand to the youth.

''I'll do it. Bring the heifer over any time and get your sleigh. Then any time next fall to suit your convenience, you can get the animal back.''

''That's great,'' exclaimed young Sand. ''Now don't tell mother and we will have a surprise for her the next trip to town.'' He cautioned his father. Then turning to Mr. Taylor, ''Can we come over in the morning?''

''Sure thing, tomorrow morning it is,'' replied Mr. Taylor.

''We will have to be careful when we load her in the sled or your mother will do a lot of wondering.'' Mr. Sand looked at his son with pride.

''Oh, we will manage it out back of the barn,'' assured the boy with glee.

The exchange was made the following day, and seemingly Mrs. Sand did not know of the trade.

The night a blizzard roared down from the northwest. It was the most severe one of the entire winter, raging for three days. Then the sun shone brightly, but it was bitterly cold.

Mrs. Sand had taken quite seriously ill during the storm, but a trip to town was absolutely impossible. Her husband and son gave her all the aid they possibly could, but just as soon as the storm abated it was deemed advisable to take her to town where they would make some arrangement for her to stay. The added amount of snow and the terrible condition of the roads would make the eight mile drive to town almost an impossible task.

Mr. Sand accompanied his wife and son a couple of miles, and then returned home to care for the stock as they had left home as early as possible in the morning. Then, too, it would be almost impossible for a team to make the round trip in one day; although the cutter was light and pulled very easy, struggling through the snow tired the horses out. Giving Mrs. Sand and Harold all the money he had, the farmer prayed for their safe journey into town.

Mrs. Sand, although very ill, had smiled at her boy with pride when she saw the light sleigh. It was not as comfortable and not as roomy as the bobsled in which she could lie down on a cot, but the time gained in reaching town would make up for that.

Harold found the roads terrible. The snow had a hard crust on top and the horses would break through this crust at every step. Sometimes it seemed as though they were circus performers trying to stand on their heads, and then standing up on their hind legs, wallowing along faithfully. The heated breath of the horses floated like steam on the chill morning air. Their long coats of hair were soon snow white with frost.

Harold wanted very much to get his

mother to the doctor as quickly as possible, but he was a skillful driver and knew that if the animals did not get a rest now and then, the cold air would chill their lungs and the horses would soon tire out and be unable to continue.

The miles dragged along. The team became slower and slower, resting much oftener than when they first started. After they had traveled several miles the animals learned to stop and rest of their own wills, going ahead again after the rest without the driver saying a word.

They were still three miles from town. It seemed an age to the youth since they had left home. He wrapped his mother up as carefully as possible with the blankets. then going to the team, he tried to encourage the faithful beasts by petting them and talking to them, their ears drooped, their bodies sagged, tired muscles demanded a rest.

The youth managed to drag the team along for another mile by walking ahead of them and breaking the road as best he could.

Mrs. Sand was getting very tired because of the long journey. Harold had filled and lighted a lantern before leaving home, and had placed it on the floor of the sleigh under the blankets. This kept his mother quite warm.

Finally the horses gave up. One of them lay down, the other one stood, legs wide apart, reeling from fatigue.

Harold studied the situation a moment. Then he unharnessed both the animals and piled the harness near the road. Taking a line, he tied one end to the cutter. Then he made a large loop in the other end, this loop he fastened over his shoulders. Then taking the sleigh pole in his right hand, Harold set out for town.

The cutter pulled fairly easy because it was light and did not break through the crust of the snow. The youth was heavy and the added weight of the pull caused him to break through the crust at every step. But he was making better time than the team had made the last two or three miles so he set himself resolutely to the task.

Mrs. Sand was so muffled up that she could not see out, and did not know that her son was now pulling the sleigh.

The first mile was fairly easy, but the heavy exertion caused the young Hercules to pause every few minutes to rest. The cold air hurt his nostrils, it pained his lungs as he filled them with great gasps of air. He bent lower forward as this seemed to aid in the pulling.

After a while it seemed as though Harold's legs were going to refuse to move any farther. The thermometer had registered twenty-five below zero when the Sands had left home, yet the youth was prespiring profusely and was growing weaker every moment. But his thoughts, his will power urged him on, for the sake of his precious burden back there, muffled up in the cutter, he must go on. Now he staggered and fell, but struggled to his feet again. In searching for the sleigh pole which he had dropped, he fell again and all became dark. Suddenly he felt relieved, as though he were going to sleep at home in a warm and comfortable bed.

But the sturdy young farmer had

done better than he thought. He was already in the edge of town. A man shoveling snow from his door step, looked up and saw the struggling youth perhaps a couple of hundred yards away. Calling to his neighbor the man ran to help the boy.

In a few minutes both Mrs. Sand and her son were safely in bed, and the doctor was summoned. After a time Harold awakened and told the men about the team out on the prairie. They promised to go and bring the horses in and the boy rolled over and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion.

Arrangements were made for Mrs. Sand to stay in town for a few weeks. Here she improved rapidly under the daily visits of the doctor.

Harold returned to his home the following day and greatly relieved his father's worries.

Needless to say perhaps, but nevertheless true, Mr. and Mrs. Sand, as well as the whole neighborhood, were proud of the young Hercules.

In the fall Harold bought the heifer back, but Mr. Taylor merely charged interest on the money value of the heifer and a small amount for keeping her, which was a great deal less than a hundred dollars.

In after years Harold realized his ambition to own a large herd, and the heifer was the grandmother of the herd.

LESSONS OF LIFE

Only to smile when the heart seems like breaking.
Just to be brave when all seems lost,
Just keep true amidst the falseness,
Just to hold fast when the soul is tossed.

Just to hope on when all seems hopeless
Just to forgive when the hurt goes deep,
Just to keep sweet after tasting the bitter,
Just to keep on when the way is steep.

To forget self always and think of another,
To find worth even in commonplace things,
To start all over after suffering a failure,
And strive for the peace that contentment brings.

These are the lessons life has to teach us,
And it lies with ourselves how much we learn,
But over our thoughts in tender compassion,
The thoughts of the Master tenderly yearns.

—Boys' Industrial School Journal.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Godown, printing instructor, is in Raleigh attending the state meet of the Grand Lodge of Masons.

Usual church service were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Dr. L. A. Thomas of St. James Lutheran church, Concord.

Another hog-killing day was recently observed at the school, and the boys are enjoying pork and sausage.

Unloading feed and coal from the cars on our siding furnishes occupation for a large force of boys this week.

The school presents a trim appearance after a recent tonsorial operation supervised by Mr. Poole, barber, saxaphonist, supply teacher, new ground renovator, etc.

The cottages, likewise, are looking better. Mr. Carriker and his crew of painters have been doing repair work for some time past, and their efforts have added much to the general appearance of the cottages.

Like everybody else, Training School folks have to take the sunshine with the rain. But a rainy day, and especially continued bad weather, is rather hard on the farm boys since it stops all outside operations.

Mr. Lisk and his poultry boys are busy these days getting the spring chickens started off in the incubators. It takes a lot of fried chicken to feed the Training School family, and everybody hopes the poultry force will have a "successful season."

The Receiving Cottage is crowded to capacity since the last regular time for admission of boys. However, a number of boys have been paroled recently, and the new comers stand a good chance of having a place to eat and sleep in a cottage home when it is time to send them out.

The few days of sunshine during the past week have been put to good account by a large force of boys who were busy running terraces and clearing brush on the new land recently purchased by the school. This land, known as the Phifer land, will be known to the school as the "Duke Lands."

All through the week the boys look forward to Thursday night as "picture show night." Especially do they anticipate this occasion when the weather is bad and things begin to feel a bit slow and time drags. But at any time a good picture is keenly relished, and there is no regular form of entertainment furnished the boys that they enjoy so much.

The print shop has just received from Mrs. Hortense Moye of Greenville, N. C., a copy of the report of the State Convention of King's Daugh-

ters to be printed in book form. Mrs. Moye is State President of the organization. The printing of this report will keep the printing force busy with their composition for some little time.

BEACH MUSINGS

The sands are crowded with little ones,
  And they run and work and play.
They dig trenches deep and loopholes for guns,
  Build castles rugged and gray;
There are pictures and drawings, queer and strange,
  And walls that stand tall and thin,
A baseball field, and a rifle range,
  And then—the tide comes in.
Do they grieve or weep at the ruin deep
  Which they find as they come next day?
No; each girl and boy has a shout of joy
  At the sand, swept clean for play.

Our lives are crowded with little cares,
  And we worry, awake or asleep;
We are always climbing up endless stairs,
  Or digging in darkest deep.
There are great ambitions, and hope awakes
  As mighty tasks we begin,
There are burdens and troubles and sad mistakes,
  And then—our God steps in.
Should we fail to speak, or let faith grow weak
  Because our plans have gone wrong?
No; we claim the clean page for a heritage,
  And begin the new day with a song.

—Exchange.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1, 1930. No. 2

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

A LAUGH

A laugh is just like music.
It freshens all the day;
It tips the peaks of life with light
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong;
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.
A laugh is just like music.
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart,
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet;
A laugh is just like music
For making the life sweet.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

Christ has no hands but our hands,
To do His work today;
He has no feet but our feet,
To lead men in His way;
He has no tongues but our tongues,
To tell men how He died;
He has no help but our help,
To bring them to His side.—Selected.

THE YOUNGEST FIRST LADY

Sue Pollard, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Dr. John Garland Pollard, the newly inaugurated governor of Virginia, is the youngest first lady the Old Dominion has ever had. She occupies this place of honor because her mother is an invalid. Miss Pollard is quite young with a grace of manner and mind that will make her fit into the responsible position she will occupy during her father's term of office. We are prepared to believe that this young lady possesses none of the flippancy of the modern girl due to the fact she was reared in conservative old Williamsburg where the people have no desire or ambition to be modernized. We will watch with interest to see how this

young miss deports herself where the belles and beauties of Virginia assemble for state functions.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

GROUND HOG

Well, we may say that we do not believe in the ground hog sign, but take care and examine yourself on the second day of next month and see if there is not a little bit of hope that this pesky animal will remain in his hole. That lurking hope (un-admitted) will tell whether you have the least bit of superstition or not. There are few, if any, who do not observe the sign, and then watch the weather for the next following six weeks to see if the ground hog is not a fine weather prognosticator. Honest-to-goodness now, fess up, don't you believe in the ground hog? We do, and here is hoping that he will not see his shadow, for we have had enough winter weather.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

NEWS

This is real news, because it is an unusual accident for this progressive and fast age: A physician, of Jefferson, North Carolina, was seriously injured when the horse he was riding stumbled, rolled over in a ditch pinning fast the doctor under the animal. Before the physician could be removed the neighbors had to use pick and ax so as to release the horse sufficiently to get up. We term this news because the accident is out of the ordinary, if it had been an auto accident not the least bit of attention would have been given to it —only locally.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

ANTICIPATING SPRING

We have always understood that the first twelve days of the New Year are a forecast of the weather for each following month. As a whole the first twelve days of the New Year were ideal, therefore, we have hopes of a glorious season throughout the entire year. Surely this makes glad the heart of the toiler of the fields as well as adds pleasure to the "leisure-set" who have time for out door recreation.

The antics of the birds indicate that Spring is fast approaching. We

been awakened on these balmy mornings by the birds chirping, seemingly busy in selecting a sequestered spot to shelter their brood of little ones. The November and December cold weather gave a terrible shock to all out door plants, but in spite of the cold weather there are some flowers in bloom, giving cheer and hope for the blessed return of Spring. The jonquils and little purple hyacinths are pushing their way up out of the cold damp earth seeking the warm rays of the glorious sunshine. But, let us not set our hopes too high for an early Spring, because the old saying is that "one swallow does not make a Summer," besides weather prognosticators inform us that there will be several returns of genuine winter weather possibly with much ice and snow. But, hope tides us through the winter of dark and dreary days—we know that the sun is shining even if not visible—therefore, it is that abiding faith that makes us look anxiously for the early return of warm weather in all of its glory and effulgence.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT

So states a little pamphlet that by chance fell into the hands of the writer: "quietly, without tin horning or political fanfare, President Hoover and Industry met in Washington, talked things over, made decisions," and then went on their way with hope that the forecast for business during 1930 would be much better. We infer that these representatives of big business were present from the statements made public. Henry Ford announced a raise of wages to the amount of $20,000,000 a year; officials of the Railroads promise to better 1929 expenditures of $800,000,000 in 1930; Utility leaders declare a $2,000,000,000 expansion program and will continue true to their promise. These are just a few of the handwritings on the wall that indicate more work for the unemployed. But, let us remember that public work will never stabilize the home life, because "easy money goes easy" for things that momentarily satisfy and not for the essentials. The "live-at-home" program recommended by Governor Gardner is about the surest and safest doctrine for making a home—the corner stone of the whole country. We appreciate what we truly work for and pay for. To make a long story short we can never be convinced that it is in the hands of the heads of industry alone to make prosperity, but each individual, who is competent to understand, has a part in the affairs of life. For instance we know of one man (and there are countless others) who in the lean days of

the reconstruction period of the South tried his hand at every job available till he placed himself. Today he is a man of big business—he is a man of affluence and influence and is recognized for his fine business acumen. Let us not hope for good fortune to fall at our feet, let us work to find our way to the better things of life.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A FINE EXAMPLE

We are proud to note that the Kinston women can assemble in their social organization without having to be feted. It is inconsistent to talk hard times, making every body feel that the next station is the "po' house", the old way of designating our handsome county homes of today, and in the next breath pull off a social function that saps much vitality and proves a strain financially. The Smithfield Herald alert to things that rebound for the good of any community commends editorially the stand the Kinston women have taken:

> The women's social organization of Kinston are setting an example worthy of emulation by other such organizations in the State. More than twenty social clubs there have dispensed with refreshments at their meetings and are giving the money that might have been spent on salads and sweets to charity. The funds are being used by a charity league composed of representatives of the clubs and societies. In view of the poor crops in this state the past season and the unemployment situation prevailing in most sections, the action of the Kinston club is to be commended. All social organizations could forego refreshments for a time and help those who are in actual need of the necessities of life until another crop is made.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

A Colorado newspaper says, "The aerial and lead-in of a radio set should be completely 'insulted' ". So should some of the programs.

—o—

It is stated that the use of cosmetics increased 25 per cent last year. It would seem that the women felt that they had to put on something more.

—o—

There are no left turns on a dial telephone. They are all right. But they are not alright when you get your finger in the wrong hole to turn the dial.

—o—

There are a lot of people in this world who actually believe that their troubles interest you, and they never fail to recount them—if you will listen.

—o—

Dr. Ernest Horn announces that there are 396,000,000 ways of spelling circumference. Most any business man will swear that his stenographer knows all of them.

—o—

A newspaper is puzzled by a correspondent writing to know "Who is the author of the expression, 'Now is the winter of our circus tent?' "Don't know, certain; but it sounds a good deal like Uncle Johnny Robinson."

—o—

When a woman's husband is unusually kind to her she always thinks he has been up to some mischief. When a wife is unusually sweet and nice to her husband, he looks for the request of a new car, new furs, or new dress.

—o—

Helen Wills did not promise to obey in her marriage ceremony, nor did her husband endow her with all his worldly goods. There is something better in matrimony than the subjection of a woman or the stripping of a man of his property.

—o—

The information is given out that the government spends $600,000 each year to guard the mails. And a man has to keep two or three waste-baskets to contain the discarded propaganda that comes from every where, about every kind of a thing.

—o—

The man with the corrugated forehead is now figuring on his income tax blank, and summing up the outgo, all the law will allow him, and he looks and feels about as blank as the blank on the paper. Then he will throw it aside and say that the blankety blank thing is too much of a puzzle for his blank conception.

—o—

The Scotch have a proverb that goes something like this: "Greedy fowk hae lang arms." They certainly do reach for things. The man who made millions, with his pocket flash light, that put oil lanterns out of business in village, left his brother $1,000,000, who now hazards all that great sum in order to break his brother's will and get more. Such is greed.

—o—

The movie theatre houses have their

nuisances no less renowned than all other public gatherings. One is the fellow who sits back of you and props his knees against the back of your seat, and wiggles like an eel in water, or is afflicted with St. Vitus dance; another is the fellow who beats a tattoo to the music with his foot; and another is the fellow who reads all of the screen titles aloud. From all of these, good heavens, deliver us.

—o—

America is the most law-burdened nation in the world. We have so many laws, designedly to govern every conceivable act and circumstance, that nobody can begin to know a fair proportion of them. When nine men, presumed to be the epitome of legal wisdom, are so divided in opinion relative to the constitutionality of a law that they decide five for and four against it, there certainly must be more than a mere question of the law's real justice. Reformers bemoan the unquestionable fact that legal technicalities serve to keep many proved criminals out of jail. On the other hand, it would seem that no reformer has ever yet turned the question inside out and discovered that legal technicalities have also served to put in jail many men who should not be there. There is not a person of us, aside from confirmed paralytics and inmates of insane asylums, who does not fracture anywhere from two to a dozen laws daily, without ever suspecting the fact. Yet many of the laws that we so unwittingly violate have teeth and carry penalties. They may be ignored by common consent, but they still exist, and in the hands of an enemy can be turned into weapons that will work our total destruction. What this Nation and this State needs is less laws of uncertain meaning and an enforcement of those we already have. There is discussion over what should be adopted as the Twentieth Amendment. Why not make one that will prohibit Congress or any State legislature from enacting any new laws until after it has repealed at least five old ones?

SOME PLACE FOR YOU

There is a place for you to fill,
Some work for you to do,
That no one can or ever will
Do quite so well as you.
It may be close along your way,
Some little homely duty,
That only waits your touch, your sway,
To blossom into beauty.

—Selected.

BERRY SCHOOLS DO GREAT WORK FOR MOUNTAIN FOLK

(Charlotte Observer)

Twenty-eight years ago January 6th, a daughter of the south, touched to the quick by the lack of educational opporunity among the youth of the Blue Ridge, opened a school for five mountain boys in a rude log cabin at the foot of a red hill on her father's farm.

Today the Berry schools have approximately 1,000 students and 100 teachers and workers, and their founder—Miss Martha Berry—has won international acclaim as one of the builders of the new south. She has been given praise by practically every great philanthropist in America. She also was awarded the Roosevelt medal in 1925 for conspicuous service in the field of practical education, and the Pictorial Review $5,000 prize in 1927.

The Berry schools are in the beginning of their winter and spring term at the time of this anniversary of their founding. They run 365 days in the year—with only one day's freedom from classes even at Christmas. While most students were observing the Yuletide holidays, Berry students were preparing for final examinations on the fall term that ended December 24. Examinations started December 26 and concluded December 31. The present term started at 7 a. m. on January 1.

The reason for the continuous classes is the fact that the schools are only for boys and girls who cannot attend more expensive institutions. It would cost money to go home for Christmas and they haven't the money. Some do not even have a home to which to go.

Every student is required to work two full days of each week in connection with the course being studied. Despite the work, the students complete a customary nine months' course in eight months. May, June, July and August comprise vacation, during which the students earn the money for their education by employment in the 31 occupations carried on at the large school farm.

The schools offer educational opportunities to the boys and girls throughout the rural and mountain districts of North Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama and the western sections of the Carolinas. More and more youths each year from these mountain families, noted as being among the purest of Anglo-Saxon stock on the continent, apply for admittance to the schools. There are now twice as many applicants as the schools can care for according to Principal G. Leland Green.

The schools consist of the Mount Berry High school for boys and the Martha Berry High school for girls, both of which are on the accredited list of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary schools, and the Berry college, which was just recently made an accredited institution by the Southern Assiciation of colleges. The college is only three years old.

CHARLES WESLEY THE HYMN WRITER

John Greenfield

"The prince of English hymn writers" is the popular verdict with reference to Charles Wesley. "After all," says Draughn Julian, the greatest authority in English hymnology, "it was Charles Wesley who was the great hymn-writer of the Wesley family, and perhaps, taking quantity and quality into consideration, the great hymn writer of all ages."

Wesley wrote more than ten times as many hymns as Isaac Watts, but in the American Methodist Hymnal we find fifty-three hymns by Dr. Watts, while the authors of the Annotated Hymnal declare: "Of the six thousand and five hundred hymns by Charles Wesley (all of which were written after conversion), this collection contains one hundred and twenty-one." In Calvinistic hymnals this order is reversed.

Our poet's estimate of another is always interesting. Isaac Watts once said that he would have given all he had ever written for the credit of being the author of Charles Wesley's hymn,

"Come, O Thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And whistle till the break of day."

Many years later John Wesley referred to the high opinion which Isaac Watts had expressed of his brother Charles, especially of the foregoing hymn, and exclaimed, "Oh what would Dr. Watts have said if he had lived to see my brother's two exquisite funeral hymns beginning,

"'How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!'
and
" 'Come let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize.' "

John Wesley said of the latter that it was the sweetest hymn his brother had ever written. Another auhtority pronounced the second stanza, "One family we dwell in Him," one of the finest things in English poetry.

Dr. Charles Nutter, a well-known Methodist hymnologist, recently wrote in the Methodist Review: "More than six thousand of Charles Wesley's hymns have been published. Wesley wrote verses from the time of his conversion, in 1738, until the time of his last sickness, in 1788, fifty years; but six thousand hymns would be one hundred and twenty a year, ten a month, or one hymn every three days for fifty years."

As an itinerant preacher he composed many of his hymns on horseback. One of his biographers gives the following vivid description: "He rode every day—clothed for winter even in summer—a little horse gray with age. When he mounted, if a subject struck him, he proceeded to expand and put it in order. He would write a hymn thus given him on a card kept for that purpose with his pencil in shorthand. Not infrequent-

ly he came to the house in City Road, and, having left the pony in the garden in front, he would enter, crying out, "Pen and ink! Pen and ink!" These being supplied, he wrote the hymn he had been composing. When this was done, he would look around on those present and salute them with much kindness, and thus put all in mind of eternity. He was fond on these occasions of the lines:

" 'There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death.
The voyage of life's at an end;
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in Heaven they spend
For ever and ever shall last.' "

Once, while on one of his innumerable preaching tours, he was thrown from his pony. In his diary we find the following reference to this accident. "My companions thought I had broken my neck; but my leg only was bruised, my hand sprained, and my head stunned, which spoiled my making hymns until the next day."

His facility in making verses was something remarkable. One day, while preaching to a crowd of stonecutters and quarrymen, he turned his appeal into an impromptu prayer in the following vigorous lines:

"Come, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of Thy Word
And break these hearts of stone."

Wesley's masterpiece is by common consent that most popular hymn beginning:

"Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Several stories are current as to its origin, and we cannot know which is correct. All will, however, agree with Henry Ward Beecher in his high eulogy of Wesley's masterpiece: "I would rather have written this hymn than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on earth. I would rather be the author of that hymn than to hold the wealth of the richest man in New York. He will die. He is dead and does not know it. But that hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band; and then, I think, it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God."

Among the most popular of Charles Wesley's hymns, besides those already mentioed, may be named the following:

"Depths of mercy! Can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me the chief of sinners spare?"

"Arise, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears.
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears.

"Before the Throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on His hands."

"Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Try faithful mercies crown!
Jesus, Thou art all compassion;

Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart."

"For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy pierced side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died."

Charles Wesley's conversion, which caused him to become the "prince of English hymn-writers," deserves a brief mention. To this end it pleased the Lord to use a few earnest German Moravians. In his diary we find the following entries:

"Wednesday, Jan. 19, 1737. Count Zinzendorf just arrived from Germany and sent for me. When I came, he saluted me with all possible affection and made me promise to call every day.

"Sunday, Jan. 23, 1737. I met Bishop Nitschmann at the Count's and was introduced to the Countess, a woman of great seriousness and sweetness. I was present at their public services and thought myself in a choir of angels."

On Wesley's missionary journey to America, his acquaintance with some Moravian immigrants, and their peace and joy, even in the midst of storm, deepened the impression already made. A year later he was back again in London and dangerously ill. We read of the following interview with another Moravian minister, Peter Bochler, seven years his junior: "I asked him to pray for me. He seemed unwilling at first, but, beginning very faintly, he raised his voice by degrees and prayed for my recovery with strange confidence. Then he took me by the hand and calmly said 'You will not die now.' I thought within myself: 'I cannot hold out in this pain till morning. If it abates before, I believe I may recover.' He now asked me: 'Do you hope to be saved?' 'Yes.' 'For what reason do you hope it?' 'Because I have used my best endeavors to serve God.' He shook his head and said no more. I thought him very uncharitable, saying in my heart: 'What? Are not my endeavors a sufficient ground of hope? Would he rob me of my endeavors? I have nothing else to trust to.'" A few weeks later Charles Wesley had found another hope for salvation and composed his famous hymn, which he entitled, "For the Anniversary of One's Conversion":

"Or for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His Blood can make the foulest clean
His Blood availed for me."

Christendom may well thank God for this faithful Moravian who dared to probe the soul of Charles Wesley. It led to the conversion of one whose hymns have brought more souls to Christ and His Cross than the songs of any other writer, ancient or modern. "The Lord shall count, when He writeth up the people, that this man was born there..... As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there." (Psalms 87 :6-7.)

DR. SPENCER TO HEAD ASSOCIATION OF FAIRS THIS YEAR

(Concord Tribune

Dr. T. N Spencer, of this city, secretary and one of the founders of the Cabarrus District Fair Association, which has had phenomenal success in its seven year history, was elected president of the North Carolina Association of Fairs at the annual meeting of the organization Monday in Raleigh.

For years one of the leaders in the State-wide movement for better fairs, Dr. Spencer enjoys the distinction of being one of the best informed and best known fair officals in the South. In addition to managing the local annual event he has, for the past few years, been in charge of the annual Forsyth County Fair at Winston-Salem. He has also been prominently associated with the State. Assaciation since its organization.

Dr. J. S. Dorton, of Shelby; Garland Daniel, of Greensboro; R. M. Jackson, of Fayetteville, and W. H. Dial, Jr., of Greenville, were chosen vice presidents of their repective districts, and T. B. Smith, of Raleigh, was elected secretary and treasurer.

At a banquet recently in Raleigh the principal address was delivered by Commissioner of Revenue A. J. Maxwell, who said that "clean" shows, carnivals and midways, which had no "skin game" artists should be the goal of fair officials.

Governor O. Max Gardner extended greetings at the afternoon session.

Dr. Clarence Poe, of Raleigh, in an address, said that fairs must pay less attention to entertainment and more to educational features.

COASTAL HIGHWAY HAS ANOTHER FINE BRIDGE

During the last six or eight years many fine bridges have been built by the State Highway Commission in North Carolina. They cross streams in all parts of the State and some of the longest and finest of them are in eastern Carolina. The largest project of this sort yet undertaken is the structure near Wilmington across the North East and Cape Fear rivers. This job cost over a million dollars. Until it was built the most expensive bridge in the State was that between Beaufort and Morehead City which now ranks second in that respect.

The Wilmington bridge is a link in route 30 which is a part of the coastal highway from Maine to Florida. A few months ago a very fine bridge was opened to traffic at Charleston, S C., and it appears that most of the streams along the coastal route have been bridged The improvements in the roads and bridges along this route mean that annually thousands of people will travel over the coastal route and much good advertising for the section will be the result.—Beaufort News.

FORT BRAGG AIRPLANES TO ASSIST FOREST FIRE CONTROL AROUND CAMP

(Conservation and Industry)

Forest fire protection in North Carolina now takes in the service of the aeroplane. This up-to-date move was made possible through the cooperation of authorities at Fort Bragg, army post in Hoke and Cumberland counties, with forestry officials at Fayetteville.

Brig. Gen. L. R. Holbrook, commanding officer of the post, has issued orders for all post fliers to keep a lookout for fires when making flights from Pope field. The orders direct the fliers to report the location of these fires to the office of the provost marshal who in turn has made arrangements to pass the information on to District Forester W. A. Patterson at Fayetteville.

By means of this quick method of detection, it is believed that the control of fire in organized counties will be greatly facilitated. The secret of forest fire protection is the speed with which fires can be detected and suppressed in their incipiency. Ground forces can be dispatched with little loss of time to these small fires and for the most part they can be suppressed before causing much destruction.

District No. 3 has the distinction of being the first forestry unit of North Carolina in which all counties are organized for fire protection. Counties in this district include Cumberland, Harnett, Hoke, Robeson, Lee, Moore, Scotland, Montgomery, and Richmond.

Officials of Fort Bragg are cooperating in other ways with the Department of Conservation and Development. Capt. Samuel White, provost marshal, and Capt. J. C. Butner, post game warden, retain cordial relations with District Forester Peterson and Game, Forest, and Fish Warden Fred L. Williams and render any possible assistance in the solution of mutual problems.

OPTIMISTIC

If we noticed little pleasures,
As we notice little pains,
If we quite forgot our losses
And remembered all our gains,
If we looked for people's virtues,
And their faults refused to see,
What a comfortable, happy,
Cheerful place this world would be!

—Anon.

COMFORT BROUGHT TO POOR SPELLERS

(Selected)

Poor spellers now may take comfort that they are not so dumb, for there are 396,000,000 ways of spelling the word "circumference" alone.

These millions of spelling for just one word are phonetic. Spelling the word as it sounds. Like using "thoro" for thorough. Moreover, all of them are from the live speech of slang. They are made by using combinations of letters in other words which give one of the sounds in circumference.

They illustrate, said Dr. Ernest Horn of the State Uuniversity of Iowa, at the education section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the extreme difficulties facing educators who would make spelling more rational. For example, he said the second sound in circumference, "ir" is represented in 21 different ways, in other words, some of the combinations being; Ern, or, ar, eur, re, yr, yrrh, irr, urr, and orr.

The "s" sound in circumference, he added "is spelled in 14 ways. The confusion caused by this variation in the spelling of both the vowel and the consonant sounds is naturally very great.

"Our alphabet is inefficient. There are more sounds in English than there are letters. The sound of long e can be made in 22 ways. There are 47 sound letter combinations which the child must learn for the letter alone by the time he has finished the third grade. Such hope as exists for rationalizing spelling is to be found first in the gradual casting out of parasite letters—droping the u in words like honour—and second by teaching the rules by which prefixes and suffixes are added to base words to make derived forms."

Webster himself bumped this snag when he tried to spell women as "wimmen," and was forced to "back up," said Dr. Horn. Our spelling, however, gives variety in correct pronunciation. The word "often" was customarily used without sounding the t. But now more and more cultivated persons sound the t. There are four cultivated ways of pronouncing "horse" in Minneapolis, said Dr. Horn, cultured persons sound the r almost with a burr, but in Louisiana, Maine and Cambridge, England, they largely drop the r sound and each place does it differently.

Most persons write "enclose" in their letters, but Dr. Horn found many of good standing who write "inclose."

The revolt of American youth against conduct standards was discussed by several educators. Examples of personality and behavior problems were given by Dr. Harry C. Baker, clinical psychologist of the Detroit public schools. He studied 1,357 boys and girls who broke the traces more in minor than major fashion.

"Twelve year old pupils," he said "are worse than seven year olds in arguing, cheating and resenting correction. Boys are worse than girls in bullying, fighting, interfering and

being 'Smart Alecs.' Girls are worse than boys in lying, cheating and stealing.

"Cheating as a special trait occurred in 169 of the 1,357 cases. It is more common among older than younger pupils. Dull pupils cheat more than bright ones. Slow or slightly dull were 14.6 times more frequent behavior offenders than bright pupils."

A BEDTIME PRAYER

Turn Thou the key upon our thoughts, dear Lord,
  And let us sleep;
Give us our portion of forgetfulness,
  Silent and Deep.

Lay Thou Thy quiet hand upon our eyes,
  To close their sight;
Shut out the shining of the moon and stars,
  And candlelight.

Keep back the phantoms and the visions sad—
  The shades of gray—
The fancies that so haunt the little hours
  Before the day.

Quiet the time-worn questions that are all
  Unanswered yet;
Take from the spent and troubled souls of us
  Their vain regret;

And lead us far into Thy silent land,
  That we may go,
Like children out across the field o' dreams,
  Where poppies blow.

So all Thy saints—and all Thy sinners, too—
  Wilt Thou not keep,
Since not alone unto Thy well-beloved
  Thou givest sleep?

—Virna Sheard in London, Ont., Free Press.

THE LEAST OF THESE

(From the French of Coppee)

Long ago there lived in the city of Marseilles an old shoemaker, loved and honored by all his neighbors, who called him "Father Martin." One Christmas Eve, Father Martin, who had been reading the story of the three Wise Men who brought their gifts to the Infant Jesus, said to himself:

"If only tomorrow were the first Christmas Day and the Saviour were coming to this world tonight, how I would serve and adore Him! I know very well what I would give Him."

He arose and took from a shelf two little shoes. "Here is what I would give Him; my finest work! How pleased His Mother would be! But what am I thinking of?" he continued, smiling. "Does the Saviour need my poor shop and my shoes.

But that night Father Martin had a dream. He thought that the voice of Jesus, Himself, said to him: Martin, you have wished to see Me. Watch the street tomorrow from morning until evening, for I shall pass your window. But you must try your best to recognize Me, for I shall not make Myself known to you."

When he awoke the next morning, Father Martin, convinced that what he had dreamed would surely take place, hastened to put his shop in order, lighted his fire, drank his coffee, and then seated himself at the window to watch the passerby. He had often seen the picture of Jesus in the churches, so he felt sure he would know Him when He went by.

The first person he saw was a poor street sweeper who was trying to warm himself—for it was bitter cold.

"Poor man!" said Martin to himself. "He must be very cold. Suppose I offer him a cup of coffee."

He tapped on the window and called to the man, who did not have to be urged to accept the steaming coffee.

After watching in vain for an hour, Martin saw a young woman, miserably clothed, carrying a baby. She was so pale and thin that the heart of the poor cobbler was touched and he called to her. "You don't look very well," he said.

"I am going to the hospital," replied the woman. "I hope they will take me in with my child. My husband is at sea, and I've been expecting him home for three months. I am sick and haven't a cent."

"Poor thing!" said the old man. "You must eat some bread while you are getting warm. No? Well, take a cup of milk for the little one. Come, warm yourself, and let me take the baby. Why! You haven't his shoes on."

"He hasn't any," sighed the poor woman.

"Wait a minute. I have a pair that will just suit."

And the old man brought the shoes which he had looked at the evening before, and put them on the child's feet. They had fitted perfectly. The young woman went away, full of gratitude, and Father Martin went back to his post.

Hour after hour passed by, and

although many people passed the window, the Master did not come. When it grew dark, the old man sadly began to prepare his humble supper. "It was a dream," he murmured. Well, I did hope. But He has not come.'

After supper he fell asleep in his chair. Suddenly the room seemed full of the people whom he had aided during the day, and each one asked of him n turn, "Have you seen Me?"

"But who are you?" cried the shoemaker to all these visons.

Then the little Child pointed to the Bible on the table, and His rosy finger showed the old man this passage: "I was hungry and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger and you took me in....Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me."

SOLITUUE

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
  Weep and you weep alone.
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
  But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hill will answer;
  Sigh, it is lost on the air.
The echoes bound to a joyful sound
  But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
  Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
  But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, your friends are many;
  Be sad, and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
  But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
  Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
  But no man can help you die,
There is room in the halls of pleasure.
  For a long and loadly train,
But one by one we must all file on
  Through the narrow aisles of pain.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WHEN RELIGION AND EDUCATION PARTED COMPANY

By Orrin T. Anderson

Religion was one of the primary factors in bringing the early settlers of New England across the ocean to establish their homes in a new land. Religion was the motivating cause in many of their early activities in their new home. Schools were begun so that boys and girls might learn to read the Bible, and colleges and universities were founded for the purposes of training young men for the ministry. The Reformation had been a rebellion against the authority of the Church. People turned from the Church to the Scriptures as the highest authority and men and women began to "search the Scriptures" for themselves. The Bible thus becoming the foundation of religion, the early colonists were eager to make provision for their children that they, too might find the truth of God's Word.

So it was that in the beginning religion and education went hand in hand, for the purpose of education was to make boys and girls religious. One who attended one of these early schools remarked, "The teacher continually prayed with us every day and catechized us every week." But between 1636, when Harvard College was founded, and 1800, a great change had come about. In 1800 the Bible was practically out of the schools. In that year Rev. Thomas Thatcher, of Massachusetts, preached an ordinary sermon in which he deplored the absence of Bible reading in the schools Said Mr. Thatcher, "The reading of Scripture in schools is either wholly neglected or reduced to an inferior and disgusting part of puerile duty."

Early education in America was dominated by the Church. By 1800 religion and education had drifted so far apart that in many instances there was not even a period for Bible reading during the school day. What could have brought about such a change? What could have happened to cause people to even look with disfavor upon religious instruction in the school room?

Perhaps the answer is to be found in the very same reason which caused religion and education to be so closely associated in the beginning, one of which was the principle of religious freedom. Early reformers opposed the authority of the Church but many of them grew to be just as authoritative as the Church of Rome had been. They began by declaring that the interpretation of the Scriptures was an individual matter and ended by pronouncing as heretics all those whose interpretations differed from what they thought was taught in the Bible. The desire to be free to worship as they chose caused men and women to brave the storms of the seas and the hardships of a strange land. And then when they had got here each sect grew as intolerant of other believers as their foes in Europe had been of them!

New York was settled by the Dutch. In 1628 the Reform Church was es-

tablished. Now the members of this body couldn't understand what possessed the Quakers that they should have such queer beliefs and they grew very intolerant of the Quakers. In Connecticut there was opposition against the Episcopal Church and in Virginia a law against Puritans was passed. Maryland enacted a law for the freedom of religious worship in 1649, but later repealed it and established a firm and rigid Church of England rule.

As America grew and the population increased, religious sects grew more numerous and sectarian disputes increased. These disputations were not only lively and heated but they were often very bitter and sometimes led to persecution. Now I think we may find here one of the reasons for the divorcement of education and religion. Even in the more tolerant days in which we live, we find few parents who would wish their children taught religion by someone belonging to a denomination which was widely different from their own. Certainly there are few Protestant parents who would enroll their boys and girls in a Catholic parochial school. Just as in 1800, when Mr. Thatcher publicly deplored the decline of Bible reading, so today we have many people who wish to have the Bible read in school. But at the same time, the majority of those who want Bible reading insist that no comments on the passage read be offered by the reader.

Because the pursuit of religious liberty had brought many of the colonists to the New World, they took steps to protect that liberty when the time came to unite the colonies in a federation. Therefore, the Federal Constitution declared the principle of religious freedom and forbade the establisshment by Congress of any religious test as a prerequisite to holding any office under the control of the federal government. The principle of religious freedom operates against the forcing of religious beliefs upon other people and thus against the teaching of religion in schools enrolling representatives of many religious beliefs.

While we may regret this parting of the ways for religion and education, we must admit that had the Church continued in control of public education we could never have developed the marvelous system of state education which we now have. Arlo Ayres Brown in "A History of Religious Education in Recent Times" says. "The story of the divorcement of general education from religious education and the development of an American public school system independent of any church control with Bible study eliminated is one of the most significant chapters in educational history. That a public school system independent of any sectarian control was necessary seems to the writer to be self-evident. That the elimination of direct instruction in the Bible and all other religious materials was necessary is not so evident. The reasons for such elimination are apparent, but the necessity cannot be proved, and the result has been a very serious defect in a great and highly effective public school system. It seems to be the story of a reaction which went too far."

And now that our school system has reached such an advanced state and we are more tolerant of others' beliefs and more agreed on the great fundamentals of religion, the pendulum may swing back to a medium position between church domination and entire absence of religion, and we may have instruction in the Bible and in the real essentials of Christianity.

There were other reasons which contributed to the separation of the Church and the public school. We have seen that one of the reasons was an intense interest in religion. On the other hand, unbelief and lack of interest helped in driving religion from the school room of the eighteenth century. The sectarian differences to which we have referred became decidedly pronounced just after the close of the Revolutionary War. At the same time, according to Dr. Henry F. Cope, "there was a breaking up of old habits. Certain types of skeptical and atheistic thinking had become the vogue in the colleges and a tide of material development seemed to sweep before it many of the old domestic customs and pious observances. It was the incoming of new life and the breaking of the old bottles. Just at that time sectarian differences and disputes became unhappily pronounced. Between the two tendencies, to irreligion and to sectarianism, religious instruction fell into disuse and even on Sundays churches were often too busy holding their own, one against another, to have much regard for the religious nurture of the young."

Another contributing factor to the departure of religious instruction from the public school curriculum was the writing of new textbooks for use in the school room. In the beginning, "the curriculum materials were predominantly religious."

Boys and girls first studied from a single printed leaf of paper on a paddle-shaped piece of wood and covered by a thin sheet of transparent horn. From the covering this piece of material derived the name of the "Hornbook." This "book" contained the alphabet and the Lord's Prayer. The child learned to read from this and then passed on to the catechism and the Bible.

Later on such books as the "New England Primer" were published but these were still religious and moral in tone as you may see from the following sentences taken from the above-mentioned primer:

"Praying will make us leave sinning or sinning will make us leave praying."

"Our weaknesses and inabilities break not the bond of our duties."

"What we are afraid to speak before men we should be afraid to speak before God."

One of the first books to get away from the Bible and to depart from this line of moral instruction was Dillworth's. "A New Guide to the English Tongue." This was introduced into colonial schools in 1750. Then in 1783 Noah Webster's "American Spelling Book" was published and widely circulated. Such books proved so popular that they were soon followed by other spelling books and readers.

We have said that the separation

of religious and general education was a good thing for the public school, for with so many sects we could never have developed our public school system on a religious basis. The church also gained an advantage, for the responsibility of relgious instruction was thrown upon it and an added impetus was given to the Sunday school movement.

Read your Bible, make it the first morning business of your life to understand some portion of it, and your daily business to obey it in all that you do understand.—Ruskin.

MAN'S CHEAPEST FOOD

(Selected)

Most fruits are valuable to man because of the medicinal properties of their juices and for their delicate flavors. But from a point of view of food, there is nothing, or next to nothing, in them.

Strawberries, for instance, or peaches or pears, are of little use except to quench the thirst. The one great exception in the banana. The great traveler, Humboldt, once said that an acre of bananas will give as much food as forty-four acres of potatoes. This is decidedly an exaggeration; yet, acre for acre, a crop of bananas does give more human food than any other plant or vegetable known to man.

The average yield of a plantation of bananas on good, moist land is 288 bunches to the acre each year. You can put the weight of a bunch at fifty-two pounds, which makes the crop 14,769 pounds to the acre. This would be enough to feed a man for about three and one-third years.

An acre of potatoes will yield, on an average, eighty-two bushels, sufficient to feed a person for eighteen months, or less than half the time that an acre of bananas would feed them.

But then the potato crop requires a lot of work. Each year the ground must be prepared, ploughed and fertilized, the seed sown, kept free of weeds, and finally the crop dug and housed. In the case of the bananas, all this trouble is saved, for new shoots keep growing up from the old "stools" and there is nothing to do but keep the weeds down with a scythe and cut the fruit when ripe.

No wonder, then, that bananas are, weight for weight, the cheapest food for man, and that life runs easily in countries where the banana will grow. And that, mind you, is a belt nearly three thousand miles wide all around the thickest girth of our planet.

FOR THE HONOR OF HIS PEOPLE

By Theodore Zimmerman in Lutheran Young Folks

In exactly seven minutes the starting gun would be fired off and the greatest race of them all, the Arctic Dog Derby, would commence. For nearly a half hour the dozen drivers and their dogs had been anxiously awaiting that signal on the starting line at Nome. All of them were veterans of the Northern trails and some were famous winners of other dog classics held annually at Quebec, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, and The Pas. Nome, ice-bound city on Bering Sea, was gaily decorated with the green and gold pennants of Derby Neck, whistles shrieked, bells rang and even the cannon at Fort Davis, close by, boomed an occasional salute. In the pioneer streets of this metropolis of the Far North, fur-clad whites bumped elbows with parkaed Eskimos in an effort to get to the ice-crusted sea-shore in front of the town to see the start of the one hundred mile classic. White man and Eskimo were intensely interested.

The Arctic Dog Derby was an annual affair in the North. Coming as it did in mid-winter, it was a race of endurance as well as speed. Every hazard of the Alaskan trails was faced by the hardy drivers and their husky dogs—the grinding ice of Bering Sea, the frozen barrens where blizzards smother, the Arctic blow which cut one's face like blades, the mountain tops where men and dogs alike crawl through the snow to keep from sliding down into canyons, the blinding glare of the ice and snow and the penetrating cold of below zero weather. No race in the world could compare with this one and the winners were real heroes in the eyes of those who knew the hardships they had endured—for on the trail of the Arctic Dog Derby men and dogs not only matched themselves against their fellow competitors but against nature as well, against the savage elements of the North, where death waits just around the corner. Many times teams and their drivers have frozen on the trail or lost their way and disappeared entirely. Others have come in blind from the constant glare of the snow or almost unconscious from fatigue or cold. It was not a race for weaklings—only the strongest and fittest of men and dogs could survive the terrible grind and return victors to Nome, where the finish as well as the start of the race was witnessed.

There was more than the usual interest in this year's event, however. It was the first time in the history of dog-racing in the North that an Eskimo was pitting his strength and dogs against that of the white man. Although these natives of the Arctic shores were the first to train the dog for the sled, they had never been recognized by their white brothers as skillful drivers nor had the Eskimo dogs received the recognition due them for their intelligence and endurance It remained for Hanak, headman of a tribe of Eskimos on Coronation Gulf, to challenge the white man's supposed superiority on the trail by entering his own team of half-wild Malemutes in the Arctic Dog Derby.

As the news of his boldness spread from village to village along the shores of the Arctic, hope mingled with admiration in the hearts of his people. In a thousand igloos from Point Barrow, Alaska, to the mouth of Hudson Bay, Hanak became, overnight, the national hero. Already he was famed as a mighty hunter and the owner of the best string of dogs among the Eskimos, and these people knew if the first honors on the trail were ever to be brought back to the race where they had originally belonged, Hanak and his dogs would do it.

But Hanak was never to run that race! Seven minutes before the starting signal he unexpectedly went blind! Years of snow glare had at last done their work. The journey from Coronation Gulf to Nome had been a long one and the sun had been unusually bright. His eyes had been unable to stand the hard strain. Quickly his son, Ahnook, leaped to his aid. Others—Eskimos and officials of the race—realized what had happened and gathered around him.

Bang! Bang! Bang! echoed the shot that started the race. Almost immediately the other eleven drivers and dog-teams darted forward over the icy trail—but Hanak was out of it. It was a great disappointment not only to Hanak but to the other Eskimos who had come to cheer him on his way. More especially was it a tragic blasting of hopes for the youth, Ahnook. For another year—perhaps for a good many years to come—the white man would remain "King of the Arctic Trails," and the poor Eskimo must stand silently beaten at his own game. No one but his father could wrest the title from the white man and now his father was blind!

Ahnook, calling his dogs, started to lead his father away, but Hanak refused to go.

"My son, take the dogs and win the race!" he commanded with emphasis, "for the honor of our people!"

For a moment the boy hesitated, torn between two conflicting desires. Should he run the race or remain and care for his father? Not until he saw his father in the hands of friends who would do everything possible for him, did Ahnook swing his dogs on the trail and cross the starting line.

By this time the other teams in the race had vanished in the distance but this handicap did not worry the Eskimo lad—it was a long race and he would overtake every one of them before the finish line-!

Down the trail he glided amid the hilarious cheers of his countrymen. White men cheered him also for his pluck. Not only was he a last minute entry who had not expected to race, a substitute, and handicapped by a late start, but he was by far the youngest driver in the race in competition with hardened veterans of many a derby. What chance had he to win? But Ahnook gritted his teeth and told himself that no matter how difficult the next few hours happened to be for him, he simply must win that race! The white man must be made to take off his hat to the Eskimo when it came to speed and endurance on the Arctic Trails!

There was one thing in the Eski-

mo lad's favor. He had a remarkable team of dogs. Seven there were and each one of them built for the trail. Cubs, his lead dog, although smaller than the rest, had almost human intelligence. He was no aristocrat, born in the kennels of a dog club, just a common little Malemute from Coronation Gulf whose weak, short legs as a puppy had nearly cost him his life. It was Ahnook who had first recognized his superior intelligence and had trained him until he was the greatest "loose leader" that ever came out of an Eskimo village. A loose leader is a dog that runs ahead of his team and does the thinking for them. He is not attached to the sled in any way and therefore never pulls a pound. No higher honor can befall a dog than being made a "loose leader."

"Mush—you! Mush on, Malemutes!" cried Ahnook as the race course left the seashore and headed straight for the open country. The crack of his leather whip rent the frosty air like a rifle shot. He could see now the last of those other teams just ahead of him on the trail. Closer and closer he crept up on them until at last the two teams were running neck and neck alongside. For a minute or so it looked as though the white man was going to keep his lead—both teams were straining every muscle, urged on by their respective drivers. Finally, however, superiority won as it always does and Ahnook's team leaped into the trail just ahead of the white man's, followed by the good natured yells of the two drivers.

"Ten more to pass and then we'll be in the lead!" he said half-aloud as a little later, glancing behind him, he saw that he had left driver eleven out of sight to the rear.

They were skirting a wood now, the trees often standing close enough to the trail to touch as the sled darted by. Soon the path on which they were traveling turned directly into the forest. It was no longer straight, but for miles continued to wind first to the left and then to the right between the trees, sometimes almost making a complete circle in an effort to avoid either a grade or a thicket. Suddenly Cubs stopped his team and turned his head in the direction of his driver. But Ahnook was gone! The dogs were alone with the sled! Somewhere back on that trail his young master had disappeared. Instinct had told him as much and that is why he had stopped to look. It had been a long time since he had heard his master's voice urging them on and judging from the increased speed of the dogs behind him during the last mile he knew in some way that they were driverless. Such speed was impossible with the weight of a driver on the runners. How he managed to swing his team and sled around in that narrow trail without tangling up the harness will never be known, but this he did somehow and then started them back to find his master.

A few minutes later Cubs found him, lying unconscious in the snow. What were the thoughts of that loving, faithful animal as he looked into the pale face of his master? Did he realize how precious were the fleeting moments while the driver lay inactive in the snow? Gently he pawed his master's chest and shoulders, without re-

sults. Then undaunted by his failure to revive the youth, he tried another method. Slowly he licked his tongue across his master's face, keeping it up until he saw Ahnook open his eyes.

Regaining consciousness, Ahnook tried to remember what had happened. Faintly it all came back to him. He had heard a crackling noise as though a runner were splitting and, forgetting about the trees, he had leaned over while still riding the projecting runners to locate the trouble. No sooner had he done this than he felt a sledge-hammer blow on the top of his head. The trail had brought the sled flying by a big tree uunnoticed by the bending boy, with the result that he was knocked unconscious to the ground.

How much time he had lost by this he did not know. Swinging his team once more into the trail and grasping the handle bars of the sled he commanded them to move His dogs had no sooner leaped into the harness than he heard shouts behind him. It was driver eleven catching up with him! At least he was grateful he had not passed him while he lay unconscious. He was still a little dazed but he urged his dogs on to their very limit in an effort to prevent the trailing driver from passing them. Despite the white man's struggles to overtake him, the lad succeeded in putting him once more out of sight.

They were climbing now. The trees were getting fewer and fewer. He remembered hearing the men at Nome warn his father about the mountain trail he was now approaching. It was, they had said, the most hazardous part of the whole trip. He was glad he would get across the divide while it was still daylight. The higher he went the colder it got and there was a strong wind coming up that cut across his face like a whip. Soon they were out of the trees altogether. Before them loomed the peaks over which they would have to climb, almost forbidding in their ghostly whiteness. How glad he was that he was not among the first in the race. It would then have been up to him to blaze the trail over the summit. As it was, a fairly good path lay before him. Ten sleds preceding his own had served to smooth the trail somewhat, although it was still a new trail and that meant slow going. Only on trails where the snow had become packed from traffic could speed be made.

Sweeping around a bend he reached a point where a vista of the whole trail over the mountains lay before his eyes. He was overjoyed to see all of the ten teams scattered at intervals through the mountains in full view. They were not so far ahead of him as he had supposed. Some of them were apparently having great difficulty in moving forward. Their progress was very slow. In fact, three or four of the teams were almost up with the leader, who was walking ahead of his team, breaking the trail. None had yet reached the summit.

Hill climbing is slow work at the best. Some dogs have received little training in pulling a sled behind them up a grade. However, when it came to mountain trails, Ahnook's team

was thoroughly at home. The mountains of Northern Canada had been their training ground. Not only did Ahnook realize at once his advantage over the other teams, when he saw them ascending to the summit, on this account, but when he noted that every driver without exception was walking up the grade, thereby holding back the natural speed of their dogs to match their own, his hopes ran high. He had trained his dogs to pull his weight on the runners uphill with ease. He was almost fifty pounds lighter than any of the other drivers. He smiled as he saw his own team of huskies slowly overtaking the teams ahead. Now was his big chance to get his team in the lead! Softly he called to them to do their best. "Come, Cubs! Show them what an Eskimo dog can do. Show them we're the best team in the race!" There was an immediate quickening of effort on the part of every dog.

Soon at a point where the trail widened enough to admit of two teams traveling side by side, Ahnook's slid past the tenth team in the race. Nine teams were still ahead of him—all in sight. Owing to the difficulty the leading team was having in breaking trail over the summit, these nine teams had about caught up with him and Ahnook, nearing the crest, found himself trailing the line. Here the trail ran around the mountain on a narrow and dangerous ledge. At no point was the trail wide enough for one team to pass another. It was simply a case of biding one's time for the next couple of miles when opportunity for passing would present itself.

But Ahnook had a better plan! Instead of waiting in line like the others, he turned his team abruptly off the beaten path. Other drivers, seeing him, gasped at his daring and shouted to warn him of his danger. While the trail circles around the right side of the mountain to reach the top, he proposed to take his team around the left side, where no trail, not even a ledge lay before him. Only the glistening face of a glacier whose surface was broken in many places by yawning crevasses met the eye on that side of the mountain. But here the distance to the ridge was not half as far as the other way and there was the chance if he succeeded in crossing the glacier without mishap of coming into the trail at the summit in front of overyone else. And Ahnook proposed to take that chance.

Tying a rope to Cub's collar and hitching the rest of his team to his belt by another rope, the Eskimo lad with a spiked pole in one hand to support him on the slanting snow and Cubs' lead line in the other, made his way inch by inch across that hazardous quarter-mile. Cubs went first, picking with his wolf instinct the way for the rest. Close behind the lead-dog came the Eskimo, leaning heavily on his stick and toeing in at every risky step. Following the boy were the sure-footed dogs of his team, each digging in as much as they could in order to keep the weight of the sled from pulling them down the side of the glacier into a waiting abyss below. It was a feat almost super human in its accomplishment and one that merited the praise of his fellow

drivers back on the trail. It was greatly to his credit that not a single driver among them had the courage to follow in his footsteps, although it promised them a short-cut to the head of the line. And they were the pick of Alaska's white men!

"A man that will take a chance like that deserves to win," they told each other. "He's made of courageous stuff!"

It was not courage alone that got him safely across that glacier, however, for courage without knowledge, ability, and experience is nothing more nor less than foolishness leading one to destruction. But the Eskimo spends his life in the snow and ice. Glaciers are not strangers to him.

If Ahnook had figured on getting the lead in the race by crossing the glacier he was to be disappointed. When within a hundred feet of the ridge trail and still climbing cautiously foot by foot, he looked up to see team number one skim along on the trail, followed not far behind by the second team in the race. Leaping now instead of crawling he succeeded in re-entering the trail as team number three. He had passed seven teams by his daring! His extra efforts had been worth while.

But it was snowing on the other side of that ridge and in the blizzard the teams soon lost one another. Only Cubs' intelligence held them to the trail which from the foot of the mountains was over a well-beaten path. Denser and denser became the swirling snow until Ahnook could hardly make out the form of even his wheel-dog ahead. And the temperature had now dropped far below zero over on this side of the range. Several times in those long miles Cubs in order to keep his team on the move was forced to come back and fight the different dogs into obedience when they tried to dig under the snow to get out of the raging blizzard. The darkness of night had also descended, adding to their difficulties.

After awhile the atmosphere cleared and Ahnook saw ahead the cabin that marked the eighty-mile post of the trip. The driver of the second team greeted him as he pulled up for a rest.

"I'm quitting here," he remarked, "my dogs are all in and this blizzard is too much to face."

Ten minutes later, his dogs refreshed with rest and meat, Ahnook took the trail again. None had passed while he waited and so there was only one team ahead of his. This team he must beat at any cost and there were only twenty miles more to go. He sang to his team as they flew over the trail and found that he had thus increased their speed tremendously. Mile after mile passed with no sign of the team ahead. He knew that team was the most famous team in Alaska. Never had they been defeated and they had run in six different events in recent years. Always they had come in in first place. Thinking of this and alarmed at not catching up with him, although he had during the past hour made at least ten miles—remarkable speed considering the weather and the mileage already covered—Ahnook began to feel it was hopeless to expect to win this year's Arctic Derby.

As they neared Nome on the homeward stretch, Ahnook heard the can-

non at Fort Davis boom. Someone had notified them of his approach and they were giving the usual salute to a returning contestant. Hearing this signal all Nome was lined up on the trail to greet him when he came in. Even Hanak was there with the rest of the Eskimos, for his sudden blindness had only proved temporary and he was now able to see once more. A tremendous cheer echoed through the streets of Nome as he and his dogs, in a final dash of speed, crossed the finish line to win—not second as he had supposed—but first place. Somewhere in that blizzard the former champion had lost the trail and failed to come in. Ahnook was "King of the Arctic Trails."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Instead of the usual pork and sausage, the boys were served an excellent beef dinner last Sunday.

Mr. Presson, officer in charge of the Receiving Cottage, has just finished giving the new boys intelligence tests.

The Champion straight needle stitcher, part of our shoe shop equipment, has been sent back to the factory for repairs.

About thirty boys had blood tests taken and were vaccinated last Tuesday afternoon, by Dr. D. G. Caldwell, Cabarrus County Physician.

The sewing room force under the supervision of Mrs. Emma J. Eagle, has been busy for some time past making sheets and pillow cases.

Our poultryman, Mr. Frank Lisk, reports that 1600 eggs were sent to the cottages last week, to be served to the boys. In addition to this several incubators are filled up, which indicatess that our poultry yard is a valuable asset. We have recently ordered a new electric incubator, which will soon be in operaton.

Mr. W. M. Crook, a member of our teaching staff, spent last Monday in Raleigh. He was accompanied home by his son, who has been going to school there.

There was considerable excitement among a number of our boys last Sunday afternoon as the U. S. Navy dirigible, the "Los Angeles," glided gracefully over our campus on her way to Lakehurst, N. J. It was the first time some of the youngsters had seen an air craft of this type and many remarks of admiration could be heard as the giant dirigible sailed overhead.

We looked out and saw the barn boys hauling wood to the various cottages last Wednesday morning. This seemed very appropriate as it was

just beginning to snow. By the time we assembled at the old oak tree, the ground was covered and the boys were in high glee as the white flakes continued falling, and we noticed a number of boys engaged in good-natured snowball battles in various parts of the campus.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewin Burris, of Loch Raven, Md., en route to Miami, Fla., paid this office a brief call on Tuesday of last week. Mr. Burris is assistant superintendent of the Maryland Training School and editor of the School News, a monthly magazine published at that institution. We were delighted to have the genial "Lew" and his good wife with us even for a short time, and trust they will make a more extended visit on their next trip through North Carolina.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, had charge of the regular service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He introduced, as the speaker of the afternoon, Dr. C. L. Williams, of Granville, Ohio, who was formerly with the English Department of Denneson University. Dr. Williams, a grand old man of 79 years, used as his subject: "Common Sense or Seeing Things As They Are." He said the trouble with most people was in not being able to see things as they are. Too many of them are always looking on the wrong side of everything. His entire talk was by way of illustrations, recounting a number of interesting observations of a long life. We were all delighted with Dr. Williams' most interesting talk and hope he will be able to visit us again.

A CHEERFUL OUTLOOK

During the year 1929, 137 new manufacturing establishments were located on Southern Railway System rails. Additions were made to 83 manufacturing plants that were in operation at the beginning of the year. These new works represent an investment of about $70,000,000 and give employment to nearly twenty thousand people.

A cotton crop of approximately 15,000,000 bales has been marketed at reasonably good prices, along with cotton seed approximating 7,000,000 tons. We have marketed an unusually large crop of tobacco which, in the main, has brought good prices. Forage crops are abundant and the dairy and poultry interests in the southern states were never so flourishing as at present.

Federal income taxes have been reduced and there is an abundance of money now available at reasonable rates of interest to warrant continued expansion in agriculture as well as in manufacturing.

Altogether, prospects in the South are cheerful.—The Southern Field.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 8, 1930. No. 3

"DOLLARS AND TOMB-STONES"

"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."—Luke 12: 15.

"Someone has truly said, "The important thing is not to die rich, but to live rich." We are here not to make a living, but to make a life.

Some of the poorest men I know pay a large income tax. They do not possess their possessions—their possessions possess them.

Did you ever see a tombstone with a dollar sign on it.?

Neither did I. I have known hundreds of men who lived as though their only ambition was to accumulate, but I have never known one who wanted a final judgement to be based on what he got. A man wants people to read in his obituary, not a balance sheet of his wealth, but a story of his service to humanity."—Homilope.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

READ THIS SLOWLY, AND THINK

Does my life please God?
Is there any one I can forgive?
Am I studying my Bible daily?
Am I enjoying my Christian life?
Have I ever won a soul to Christ?
How much time do I spend in prayer?
Am I trying to bring my friends to Christ?
Have I ever had a direct answer to prayer?
Is there anything I cannot give up for Christ?
Just where am I making my greatest mistake?
Am I doing anything I would condemn in others?
How does my life look to those who are not Christians?
Is the world being made better or worse by my living in it?
Have I ever tried giving one-tenth of my income to the Lord?

—*Canadian Churchman.*

BACK TO THE FARM

The report comes that our neighbors down eastern part of the state, especially the farmers are in need; but it is well to keep in mind that we do not have to go that far from home to find the destitute. We are not trying to dampen any one's interest when it comes to helping the needy, but think

"charity begins at home." Conditions down east are due to a shortage in crops, and you just watch those farmers come into their own as soon as the weather permits out-door work. They will plant their early gardens, the good housewife will also get busy in the chicken yard and we wager it will not be long till living conditions will be pretty good. This is the difference: the most of our suffering is in the mill settlements and among a class who have been dependent previously upon public work for maintenance. Our people will have to abide their time until industrial interest speeds up, and we have every reason to think and hope that there will be more work offered in the Spring, and that all of the mills will be running on full time. By way of contrast we can easily see that the farmer has the advantage when it comes to relieving tense conditions by treating mother earth kindly, and under favorable seasons expects a bountiful yield. A good farmer is most resourceful under all circumstances, and if he does not make a fortune, he can make a living, and usually have a little put aside for a rainy day. One class, the agriculturist, is a co-worker with nature for sustenance; the other class is dependent upon the devises of man for living wages. Back to the farm is our slogan.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

MONEY NOT WISELY SPENT

One of the professors of the University of North Carolina, Edgar W. Knight, states through some publication that "four of the Southern States have in thteir garages more automobiles than books in their public libraries." It is understood that North Carolina is included in the four states, having 100,000 more automobiles than books in the public libraries. This goes to prove that our people are more fond of joy rides than reading a good book. In fact it has been no unusual occurrence to hear of a home being involved so as to find the wherewithal to purchase an auto. Reading to a certain extent has become a lost art for the reason the masses are "on-the-go" all the time, depending entirely upon the movies and the radio for information, thereby getting a smattering of many things but not thorough in any particular respect. A state that can expend $60,000,000 for automobiles and $59,000,000 for gasoline all in one year surely could, if the disposition were there, boast of the finest libraries and hospitals in the country. These figures show amount of money spent in North Carolina last year for autos

and gasoline, with no record of the upkeep of these machines. Why are we complaining of hard times? The auswer is clear—the money is not spent wisely. We would much prefer paying interest money in some good Building and Loan investment than put it out in gas, or buy a radio on installment.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A LOVELY SERVICE

The mid-term graduating class of Concord High School made an impressive picture as the members, in caps and gowns, assembled in St. James Lutheran Church, to hear the baccalaureate sermon delivered by its pastor, Dr. L. A. Thomas. He welcomed the members of the mid-term graduating class showing that he felt it a privilege and honor to serve them. The theme of Dr. Thomas' sermon, superb in diction and clear in thought, was "And They Followed The Stars." Follow the stars is the story of the Wise men of the East, he said, and the same is the story of all wise men. They have always been followers of stars,—"ideals, intelligence, progress, beauty, hope, reality, truth, and adventure." To follow these it takes courage and adventure so as to reach the nobler aims of life was the thought most splendidly brought out by Dr. Thomas. Never has it been our privilege to attend a more inspirational graduating exercise wherein the central thought of the sermon was to follow Christ, and that back of all things is evident the creative power of the Eternal God. The handsome church of pure Gothic architecture and appropriate music, splendidly rendered, added to the impressiveness of the occasion.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

MEMORIAL TO BALDY BOYDEN

This is an honor worthily bestowed by Col. Boyden's home people. He was a man of big heart and always responded to the call of the needy. The Salisbury Post says:

> "A memorial far more lasting than flowers which will quickly wither away has been started by the city school forces and pupils in commemoration of the late Gen. A. H. Boyden, for 32 years chairman of the city school board and an active figure in the leading affairs of Salis-

bury, this county and State, for over half a century.

The fund will be used to aid worthy needy children in continuing their public school education, and is in direct keeping with a wish oft expressed by the distinguished citzen that trbutes more lasting than flowers might be established or made possible at the passing of an individual. He had no thought of personal gain or glory when he expressed such a desire, but believed in another medium of expression

The fund should be of considerable aid in giving needy, worthy children an opportunity to better fit themselves for life and its intricate problems and will be augmented by private donations from time to time, it is confidently expected. The city schools are in charge of the fund and call upon the citizens of Salisbury to support it to the fullest extent. It will be carefully invested and distributed and should be of perpetual benefit. The Boyden High School, as Superintendent Coltrane said, is a material memorial and even that may fade with the coming years but the spirit of General Boyden will live again and again in the lives of numerous children of the future who will be blessed by the benefits they receive from the fund.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

TWO CABARRUS MEN RECOGNIZED

It is an unusual coincidence that Cabarrus county should furnish the President, Dr. T. N. Spencer, and vice president, Dr. J. S. Dorton, now of Shelby, as officers of the North Carolina Fair Association. Both of these men have won enviable reputations as splendid fair men all through the state. Dr. Spencer has by his wise management of the Cabarrus County Fair made it second to none in the state; and the Cleveland County Fair has proven quite successful under the care of Dr. Dorton formerly of Cabarrus county. We are always proud when Cabarrus citizens are honored.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

When such contributions as the one entitled, "What is Wrong With Education, And How May It Be Cured," are sent to the Uplift without solicitation, it makes us feel that the Uplift is gviing splendid service to the people. We appreciate Miss Hill's thoughtfulness in sending us this timely article and hope that she will favor us often.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

It would seem that sometimes profanity has its uses. If somebody hadn't cussed over the radio there would still be several millions of people in the United States who had never heard of Senator Dill.

—o—

King George was heard speaking over the radio a few days ago. His voice sounded very much like an American, and our people were impressed with it. Now, no doubt King George would have been impressed if he could have seen the costumes worn by the big American audience that listened to his speech at 5 o'clock in the morning.

—o—

To tell you the truth most of us have little interest in where business has been. What we want to know is where it is doing. Backtracking it over the past may be highly interesting to statisticians—but few of us are statisticians. When somebody begins publishing a reliable map showing what business is going to be next month he will be doing something worth while, and giving hope and encouragement to millions. The mere fact that he can't do that gives a person no reasonable excuse for wasting our time telling us how good, medium or rotten it was last month. Most of us knew all about that already.

—o—

A Chicago professor says "The human body is just like a lamp." Guess that is the reason why so many are "turned down."

People who are always wanting something for nothing are usually dissatisfied with it when they get it.

—o—

Many the world over complain of hard luck. They talk about it so much that they really bring hard times upon themselves. As a man thinks, so is he. Hard luck is more of a superstition than a fact. We attribute our misfortunes and failures to everything but ourselves, when they are usually due to our laziness, shiftlessness, carelessness, or lack of foresight. Luck and pluck meet in labor. Wisdom is its fruit. The worker is the hero. Luck lies in labor.

—o—

Money is a great servant—when rightly used. But there are services which cannot be bought by money that men give or should give to others. A man's growing family, for instance, wants from him a kind of care cash cannot cover. His children need guidance, discipline and attentive observation. There are some bleak mansions in this country which have almost entirely lost the atmosphere of home, and in which the sons and daughters and sometimes the wives find every luxury of art in all their surroundings, but not that peculiar and most comforting intimate association with the father that plays when present, so important a part in the proper direction of sons and daughters. Where they go off to their several schools to be trained in many things besides books, a very busy fath-

er involved in large and important affairs, is likely to get out of touch with them. Then is the dangerous time, when they are being slowly weaned from their parents. A wild son, a rebellious daughter, does not get that way all at once. Few men who have that sort of trouble when their children are in their teens, are entirely blameless. Character can not be paid for in school and college bills.

—o—

Recent thrilling news from the London parley reported that the beautiful lady stenographers with the American delegation had bowed to British criticism and were using less rouge on their fair young faces. What! Is if thus we surrender before the battle begins? No! Up one hundred per cent and make these cowardly stenographers come home. If we want to paint our faces rich colors, yea, though we pile it on until we look like warriors of the Pawnees or Sioux on a scalping expedition, that's our business, and the British have no right to tell us we can't Let us stand by our inalienable rights. Put on your paint, girls, an inch thick if you want to. Forward to the fray, and keep your powder dry. And likewise keep it on!

—o—

It is announced that "tanning the hide promotes health." In my young days it was the most effective moral instructor.

—o—

"Spare the rod and spoil the child." was one of Solomon's admonitions. About the only switch used in this day is in electricity, and that seems to get more corrections than the wayward youths that deserve it.

FAIR-WEATHER VERSE

For over fifty years of service the United States Weather Bureau has scoffed at "weather signs." Its work, of course, is conducted on a scientific basis, and it takes no stock in the "goose-bone prophet" school.

But some hundreds of years before there was a weather bureau there were weather "forecasters," and some of them put their signs in rudely constructed verse. Here are some of these old-time couplets:

"If Candlemas is fair and clear, there'll be two winters in the year."

"As the days lengthen so the cold strengthens."

"A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning, but a rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight."

"When the wind's in the east it is good for neither man nor beast; when the wind's in the south it's in the rain's mouth."

"No weather is ill if the wind is still."

"A snow year, a rich year."

"Winter's thunder is summer's wonder."

"The evening red, the morning gray, are certain signs of a fair day."

"In the waning of the moon a cloudy morn, fair attention."—Exchange

THE "LITTLE HISTORIES" OF GOVERNORS OF NORTH CAROLINA

By Col Fred A. Olds.

The "little histories of the Governors of North Carolina" are of much historical interest. There were two governors named by Sir Walter Raleigh, Ralph Lane and John White, 1585-87; Lane serving 13 months and White 4 months. Lane, born in 1530, died 1605, aged 75; White, born in 1532, died in 1600, aged 68.

Seventeen governors were appointed by the Lords Proprietors or by the King of Great Britain: William Drummond served 3 years, born in 1626, was hanged in 1677, aged 51. Samuel Stephens served 2 years; born in 1625, died 1669, aged 44. Peter Carteret, served 3 years; born 1630, died 1707, aged 77. Seth Sothel served 8 years, born 1640, died 1696, aged 56. John Harvey, served 5 years and 8 months, born 1630, died 1679, aged 49. Phillip Ludwell, served 5 years, born 1651, died 1717, aged 66. John Archdale, served 1 year, born 1642, died 1716, aged 74. Henderson Walker, served 5 years, born 1650, died 1704, aged 54. Edward Hyde, served 2 years, born 1660, died 1712, aged 52. Thomas Pallock, served 4 years and 6 months, born 1654, died 1722, aged 68. Charles Eden, served 8 years, born 1673, died 1722, aged 49. George Burrington, served 4 years and 6 months, born 1700, died 1759, aged 59. Richard Everard, served 9 years, born 1690, died 1750, aged 60. Gabriel Johnston, served 18 years, born 1690, died 1752, aged 62. Arthur Dobbs, served 11 years, born 1698, died 1765, aged 76. William Tryon, served 6 years, born 1729, died 1788, aged 59. Josiah Martin, served 4 years, born 1737, died 1786, aged 49.

Twenty-four governors were elected by the legislature: Richard Caswell, served 3 years 6 months, born 1729, died 1789, aged 60. Abner Nash, served 1 year, born 1740, died 1784, aged 44. Thomas Burke, served 1 year, born 1747, died 1783, aged 36. Alexander Martin, served 6 years, born 1740, died 1807, aged 67. Samuel Johnston, served 2 years, born 1733, died 1816, aged 83. Richard Dobbs Spaight, Sr., served 1 year, born 1758, killed in a duel 1802, aged 44. Samuel Ashe, served 3 years, born 1725, died 1813, aged 88. William R. Davie, served 1 year, born 1756, died 1820, aged 64. Benjamin Williams, served 4 years, born 1752, died 1814, aged 62. James Turner, served 3 years, born 1766, died 1824, aged 58. Nathaniel Alexander, served 2 years, born 1756, died 1808, aged 52. David Stone, served 2 years, born 1770, died 1835, aged 65. Benjamin Smith, served 1 year, born 1755, died 1826, aged 71. William Hawkins, served 3 years, born 1777, died 1819, aged 42. William Miller, served 3 years, born 1780, died 1825, aged 45. John Branch, served 3 years, born 1782, died 1863, aged 81. Jesse Franklin, served 1 year, born 1760, died 1823, aged 63. Gabriel Holmes, served 3 years, born 1769, died 1829,

aged 60. Hutchings G. Burton, served 3 years, born 1774, died 1836, aged 62. James Iredell, served 1 year, born 1788, died 1863, aged 75. John Owen, served 2 years, born 1787, died 1841, aged 54. Montfort Stokes, served 2 years, born 1760, died 1842, aged 82. David L. Swain, served 3 years, born 1801, died 1868, aged 67. Richard Dobbs Spaight, Jr., served 1 year, born 1796, died 1850, aged 54..

Twenty-eight governors were elected by the people: Edward B. Dudley, served 5 years, born 1789, died 1855, aged 66. John M. Morehead, served 4 years, born 1796, died 1866, aged 70. William A. Graham, served 4 years, born 1804, died 1875, aged 71. Charles Manly, served 2 years, born 1795, died 1871, aged 76. David S. Reid, served 3 years, born 1813, died 1891, aged 78. William Winslow, served 26 days, born 1810, died 1863, aged 53. Thomas Bragg, served 4 years, born 1810, died 1872, aged 62. John W. Ellis, served 2 years, born 1820, died 1861, aged 41. Henry T. Clark, 1 year, born 1808, died 1874, aged 66. Zebulon B. Vance, served 5 years, born 1830, died 1894, aged 64. William W. Holden, served 2 years 6 months, born 1818, died 1892, aged 74. Jonathan Worth, served 3 years, born 1802, died 1869, aged 67. Todd R. Caldwell, served 4 years, born 1818, died 1874, aged 56. Curtis H. Brogden, served 2 years, born 1816, died 1901, aged 85. Thomas J. Jarvis, served 6 years, born 1836, died 1915 aged 79. Alfred M. Scales, served 4 years, born 1827, died 1892, aged 65. Daniel G. Fowle, served 2 years, born 1831, died 1891, aged 60. Thomas M. Holt, served 2 years, born 1831, died 1896, age 65. Elias Carr, served 4 years born 1839, died 1900, aged 61. Daniel L. Russell, served 4 years, born 1845, died 1908, aged 63. Charles B. Aycock, served 4 years, born 1859 died 1912, aged 53. Robert B. Glenn served 4 years, born 1854, died 1920, aged 66. William W. Kitchen, served 4 years, born 1866, died 1924, aged 58. Locke Craig, served 4 years, born 1860, died 1924, aged 64. Thomas W. Bickett, served 4 years, born 1869, died 1922, aged 53. Cameron Morrison, served 4 years, born 1869. Angus W. McLean, served 4 years, born 1870. Oliver Max Gardner, born 1882, began his term January 1929.

The Statistical Institute of the Leaaue of Nations recently announced that, on the basis of census reports and estimates, the pupulation of the world i 1,950,000,000. The figures for 1913 were 1,808,000,000, and for 1926 they were 1,932,000,000. The population by continents is as follows: America, 232,000,000; Europe 514,000,000; Africa, 146,000,000 while that of Asia is given as 1,026,000,000, the Chinese alone being estimated at 450,000,000. The human family grows, in spite of war, pestilence and famine.—Methodist Protestant Recorder

WHAT IS WRONG WITH EDUCATION, AND HOW CAN ITS EVILS BE CURED?

By Frances L. Hill

Standing by the grave of the unknown soldier President Coolidge answered the first part of this question when he said:

"We do not need more national development;
We need more spiritual development:
We do not need more intellectual power:
We need more spiritual power.
We do not need more knowledge:
We need more culture.
We do not need more law:
We need more religion.
We do not need more of the things that are seen:
We need more of the things that are unseen."

In a government such as ours where every man is King, there is just one governing, guiding and restraniing force, conscience—individual conscience and public opinion or mass conscience. Whether this be the voice of God or of knowledge, it is an integral part of every one's nature and like every other part of our nature must be educated and used or it will die. Any system of education which neglects the training and development of the conscience is a menace to good government, but more especially to a "government of the people, by the people and for the people." If we would make the world "Safe for Democracy," we must train and educate the conscience of all mankind, and the only book which we have as a guide for doing this is the Bible.

We teach the natural law of gravitation; why not the spiritual law of Faith?

We teach the myths of Greece and Rome (all of them religious, but unmoral); why not the legends (if they be legends?) of Abraham, Isaac and Rebecca?

We teach the poems of Longfellow and Tennyson; Why not the Psalms of David, or the poems of Isaiah?

We teach the philosophy of Aristotle, Plato and Socrates; Why not the Religion of Jesus?

Our fathers recognized the necessity for such teaching and provided for it in the Constitution: Bill of Rights, Art. 1 s. 29:

"Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of manknd, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." And from the days of the first settlers in Virginia and the Pilgrim Fathers in Massachusetts until after the War Between the States, the Bible was read, memorized and taught in every public school in the land. During this time the teachers were expected to be and in most cases were sincere, conscientious Christians, whose aim it was to raise the ideals and develop the character of those in their charge.

As for textbooks the most popular one during that time was the old New England Primer, which began

"In Adam's fall,
We sinned all."

And ended with

Zacchaeus he,
Did climb a tree,
His Lord to see."

(The prnting of this primer was discontinued in 1864.)

Other text books were filled with stories in harmony with the Bible and which had a distinct religious and moral significance, and for more than one hundred years Jehovah was King of this country because he ruled in the hearts and minds of his loyal people.

How different it is today! Except in those states where a majority of the people are pure Americans—descendants of the first settlers—the Bible has been legislated out of the public schools, in other states it is read without comment, and in every state in the Union there are teachers with little knowledge of the Bible or its teachings, and textbooks which have little moral or religious influence. This is especially true of the Primer and Readers for the first three grades—the most susceptible years of the child's life. These are filled with heathen myths, fairy stories, and fables, but nothing which might in any way teach the child how to live in harmony with God and his fellow men. As an instance of how barren these are of all religious or ethical teaching, it has been noted that in one First Reader there was found the first verse of the old familiar rhyme "Little drops of water, etc." but the second verse

"Little deeds of kindness
Little words of Love
Make our earth an Eden
Like the Heaven above"

which motivated the first verse, and which might have had some moral or religious influence, was entirely left out.

As a result of such conditions crime is rapidly and alarmingly on the increase—especially among children—the prevailing idea seeming to be that it is all right to commit any crime if you can get by with it, or have the money to pay for it; the home is disintegrating; the Church is losing its power and influence; and the teaching profession its prestige; the only standard of excellence or of success being the amount of money a person has.

America has been called "The Melting Pot," but the real crucible is the Christian Religion. Nothing but the power of Jesus can make of the failures, outcasts, refuse and slag of other nations a citizenship of pure gold such as we once had, and may have again. Every year thousands of emigrants reach our shores, enter our borders, and become our next door neighbors. Unless we assimilate them, teach them our religion and our ideals, they will assimilate us, tear down our ideals, destroy our institutions and take possession of our government. To an alarming extent they have already done this. Under the cloak of Religious Freedom they have built heathen temples in some of our

states, while in others they have legislated the Bible out of the public schools—the Bible which is the foundation of our government, the source of our ideals and the safeguard of our people.

Some time ago the whole country was shocked by the atrocious crime of two young University students of Chicago, and loud was our condemnation of these youths, when we should have condemned the city of Chicago for allowing any boy to grow to manhood in her borders with no moral or religious education. During the trial it was proven that both Loeb and Leoplod were highly developed mentally and physically! Had their moral natures been equally developed they would have been an asset to the City of Chicago instead of a charge and a liability as they now are. Moreover the boy who was murdered and all others who live in that city have a right under the Constatution to the protection of their life and property which only the teaching of the Bible, morality and religion in the public schools can give.

Shall we allow our alien citizens to continue their work of devastation? Something should be done and that quickly. First the Bible should be put back into the public schools to be taught as the word of God given to man to teach him how to live so as to gain the widest freedom, the greatest happiness, and the highest intellectual culture. This can be done without teaching sectarianism, fundamentalism, modernism or any of the other isms which are constantly springing up in the minds of ignorant or half-educated people; nor does it mean the union of Church and State; rather it means the separation and preservation of both Church and State.

In all high schools, normal schools, colleges and universities courses should be offered in the history, literature, wisdom and faith of the Old and New Testament, and the teachers who take these courses should be given credit for them on their certificates. Dr. P. P. Claxton, once Commissioner of Education says: that no teacher is fitted to teach until she has read the Bible through—both the Old and New Testament—and carefully studied the New Testament; that Jesus was the greatest teacher the world has ever known and his life the best book on pedagogy ever written. Surely the teacher needs every attribute of the Christian Religion, faith, hope, charity, and above all wisdom: "Two men may stand at a rock quarry and gaze at a huge boulder. One of them gives it only a casual glance and passes on. He sees in it nothing save its commercial value as common building material; the other stands before it as if in a dream or trance. He is a sculptor, and in that rough uncut rock sees a beautiful maiden waiting to be released. That is why day after day, month after month and year after year he will stand with mallet and chisel in hand cutting off a bit here and polishing it there until finally he sees before him his ideal. The true teacher is not fascinated by the boys and girls in their present condition and environment, but catches a vision of what they may become, and is content to toil and sacrifice, if need be, in order that some day she may see standing before her the man or

woman of her dreams."

However wide the teacher's vision or high her ideals, she is handicapped in her work or obliged to teach textbooks which have no religious or moral influence. We have textbooks for developing the mind and for teaching health, surely we also need textbooks for developing the character and moral sense. The schools through lack of such books and through aetheistic teachers have done much to tear down the ideals and destroy the morality of our people. Let us face about and with Christian teachers, and moral textbooks, once more place character above money, idealism above commercialism, and Christianity above Heathenism, in the minds of our people; then will the crime wave begin to abate, the Church will regain its power and influence, the home its sanctity,, the teacher her prestige, and the State will be preserved for Jehovah will reign once more as King of America.

OTHERS

"Lord, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for—OTHERS.

"Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I'd do for you
Must needs be done for—OTHERS.

"Let 'self' be crucified and slain
And buried deep; and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for—OTHERS.

"And when my work on earth is done
And my new work in heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of—OTHERS.

"Others, Lord; yes, others,
Let this my motto be.
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like Thee."

By Charles D. Meigs

LINCOLN AND BOYHOOD

By B. C. in Boy Life

Stanton, who gave Lincoln more trouble in his lifetime than any other individual, looked into his dead face and said with a hushed whisper, "There sleeps the greatest ruler of men the world has ever seen," and the solemn glory of that judgement is upon us today. Jefferson Davis said after Lincoln's death, "Except the fall of the Confederacy, there has been no greater blow to the South." And out of such almost reverent judgments we have builded him a memorial, like a great Greek temple, surrounding an image of him, so mighty in its size and so impressive in its grandeur that he seems like a huge power out of the mists of the past.

But I think that if he had his choice he would prefer to be remembered by that memorial in the Newark park which shows him seated on a long bench, so genial and so lifelike that little children come running across the grass and climb upon the stonework and play around his feet and sit down by him on his bench and cuddle up in his lap when they are too tired to play any more.

Have the years lifted him too far away from us? Have we made him a figure too great to be attractive? Have we ceased hoping that we may pattern after him? If so, we have done him great wrong. I am sure no memorial could please him more on this day (February 12th,) than an attempt to make him real to the boys of today. I want them to see him as a boy, prepared, sympathetic, and indomitable in courage. I want them to see him as a friend to boys, within the bounds of his own family, a loving, playful, happy, helpful, friendly father, and outside of his home a gentle. forgiving, understanding, comrade for all his "boys in the army." I want them to see him as an ideal for boys, with his matchless sense of humor, and his enduring patience, and his warm tolerance which blossomed out into the glory of forgiveness and reconciliation.

Build him massive monuments if you will, but never take him so far away from the dreams of boyhood that he seems too far away to follow.

A LINCOLN MAXIM

One of Abraham Lincoln's maxims was, "Be sure to put your foot in the right place and stand firm."

Stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.—Lincoln.

PHILIP'S SURPRISE VALENTINE

(Exchange)

"O dear!" sighed Philip, "I wish my old sprained ankle could have waited until after Valentine's Day, so I could have had some fun dropping valentines with John," and he pressed his face close against the window-pane to watch his brother. "He's gone to Eleanor's house with the prettiest ones we made," Philip continued. "O, Eleanor must have been hiding inside the door, for she pounced right out as soon as he rang the door bell and is chasing John around the house!'

Philip and his mother laughed in great glee to see them run.

"There's the doorbell! Please hurry, mother; it may be a valentine for me!" Philip pressed his face harder against the window-pane, trying to see who ran away.

"Here's the queerest valentine I ever saw, Philip," and his mother handed him an envelope on which was written: A valentine for Philip Please moisten my covering once in a while and keep me in a fairly warm place, then I will surprise you."

The little boy opened the envelope and found a twig with a dry gray case, like a rolled-up leaf, hanging to it. "What can it be, I wonder? O look, John!" he cried as his brother appeared, out of breath from running, "I guess Uncle Henry dropped this for me."

John burst out laughing when he saw the queer valentine. "Uncle Henry and I hunted for it together and found it on an elder bush in the swamp. He says something will happen to it before many days now, 'cause he's been keeping it warm for some time and wets it a little once in a while."

"How exciting not to know what's coming!" said Philip. "I'll keep it on the window sill beside me, and perhaps the surprise will come before my ankle gets cured."

Sure enough! They did not have to wait long before one morning the queer valentine looked queerer than ever. The silky outside had begun to move.

"It's coming to life!" shouted Philip excitedly. "And something inside seems to be trying to get out."

A wet, crumpled-looking insect pushed and squeezed itself out of the dry silken case and sat on the twig in the sunshine.

"It's a butterfly, John; but see how wet and crumpled its wings are!"

The boys watched the insect as it clung to its twig for support.

"See, it's wings are growing!" John cried. "They're lots bigger than they were!"

In a few minutes the beautifully colored wings of a Cecropia moth were fully expanded, and it began to think of something to eat.

"What shall we feed him, Philip? Let's put him among the plants in the conservatory, and he can get honey from them until the warm weather comes, when he can fly outdoors."

NOT EXACTLY "STRUCK"

(Lexington Dispatch)

"The merger movement has 'struck' the churches," says the editor of one of the largest dailies of the State, who adds that the Lutheran Church appears to be leading the way. Then is recited the recent uniting of the Ohio Synod and one or more otherer bodies in the Middle West into the "American Lutheran Church."

The editor referred to is perhaps not quite keeping up with his church history by saying that the "merger movement" has "struck" the Lutheran church. If we are not mistaken the "striking" was the other way round. About fifteen years ago Lutheran church leaders in this country started an effort to bring into union several larger bodies of their communion, and this resulted in forming the United Lutheran church in America. The Lutheran churches of the South went into this union at the beginning. This was followed up by uniting local synods with overlapping territory, such as the North Carolina and Tennessee synods, so that synodical lines are marked by geographical lines.

The division of the nation in Civil War times had in part accounted for a division in church organizations, but the main divisions of the church in this country had been due to linguistic differences. But as the original immigrants passed away and their children adopted the language of this country these differences have been wiped out and the uniting of the several elements has gone on in an orderly manner. There remanis one large division of the church in the country which keeps aloof from efforts at union because of what many members of the denomination regard as differences in practice that are unimportant. However, through the Lutheran National Council there is now virtually full cooperation, between all the Lutheran bodies in the United States and Canada in work of a world-wide scope.

Following the World War the National Lutheran Council did what is considered by many as a most important work in helping unify the distraught Lutherans of the Central Powers with the church in other continental countries. This led to another step in Lutheran world unity, the holding of a Lutheran world conference in which the 81,000,000 members of the church were represented as of one faith. A second conference of the sort was held last year and was presided over by an American Lutheran, who laid the groundwork for organizing the first conference. During the past ten days New York dispatches have told of plans now well matured for forming a Lutheran world federation with a president and other officers.

"Struck" does not quite give the idea of what has happened. It has been rather the orderly development of an idea well defined. And "merger" does not seem to be the proper term either, for the Lutherans appear rather to have been engaged in reunifying what had originally been an

integral church that had become split up in period of world change and through local circumstances.

BOYS, GIRLS, AND MONKEYS

(Exchange)

The boys and girls of India like sweet things just as much as we do. Did you ever chew any sugar cane? It is very juicy and sweet, and sticky, and it does well in place of candy. It is really candy in anther form, for all the sugar candy you eat was once the juice of sugar cane. If you lived in India, you could buy a piece of sugar cane for three pies. You think a pie is something to eat, but any boy or girl in India could tell you that out there it is the name of a piece of money, and three "pies" are worth about half a cent in our money.

The monkeys in India like sweet things too. One day last winter a boy was beginning to chew a nice, frech bit of sugar cane as he sat under a tree, when suddenly a monkey dropped from the branches overhead, and, snatching the sugar cane. scrambled back into the tree again, and then sat there triumphantly chewing the cane himself, chattering and making faces, just as you may have seen them do at the monkeyhouse at the zoo. Probably some of us would have felt like throwing stones at the monkey, but this boy didn't dare do that, because in India monkeys are scarce, and a great many people worship the monkey god.

In one city there is a large stone temple altogether given up to the sacred monkeys, and nearly two hundred and fifty live there, sleeping in the corridors, climbing around the roofs and amoung the pillars, playing, fighting, chasing each other, and sometime falling into the water tank beside the temple wall. There are priests living there, too, who do nothing but feed the monkeys and give them the offerings which the people bring. The monkeys do not stay in the temple, but climb around on the houses and trees all through the city, and are very mischievous stealing things, whenever they can, and making a great deal of trouble, but no one thinks of trying to stop them, because they are sacred.

Let us be very thankful that we know better than this, and that we do not worship monkeys or image or other hideous idols, but that we know that Christ is our loving Saviour and Friend, and that we can pray to Him.

Don't you want to help send missionaries to teach these people about the dear Lord Jesus, too?

Perfect freedom is not liberty to do as we please, but liberty for God to do as He pleases in us.

THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T DIE

By Molly Malone, in Greensboro Daily News

When Fate took a sudden, intense interest in directing Clarence E. Beam's life, changing him instantly from a sturdy, active farmer lad to a weak, wheelchair invalid, she took, it seemed, a mighty mean dig at him. It appeared as if having allowed him to pursue his even, placid way for the 18 years of his life, she strove to make amends for her neglect by suddenly plunging him into a seething, whirling maelstrom of pain, paralysis and inactivity, But Beam is of the stuff of which heroes are made and with a grin of defiance at the fickleness of fate, he squared his shoulders, braced his weak, injured back and rose above the seemingly overwhelming obstacles of partial paralysis, poverty and lack of education, thrust upon him—obstacles great enough to discourage and defeat the average man.

The beginning of Beam's story goes back to a hot July day in 1913, when he, a mere lad, was driving a two-horse wagon on a rough, country road of Iredell county, North Carolina. This wagon ride was destined to change the whole course of his existence.

Young Beam was at that time working with a threshing crew, as band cutter, near Elmwood. The negro water boy being absent on this day, Beam volunteered to take his place and haul several loads of water from a neighboring well a few miles away.

The water hauling was undertaken as a lark by the boy, for driving the horses and riding on the wagon was considered easier than the arduous labor of band cutting. So, boy-like he was delighted with the change. Seated upon one of the empty barrels, in which the water was to be conveyed to the crew, and with gay singing, whistling, and calling to the horses, the youth enlivened the way. It was in this careless, care-free manner that Beam had hauled two loads of water since the noon day dinner and he was on his third trip when the tragic accident occurred which so profoundly affected his whole life.

Paralyzed from Chest Down

A rut in the rough road, a stumble of one of the horses, a barrel jolted from its place, and the boy was abruptly thrown from his insecure seat to the ground. The left front wheel passed over his body causing instant paralysis from the chest down—and the gay songs and merry whistling were suddenly stilled.

For a short time the seriously injured youth lay conscious in the road, utterly unable to move or call for help. Fortunately, a passerby happened along shortly after the accident and after securing assistance, Clarence was removed to a nearby farmhouse. A physician was hastily summoned but after an examination he pronounced it a hopeles case and declared the boy could not survive for more than a few days, at best.

But Beam overhearing the verdict, stated weakly but calmly, "I'm not going to die, Doctor."

The physician did not argue the point with his patient but his grave, hopeless look was not encouraging.

But Beam did not die! Instead, five days later he was able to be removed to his own home, 15 miles away.

There in his farm home, paralyzed from the chest down, hardly able to speak above a whisper, compelled to lie flat on his back in order to keep breathing and unable to move of his own accord, the once active boy found life almost intolerable—hardly worth the living.

"Indeed," he said, in speaking of this pain-racked, tortured period of his invalidism, "if it had not been for my mother and sisters, who grieved so deeply over my accident, and who would have been heart-broken had I died, I would gladly have given up the struggle."

Became Incessant Reader

For their sakes the boy bravely bore the pain, the inactivity and the boredom of existence, and in about five months he was able to sit up in bed, provided he was generously supported with pillows. It was during this time that he discovered the wonder-world of books. At first he read merely to make the days seem shorter but as his interest and knowledge grew, he read for sheer fascination alone. For six years he devoured every book, magazine and paper which could be begged, bought or borrowed.

This steady course of reading did more towards educating Clarence than all his six years in the little red, rural schoolhouse had ever done. Not only did he gain in knowledge but the lives and experiences of great men of whom he read brought wonderful inspiring dreams of what he, himself, might accomplish. It was such dreams as those that filled him with the ambition to "be up and doinfi," even though he was literally "flat on his back."

Slowly but steadily his health improved and the invalid youth was finally transferred to a wheel chair, This was a decided change for the better and Beam, now able to be about again, even though he was still bdaly paralyzed and had the use of only two fingers on each hand, eagerly began plans for the beginning of his career.

His first step towards entering the business world was to begin a mail order business, in 1920. At that time hand painted pillow tops were in great demand and in supplying this demand to women all over the United States the young man sold an enormous amount of tops, incidentally, making a handsome profit for himself. Gradually he added other articles but he continued to specialize in his best seller—pillow tops.

In 1924, finding through his dwindling sales that pillow tops were no longer the rage, Beam abandoned the mail order business for another line.

Took Vocational Training

His next venture was to seize upon the opportunity offered disabled persons by the state board of education and through the department of vocational rehabilitation he received instruction in the printing trade. Proving an apt pupil, Mr. Beam quickly finished his course and opened his own print shop in a corner room of his home, on a residential street in Statesville, where his family had moved since his accident. This house

incidentally, he had bought through his own efforts.

This shop was unique in being, perhaps the only one of its kind to be opened in a private home, managed and partly operated by a wheelchair invalid. The shop was rather bare, however, being equipped with only an obsolete 8x12 job press, a pitifully inadequate amount of type a mimeograph machine and a typewriter. Not even a cutter did the make-shift shop possess and all papers were sent to a local rival shop for cutting. An inexperienced member of his family was Beam's only helper at this time but the two managed to turn out a fair amount of work considering the handicaps under which they labored.

But from this small beginning the dauntless, paralyzed printer has rapidly risen. His ambition and determination to succeed would not allow him to be content with his past efforts so, with the plucky audacity which has characterized him all through his career, he abandoned the corner room as a shop. In February, 1926, he secured a building in the heart of town—on one of the back streets, it is true, but close in and a decided improvement over the former location. Another press was added, a 12x18 jobber, a used cutter, and last but not least, an experienced printer was employed. All meant another step upward.

Asks no Sympathy

But Beam's ambition was not easily satisfied. This move sufficed for only nine months when he launched out sitll further. A building was leased on one of the main business streets of Statesville; a still more capable experienced printer was employed; new equipment, consisting of a modern automatic press, cutter, necessary binding machines, type, etc., were added. And while the Beama Printing company is still in its infancy and there is much added equipment to be acquired, it is fast growing into an up-to-date small job shop. And when one stops to think that this thriving, growing, little concern was originated, wholly financed and managed by a man who is confined to a wheel chair, further handicapped by lack of education and funds, his undertaking is indeed, remarkable.

But Mr. Beam does not consider himself remarkable. "What I have done, anyone can do," he stated smilingly. "If he only has the will power to carry on in the face of difficulties."

The results of the 'wagon ride' were not so bad," he continued cheerfully, "I'm no Pollyanna advocate and I have no 'glad stuff' to broadcast but I do say I could be much worse off than I am—I could be blind, but thank goodness, I'm not! Or a host of other afflictions could be my lot. No I'm not so down and out as you might think!"

No maudlin sympathy is spilled over Mr. Beam's physical condition for he does not inspire such sentimental emotion. Wheeling himself about his shop, capably directing the work being done, always cheerful, sunny-natured and optimistic, the paralyzed printer inspires not pity but commands one's whole-souled admiration and respect. Mr. Beam's experience is an encouraging example

to those less courageous to confidently "carry on" and once more proves that "where there is a will there's a way."

PUTTING IT OFF vs. PUTTING IT OVER

By Rebecca Traill Hodges

There is an old and tried saying. We've all heard. "Procrastination is the thief of time."

Never was anything truer said by any one.

We become bored with some task which strikes us as being unpleasant or tedious. "Oh, let's put it off!" we exclaim, with the air of a person making a new discovery. So we sigh and announce languidly that although, of course, we know that this particular lesson ought to be learned by ten o'clock, or the sponge cake should be made this morning, or that letter ought to be written today, or this piece of sewing should be finished this week —why, we will do it at twelve—or this afternoon—or tomorrow—or some time during the next fortnight.

Then what happens?

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that specific thing is never done, or it is rushed through at the last minute in such a frightful hurry that the lesson is only half prepared, the cake isn't fit to be eaten, the letter is a scrawl, and the bit of needlework a mess.

Everybody concerned is harassed, upset, and unhappy.

And it is such a vicious habit.

Each time we indulge ourselves and our lazy persons, it is just that much harder to pull ourselves up with a round turn the next time. It gets to be so easy to settle all disagreeable problems by putting them off for some future more opportune moment—which never comes.

There's only one way to put it over and put it over right. That is by hitting hard and by straight, downright plugging away until the job is done.

Perhaps we may look down with superior eyes on the good old-fashioned trait of stick-to-it-iveness our forefathers possessed, but if we had a little more of that homely virtue there would not be today, perhaps, so many poor marks at school, and so many unpalatable cakes, so many unhappy correspondents and so large a number of missing buttons.

And then what a relief we feel in knowing that it's done and done right!

No one can criticize, no one can find fault—and the rest of the time is our own!

Every morning seems to say,
"There's something happy on the way,
And God sends love to you."—Henry van Dyke.

AN OPPORTUNITY GOING TO WASTE

(Beaufort News)

It is unfortunate that some concern with sufficient capital, experience and ability to run a first class restort hotel does not get hold of the Morehead Bluffs hotel. There is a splendid chance there to build up a winter resort business. It cannot be done without money of course. A golf course would have to be provided and few other things done but the main requirements are already there. A very good building situated on a beautiful location, favored with a mild climate and many other natural attractions is going to waste because nobody is doing any thing about it.

This section has advantages which neither Pinehurst nor Asheville enjoys as a winter resort. At this moment violets, hyancinths, narcissi, camelia, japonicas, and other sorts of flowers and shrubs are blooming out of doors here abouts. How many places in North Carolina can say the same? As to hunting there is more game in this county than in any twenty counties of middle or western Carolina. We have no mountains it is true but we have the Atlantic ocean and various large bodies of water are quite capable of satisfying the aesthetic desires of most folks. Our county is connected with all the counties of this region with paved roads and so the motrists can visit many places of historical interest and natural beauty. The things needel here are a first class hotel and plenty of good advertising.

SOMETHING ABOUT FRANKINCENSE

From very early times frankincense has played a prominent part in religious celebrations among people of certain creeds, says "East and West." We read that the Wise Men offered gold, frankincense, and myrrh to the infant Jesus in the manger at Bethlehem; but not many of us know what it is or where it comes from.

Frankincense is a fragrant resin obtained from a certain species of the Boswellia tree, and was used by ancient physicians as a sort of cure-all medicine.

The island of Socotra, off the African Continent, furnished the bulk of the frankincense used in early times, but now the greater part of it comes from the Warsangli country in Somaliland.

A frankincense tree in Socotra yields about eight pounds of fragrant resin in a season, and this is usually sold to an Arab trader for ten cents a pound. A tree in Somaliland produced about twice as much and the product is twice as valuable.

A full-grown tree is about twenty feet high and only from eight to ten inches in diameter at the broadest part of the trunk.—Exchange.

ORIGIN OF VALENTINE IS TRACED TO ANCIENT DAYS

By Hilda Way Gwyn

If that good Saint in whose memory we celebrate the 14th of this month could return today and see all the fuss and feathers we make of the occasion, no doubt he would be utterly confused over the significance of the various gifts and greetings exchanged. It would perhaps take quite a bit of explaining to make it perfectly clear to him how he was responsible for all such. He would most likely be overcome with the fact that down through the ages his memory had been kept alive by much gay fantastic, amorous, humorous and otherwise methods. To say nothing of the spiteful spits at spinsters, which of course are horribly passe in this day of careers so often preferred to home. Yet I notice that they still carry them in the shops. However I feel certain that they must have lost some of the sting that our grandmothers tell us they once held and that the small girls of today can't possibly consider them in the doomingly prophetic manner they once were viewed.

Not so many years ago the day was considered a bright spot to the shops which carried what was strictly known as the souvenirs of the occasion and, was hailed likewise with delight by children and young lovers. Only the most sophisticated indulged in candy, flowers and books. But all that has changed, for the 14th is now a regular gala giving day. Each year marks an increase in the sale of Valentine gifts, which may be anything from a much decorated expression of affection, an exquisite bit of jewelry to a comic exposure of one's pet weakness or a vacuum cleaner. Apparently anything that suits the person receiving the gift is appropriate.

Most of us are so susceptible to the thoughtful suggestions made in the advertisements, which are such a vital part of our daily printed diet when the florist tells us to "say it with flowers" we are deeply impressed and feel quite an urge to obey the impulse, just as we do the other suggestions made by various other shops. It's really astonishing how an advertisement full of appealing adjectives can start the mind racing with all types of thoughtful deeds. Often nothing but the memory of one's last month's bank statement will sober one's imagination.

Charm of Giving

There is a certain charm about the idea of giving at this season. At Christmas we feel that we are expected to give and the act in a sense becomes a duty. On St. Valentine's Day it is purely optional. We all like to do things that we don't feel compelled to do. It's a lovely season for pleasant surprises.

Then the day offers other possibilities. It appears that even in this ultra sophisticated era young lovers

still manage to get a kick out of it. Take a husband who for some reason failed to remember his wife's last birthday, or was a little "short" at Christmas. On this romantic occasion he has it in his power to gain back any domestic ground lost in the month of her birth and December. With Valentine magic added to this gift, he cand find himself "sitting pretty," so to speak for months to come just by his thoughfulness on the 14th.

Like so many our sentiments and thoughts, the sentiments have become crystalized in the form of gifts and St. Valentine has been commercialized until it is sold to all the world. There are few of us who do not celebrate in some form the death of this Roman priest.

Amid all this materialistic formality most of us loose sight of the origin of the occasion and do not take time to recall the reason for it all. Yet it is well worth remembering. For the story of the sympathetic and romantic Priest Valentine is one of the most beautiful traditions, that have come down through the centuries to us in the guise of an annual custom. While there are other versions of the origin of the day his story holds first place in popularity and appears to be more authentic

In Days of Rome

It happened during the years when Claudius ruled over Rome. Not very far from his imposing palace was a beautiful cathedral, where there lived a priest, who was as greatly admired by the people as Claudius was disliked. The priest's name was Valentine.

Now Valentine was very kind to every one, but especially was he fond of young men and maidens. He took great delight in being their friend and because of his interest in young people, couples came to him from far and near to have him marry them. He was also most charitable toward the much persecuted Christians of his day and gravely offended the goverment by giving them aid.

During the reign of Claudius there were many wars. His people grew weary of fighting and he had a hard time getting his men to serve as soldiers. The married men did not want to leave their wives and children and the young men did not want to leave their sweethearts. This made Claudius so angry that he announced that no more marriages should take place during the period of a war, and that all existing engagements between young people should be broken. When one reviews the matrimonial experiences of poor Claudius and his Messallina, to whose misdeeds history devotes as much space as to the story of her husband's reign, one is not surprised at his lack of sympathy with lovers.

But Valentine did not appear to take the Emperor's decree any more seriously than the young people themselves. who continued to come to him and whom he continued to marry. When Claudius learned that Valentine was performing ceremonies and utterly disregarding his law, he had him thrown in a dungeon. While in prison, we are told that he became a convert to Christianity and restored the sight of the jailer's blind daughter.

There are two versions of his death One is that he died from lack of food and fresh air. The other is that he was stoned to death by a mob inspired by Claudius. Both seem to agree that he was buried on the 14th of February and that ever since the day has been called St. Valentine's Day.

The very first anniversary of his death was held sacred to his memory and became one of the saint's days with which the calendar was filled in medieval times. When we consider that until 1477, there were no printing presses and therefore no book except handwritten scrolls, we can wonder how it is that traditions and history have been preserved for us as well as they have.

Both Chaucer and Shakespeare refer to an ancient tradition that birds choose their mates for the year on St. Valentine's Day and it was an old custom in England to draw lots for lovers on this day. The person drawn was the drawer's valentine and was given a present. Sometimes the present was expensive, but usually it was a pair of gloves. This custom is said to have had its origin in a pagan practice connected with the worship of Juno on or about this day. Evidently the pagan festival to Juno, and the day of commemoration of St. Valentine's death falling at the same time, and being celebrated at the same time merged into one, with the day keeping the name of St. Valentine, with the symbol of the celebration of the festival to Juno.

A FRIEND OF PRISONERS

In his essay on "How Church Folks Can Reach the Convict's Heart," Leslie L. Saunders says: "Christian people will never convince the prisoner that they really care for his soul until they show on Monday as well as on Sunday a genuine interest in his welfare and in that of his family." He was writing of only a very small class of prisoners—those confined in prison cells. These words are just as significant when applied to that far greater multitude who are prisoners of sin.

Jesus during His earthly ministry was the Friend of sinners—He was constantly seeking out those who felt the bondage of sin and snatching them from their chains to walk forth anew with faces toward good, not evil. Christ's followers today are His messengers; they are sent to continue His work. They must, like Him, be the friends of sinners, not grudgingly, but lovingly; seeing the image of God beneath the sin, eager to turn the ones in bondage free to make a new try at life with Christ, not self, as guide.

If we who believe in Christ will faithfully embody in our daily lives and actions the things we profess, it will not be possible for the world to withstand our example.—Selected.

A NEEDLESS ACCIDENT

(Young Folks)

An accident disastrous to person and to property occurred the other morning. It was a needless accident, caused by the ill-advised attempt of an autoist to pass other cars on a narrow bridge in a fog. A head-on collision was followed by the pile-up of ten cars, most of which were seriously damaged and their occupants more or less injured.

The bridge, across the Susquehanna, belongs to the Pennsylvania Railroad, and is used for highway traffic. It is considerably more than a mile long, is planked and, when wet is rather dangerous for car driving. But with sane caution, accidents can be avoided. However, when a driver becomes insanely restless and turns out of line and dashes ahead, in a fog so dense that it is impossible to see what may be coming toward him, there is strong probability that there will be an accident. And this is just what happened when an inconsiderate, reckless man undertook to pass the line of cars ahead of him.

There was no need for such an accident. At most he probably would have saved a minute of time, if nothing had happened. As it was, he delayed traffic, including his own car for a long time. He caused loss of property and much physical suffering. Perhaps he, or an insurance company, will pay out some money in adjusting the losses. But there is much more involved than can be paid for with money. Such a driver should be deprived of the use of the highway.

Needless accidents are inexcusable. There are enough unavoidable accidents; something should be done to prevent needless ones. Probably the only preventive is to bring about a state of mind that is aways considerate of others, that takes time time to think and that can think.

MORE AND MORE

A little more of Christ this year than last.
A little stronger love than in the past.
A little more glad trust in the dear Lord.
A little more response when He shall speak.
A little more desire the lost to seek.
A little more endurance under trial.
A little more heroic self-denial.
Thus shall the glory-light illume my way
Until I reach the realm of perfect day;
And I shall grow betimes from grace to grace
Until I wear the image of His face.

—Selected.

HONOR ROLL FOR DECEMBER

Room No. 1.

—B—

Johnnie Bowers, Willard Johnston, Frank Crawford, Bill Barkley, Roy Henderson and Talmadge Wade.

Room No. 2.

—B—

John Garrett, Carl Norton, Fern Dunlap, Creed Anderson and Ulysses Kametchis.

Room No. 3.

—A—

Joe Robinson, Oley Gilbert, Ben Chattin, Joseph Ledford, Jesse Laton, Graham Bost and Wiley Moore.

—B—

Talmadge Attwood, Willie Thomas, Robert Copel, Stanton Hale, Lemuel Watson and Melvin Cathron.

Room No. 5.

—A—

Harvey Causey and Clyde Kivett.

—B—

James Correll, Mack Cayton, Cecil Farr, Thomas Osteen, Grover Thompson, Ben Clayton, Roy Colbert, Belmont Flynn, James Frazier, Walter Scott, John Tart and John Thompson.

Room No. 6.

—A—

Bob Russell, David Hill, Howard Cable, George Hill, Howard Baynes, Sidney Logan, Gerald Nixon and Chester Myers.

—B—

Fred Bennett, Charlie Goodman, Robert Branch, Lawrence Thompson, Neal Howell, Elmer McBroome and Randolph Elliott.

Room No. 7.

—A—

Garland Smith, Abraham Smith, John Nixon, John Durham, Irralee Hinson, Flay Pearson, Ralph Cross, Laurence Dorsett, Gordon Parker and Stacy Long.

ALONG THE WAY

I push my little boat out on this strange New Year;
I have no chart, no compass, but I do not fear;
For one dear Hand will ever surely safely steer

My little boat!
I tread the winding road of this unknown New Year;
No echoing footfall e'er has sounded here;
But one dear Form will evermore be near to cheer
My winding road!

—W. B. Hinson in Christian Index.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Joseph Ledford, a member of Cottage No. 2, was given a position in the bakery last week.

Mr. Lisk and his poultry yard force have taken quite a number of baby chickens to the brooder houses and the incubators have been refilled.

As the continued bad weather prevented working out of doors, we enjoyed our weekly motion picture show last Thursday afternoon instead of in the evening.

Some time ago the officials of the Training School made a deal with the Mills Home, Thomasville, for a registered calf. This morning's mail brought us a certificate of registry and certificate of transfer. The school authorities, according to this agreement, are to keep the calf as long as they care to and then return him to the Orphanage. It seems that this is quite a satisfactory deal for both institutions.

While traveling over the campus recently we noticed a large quantity of hair scattered on the lawn in front of one of the cottages. Upon inquiry we learned that one of our officers, with experimental inclinations, had gathered up the loose hair on the floor of our tonsorial parlor, and had it scattered on the lawn. This seems to be something new in the way of fertilizers and we shall watch the results closely. Just now we are wondering if he will use a safety razor or a lawn mower when the lawn needs trimming.

Our service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon was a temperance program, conducted by a group of friends from Charlotte. Mr. J. F. Newell, prominent Charlotte attorney, acting as master of ceremonies, first introduced Rev. R. S. Truesdale, pastor of Hawthorne Lane M. E. Church Charlotte, who made an interesting talk. Next in order was a talk on the activities of the W. C. T. U., by Miss Mary B. Ervin, of Ohio, Field Secretary of the National Organization. Mr. Newell then made a short talk and after singing a couple of hymns, we were dismissed by the Benediction by Rev. Truesdale.

Some time ago, our old friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., announced that he had planned to have Mrs. Pascho Powell, member of the staff of radio station W. B T., visit the school and furnish our boys an evening's entertainment. He was unable to do this as Mrs. Powell, familiar to radio listeners as "Aunt Sally," has recently accepted a position on the staff of station W. S. B., Atlanta, Ga. In order that the boys might not be disappointed Mr. Sheldon arranged another form of entertainment. Last Monday evening we assembled in the auditorium and Mr. Sheldon introduced Mr. J. B. Ivey, one of Charlotte's leading merchants. After the boys had sung several songs, Mr. Ivey made a very interesting talk on his visit to the Hawaiin Islands. In ad-

dition to his entertaining account of his recent trip, Mr. Ivey demonstrated his versatility as an entertainer by showing the boys a number of tricks of magic. We all greatly enjoyed having Mr. Ivey with us and hope he will visit our institution again.

Mr. G. R. Lackey, of the State Dairy Department, visited the Training School last week. We noticed the following interesting items in his report for the month of January: Average test showing number of pounds of milk each cow produced; number pounds butter fat each cow produced; value of product; herd average, milk and butter fat; total cost of feed; value of product above feed cost. The returns for each dollar expended for feed was $2.91. Feed cost per pound of butter fat was 54 cents; feed cost per 100 pounds of milk was $1.99. The total number pounds of milk produced was 11,209 pounds. There was a decided decrease in production as compared with the December report. The records for the month of January shows that this was the lowest monthly production record since last July. This was due to extreme changes in temperature, heavy snowstorm, and lack of sufficient quantity of good standard hay. With the coming of better weather, we expect our dairy production record to return to normal and that our large family of boys will engoy their usual generous supply of milk.

THE WHOLE YEAR ROUND

In winter time I love to sit
  Upon my mother's knee
And listen to the fairy tales
  She often tells to me—
Especially when the fire is bright
And winds are howling loud at night.

In summer time when day is gone,
  "It's quite as nice to be—
Out on the breezy, moonlit porch
  With mother close to me—
Especially when the stars are bright
And fireflies twinkle in the night.

I love the good old winter time,
  With sleet and ice and snow,
And summer, too, with singing birds
  And sunset's afterglow;
Yet I admit the entire year
Is wonderful, with mother near.

—A. W. N.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 15, 1930. No. 4

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U. N. C. Library

AN ACROSTIC

Good and great and gentle,
Ever strong to do,
One whom all men trusted,
Ready, brave and true;
Gave to us our freedom,
England's threats defied;
Warrior, statesman, hero,
America's boast and pride.

Stars and Stripes wave o'er him,
Hail his natal day;
In your hearts enshrine him;
Name him oft, I pray.
Guard his memory, fathers;
Tell each boy and girl
Often of the one who made a
Nation's flag unfurl.

—Pauline Frances Camp.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

MAKE YOUR OWN SUNSHINE

"Outside, it drizzled. Inside, it was gloomy," said Uncle Jerry. "Not only was the sky overcast, but likewise were the spirits of every one in the house. Nobody had a good word for any one else, and everything was quite completely on edge. A careless word would have meant an explosion. Everybody had a chip on his shoulder, and some of us a whole flock of 'em—and then it happened. Pete began to sing. When Pete really gets under way full steam ahead, he has grand opera singers looking after their laurels. Pete knew full well it was a gloomy morning, and that everything was on edge; but Pete was used to making his own sunshine, canary-bird fashion, and, as usual, it was contagious. In ten minutes we all felt better, and said so. We wouldn't take worlds for our little sunshine factory."

Anybody can manufacture out of the raw material of hope and cheerfulness a supply of sunshine sufficient for all personal needs. It costs less than electricity. So why not keep your countenance "lighted up" so folks will know you are home and clothed in your right mind?

—Boyland.

GROWTH OF CONCORD PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The Public Schools of Concord were established by a vote of the people in May 1901 by a majority of just three votes. It is hard to realize at this time

that so short a time ago there was so much opposition to public education but this victory for popular education was won after a strenuous campaign led by Mr. D. B. Coltrane who still takes pride in this piece of work, nobly done.

Beginning in a modest way the schools have gradually expanded to keep up with the needs of the times and an expanding population.

Today Concord school property is valued at $653,000.

The growth of the schools has been steady and every effort is made to keep them up to the highest point of efficiency. The greatest expansion has been made recently in the high school. A very few years ago the high school was conducted with four teachers and practically no equipment. Today we have a magnificent high school building with well equiped library and laboratories. The faculty consists of twenty members, all graduates of our leading colleges and three members, holding Master's degrees. Our students enter our best colleges without examination and give a good account of themselves. Not a single one that made a good record in high school has failed to make a good record in college.

The physical training in our schools is one of the newer departments and its good results are plainly visible to all.

Ten years ago only 31 per cent of the teachers held "A" certificates, the highest certificate offered by the State but today 75 per cent of the teachers hold "A" certificates.

Through the kindness of the Board of Alderman, the Mayor, the Parent Teachers Association and the ladies on the School Board, wonderful improvements have been made in the grounds at the High School. New sanitary equipment has been placed in Central Grammar School. Four new rooms have been added to the Logan School for negro children. The school for negroes received $2,600.00 from the Rosenwald Fund for enlarging the same and equipment.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE FIRST REAL ESTATE INSTITUTE

The Real Estate Institute held on Wednesday and Thursday, February 12th and 13th, at Chapel Hill marks the first of its kind held in North Carolina. It is estimated that more than one hundred delegates attended and took part in the two day's program of intensive study of real estate selling. This institute is sponsored by realtors of national fame—expertst in developing thought conducive to fine salesmanship. There are some amateurs in the

business who think a fluent speel will make a sale—but often silence marked with an occasional good thought makes a finer impression. It takes a genuine artist to make a fellow see the value and possibilities of a piece of dirt, so it is wisdom to know how to make an approach and then more wisdom to hold your point.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

WE HOPE TO KEEP MR. MAXWELL

Who in the world has any regret about the president recognizing Mr. Maxwell as a member of the interstate commerce commission? It may be an honor to have a North Carolinian fill such an important position, but in this instance what is Washington's loss is North Carolina's gain We agree with other friends of Mr. Maxwell that he is accomplishing as much for the public welfare right here as he would in any other place.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

CHIEF JUSTICE CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

The resignation of Chief Justice William Howard Taft removes from office a man who has been in the eyes of the public for the last forty years. He was President, Chief Justice, Governor General of the Phillippines, Secretary of War, and throughout his public career he has measured up to the best traditions of American statesmanship. While there is universal regret that ill health forced Mr. Taft to resign as Chief Justice there is general approval of the man chosen to fill the high office—Charles Evans Hughes. While Mr. Hughes is 68 years of age, that counts for naught for he is in the full vigor of a remarkable career. He is recognized as a great lawyer and stands at the head of the American Bar.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE STERNBERGER HOSPITAL

The impulse that leads to the establishment of an institution similar to that of the Sternberger Children's Hospital, at Greensboro, emanates from a heart wherein there is an abundance of love for suffering humanity. The following taken from the Greensboro Record gives in a few words something of the great work for "His little ones." May the fine spirit of Mrs. Edward

Benjamin, the daughter of Mrs. Sternberger, inspire others to realize the joy of real servcie:

An interest in the well-being of children which found its expression in deeds was inculcated in the two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. E. Sternberger by their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sternberger regarded it a special duty to do all in their power for unfortunate children, and during the time they lived in Greensboro many a suffering child was given much-needed relief. It was only natural that the daughters, Mrs. Edward Benjamin and Miss Emelia Sternberger, should deem it their special privilege to continue work of their parents after the latter had passed on, and when Miss Emelia died last year Mrs. Benjamin planned that the good deed of the family should live in permanent form.

And so the Sternberger Children's Hospital is the outgrowth of a work on behalf of the children, a place set aside "to the sacred cause of alleviating suffering among the young." The hospital was dedicated to the cause last week and recently its doors were opened and the first children entered therein, where specialists will do all in their power to restore them to the full measure of health which is the birthright of every child.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

WE GREATLY APPRECIATE THE GIFT

On the campus of the Jackson Training School two steel poles have stood for many years, and at the top of each "Old Glory and the State Flag" have unfurled to the breeze till they have been worn into tatters. These polles and flags were the gift originally of Mr. E. B. Grady, one of Concord's leading citizens who has always been a great friend to the school. The time has come when these flags have to be replaced with new ones. Mr. Grady comes to the front and donates one, and Mr. Alex Howard, one of North Carolina's representative textile men as well as popular citizen of Concord, has kindly replaced the other. The school greatly appreciates the gift. Each morning when the boys assemble to disperse to different parts of the farm for work, the 500 boys stand at attention—facing the rising sun and salute the flags. This act upon the part of the Training School boys makes a picture inspiring and effective—an attitude of thanks for another day also for the flags of both country and state that stand for ideas and ideals—the flag of liberty and freedom. The boys are taught that our flag is emblematic of the principles incorporated in our constitution—and at the same time the insigna of God's chosen country.

A FAIRER CO-OPERATION SUGGESTED

So said Nathan O'Berry, the astute business man, and State Treasurer: "Go to work; let the business and professional men turn their attention to better co-operation with the farmers, for when the farmers fail the house topples over." The so-called business man, or professional man brings to mind a story read about the absentee landlords of England. A tourist had for his guide an Irish peasant, and as usual the Irishman did not fail at this particular instance to know how to jest. The Irish guide in designating different points of interest said this is "The Devil's Glen," and this "The Devil's Bridge" also naming other points of Satanic titles. "Well," said the tourist, "the devil seems to own a good deal of property around here." "Yes, sor," replied the Irish guide; "but he is an absentee landlord and lives in England." We repeat this joke with no intention of giving a sting, but just emphasizing the fact that we have many business and professional landlords owning farms who give attention to the farmers on the many farms of North Carolina just at the season of the year when the crop is sold. There is a line of demarcation between the two classes, and it should not be. There should be better fellowship existing between the rural people and city folks.

A RECIPE FOR SANITY

Are you worsted in a fight?
Laugh it off.
Are you cheated of your right?
Laugh it off.
Don't make tragedies of trifles,
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles—
Laugh it off.

Does your work get into kinks?
Laugh it off.
Are you near all sorts of brinks?
Laugh it off.
If it's sanity you're after,
There's no recipe like laughter—
Laugh it off.

—The late Henry Rutherford Eliot, in the Century.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

How few of us, think you, who would wish others to know us as we know ourselves?

—o—

There are some persons in this rapidly rushing old world who are worn out by clothes before the clothes are worn out by them.

—o—

If that man who said conversation is a lost art will take a friend home to dinner without previous announcement he will learn something.

—o—

If Calvin Coolidge can write a History of the United States in 500 words he would certainly be out of place in the Senate, as they are talking about sending him there.

—o—

The way the wets and drys are working and bubbling it begins to look as though a fair grade of home brew might be produced by just throwing a yeastcake into the Senate.

—o—

A great deal has been said in the papers about gentlemen preferring blondes. Little or nothing has been said about the preference of the gentlewomen. They are not so particular. They just shut their eyes and take what comes along.

—o—

There are many puzzling things in this age of all kinds of puzzles, but one in particular puzzles me, and that is, why banks, which have no money when a borrower applies, always have so much when a bandit calls soon after the application.

"Bob" M. Gantt, the law partner of Sumpter S. Brawley, tells me this one: "I saw it somewhere that a man asked a salesman what was the secret of his success in selling goods. 'The first five words I say, when I am greeted at the door,' replied the salesman. 'And what are they?' inquired the man. 'Miss, is your mother in?' was the answer."

—o—

Most every one has a budget of some kind. It may be cares, sorrows, business, pleasures or something else. But there is one budget that is conducive to success, financially. The budget I allude to is the bushel we use to measure receipts—savings—expenditures. Two bushels of expenditures to one of receipts is bad economics. In making up your budget figure probable income for the year. Next what must be saved; then what is left apportion for expenses. Keep your money in a bank—and don't budge from the budget.

—o—

There is more power in Christ, who came with peace and good will, than in the sword of Herod, who slew all the children that were in Bethlehem. The world will always be ruled by a Herod or Christ; by violence or persuasion; by force or love. Herod was doing only on a small scale what has been done by many nations and rulers on a much grander scale, for war after all is a slaughter of the innocents. Here the Prince of Peace was threatened by the weapon of war, and the sword has sought Him many a time

since. The efforts which are being put forth for the maintenance of peace among all nations should have the earnest support of every living Christian.

We of the passing generation accept authority with little question. What questions we did raise were often answered by "Because we say you must," or "the law says you must," or "the Bible says you must," and the answer usually carried the day with us; but all that is a thing of the past. Many have developed quite a disregard for regulations and laws if they interfere with their pleasure or whims. Taking a cue from the present status of affairs, the oncoming generation is quite inclined to snap its fingers at customs, precedents, rules, laws of all kinds not stopping to ask why anything is required or expected of them. If our civilization is not going to plunge over the precipice of lawlessness, does not the situation in society today call loudly to all classes to understand and explain to others that "Obedience to Law is the only Liberty;" that if we are to attain happiness here and hereafter we must seek it through obedience to all the laws which guarantee its attainment? All the laws and the prophets hang upon the two commandments that we "love the Lord thy God with all our heart and with all our soul and with all our mind, and we must "love our neighbor as ourselves."

PATRIOTISM

A man without a country! you'll agree, of him 'tis said
Better that, instead of living, he should be among the dead.
Ah, I'm glad I have a country and glad I get a thrill
In saluting e'er the "stars and stripes" as they wave upon the hill.

And the blood that has been shed for that dear old flag of ours
Is enough to make us serve her every day, through all its hours;
For 'tis enough for me to know brave lads, on land and sea,
Held high aloft the good old flag for our democracy.

We must be loyal, then, and true to this, our native land,
And help to teach the foreigner to know and understand,
So that, after you and I have passed, far out beyond the veil,
Our dear old Country's starry flag still above our land will sail.

Then patriotic let us be to this great land of ours
Raise its standards higher, scatter round it fragrant flowers;
For, friends, this is God's Country, America so grand
And let us praise our God and King for living in His land.

Margarette E. Munroe.

WASHINGTON'S FAITH

(Exchange)

At this time when the memory of the nation turns to the man who was so large and heroic a figure in its first era, and to whom its debt of gratitude will ever remain so large, it is both pleasant and helpful to remember that among the sterling qualities for which Washington is held in honor, not the least was his strong and unswerving Christian faith.

Taught by a Christian mother, Washington's religion, deep and unobtrusive as was the nature of the man, was from boyhood to death part of his daily life. It strengthened and sustained him in every hour of trial, and kept him brave sincere and uncorrupted in the time of depression, of temptation and of power.

As a young man, but little over twenty, when about to join the ill-fated command of Braddock, he wrote to his mother, who, motherlike, feared for him to take the risk, "The God to whom you commended me, when I set out on a more perilous errand, defended me from all harm, and I trust He will do so now." And his letters and journals and actions through life showed that he never lost that unfaltering trust, a trust that nerved him for great undertakings, and gave him confidence to meet grave dangers.

Washington was reverent of everything that was sacred. The impression that the profane use of the name of God made upon him is shown by this order issued while he was Commander-in-chief of the Army:

"Headquarters, Moore's House
"West Point, July 29, 1779.

"Many and pointed orders have been issued against the unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing, notwithstanding which, with much regret, the General observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever; his feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers whenever he is in hearing of them. The name of the Being from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to exist and enjoy the comforts of life is incessantly imprecated and profaned in a manner as wanton as it is shocking.

"For the sake, therefore, of religion, decency and order, the General hopes and trusts that officers of every rank will use their influence and authority to check a vice which is as unprofitable as it is wicked and shameful."

Words that ring as true as when they were uttered more than a hundred years ago.

Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone;
Perhaps he whose plot is next to thine
May see it and mend his own.

—Author Unknown.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S VISIT TO SALISBURY

By Sam W. Kluttz, in Charlotte Observer

"As George Washington approached the borders of North Carolina, Captain Beard, of Salisbury, with the Rowan light horse company, set out for Charlotte to meet and escort him to Salisbury," wrote Dr. Rumple. "As the cavalcade was approaching Salisbury a little incident occurred of pleasant character.

"Richard Brandon, Esq., then lived six miles southwest of Salisbury, at the place known to our older citizens as the Stocktom place, now owned by C. H. McKenzie, Esq. The old building stood, until a few years ago, on the west side of the road, near a little meadow, about half way between St. Mary's church and Mr. McKenzie's present residence.

"As the party neared this place early in the day, the president, being then 60 years of age, and wearied with the journey, and knowing, too, that a long and fatiguing reception awaited him in Salisbury, bethought him that a little refreshment would strengthen him for the day's work. So he drove up to the farmer's door and called. A neat and tidy lass of some 12 or 14 summers—a daughter of Squire Brandon, answered the call.

"The president immediately asked if she could give him a breakfast. She replied that she did not know—that all the grown people were gone to Salisbury to see General Washington. The president kindly assured her that if she would give him some breakfast she would see General Washington before any of her people, adding, 'I am General Washington.' The breakfast—for the president alone—was prepared with great alacrity, and the blushing maiden had the pleasure not only of seeing but of conversing with General Washington as she dispensed to him her bountiful hospitality

"This little girl's name was Betty Brandon, the daughter of Richard Brandon. Her mother's maiden name was Margaret Locks, the sister of General Matthew Locks, and the aunt of Judge Francis Locks. A few years after this Betsy Brandon was married to Francis McCorkle, Esq., of Rowan, and some of their descendents still reside in Rowan, Iredell and Catawba counties. James M. McCorkle, Esq., of Salisbury, and Matthew Locks McCorkle, Esq., of Marion are grandsons of Francis and Betty McCorkle. The Brandons came originally from England and the Locks from North Ireland.

"As General Washington approached Salisbury, on the Concord road, some half mile from town, and at the point near where Mr. Samuel Harrison now lives, he was met by a company of the boys from Salisbury. Each one of these boys had a bucktail in his hat—a symbol of independence—and their appearance was quite neat and attractive. The illustrious visitor was of course the guest of the town, and lodging was provided for him at

Captain Edward Yarborough's residence. The house is still standing, on East Main Street, a few doors east of the public square and nearly opposite the entrance of Meroney's hall. The house is now marked by a set of semi-circular stone steps. Many have supposed that Washington stood on these steps and addressed the people. It is almost a pity that this is not the truth, but the fact is that these stone steps were placed there since 1830 by Sam Jones, who kept a hotel there.

An Historic Shop

"The president did occupy that house for the night, and he did stand on steps where those similar steps now stand. And as he stood there the people from all the country around stood packed and crowded in the street, gazing with reverence and admiration at the soldier and patriot who was 'first in the hearts of his countrymen.' And as the people gazed the president stood bareheaded, while the afternoon sun illumined his hoary locks. And this is what he said.

" 'My friends, you see before you nothing but an old, grayheaded man.'

"Lifting his hand, with his handkerchief he shaded his eyes from the rays of the sun in silence.

"That night there was a grand ball given for the president at Hughes hotel, attended by prominent gentlemen and ladies from Salisbury and vicinity—Maxwell Chambers and his wife, Squire Macey, Esq., Alai Osborne, Esq., Capt. John Beard, Edward Chambers, Joseph Chambers. Lewis Beard, Hugh Horah, Mrs. Giles, Mrs. Torrence and many others whose names are no longer preserved in a vanishing tradition.

"There is still in the county a relic of this ball—a brown satin dress worn by Mrs. Lewis Beard, the daughter of John Dunn, Esq. It is in possession of Mrs. Mary Locks, Granddaughter of Col. Moses A. Locks, and a great-granddaughter of the lady who wore it.

"How far the 'father of his country' participated in the amusements and festivities of the occasion, tradition sayeth not. It was probably a mere occasion for a reception on his part, and we may well imagine that the 'old, gray-headed man,' as he claimed to be, husbanded his strength by retiring early, thus securing the rest needful to fit him for his next day's journey to Salem.

"Captain Beard and his company of Rowan light horse accompanied the presidential party as far as Salem."

LIFE

Life is an arrow—therefore you must know
What mark to aim at, how to use the bow—
Then draw it to a head, and let it go!

Henry Van Dyke.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

By Arthur Cornwall

One hundred and ninety-eight years ago George Washington, commander in-chief of the American forces in the Revolutionary war, and the first president of the United States, was born—February 22, 1732.

John and Lawrence Washington, connected with the ancient and noble family of Sulgrave Washingtons, came to Virginia from England in 1658, and purchased extensive lands in the "Northern Neck," lying between the Potomac and Rappahanock rivers . John located on Bridges' Creek, in Westmoreland county, where he became a substantial planter and a member of the house of Burgesses.

He was the great-grandfather of George Washington, and built the old plantation house, in which the latter was born the oldest son of Augustine Washington and his second wife, Mary Ball. This house was burned three years after George's birth (the site is marked by a tablet) and the family removed to a farm on the Rappahannock opposite Federicksburg, where the lad's boyhood was spent.

When George was 12 years old, his father suddenly died and his mother was left with six children to care for, and very scant means to support; for, while the father was well-to-do, the property was largely in the form of land, from which there was little cash income. George could not therefore be sent to England for his education, but received elementary instruction at home and in the poor common schools of the neighborhood. He was a thoughtful and studious lad, however, and profited by the good society in which the family moved, as is shown by his 100 maxims of conduct copied with gerat neatness at the age of 13. He was active and energetic, strong and athletic, loving enthusiastically the outdoor life of the southern plantation, the surest rider and shot the best runner and wrestler of any boy in the whole region.

At the age of 14 he decided to try the adventurous life of the sea, but was finally dissuaded by his mother. For nearly two years longer he continued his studies, developing the bold and handsome handwriting that was later to adorn so many important documents, and giving special attention to legal forms, mathematics and surveying. He then left school, and went to spend the winter at Mt. Vernon, the home of his older half brother and guardian Lawrence, who was very fond of him. Here he formed the acquaintance of Lord Thomas Fairfax, who lived on a neighboring estate. Lord Fairfax took a great liking to the manly, fearless, straightforward young man, with whom he enjoyed many an exciting hunt and chase, and in the spring he sent him to survey his great landholdings beyond the Blue Ridge mountains.

The work was performed so well

that George was appointed official surveyor, and for three years he tramped the forests in this free life. No better training could have been devised for developing that iron constitution which later made it possible for him to undergo the hardships of the Revolutionary war and spend 48 hours at a stretch in the saddle, without sleep. Meanwhile his spare time was spent at Mount Vernon and at Greenway Court, the wilderness lodge of Lord Fairfax, where he read to good purposes and received instruction in fencing and the art of war. He emerged from this period of his life a strong and muscular young man, approaching the great stature of six feet and two inches which he afterwards attained, with a well-proportioned figure, light brown hair drawn back from a broad forehead, an open and manly face with a square massive jaw, and a general expression of restrained energy and power.

His brother Lawrence was now taken ill. George went with him on a trip to the West Indies in search of health, but in vain. He died in July, 1752, leaving his younger brother the responsibility of managing the plantation of his widow and daughter, a large undertaking for a young man of 20, which indicates the confidence reposed in him by those who knew him best. By the death of the daughter several years later. Mt. Vernon became his permanent and much-loved home. About the time of his brother's death Washington was commissioned major in the Virginia forces and adjutant-general of one of the four military divisions into which the colony was divided, and threw himself with great enthusiam into his new duties.

Meanwhile the struggle between France and England for the possession of North America was beginning. The French settlers had gone up the St. Lawrence, through the Great Lakes, and over into the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. The English pioneers were then penetrating the mountain passes and thus reaching the same region. The two nationalities came into conflict on the headwaters of the Ohio, and there followed what is known as the French and Indian War. In October, 1753, Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, sent Washington as an emissary to warn the French commander on the shores of Lake Erie against further trespassing on English territory. It was a difficult and perilous task, involving a journey of 600 miles through the wilderness in the winter, but he accomplished his mission with great judgement and courage, and, after several narrow escapes, returned home in safety.

The warning was in vain. An expedition was therefore sent out the following spring to occupy the outposts on the Ohio, and especially Fort Duquesne at the junction of the Allegheny and the Monongahela rivers. Washington was made lieutenant-colonel of this expedition. The sudden death of his superior officer, however, soon left him in sole command. He led his forces to the scene of action, defeated a detachment of the French in a preliminary skirmish, but was forced to capitulate to the main body of the French at Great

Meadows, and marched his forces on honorable terms back to Virginia. The next year he accepted a position with the rank of colonel on the staff of General Braddock in a second expedition against the French. In the disastrous battle of Monongahela, Washington conducted himself with great personal daring, and the defeat was largely due to Braddock's refusal to follow his wise counsel. He was now made commander-in-chief of the Virginia troops. These he proceeded to reorganize; made a journey on horseback to Boston to settle questions of military rank; led the advance forces that finally occupied Fort Duquesne in 1758 and renamed it Fort Pitt (now Pittsburg), and resigned in December, 1758, when the war was practically over, returning to Mount Vernon.

During his last campaign he had been elected to the house of burgesses, and upon his first appearance there he was thanked for his services by order of the assembly. On January 6, 1759, he married Mrs. Martha Custis, a beautiful and wealthy young widow, and for the next 15 years lived an ideal life at Mount Vernon.

In his own right and by his marriage, he had now become one of the richest men in the colony, and he gave his attention to the management of his large estates with the same thoroughness and vigor that had characterized his work as surveyor and soldier. He loved the hunt and chase, and his hounds and thoroughbred horses were unsurpassed in the colony. He loved company and activity, and, since he had come out of the war one of the most prominent men in Virginia, Mount Vernon became the center of wide and generous hospitality.

Washington was not so immersed in his private affairs, however, that he could not watch with apprehension the approaching struggle between the colonies and the mother country. He regarded armed resistance as the last resort, but was one of the first to see clearly that it would come to that sooner or later. In 1774 he went as one of Virginia's delegates to the first continental congress, in which Patrick Henry says of him, "If you speak of solid information and sound judgement, Washington is without question the greatest man on the floor."

During the meeting of the second continental congress the following year he always appeared on the floor of the house in the uniform of a Virginia colonel. When congress was forced to organize the army that sprang up in a night around Boston after Lexington and Concord, Washington was unanimously appointed commander-in-chief of the continental forces. He accepted with great diffidence, asserting his incompetence for the position and refusing any pay for his services except the return of his personal expenses at the end of the war. Proceeding at once to Boston, he took formal command of the army, July 3, 1775, under the now historic elm at Cambridge.

In the long struggle which followed, no more difficult task ever confronted a man than that which faced Washington. The colonists were a peace-loving people, without military ex-

perience or a military establishment. The army was an unorganized mob of patriots. The colonies were jealous of each other. The continental congress had no authority except what it could assume without protest. There were no military supplies and nobody to hold responsible for them. The army was enlisted for only three months at a time and must be continually re-created. The people were by no means unanimous in their desire to fight England, and indifference often reigned where enthusiasm was needed. Upon the commander-in-chief the brunt of the burden fell. He must not only lead an army against a disciplined enemy of superior numbers, but must also create the army and equip it, keep alive a spirit of determination that would not stop short of the final goal, preserve harmony among the colonies and secure efficiency in congress.

The first military task was to drive the enemy from Boston, which was accomplished in March, 1776. The revolution then had three centers of interest—the valley of the Hudson, the control of which by the enemy would cut the colonies in two; the middle colonies round about Philadelphia, the capital of the confederation. and the southern colonies. Washington planned the movement in the northern valley of the Hudson and Lake Champlain which resulted in the capture of Burgoyne's army in October, 1777. He also planned in a general way the campaign in the Carolinas and Georgia which led finally to hemming Cornwallis in at Yorktown. But personally he confined his operations chiefly to the middle section and the lower valley of the Hudson. Failing to drive the British from New York, his aim was to confine them there as closely as possible, and prevent them from going up the Hudson or occupying the Jerseys. He kept his poorly-equipped army together by tremendous efforts, led them in the retreat through New Jersey, turned upon the enemy in swift attacks at Trenton and Princeton, and by degrees drove them back to New York. Frederick the Great called this the most brilliant military campaign of the century.

But there were long months and years of comparative inactivity, when all that he could do with the forces and resources at his disposal was to cling to his main idea of preventing the colonies from being cut in two. With the eye of a great tactician, he perceived that if this could be done, and he could keep an active army in the field, final victory was assured.

At last this opportunity came. The British forces were divided between New York, Cornwallis at Yorktown and the army in the south. Making a demonstration against New York, and leaving part of his forces behind to keep Clinton there. Washington quietly and quickly marched the rest of his army southward and joined Lafayette and Greene before Yorktown. Cornwallis was prevented from escape by sea by the French allies under De Grasse, and was forced to surrender his entire army of over 7,000 men on October 19, 1781. The long war was practically ended.

After two more years of weary

waiting, the treaty of Paris was signed on September 3, 1783, assuring the independence of the United States. Washington marched in triumph into New York city with his troops on November 25, upon its evacuation by the British. In a memorable scene on December 4 he took leave of his officers. Two days before Christmas he appeared before congress at Philadelphia and resigned his command in the following words: "Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theater of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

Leaving Philadelphia he hastened with joy to his beloved home at Mount Vernon, hoping to spend his remaining days in its tranquil occupations.

But this was not to be. His work was only half done. The colonies, whose independence he had won at such cost, must establish a united federal government of real efficiency or what had been gained would be of no avail. Washington's experience more than that of any other man, made him realize this. Upon resigning his command he had addressed a letter to all the governors. emphasizing this truth. At Mount Vernon he was constantly advocating it by correspondence and conversation.

When the constitutional convention met, therefore, in 1787, his great influence required his attendance, and he was the unanimous choice for presiding officer. With a watchful eye and calm judgement, he guided the deliberations of this body and after the constitution had been adopted by the convention, the very fact that Washington approved it probably did more than anything else toward securing its ratification by the various states.

But even now he could not be permitted to retire in peace. The eyes of all men turned to him as the one who must launch the new government, and he was unanimously chosen first president of the United States under the new constitution. Once more bidding a reluctant farewell to Mount Vernon, he proceeded to New York, where congress was then in session. It was a continuous triumphal procession. Everywhere the people hailed him with enthusiastic and reverent welcome. When he reached the city he was received in state by congress, and took the oath of office on July 30, 1780.

To the new and untried cares of government he brought the same spirit of thoroughness and determination that had hitherto characterized his life. Added to this were his wide grasp of public intersets, his extended acquaintance with the leading men of the country and his immense personal prestige at home and abroad. He surrounded himself with a cabinet of eminent and able men. The finances of the nation were put upon a stable footing. Amendments were adopted to the constitution to meet objections that had arisen, relations with foreign nations were established and, in a word, the machinery of the new government was put into successful operation. Much against his wishes Washington was

persuaded to continue in office for a second term, being again chosen by unanimous vote of the electoral college. Among the important events of his administration were the admission of Vermont, Kentucky and Tennessee, the chartering of the first United States bank, the Indian wars in the northwest territory, the assumption of the state war debts by the federal government, the whiskey insurrection and diplomatic entanglements with England and France.

Declining a third election, Washington issued his famous farewell address to the people and retired to Mount Vernon at the expiration of his term of office. War with France threatened, however, in 1798, and he was once more appointed commander-in-chief of the army, and turned his attention to its organization; but the cloud happily passed.

When at last his public business permitted him to rest, his days of life were numbered. While riding over his plantation and supervising its work, he took a severe cold on December 12, 1799, and died two days later. With every mark of the respect and love of a grateful people he was buried at his beloved Mount Vernon, which has become a fitting memorial of its great master. To this day bells are softly tolled as passing boats come opposite the tomb of Washington.

Washington was a noble figure to stand in the forefront at the beginning of a great nation's history. Of commanding presence, full of passion and enthusiastic fervor, he so thoroughly learned the lesson of self-control in the long school of experience that we think of him only as the calm and self-contained general and president. His purpose was undaunted by the greatest of obstacles. His judgement was sane and balanced to a remarkable degree. His patriotism was boundless. As a general, circumstances prevented him from fighting with the impulsive dash that his fiery spirit urged, and made him the "American Fabius," retiring when he dared not risk his ill-equipped army in a fight, coming back again when the enemy ceased pursuit; but sticking with indomitable tenacity to the main issue.

The way in which he succeeded in overcoming the obstacles that confronted him during the revolutionary war remains the marvel of men, and stamps him as being much more than a great general. This is doubly true when we take into consideration his insistence upon working by means of congress. Cromwell wearied of the attempt to get things done through parliament and dissolved it. Napoleon found the directory in the way of efficiency and seized absolute control. Washington's difficulties were at least as great as those confronting either of these men, but he was determined to preserve republican institutions, even when he could have worked to better advantage unhampered. If his life had ended at the close of the Revolutionary War, his would have been a remarkable career, and would have given him lasting fame. That he performed the further task of inaugurating a new government with wisdom and launching a new nation in the world with success reveals the greatness to which he had grown, and marks him as a creative

statesman.

But his greatest power lay in his character. Meeting the increasing responsibilities thrust upon him with honesty of purpose and usefulness of spirit, he grew with them into a great and balanced man. The tributes that have been paid him are tributes to the man himself. At his death Napoleon ordered the standards and flags of the French army to be hung with crape, and the flags of the channel fleet of England were lowered to half mast in token of respect. Webster said of him: "America has furnished to the world the character of Washington; if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind."

Layafette said: "Never did I behold so superb a man." Gladstone said of him: "Among all the public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity in history, I think my choice, at any time within the last 5 years, would have lighted, and would now light, upon Washington."

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state!

Yes, one—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the west,
Whom envy dared not hate—
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but
one! —Byron.

DON'T WORRY

People, as well as seeds, get too crowded. One thing chokes out another in our lives, and too often it is the best that gets choked out. We are living so fast, we have so much to do, so many interests. As some one, feeling the disadvantage of this hurry, said, "I am in danger of being jostled out of my spirituality." It is a real danger, and one that threatens us all in our rushing life. Cares, worries, distractions, seem to grow in our hearts as naturally as weeds in a garden.

Some people think worries quite harmless, but Christ spoke very strongly against them as most potent for evil in our lives, in the way of crowding out the good. He warned us strongly against all anxiety. He said plainly that it can add nothing to our stature, possessions or success, but instead does us harm and grieves our Heavenly Father, who all the while is caring for us. There are two things, at least, about which we should never worry. First, the things we can't help. If we can't help them, worrying is certainly most foolish and useless. Secondly, the things we can help. If we can help them, let us set about it, and not weaken our powers by worry. Pluck up the smallest roots of worry at their first appearance, or they will crowd out all beautiful things that ought to grow in our hearts—Hallock.

EDWARD BOK

By W. S. Surratt

A hungry immigrant boy stood gazing at the bread and pies in a Brooklyn baker's window. "Look pretty good, don't they?" asked the baker, who had come out to admire his wares. "They would if your windows were clean," replied the boy, whose mind worked faster than his hunger.

So he created his first job at 50 cents a week, washing windows. And thus began the Americanization of Edward Bok, which the editor and philanthropist recounted with pride in his prize-winning biography years later. Mr. Bok was editor of the Ladies' Home Journal for 30 years.

Mr. Bok died last week. He died as he wished, near the birds for which he had provided a national sanctuary and his great carillon of 61 bells.

He was famous for many things, for instinctively he caught and held the public imagination by what he did and the way he did it. But perhaps he will not be remembered best for his rise from a hungry immigrant to a wealthy American, or for his achievement as a magazine editor in winning a nation-wide following. Others have done the same.

His fellow Americans remembered him, rather, as the highly successful business and professional man who had the courage and vision to quit at the height of his carrer in middle age to devote the rest of his life to what he called "play." And by play he meant finding greater joy in service to others. With that freedom from business cares he planned and achieved the $100,000 American peace award, one of the most successful projects in peace publicity and popular education ever attempted. His comment on launching that project revealed the secret of his character —an unusual synthesis of the realist and the idealist:

"I do not look for a miracle, but I look for a beginning. Before the world can have peace, it must think in terms of peace."

When he came to write the story of his life, he set down as his ideal the message with which his Dutch grandmother sent her children out into the worl: "Make you the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have lived in it."

Edward Bok succeeded.

"Dad," said son, who was reading the automobile news, "do you think they ever will find a substitute for gasoline?"

"They have one now, son, and I wish you'd give it a trial."

"Huh!" retorted son. "I've never heard of it. What is it, anyway?"

"Shoe leather," retorted his dad.

—Cincinnati Enquirer

ABOUT TAXES

By Eugene Ashcraft

Luther Huggins, in his paper, The Marshville Home advocates that some of the tax burden be passed on to other things than real estate. His argument has merit, and no doubt the next Legislature will be asked "'to do something'' in the way of relieving the farmer who owns hsi farm as well as other over-burdened property owners. Says Mr. Huggins:

''During periods of depression such as we are now passing through, real estate, under our present system of taxation, naturally must bear the brunt of the burden. With no demand for real estate, especially farm lands, no way of realizing profitable incomes from timbered or uncultivated lands and very slight incomes from lands in cultivation, tax rates almost amount to confiscation. Every student of economy knows that the successful development of the counties and the state as a whole depends largely upon the number of home owners, especially among the rural population. This being true and the fact being apparent that the heavy tax burdens on real estate are tending more and more toward confiscation, it should be evident to all thinking people that the time has come for shifting a large per cent of the taxes from real estate to something else. Having agreed thus far, the question arises as to what that something else shall be.

''Personal property cannot bear it. There are not enough big corporations nor men of heavy incomes in many of the counties to assume the burdens. The only course to which we can turn is the tab on luxuries, gasoline, smokes, cold drinks, cosmetics, etc. But they say that's the 'nuisance tax'. It's not half as big nuisance as having your farms, homes and business house and lot confiscated. One reasonable thing about the luxury tax is that hundreds and thousands of fellows who own no property other than an automobile, but who 'blow in' all the money they get hold of for luxuries and other non-essentials and put in more time wearing out the public roads than anybody else would be called upon to help bear the tax burdens while 'high lifting' it. Suppose there wree a tax of one cent per gallon on gasoline for county purposes in Union county! According to actual statistics, it would raise around thirty thousand dollars annually to be applied in relieving property tax. With a small sales tax on dozens of luxuries and non-essentials, perhaps seventy-five or a hundred thousand dollars more could be raised to reduce the school tax on property.

''Of course there is always opposition to the sales tax idea, but the government successfully prosecuted it during the war, and we can do the same thing to the great relief of property tax, and consequently to a wonderful contribution toward the progress and prosperity of our farming and business interests and to the peace and happiness of our worthwhile citizens.

A GIFT TO HIS COUNTRY

By Anne B. Royce

Through the dusk of that Christmas Day, Reuben peered across the bleak meadow land beyond which lay the river full of ice floats. He recalled his father's words of the previous night when Stephen Morris had spent a few hours with his wife and son before rejoining Washington's army encamped near the Delaware.

In spite of the fact that military movements were being kept secret, a rumor had gone forth that an attempt was contemplated, to cross the river and advance upon Trenton where Hessians would be holding their Christmas revel.

Wise General Washington, forced across the Delaware earlier in the month, had seized every boat within a radius of one hundred miles along the waterway, thus compelling the Hessians to wait until the river should freeze over before trying to attack the Continental Army.

Reuben had wrenched his knee badly, else he would have been with the army, for lads not yet sixteen played men's parts in the troublous days of "Seventy-six."

Brooding morosely over his enforced idleness, the boy determined to hobble down to the ferry at nighftall and learn if the rumor of the attack were true.

The clock struck the half hour.

"Dark as a pocket!" muttered Reuben, "but an advantage should Washington attempt a crossing."

Rat-tat-tat! went the knocker.

The boy limped to the door to find there two men in Continental uniform.

"Your good inn-keeper down the road sent us hither," began the taller stranger, "for the inn is full. He assured us that Mistress Morris lets a spare room at times."

Reuben admitted the men, saying courteously. "You are welcome, sirs, to such as it is."

"Good!" exclaimed the man who had spoken. "We wish supper served in this room at once, as we would be alone."

Reuben felt chagrined to think that now he could not get away to the ferry. Yet, he considered, he might be serving his country better by supplying the wants of these men than by dallying about the landing-place.

"I will see to your supper, sirs," he promised hospitably. "My mother is away for over night helping a sick neighbor, but she left a meat pie in the oven which must be nearly done. I will lay a fire in the best chamber at once."

After Reuben had attended to the fire, spread a cloth upon the table and lighted the tallow dips, he set the potatoes to boiling and then rejoined the strangers.

"Where may your father be, my lad?" abruptly asked the man who seemed to be spokesman.

Reuben was surprised at the question.

"With Washington's army, sir, where I would be were it not for this wrenched knee."

The lad had spoken somewhat sharply and his guests exchanged

glances.

"Of a truth, boy," apologized the speaker, "in this time of disaffection one is justified in asking questions."

"The disaffection does not extend to this house, sir," returned Reuben with dignity. Then he added,

"One might ask, sirs, why your are not with the army yourselves?"

The man turned to his companion with a short laugh.

"Beshrew me! the lad questions our patriotism. Shall we tell him, then, that we are on an important mission? What know you of the General's plans, boy?"

"General Washington has not made known his plans to the troops, sir," answered Reuben briefly, "Would he, then, take a mere lad into his confidence?"

The questioner laughed carelessly.

"Cleverly spoken! Come, our supper! we would begin upon that meat pie which we can smell cooking."

As Reuben conducted the men to their room, he reflected that it was but natural they should ask questions at a time which discouraged soldiers were daily going over to the king's cause. Still, he had resented those questions and the glances that had passed between the two men filled him with vague uneasiness. He determined to find out more about these strangers. Slipping around to a large closet which opened off of the room occupied by the men, he found he could see them through a knot hole in the door.

"We'll learn naught from that youth," remarked the shorter man who had not spoken before. "Methinks 'twere a risk to question his patriotism. He resented our queries."

"As would any likely lad," spoke up his companion. "Were there more such as he in our king's cause, we could make short work of these rebels."

So, these men were spies!

"'Tis my opinion," went on the shorter man, "that General Howe was hasty in dispatching Cornwallis to the coast to embark for England. Methinks these rebels are not yet through with the game."

"Meantime," took up the other, "we have Howe's order to report anything we may learn, at headquarters."

He drew a document from an inner pocket.

"Be wary, friend," warned his comrade. "That paper must not be found in our possession."

The other laughed lightly, saying, as he slipped it into one of his outer-pockets,

"I would have you examine it presently. In the meantime, 'tis safe enough. Did you bring in the lantern?"

"Here by my side," his companion assured him. "Now, tell me, pray, what we are to do?"

"First," cautioned the other rising to close the wooden shutters at the window, "we must be sure we will not be overheard. I intend to see whither that door leads."

Reuben had barely time to dive beneath a feather bed in a corner, before the closet door opened and the man looked in.

"Bring a dip!" he called to his companion.

Under the bed in a remote corner of the closet, Reuben scarcely breathed while the men made their investigation. Once, when they prodded

the bed in passing, he thought he was discovered. But they missed him and returned to the chamber, satisfied that they were alone. When the boy again resumed his position at the knot hole, the spokesman was saying softly:

"Should we find Washington moving, we are to hasten to our horses which I left tethered on the sheltered side of this house. We must then ride opposite to where the outpost awaits our signal light, and he will get word to General Rahl at Trenton."

"I doubt much that such an attempt will be made," put in the other man, "for the river is full of ice and well-nigh impassible."

"Why doesn't that lout of a boy bring supper?" fumed the tall stranger, pulling out his watch. "Beshrew me, the thing has stopped!"

At that, the other felt in his pocket.

"Egad, I brought no watch at all! Where's that lad?"

He started toward the door.

Reuben had just time to slip into the hall before the door opened.

"Sirs," he inquired politely, "would sassafras tea or spiced cider be to your liking?"

"What? nothing stronger?" demanded the tall stranger.

"Nothing, sir, but my mother's cider is excellent."

"Then serve it. What's the hour, lad?"

A moment later Reuben called up the stairs, " 'Tis about to strike five."

He had set the clock back an hour.

"Egad! earlier than I supposed," declared the man, "but none too early. Come, boy, our supper!"

As Reuben limped down cellar after the cider, he tried desperately to plan some way by which he could gain possession of General Howe's order. He delayed the preparation of the meal as long as he dared but finally was obliged to take his tray upstairs.

The men were pacing the room impatiently.

"How, now, boy?" fretted the tall stranger, "time passes. Our supper!"

"Directly, sir," promised Reuben setting a tankard of cider upon the table and arranging the dishes as deliberately as he dared. Descending to the kitchen, he piled a dish with potatoes, seized a loaf of bread and again climbed the stairs.

But in crossing the threshold of the room, he stubbed his toe and the tray fell to the floor.

Both men sprang angrily to their feet.

"A thousand pardons!" begged Reuben contritely, collecting potatoes and broken crockery. "Since my accident I am not sure-footed."

"Cease explaining!" shouted the irate spokesman, "What we want is supper and that at once."

His plan for delay had worked. There was a light of grim satisfaction in Reuben's eye as he reloaded his tray in the kitchen. Leaving the men engaged at last in the pleasant task of demolishing the meat pie, the boy peered from the kitchen door in the direction of the ferry. It was pitch dark. He could see nothing, nor hear any sound.

"I'd defy anyone to detect an army's movement in this inky blackness," thought Reuben.

Then he became aware of a horse neighing. It gave him an idea, but before he could put his mind to it, a

voice from above stairs demanded more cider. As Reuben brought it, the men noticed his white face. His knee was hurting him cruelly.

"Sit and drink with us, lad," invited the tall stranger, "Methinks you sorely need a stimulant."

Reuben, about to refuse, changed his mind and drew up to the table.

"Thank you kindly, sir," he answered, "I will have a glass along with you."

He must try and gain possession of that order.

"Compliment your good mother for us on her excellent cider, boy," remarked the spokesman. "An' we tarry much longer, methinks we'll drink you out of house and home."

If he could but bar these men into the cellar!

"That were impossible, sir," he answered the man, "for we have a cellar full; casks all along the wall."

The men exchanged glances.

"And these casks all contain—cider?" smiled the shorter man, knowingly.

At that Reuben hesitated perceptibly.

The tall man leered at his companion.

"Nonsense!" he scoffed, "a cellar so well-stocked should hold something stronger than this spiced drink."

He turned to the other man.

"'Tis yet early. Shall we visit this cellar where naught but—cider—is kept? I confess I cannot believe the lad."

"Sirs," begged Reuben earnestly, "pray do not go down!"

"Aha!" laughed the spokesman, "you whet our curiosity. Take the light, lad, and show us the place. Perchance we had best carry glasses to test this—cider."

"Have it as you will," replied Reuben leading the way to the cellar with apparent reluctance.

If he barred them in, the chances were they would destroy the document and there would be no proof to show they were spies.

Opening the cellar door, he stood aside for the men to enter.

"Come, show us the wine casks among these many, there's a good lad," persuaded the spokesman.

Reuben had thought of a daring plan.

"My mother's choicest beverage she keeps apart from the rest. An' you will have it, follow me."

He spoke as though reluctant and led them to a far corner where was a narrow opening in a partition. Touching the arm of the short man, Reuben handed him the lighted dip. Naturally, therefore, this man entered the nook in advance of his companion. As the other started to follow, the boy pressed close to his side as though to enter at the same time. Sliding a dexterous hand into the man's wide pocket, he secured the order and thrust it into his own pocket.

"Stupid lummox!" yelled the man, for Reuben had trodden heavily upon his foot. The other turned, laughing.

"Beseems me, the boy is as eager to get at this rare drink as are we."

"Pray overlook my awkwardness," apologized Reuben, trying to keep the jubilant note out of his voice. "I'll now leave you to drink your fill."

Limping up the steps to the kitch-

en, he closed the great oaken door softly and slid the heavy bar into place. The door was strengthened by iron bands; there were no windows to the cellar, so the men could not escape.

A horse neighed, recalling to Reuben's mind the plan he had started to work out when called upstairs by the men. He would ride to headquarters and report the capture of the spies.

He found the horses tethered to a tree in a corner sheltered from the wind. He started to untie one of them when he slipped and fell against the nearest horse. It broke away and with it went the other horse for they were fastened together. Chagrined, he watched them gallop off across the meadow. He would have to walk the distance after all.

From the house he could hear the clock striking an hour too early. The army must be well on its way by now.

Suddenly, to his dismay, he saw the spies issuing from the open doorway. He crouched quickly behind a tree, praying that he be not seen.

Dolt that he was! he must have failed to slip the bar far enough into its catch.

The men came toward him and he shrank farther behind the tree.

"I told you I heard them gallop off," fumed the short man. "Now, we'll have a blithe walk through this cold and dark!"

His companion swore violently. By the light from the doorway, Reuben saw him feeling in one pocket after another.

"Beshrew me! a pretty coil! the paper's gone, too!"

"Perchance you dropped it," suggested the other. "Back, quickly, man, and search, or that young rebel will find it!"

The young rebel could see them through the lighted upper window hunting frantically for the lost paper. He felt of it, lying securely inside his breast pocket. It would go hard with him if the spies were to discover it upon him.

Stealing to the door, he waited until the traveling light betokened the men on their way down cellar. Then he followed warily as far as the great door. The spies were at the narrow opening which led into the nook.

"So, that was why the young scroundrel crowded me in this opening!" raged the tall man. "Our paper is in his possession. Zounds, man! how did he learn I had it?"

"Ha! do you recall how we came upon him in the hall above, when he asked so smoothly what we would drink? He had been listening. Quick! we must find him!"

"You won't have to look far," taunted Reuben from the stairs, waving the document at the men in a tantalizing manner. "Come get it, an' you will, you—spies!"

As the infuriated men hurled themselves toward him, he slammed the door and barred it, this time, securely.

The boy's knee burned like fire, but he dragged himself down to the ferry. All was quiet there. Somewhere over the river an outpost awaited vainly a signal light, while far out on the water amid floating ice, Reuben felt sure that many boats were slowly, yet certainly, nearing the New Jersey shore.

When Washington returned from

the siege of Trenton the following afternoon bringing with him many prisoners, there was much rejoicing.

"He has given his country the Christmas gift of one thousand Hessians!" called a voice from the crowd.

"And you helped him, Father," declared Reuben exultantly to Stephen Morris.

The soldier, looking upon his son with pride, answered,

"And you, Reuben, also have given a gift to your country. Because you remained faithfully at your post although tempted to desert it, and regardless of great physical pain, captured two dangerous spies, you have given your country a gift of loyalty and high courage."

"A patriot can render no greater gift than that to his country," echoed a deep voice which thrilled the boy to his soul,

"Look up, lad," went on that voice, "your General is proud of you."

And Reuben looked up into the kind face of George Washington.

HOW IT ALL HAPPENED

(Exchange)

"An I can't bring in the kindling wood and feed the chickens or go to school!" announced Tommy. Then he coughed—such a funny, made-up cough that Brother Fred laughed "Ho! Ho!" and Sister Kate laughed "He! he!" and Mamma Stone said, "Deary me! You're not a bit like George Washington."

"Do you know who George Washington was?" and mamma laughed.

Tommy put back his shoulders and let his arms hang down by his sides. "George Washington was a great general, an' he was a soldier, an' President of the United States, an' he was the 'father of his country.'"

"George Washington was never too sick to do his duty, that is why he was a great general and a good soldier."

"He never had a cold like mine!"

"Ho! ho!" laughed Brother Fred. "He! he!" laughed Sister Kate again.

"Once he had a fever, and had to stay in bed for days and days, but the minute he was able, back to his soldiers he went! Are you able to go out, Tommy, or must I put you to bed?"

"I don't want to go to bed!" he said.

"Then," said mamma, "an army of wood sticks and feathery soldiers want you, and a schoolroom of boys and girls want you to lead the march. Play you are Geroge Washington, but remember, if you play that play, you are never too sick to do your duty!"

That is why Tommy fed the hens filled the woodbox, and had a new George Washington story to tell. It was such a good story that the teacher put a star on his breast.

WHICH COMES FIRST?

By M. L. in The Lutheran

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith met at a social gathering. Since they each had a daughter in high school they began to compare notes.

They conversed about the school work and about their daughters' friends at school. They discussed the problem of clothing young girls suitably at moderate expense. They spoke about the hallowe'en party, just then a thing of the past, and of the past, and of the Christmas party and dance that were being planned. This led Mrs. Jones to mention the fact that her daughter, Betty, was also taking part in the Christmas exercises at the church.

"That just reminds me," said Mrs. Smith, "that Rev. Blank has asked me to speak to Anna about joining the catechetical class he is instructing now. But I said that I would not urge her to do so just now. She is so busy with everything. However, if he can persuade her to join it's all right to me. I think children should be allowed to decide for themselves in such matters anyway."

"Oh, yes, I think so, too. And I certainly shall not urge Betty to join the class either," answered Mrs. Jones.

The conversation again turned to school matters, and the question of college for the girls was brought up. Mrs. Jones remarked that Betty had not made up her mind as to what college she would attend. Mrs. Smith said that Anna wished to attend a certain college but she herself was not certain about its standing. "And as you know," said she, "it is quite important as to where one spends the four years of one's college life."

Those women would advise their daughters about clothing, about social affairs, in fact about any other matter that might come up in their children's lives. But they would not speak even one word for their religion and their God. To them the problem as to where four years of college life should be spent was more important than the question as to where their daughters should spend eternity. Did they forget that long ago someone said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all these things shall be added unto you"?

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE!

Roald Amundsen, at the close of his journeys to the Far North said:

" 'Honor whom honor is due.' Let us unite in giving Him the honor who, on several occasions on this expedition, clearly and unmistakably held His protecting hand over us and preserved us. Let us have no dispute about who is the most capable among us. We are all so miserably insignificant if God Almighty does not come to our assistance."—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

An unusually large number of boys were visited by relatives and friends last Wednesday.

Mr. Frank Morris, officer in charge of Forsyth Cottage, who has been ill for some time, is very much improved and will soon be on the job again.

While we have consumed a vast amount of pork during the past few months, we have reason to believe that we will have plenty more next year, as we noticed forty-eight little pigs down in the barn the other day.

Rev. Paul Hardin, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord conducted the regular service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His excellent talk on the parable of the "Talents," was greatly enjoyed by all present.

Mr. Lisk, our poultryman, has applied to the State Fish and Game Commission for a number of pheasant eggs. If his request is granted these eggs will be placed in our incubators. Should the hatch be successful, an attempt will be made to stock our farm with these English Ring Neck Pheasants.

As we walked down to the barn the other day we noticed our McCormick-Deering "iron mule" hooked up to a thrashing machine and the boys busily engaged at threshing soy beans. There seemed to be a bountiful supply of these little beans, which are very good for improving land, and also make excellent feed.

The Spring seed catalog season seems to have arrived. We have recently received several of these highly colored booklets, and before long we shall begin working on flower beds. In the past these beautiful beds have added greatly to the appearance of the campus and we feel sure the coming season will be no exception.

Herman Jahnke, a traveling steeplejack, who certainly knows his business, visited the school the other day. While here he climbed one of the steel flag poles located at the northern end of our campus, and made a few minor repairs to the chain halyard. The following day we noticed his picture in a Charlotte newspaper, taken on top of a flag pole located on top of one of Charlotte's tallest buildings.

Vernon Lauder, who was paroled from this institution several years ago, visited us last Saturday afternoon. While here he made a very good record both in his studies and at work, and was the regular second baseman on the school nine. We are glad to note that his record since being paroled has been excellent. He is now married and lives in Kannapolis, where he holds the responsible position of chief baker in the Kannapolis Bakery.

The custodian of our fish pond, becoming somewhat dissatisfied with the present stock of carp, has also applied to the Fish and Game Commission. His request is for a supply of lake trout or bass. We have our suspicions that the chief reason for this request for changing the variety of fish in our small lake, is largely due to the fact that the carp, placed there some time ago, have grown to sufficient size to make a palatable dish at the present time.

The deed for the Phifer property, which adjoins the school, has been signed, approved and is now ready for delivery. The school forces have already started getting the fields in shape, making terraces, and otherwise improving this long neglected land, which has added much to the appearance as well as to the value of the property. We notice that as a small army of boys go over there daily, a number of hounds are taken along and we are informed that some fine rabbit chases are indulged in. Those familiar with these hounds will know that with old "Lindbergh" leading the pack, the hunters do not come back empty-handed.

TEN POINTS FOR CULTURE

Dr. George A. Coe, of Columbia University, who has written many excellent books on the subjects of youth and of education, states in a recent treatise that education in its broadest sense should teach us, or bring to us the actual "vocation of living." He defines this in ten points comprising a well-rounded education as follows:

1. Good expression: the ability to speak well and write well.
2. The ability to think and to study without guidance from others.
3. To know something of sciences.
4. To know the main events in history.
5. To know enough of music, literature and art so as to enjoy the best.
6. To develop an interest in important, rather than trival things.
7. To be adequately trained for some specific work or profession.
8. To be a "person of honor," trustworthy, helpful, kind.
9. To be loyal to his family, his home, his country, his church.
10. To have a genuine and an unshaken faith in God.

These ten points are certainly to be considered by anyone who seeks that splendid quality which we commonly call "culture," but is it not true that the cultural man, the man who thinks for himself, becomes discontented with affairs and is usually classed as a radical or a crank?

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 22, 1930. No. 5

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AFRAID TO VENTURE

The man who is afraid to venture has failure written upon him from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. But he who dared to venture will probably wear a crown. Columbus dared; he discovered a new world. Lindbergh dared; he flew over the ocean. Francis Asbury dared; he founded American Methodism. Woodrow Wilson dared; he gave the world the League of Nations.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE TESTIMONY OF A SCIENTIST

"If it were not for my religion, I would not care that for science!" and the speaker's fingers snapped sharply. The setting of the scene was the large lounging room of Murray-Dodge Hall at Princeton, filled with lithe and athletic students. The grave face of President Hibben could be seen near the open fireplace. The president of the Philadelphian Society had just read the fortieth of Isaiah and followed with a manly prayer.

Professor Michael Pupin, of Columbia, the speaker of the evening, had been in Princeton many years before. In his autobiography he tells how, as a new comer to America, he had walked through the old university town, stopping to eat his dinner by an elm in front of Nassau Hall. It consisted of a loaf of bread. He had left a praying mother back in Servia. Obviously her prayers have been answered. Her son is the president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. This evening he was speaking on the relation of science and religion, and when asked to close the meeting with prayer repeated the one his mother had taught him in his boyhood days. It was a long petition and naturally not understood by those present, save for an addition commending Princeton to God's care. But it was a good thing to hear and a sight not easily forgotten. Blessed is the scientist who, in older years, can repeat the prayers which a Christian mother taught him in his youth.

—Sunday School Times.

NORTH CAROLINA NEEDS HIM

From all reports it is evident that Dr. Chase is attracting the attention of educators far beyond the borders of North Carolina. The news goes out that

he is seriously considered for presidency of the University of Illinois, "one of the largest of the State's universities in point of student enrollment and one of the most vigorous and ambitious." For the state, and we might say the south, to lose a man who has shown superior leadership would prove a great misfortune. There are opportunities in the South just as great as elsewhere and they can not be worked out without superior leadership. We can not well afford to lose men of Dr. Chase's calibre.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

DEATH CLAIMS TWO SPLENDID MEN

When reading of the death of the veteran citizen, Mr. J. A. Odell, Greensboro, an outstanding business man who gave freely of his time and means to causes for the upbuilding and maintenance of christian education, and the sudden passing of Dr. Plato Durham, Atlanta, educator and preacher, we quite naturally felt that Concord had lost two of its finest citizens. The lives of these two distinguished citizens were closely associated with the spiritual, civic and business life of Concord by friendship and kinship while in the flesh. Mr. J. A. Odell, a brother of the late J. M. Odell and an uncle of Hon. W. R. Odell, was recognized as a pioneer, with his brother and nephew, in the manufacturing interest of the State. Dr. Durham while pastor of Central Methodist church won for himself a legion of friends in all denomniations of this city and was easily recognized beyond his native state as one of the most brilliant minds in the Methodist Church of the South. Both Mr. Odell and Dr. Plato Durham had a wide acquaintance throughout the State and many will mourn their passing.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

STOP TALKING HARD TIMES

A thrifty person is always commended, and especially so if success is attained under adverse circumstances. The class who sit and bemoan conditions will never in the world arise to the emergencies of life. We hear hard times discussed, it matters not where we go or with whom we associate. It has an appalling effect, and some kind of propoganda to give more spirit to the down cast and hard pressed should be broadcasted, or it will be absolutely impossible to adjust matters any time soon. When your spirit, or interest in life

is squelched it is out of the question to energize sufficiently to do effective work. Right here let us pause long enough to give the story of the mother of seven. It is as refreshing at this time as an oasis in the desert is to the weary traveller. This mother was looking for a suburban home with a few acres of land. Her story was this: "my husband is a mechanic in one of the Kannapolis mills, I remain on the farm because my children can help make the living. Last year, during the time when so many were 'laid off,' I raised enough stuff on my little place to keep my family supplied with the real necessities of life, and in that way made expenses." This is proof as to what a frugal wife can accomplish. Besides we are confronted with the fact that too many people are living in congested settlements with no resource other than the daily stipend, and when that stops all stops. We grow weary of hard luck stories, and often these hard time talks are indulged in by those who enjoy every luxury in life. We are not grateful to the great Benefactor who is the source of all good things when emphasizing our supposed misfortunes and never giving praise for the many blessings received.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS ESSENTIAL

It is generally conceded that Dr. W. H. Levers, of North Carolina College for Women, in a speech before the Concord Rotary Club, hit the mark when he emphasized the fact that the trouble with the average American home is with the parents. They do not realize the grave responsibility of rearing children. One infers that the doctor feels there is a lack of comradeship between father and son, also that sweet companionship between daughter and mother that should exist. The masses are of the opinion the requisites of a successful parent are just to respond to the demands, not give the essentials alone, but the luxuries if possible. You can not develop muscle without physical exercise, and it is equally true that a resourceful person is developed by working out ways and means to get some of the things wanted. There has to be an objective to develop will power. In reading a short excerpt as taken from the Concord paper one sees clearly that the doctor laments the "bad psychological effect created on children" of this period:

> "God pity the civilization which allows children to ride to school in cars that cost more than it does to hire a trained teacher for a whole year. When we allow our children too much freedom, when we fail to keep them interested in the things in which they are interested, when we

deny them the hard work and knocks we had ourselves, we are injuring them irremediably.

We need to visualize beyond the present generation, for daily we are building a citizenship for time to come. It is absolutely essential to receive some hard knocks if it is possible to know how to avert them, or cope with life.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

WHEN IS ONE EDUCATED

When is a man educated? This question could be debated from many angles and still be unanswered for the reason it is difficult to find two people of the same mind as to the "elusive educated man." There are some who think a degree from some college is a pass port into the realm of the highly educated, but this degree unless worthily conferred is more of a handicap than a help because this superficially educated individual is never placed in society but is eternally floundering around. To be a fine mechanic one must dexterously use every tool essential for that specific work, therefore, if educated the knowledge acquired should be a part of the person to be applied in any profession chosen. A philanthropist of Boston, "A Filene," defines: "the educated mind today is the mind which best knows how to use the knowledge in existence, particularly those truths which apply to the thing which he is doing?"

From another source that is considered authority, no other than Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of the Free Synagogue, Brooklyn, defines education as an outleading, an out-flowing of personality and said that it should lead persons to express themselves through discriminating judgement. "No man can be educated by any college in the land," declared Rabbi Wise, "he must do it himself. All that any college can do is to offer him the opportunity."

These definitions are accepted as satisfactory, and conclusively we add that the objective of every student, of any institution, should be preparation for service and not study for a degree alone.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

UNEMPLOYMENT

The finest solution in the world to bring things back to normalcy is expressed editorially, in the Stanly News Herald, under the caption "Unemployment. There are too many people riding and too few people working is one

of the principal causes of hard times. You cannot spend, spend money and waste time and not expect to feel a pinch. On Sunday afternoon as we watch the stream of automobiles pass on the highway we are forced to ask: is this wail of hard times a camaflouge. The only way to make effective Governor Gardner's program "'live at home'' is to do as suggested in the following:

An Albemarle man advanced a new idea which will solve the unemployment problem in this country. His plan was for the government to send the unemployed back to the farm, give each family a small tract of land, a cow, a hog or two, a mule, a few chickens, and a few tools, with instructions to make his own living. Industrious men and women could at least keep the wolf out of the house even if he were scratching on the door. The idea is not a bad one, and if the worse comes to the worst lots of folks will do this of their own accord. The only thing that it would be absolutely necessary to buy in order to half-way enjoy life would be a little salt and some coffee. And if you could sell a few eggs you could take your choice of buying your coffee from the independent store, or the chain store, or ordering it from Mr. Henderson.

SERVICE

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose debts, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by the shall make thee rich,
A sick man helped by thee shal make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of choice which thou renderest.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

The more a man learns the more he knows what he does not know.

—o—

The ladies who buy the cheaper brands of stockings get a "run" for their money.

—o—

Frank Carlton asked me: "Do you smoke all the time?" I replied; "Mighty nigh it—in the hope I'll not smoke hereafter."

—o—

It is a foregone conclusion that men do not make their wives their stenographers, because they dare not to dictate to their better halves.

—o—

That fire at the White House must have been caused by some of the administration objectors trying to smoke the President out.

—o—

Is it possible that there are more noses to the grindstone these days than any other time in the history of the world. Yet noses do not seem to get smaller.

—o—

A German scientist claims that music spreads disease. That may be true, but it has been observed that there are a lot of songs that are not catchy.

—o—

A Durham married man was so in the habit of forgetting to post the letters his wife gave him to mail that he now feels in his pockets every time he passes a mail box.

—o—

Persons with all sorts of dispositions and characteristics sigh and sing for a home in heaven. It would be decidedly better on this earth if they would put a little bit of heaven into the homes here below so they will be acquainted with it when they meet up with it in the hereafter.

—o—

It is announced that the latest development in automobiles is a car directed by the voice. Huh! It is but the practice of a long established means of locomotion. Married men have been directed by the voice ever since the days of Adam and Eve.

—o—

When Hank Ford says "women don't know anything about business," may know what he is talking about, but I doubt it. It is reported that there is one in Chicago collecting alimony from three ex-husbands. That's matrimonial maneuvering for you.

—o—

Governor O. Max Gardner will go down in North Carolina history as the "Live-at-Home" governor. And why shouldn't he to be in keeping with the traditions of his name? It is the first time the State has had a Gardner for governor.

—o—

England plans a publicity campaign to attract tourists. No need of it as far as I am concerned. I would rather see North Carolina's ocean-washed shores and beautiful western mountains, and all that lies between than any other country on earth.

—o—

What is first in human life? Some

say religion but give it minor importance in their own lives. Others say home and family and give both scant attention. Yet others say business and worship its profits. He is wise indeed who learns early in life what is most important, and the great majority solve the problem only in old age, when it is too late to utilize it.

There are many men in this life who stick till they get stuck. When they once get an idea fixed in their heads they cling to it with a stubbornness that is a virtue with them regardless of evidence that the idea is wrong. They will not adapt themselves to the new order of things, and the changed practices of living and doing business. They think the old way they have been doing things cannot be bettered. They refuse to learn from others. They remind me of that old jingle:

"Don't shoot," said Si, "it ain't no use;
It's Deacon Peleg's tame wild goose."
Said Ezra, "I don't care a cent,
I've sighted and I'll let her went."

The march of progress and invention is ever onward. Luxuries are all the time becoming necessities. Transformations are going on with great rapidity. In the period between 1920 and now we have learned how to heat our houses in the morning by winding our clocks at night letting the automatic oil or gas heater do the rest. We have learned how to maintain our own cold storage plants with either gas or electricity. Both of these things, which a short time ago were luxuries, are now necessities. These are but two incidents from a long list that might be continued indefinitely, and which are coming to the front almost daily. If this is true of the present, what of the future? Nobody believes that the wonderful progress recorded in the past ten years has anywhere reached its peak. Nobody is prepared to forecast with any degree of accuracy what the next ten years will bring forth. We are living in a wonderful, marvelous age.

"A PURPOSE"

"Live for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helpless vessel
Thou canst ne'er to life be true:
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have long been riding safely,
But they drifted with the tide.

—Robert Whittaker.

ABOLISH ALL COUNTY HOMES, URGES WELFARE DEPARTMENT

By Lisbeth Parrot in Charlotte Observer

The county home is a wasteful institution, and the aged pauper would be better and less expensively cared for in private homes with public aid, the Public Welfare Progress, official organ of the state board of charities and public welfare, declared in its special county home number just released.

It bears out the claim of Senator Dill of Washington, who, when he recently introduced a bill to authorize an appropriation of $10,000,000 annually to assist the states in providing old age pensions, said that the old age pension system now in operation in some states proved that the expense was no greater per capita than the poor house plan.

While the Progress does not advocate old age pensions for North Carolina, it does propose the abolition of the county home system and the substitution of old age allowances supervised by the county superintendent of public welfare. It declares that the county home is an expensive institution, costing the taxpayers far in excess of the returns it gives. According to the Progress, "the county home system is the most inefficiently conducted public business in the state, annually costing the counties half a million dollars. Around three millions are invested in county home property. From all this money we get appallingly meagre results."

It points out that the average per capita cost for maintaining a pauper in a county home is $21.91 per month or $262.95 per year. Then it finds that counting the interest on the investment in property, the counties are paying for the care of their poor at the rate of $346.12 per year "The poor could be maintained comfortably in homes of relatives or friends for a much smaller amount, if the expenditure of poor funds were properly supervised. The amount of money now spent for every old man and woman who is a charge of the county should buy the best of care, but it doesn't.

No Recreation

"There the aged are sent, to find no recreation, or books, religious services only occasionally, and few visitors. They are in truth exiled to die. Even at best htey have little medical care, practically no individual, and the "best" does not often previal. Frequently, the old and infirm are housed in shanties that are not fireproof, that have no waterworks, no electric lights, and inadequate heating facilities. A small grate fire is a poor comfort to old rheumatic bones!

"The food is often poor, sometimes being cooked by prisoners totally unskilled but loaned for the purpose. They may be diseased. Sanitary conditions are appalling in some of the county homes, though improvements have been made in others. One poor old inmate beseeched a visitor from the state board to 'git

a hammer and knock these teeth out.' for she was in great pain. Yet no effort had been made to take her to a dentist.

How Money is Wasted

"One of the worst evils is the fee system which sitll exists in some counties. The superintendent is paid no salary but is given the use of the farm and so much per head for the care of each inmate. The amount is usually small as the paupers are let out to the lowest bidder. He must make his small profit from the fees he is paid and from the farm. Under this system the aged poor are victims of gross neglect."

Yet in the 65 counties reporting to the state board, the value of the county home property is $2,784,713.52, and in addition these counties spent $440,185.25 for maintaining the homes. But last year their inmates numbered only 1,674.

There were 65 superintendents employed to look after the 1,674 aged and infirm. Their salaries ranged from $37.50 a month to $166.66. County home populations ranged from 1 to 118 inmates. Thirty-six homes had 20 or few inmates. The value of the county home property now being used to care for a single inmate is $10,000. The county commissioners have realized the wastefulness of this system and are now making an effort to dispose of the property.

One of the handicaps in the administration of poor relief is that frequently in those counties having a trained worker, the welfare officer is given no jurisdiction over the applications for admission to the county home. Often the county commissioners pass upon the cases and do not ask the superintendent of public welfare for an investigation or report.

The county home is the receptacle for our human misfits as well as our home for the aged poor, according to the Public Welfare Progress. There may be found the feeble-minded, insane, the criminal in many instances, the diseased, the epileptic, and the orphan child. Last year there were 159 children in county homes in North Carolina. A 12 year old girl, an orphan, was found in a county home a few weeks ago sleeping with on old woman nearly 80. A former carpenter 60, now prevented from working by a paralized arm and leg, recently married an epileptic woman inmate 43 years old so that her 16 year old son, who had been in the county home two years could leave. Somebody had to stay with the woman at night lest she should destroy herself during an epileptic fit! These are the companions of the unfortunate aged who must spend their closing years in the poor house.

Investigations will often show that a poor old man or woman could be better cared for in the home of a relative with a little assistance from the county. Often it will be found that there are relatives who are able to give their indigent kin a home, if they are reminded of their responsibility. One case proving this point was accidentally discovered by an agent of the state board. A blind woman of about 60 is now a miserable inmate of a county home in

eastern North Carolina. In the neighboring town her brother is a successful salesman, whose family consists of only a wife and daughter. The girl is a college graduate, now earning $100 a month as a school teacher.

Mrs. Waddill's System

Just how Mrs. W. B. Waddill, superintendent of public welfare, in Vance county, has effected a saving in public funds and an improvement in facilities to aid the poor of all ages is shown also in the Public Welfare Progress. Over a period of a few years she has reduced the number of inmates to five bedridden aged paupers. Relatives are caring for some of the former inmates without cost to the county, a few receiving a monthly check, averaging only $4.83 each, to meet the expenses of their care in the homes of relatives and friends.

The county home has been converted into a county hospital, subsidized by the Duke endowment. Only five of the former inmates remain, all of these being in need of hospital care. Constructive health work is being done which in the future will reduce the number of people who become county charges.

The hospital home which has replaced the Vance poor house serves the whole community. In 1928, a total of 3,315 days of care were given to 166 in-patients. This means that 166 indigent sick persons were provided for in the county institution. Out-patients who made 375 visits to the hospital for various sorts of treatment numbered 102. In addition the five bedridden aged poor were taken care of.

In a number of counties the size of Vance, $7,000 or more is spent merely for the maintenance of a county home. Yet the grand total cost of operating the Vance county institution in 1928 was only $7,220.03. The sources of this operating income are interesting: $4,800 was appropriated by the county, $700 by social and civic agencies, $150 by the town of Henderson, nad $2,508 by the Duke endowment. In addition to a cash balance left over from the year before, the hospital had a surplus of nearly $2,000 when the year closed.

The Public Welfare Progress makes definite recommendations as to how the situation may be remedied. 1—Substitute one or more trained social workers in every county. 2—Cut poor relief expenses thorough investigation of every case and the granting of allowances to the aged poor so that they may live with friends and relatives. 3—Substitute careful supervision of poor funds for the slovenly method of bundling every needy aged person off to the county home. 4—Provide hospital facilities and medical treatment for the indigent sick of all ages either in district hospital homes or in county hospital-homes. Care for the few aged sick who cannot be boarded out, in such an institution which will also administer to the whole community. 5—Place dependent children in boarding homes, foster homes or orphanages. Care for the mentally or physically ill in specialized institutions. 6—Seek to reduce the number of paupers in the future by vocational education, increased health facilities, and an all-around constructive social program.

RECALLS THE DAYS OF EMBALMED BEEF AND TYPHOID FEVER

(Exchange)

Thirty-two years ago this month the battleship Maine was blown up in Havanna harbor, and very soon thereafter this country was at war with Spain. Some few years ago the Monroe Journal published a rather poignant little story from a Monroe citizen who is a veteran of that war. The story recalls to mind so graphically the conditions in this country, and in the army where typhoid fever killed many more soldiers than Spanish bullets, that we herewith publish it in full. To a present-day health officer in North Carolina it will read like a story from some ancient and musty history. However, there are many of us who can remember only too well the conditions that existed in the civilian population in North Carolina just as well as obtained in the army

This man speaks from personal knowledge. He was a victim. The story has gone the round many times of a pompous major general of one of the camps walking up and tearing from a polluted well a notice from the medical department warning the soldiers not to drink the water from that particular well. This old incarnation of political authority, and ignorant of things outside of his particular technical training, proceeded to drink of the water and remark that all this medical palaver was foolishness. At the time hundreds of his soldiers were sick from typhoid fever, and many of them were dying every day. We have certainly traveled some distance since that day. Read the story that this soldier tells, and take heart that in some things the world is not as bad as it was thirty-two years ago.

"When Mr. John Holloway put on his uniform of a soldier of the Spanish-American War, people said, "Hello, Mr. Holloway, I didn't know you were a Boy Scout."

"That riled John, riled him to think that the war in which he had been a soldier and came very near losing his life, could be totally forgotten by the older people and wholly unknown to the young.

"But that is about the truth of it. And the government takes the same attitude, says Mr. Holloway. It does just about half as much for a veteran of the Spanish-American War as it does for one of the World War for exactly the same disability. And though it paid him only fifteen dollars and sixty cents for soldiering, it mustered him out without any compensation adjustment at all.

"Dewey captured the Spanish fleet in Manila bay on May first, 1898, and Schley smacked the Cevera fleet on July fourth. At that time the American soldiers, every last one of them volunteers, were being prepared to land in Cuba, but a lot of them never got there. They were already dead or dying of typhoid fever or starving on embalmed beef in the concentration camps. John Holloway was one who was laid up with typhoid fever and his leg was swollen

as big as his body when his regiment embarked for Cuba.

"There are a good many more Spanish-American War veterans around here and there and no doubt they feel about like John of the hardships of that war and the scant attention they now receive, especially as John says, since what they underwent caused the revolution that swept away the menace of embalmed beef, cheating contractors and such like and started the war against typhoid and made army camps at last free from such diseases."

THE LITTLE LAD

The people followed Christ one day,
  A long way from the town;
Till, tired and faint, He made them stay,
  And on the grass sit down;
And when there came a little lad,
  With loaves and fishes small.
And gave to Jesus what he had,
  Enough to feed them all.

For when the Master blest and break,
  The loaves grew large and fair;
The food was sweet for His dear sake
  To those who feasted there;
And as amid the crowd, the boy
  Beheld his gifts increase,
He had a new and deeper joy,
  In Christ's own smile of peace.

And when the thousands He had fed,
  Were going home again,
Twelve baskets full of fish and bread
  Were gathered on the plain;
And surely at his mother's side,
  That night the tale was told,
How Jesus blessed and multiplied
  His gifts, a thousandfold.

And still Christ takes the children's store
  Of loving thought and deed,
And uses them for evermore
  To help the great world's need;
And whoso makes the mourner glad,
  Or speaks one healing word,
Shall gather, like the little lad,
  A wonderful reward.

—"Church News" (Tasmania).

WEARING HIS YOKE

By E. C. Baird

I know two women, each of whom has experienced a great sorrow. Each has been called upon to surrender an only and well-beloved daughter. Each has stood with breaking, aching heart deside the beautiful, silent dust of departed love.

Yet they have met these dark events in widely different ways. One of them has taken her grief into a gloomy, solitary chamber of sorrow, and there nursed it into a terrible and fearful monster of blackness and despair. She emits melancholy even as a black chimney sends forth smoke. No one wants to be in her company, for, while she resents sympathy, she takes it ill if one comes into her presence with a semblance of joy.

The other woman fills her days with cheerful service for others. With quiet footsteps she walks among the poor and the distressed, and, as a white angel of mercy, dispenses kindness and good cheer to those who otherwise would be forced to live each day in mist and shadow.

Said she: "I cannot understand why my little girl was taken away from me. But, since she has gone, I am going to keep on believing that my Saviour understands all about it. I am persuaded that some day I also shall see clearly, where now I see through a glass darkly. In the meantime I intend to show my confidence in my Master by accepting as my little girl any one that I can help. Wherever I can minister, I labor as unto her, in the name of Jesus. In this I am following His footsteps. For did He not point to the poor and needy of earth, saying, 'Behold my mother and my brethren'? I am trying to do for the world what my heart so longed to do for my sweet child.

"I know that this is, by far, the better way. My days are not only full—and, therefore, all too short—but in my heart there is a great joy—a delightful satisfaction—that is the dearest possession of my life."

And let all the people say, "Amen!"

This woman is following the divine recipe for happiness. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," said Jesus, "and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me....and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

This woman, burdened with her great sorrow, came with a faith, tranquil and undisturbed, in response to this kind invitation. And, wearing the yoke of Jesus, she has received the promised boon. She has exchanged her burden for a task. And her experience has vindicated her faith.

"There are two kinds of pride—the one born of self-respect and a consciousness of worth; the other the outgrowth of vanity and a foolish regard for what 'they' will say."

"I would not reflect upon the tenant farmer as an individual. But no country can ever build a great rural civilization where the majority of its crops are produced by people who do not own the land on which they work.

"I have great faith in the agricultural leaders of today and believe that something concrete will come from the fermentation of spirit among farm people. There must something come from it.

"The farmer must make more money. Farming as a business in this state is not a profitable enterprise. We must blame this situation not on the rural citizen so much but rather as a general complaint against the leadership and intelligence of North Carolina.

"The tragedy of North Carolina is that it is annually sending out millions of dollars to other states in exchange for foodstuffs and essentials of life which it ought to raise in its own fields.

"I call upon the people of this community, upon the farmers of this state, to join hands with me to build a culture upon the country-side, a culture that comes from a better income and higher standards of living. And I pledge you that in-so-far as my power extends I will build a finer agricultural industry among the people of North Carolina, white and black."

—Governor O. Max Gardner.

LAWS FOR PROTECTION OF NATURAL RESOURCES INSPIRED, SAYS HOLMES

Conservation and Industry

Viewed from the loftiest motives, laws for the protection of wild life, forests, and streams, regulating their use for the permanent benefit and advancement of the whole people as seen by the wise and inspired leaders of this and other days are no less God's laws than those which are included between the covers of the Bible, State Forester J. S. Holmes asserted in a talk given recently by radio.

State Forester Holmes showed how, with the Hebrew people, all laws were God's laws, and there was no distinction between human and divine law. "The moral law or the law of Moses," he declared, "was just as much the law of God as the natural laws which governed 'the sun and moon which Thou has ordained.' "

Laws given by Moses, he continued, were largely social, what are called today civil and criminal, carrying physical penalties, but none the less of divine authorship.

"In the same way, but even more perfectly, the laws of nature are the laws of God, and nature is governed entirely by laws, most of which of course, we understand most imperfectly. The laws of gravity, electricity, magnetism, growth, heredity, hygiene, etc., are all constructive, and opposition to them is destructive.

"What are known as State Conservation laws are based on both natural and social laws. We are bound, however, to admit that some legislative enactments may have been born of selfish or other evil motives. If so, they will through their own enforcement be destroyed.

"The North Carolina Department of Conservation and Development is, through its several divisions, trying to enforce the fisheries laws, the game laws, and the forest laws of this State because the vast majority of our people feel that these laws are in harmony with the will of God.

"Those who violate the laws against the destruction of insect-eating and song birds, for instance; the killing of wild life during the breeding season; setting fire to the woods; or hindering those employed for their protection, are not only breaking the golden rule of doing to others as they would be done by, but they are fighting or working against law; namely, the way God has willed for the establishment of His Kingdom. Such law violators cannot succeed.

"Few people realize how often the conviction of a careless or intentional violator of game or forest fire laws converts a man from indifference or antagonism to hearty law observance. The whole effort of law enforcement coupled with education and information, is to transfer that wasted force from opposition efforts to support of the conservation laws.

"The man who hunts before the season opens or takes more game than the law allows usually does it without

any evil intent, but because he has not learned the reason for the law and so has not learned to respect it. A careful explanation or a resonable penalty not only makes him realize the value of the law, but gives the law a valuable ally.

"The farmer who burns a broomsedge field on a dry windy day or sets fire to brush piles so that the fire spreads to the woods and destroys his neighbor's young growth and timber is violating not only the State forest laws, but what is spoken of in the Bible as the law of kindness. When he is brought to realize this through reading, or through talking with the forest warden, or, failing this, through prosecution and conviction for carelessness with fire, he becomes forest-minded which puts him on the side of law observance.

"Sometimes a man can be won by allowing him to pay all the cost of extinguishing a forest fire instead of insisting on a prosecution and conviction. This is frequently done in firse offense cases when conditions seem to justify it. A man converted from opposition to observance of law makes the movement two men stronger.

Sports in reason are all right. In fact, they appear to be necessary for the best interests of schools and colleges, but there is danger of America's becoming a nation of gamblers and pleasure seekers. Charity and Children issues the following along this line: "The football season is over we are glad to say. In some sections of the country, notably in the east among the larger universities we are told that enthusiasm for the game is on the decrease, but in the West and South tremendous crowds are attending and enjoying the brutal sport. Great stadiums are being built that will hold thirty and forty thousand people and they are crowded with those who enjoy the sport though some attend to see the crowds. Many of our colleges attach more importance to their teams than they do to their classes and pay their captains more than they do their professors. We sincerely hope the craze will pass and our colleges and universities return to their senses and pay more attention to their classes than they do to their teams...The world has gone wild on the question of sport and relegated the more substantial and valuable things to the background. This is especially true of our colleges which for years have been putting first things last and which emphasize more the training of the foot than of the head. We hope the common sense of our institutions of learning will finally prevail."

—Marshville Home.

RECORD OF WOMEN TEACHERS IN AMERICA IS SUFFICIENT ANSWER FOR THEIR CRITICS

(Selected)

When Professor Rogers followed, what has since come to be known as the "snob speech" in which he advised collage graduates to be snobs, to marry the boss' daughter instead of the stenographer and all that sort of thing, with another caustically attacking women school teachers the storm that had been raging about his ears became a hurricane. The discussion, starting briskly in educational circles, has spread until interest is almost nation wide.

Well, what about the woman teacher anyhow?

There have always been two schools of thought regarding her, one holding that she is not competent to teach boys after they reach their teens and the other that, judged on her ability alone, she is as competent as any male teacher. This difference of opinion is not based on mental ability but rather upon sex limitations.. The school opposed to women teachers holds there are certain exclusive feminine characteristics that are always a serious handicap in the school room and which never can be overcome by either training or ability.

What Critics Say

Professor Rogers, for instance, alleges that women bow too much to authority, especially conventional or traditional authority, are too imitative and not sufficiently creative, too altruistic or idealistic and, in short, too willing to accept things as they are. Man, on the other hand, he hold is more curious about everything, more adventuresome, hence creative and aggressive and doing new things or old things in new ways. The latter characteristics he considers better to impart to boys. Women, in other words, will make boys too soft mentally and dull their creative impulses by making them afraid to do the unconventional or unpopular.

The school favoring women teachers characterizes all this as pure nonsense, arguing that women actually have no sex limitations that seriously handicap them in teaching and that when selected as carefully as individuals as are men teachers can do as good or better work. They admit they may have a softening influence but assert this to be beneficial, for boys will be hard enough naturally and need some of the refining a feminine influence can give them.

America Favors Women

England has always been rather opposed to women teachers. Their famous schools over there have been staffed by men almost exclusively and, until recently at least, the great majority of Englishmen have been man-educated. In this country thus far the grade schools have been given over almost entirely to women, men

teachers not appearing in any numbers until the high school has been reached. To be sure, of late more men are to be found in the grade schools, especially as principals of the larger ones. As a general thing, however, women have had charge of the training of children almost entirely up to high school and to a considerable extent even to college.

Hence it happens that in this country we have an especially good opportunity to judge the work of women teachers by the results attained, for they certainly have been a major factor in education for generations.

And what of the results of so much teaching by women in this country?

Well, there are plenty to be examined, for there is scarcely an outstanding man in public or private life who has not been in charge of a woman the greater part of his school life. In fact, many of them never went beyond the old-fashioned country schools where they learned their A B C 's and never had a man teacher at all. Certainly they were not softened nor did they lose any of their aggressiveness because of the feminine influence. Rather it can be assumed that their ambition was aroused, their ideals formulated for them and their inborn character, if not established at least benefitted by their teachers. Some of them, in fact, might have been better had more of the softening, feminine influence clung to them in after years.

At present, with such a large proportion of American youth going to college and coming in more frequent contact with men teachers both there and in the grade and high schools, problems of parents in the proper training of their children for useful lives are greater than ever before, judging by the appeals that come from them for guidance. Certainly pupils of the old-fashioned women teachers never caused much more worry than do the pupils of the modern men teachers. Youth, to be sure, has always been a problem but either more so at present than ever before or parents less capable of grappling with them.

Perhaps the well-nigh revolutionary changes that have been wrought by modern life would have been too much for the old-fashioned woman teacher, but she certainly never backed away from any of her day and generation and along with the parents of her time built character that may well be taken as a model even now. They had failures then, of course, but the best of their work, both in quantity and quality, is considerable of a stint for present generations.

Problems for Critics

Critics of women teachers must account somehow for the fact that the great majority of the American soldiers in the World War were women trained in school. Certainly they showed no lack of virility, aggressiveness or punch. They did show something of the softening feminine influence but in the most admirable way. As fighters they certainly were he-men enough for any man teacher to be proud of. Probably some of their gentleness in contacts outside war can be attributed to their women teachers but who would have had that lacking? Women teachers, in fact, can lay claim for a considerable share

of credit for early training that produced the finest soldier the world has yet seen.

And how much has the creative ability of American boys been retarded by women teachers? Certainly not in invention of machinery, new methods and finally an entirely new economic system that is making a great nation the most prosperous the world has ever seen and the common lot of the masses better than has ever before been dreamed even by the Socialists. If there is one characteristic more than any other that marks America it is a practical creative ability. Most of the men who have made America famous for this got all their formal schooling in the little country school houses presided over by women teachers. Certainly their creative faculties were not dulled but rather inspired and developed even in the short time they were in school.

In creative art America is not so distinguished but to be fair should be given time. We have been too busy pioneering, devising, developing, inventing and progressing toward easier living to devote much time to anything but the practical. Art will come in due season and already is showing promise of great future development. Men who have made fortunes in practical ways are laying the foundation for a real American art later by gathering here the great masterpieces their millions can buy and encouraging young people to make finer creative work their career.

There is no rougher game requiring more mental or physical stamina than American football and yet the boys the coaches first get for that are mostly woman trained. High school coaches have never complained of the feminine influence on their charges as they receive them from the soft, timid hands of the grade school teachers. They find in them the courage, the faithfulness and the loyalty that make for the best of team work in play and real life. They can make teams out of these women taught boys just as later employers can make crews out of them and from them come the captains and the bosses who can properly control and direct the teams and the crews.

What Makes Good Teaching

As a matter of plain fact, isn't teaching ability a question of individual personality regardless of sex? Aren't there men teachers who exert far more of an undersirable feminine influence than women teachers on the average? Can't a woman be just as virile, aggressive and hard mentally as a man? The best of women teachers have much of the most admired masculine temperament and what of the feminine remains is also the most admirable and actually a good influence. Not every woman can become an excellent teacher and, by the same token, neither can every man. Teaching is a knack, a gift, or whatever you may care to call it, just as is every other profession and women are as liable to have that special qualification as are men.

Teachers should be picked entirely on their individual fitness, regardless of sex, class or other arbitrary classification. Then women will have no difficulty in holding their own with men. To say that all women teachers are not capable because some of them

are inefficient is as unfair as to apply the same reasoning to men. Excellent women teachers will not impress their sex unduly on youth and the best of them will make their sex an advantage instead of a handicap.

The old-fashioned woman teacher has done too much in shaping character that has made this country great to be suddenly depreciated by some smart, modern college professor.

FALLEN WORDS

By Mary O. Pollard, in Girl's World

Words, like people, belong to social castes, and like people may lose caste and sink in the scale. Such a word is "idiot." The Greek word from which it is derived means "a private person," not an office-holder. Among the Greeks there were many public offices, one jury sometimes numbering as many as three thousand, and it was thoroughly esteemed a citizen's duty to take some part in public affiars. Therefore, when a man held no office it was concluded that he did not know enough to hold one. So to be a private citizen, not an office-holder, came to mean the lack of ability or brains, a foolish man.

"Imp" also has gone the downward path. It used to be a word in good repute. Spencer speaks of the Muses as "the imps that dwelt on Parnassus," and a still earlier writer speaks of Christ as the "blessed imp." As time went on the word changed from meaning simply "a young person" and came to its present meaning.

"Silly" once had a good meaning being synonymous with "blessed" or "happy." The first change made the word mean "innocent"; then it came to mean "harmless," and last of all, its present meaning of "weakly foolish." It looks as though in the minds of people in general, there must have been the thought that an innocent person or one blessed would not be able to take care of himself, and would therefore become easily the prey of anyone who might care to take advantage of him.

"Dunce" was once an honorable word, and meant a follower of John Duns, Scotus, one of the greatest of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages. As the revival of learning came, the schoolmen fell into disrepute because their writings were not put into Latin, and therefore when one quoted Duns Scotus as an authority, his enemies would scoff at him with, "Oh, you are a Duns man," or a "Duns," and the word fell from its high estate.

"Making a life is of more importance than making a living."

THE PERSECUTION IN RUSSIA

By Dr. J. H. Rushbrooke

Every Christian must needs be stirred to the depths by the widespread persecution in Russia. Let there be no mistake regarding its purpose, which is nothing less than the extermination of religion. I offer two facts in proof of this:

In every first sentence of a book by a communist, entitled "The Baptist Movement and Its Political Significance," printed this year by the Government Press in Moscow, the writer avows as one of the tasks of his party "the irreconcilable fight against belief in God, against superstitition, prejudice, against religious cults of every kind.

The Russian government, it must always be remembered, is controlled by the Russian communist party, which is avowedly and unanimously atheistic. The difference within the party on religion are concerned only with the methods of fighting it—with questions of times and seasons, of forms and degrees of pressure. Religious liberty as understood in modern civilization is simply non existent.

With such declarations as I have read, can you be surprised at the happenings of today? I leave aside all that took place years ago in the confusion of revolutionary change. The Soviet government has now lasted twelve years. The legislation of the present year is the most oppressive yet adopted; and the administrative repression is more general and consistent than ever before. Every day brings us news of Mennonites fleeing from a country in which they cannot live as worshippers of God. The saddest stories reach me—not directly from the sufferers, for those who suffer most cannot write, but from thoroughly trustworthy sources. Arbitrary taxation is laid on ministers and officers of churches. When they cannot pay their goods are seized. To their protests that the demands are impossible the answer comes, "Lay down your office, renounce God, and the claim will be cancelled." Some have doubtless yielded to such pressure, but heroic endurance is the rule. One hears of a village pastor bereft of everything and broken in health; of another lying four months in prison; of a third compelled to forsake family and church and to flee for his life. These are but casual examples of what is actually going on. Heavy fines are imposed, and the failure to pay is followed by the seizure of everything —I speak of definite and recent cases. There is nothing against these people except their belief in God. Apart from the oppression of individual the seizure of churches and meeting houses goes on continuously. One, a new church in Siberia, costing 10,000 rubles, was scarcely completed when it was seized. Christian papers are being stopped. The monthly organ of the Baptist in Russia has just ceased publication. Banishments and imprisonments are frequent, and the victims are the leaders of the churches. The organized religious instruction of children is forbidden. There is

not, and cannot be, a Christian Sunday school in all Russia.

Now this is a great human issue on which I dare not be silent. Frankly, I speak as one who has steadily favored, and still supports, close relations with Russia—though let me add that in view of what has happened I fully understand and appreciate the conscientious position of those who take another view. The maintenaance of political approval of the acts or attitude of a government, and it cannot be too clearly stated that if relations with Russia are to be really cordial there must be a definite change in the attitude of the Soviet government. Religious persecution shocks the conscience of the world.

THE FORCE OF MORAL GRAVITY

(East and West)

"I will lift mine eyes unto the hills," said the old psalmist. He believed that heaven and God were above him. A scientist today may smile at or even ridicule the idea, and point out the fact that what is up to us is down at the antipoles, and that there are no such things as high or low in the universe He might, however, go on to say that gravitation itself works in different directions on opposte sides of the earth, and laugh at it also. There is something in human nature, call it habit or intuition or what you may, which associates goodness with eminence. The earth may not be vile but the flowers lift themselves above it. Our feet necessarily sometimes touch the grime and mud, we strive to keep our faces clean. "I have no evil thoughts when I am climbing a mountain," remarks a Swiss guide. Physical nerve and dexterity are required for mountain climbing, it also confers moral strength and aspiration.

Men build houses on the hills rather than in the valleys, and it has been scientifically demonstrated that the hills are warmer. The farmer in the north whose fields are exposed to summer frosts knows that it is the low flat lands which suffer most. It is not without reason that the moralist and the poet speak of "the low desire, the base design." If we seek for moral vigor, for spiritual warmth and life, we cultivate our higher natures, we aspire after a God who is above us. The old motto, "Look up, lift up," is both good science anl good philosophy.

Pierce through the Time-element, glance into the Eternal—know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished or are perishable; that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, is even now and forever.—Carlyle.

"THE LITTLE PIG SAID, WEE, WEE, WEE"

By Daisy D. Stephenson

Mother had just tucked Baby Buddy away for a nap after his bath, and Mary Lou had counted his rosy toes. Now she danced about, chanting the old, old nonsense that has been told to babies' pink toes since the time old Mother Goose told it to her youngest gosling:

"This little pig went to market,
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef,
This little pig had none.
This little pig said, 'Wee, wee, wee!
I can't find my way home!' "

Out of the kitchen door down the path skipped Mary Lou with a pail of potato parings, over the puddles left by the fast-melting snow. Oh, but the sun felt nice and warm! And oh, but it was fun to be out of doors after so much snowy shut-inness!

Little Red Calf went hop-skippety-jump across the barnyard when he saw Mary Lou, and the only way he knew how to say "Hello" was a funny "Ma-a-a!"

Father was washing the fliver truck and whistling. He and mother were going to town, and Mary Lou expected a pink lollypop and new tan shoes when they came home. She reminded father, and declared: "If they don't squeak, you'll have to take them back."

"Upon my word!" twinkled father. "Whoever heard of a girl wanting a pink lollypop that would squeak!"

Mary Lou wiggled and giggled over this and skipped on with her pail of potato parings.

"Wee, wee, wee!" came the shrill squeak of her own little fat pig in his pen. He was not politely wishing her good morning. Not at all. If pigs were polite—well, they wouldn't be pigs.

"What have you brought me to eat?" That is what Weeny Pig called to the little girl who fed him, rubbed his pink back and laughed at his quirly tail.

Weeny gobbled the potato parings, but he wasn't satisfied. When Mary Lou was bending over to rub him and not thinking, that greedy piglet made a grab for the red apple in her hand. Gobble-ob! That was the end of the apple—core, seeds and all.

Mary Lou just laughed. Then she filled up the new hole Weeny had been rooting at all morning with his pink nose. He didn't care if he was all dirty, goodness, no! If he had cared about being dirty—well, he wouldn't have been a pig. Weeny was always digging a hole so he could get out and make a nuisance of himself, and maybe see more of the world. And Mary Lou was always filling the holes up.

Sister Lucy called to Mary Lou to come and have her dinner after awhile. Mother and father would be gone all day, but Sister Lucy was so big and so smart she could iron and sew and take care of the baby, easy as anything. But she didn't always keep an eye on Mary Lou, as you shall

see.

"My, but it's thawing fast!" cried Sister Lucy once when she went across to the spring-house for butter and cream. "The roads are like rivers. You must put on your boots, Mary Lou, before you play out or gather the eggs."

Well, that was all right. Mary Lou loved her little rubber boots. But when she went sloshing and sploshing toward the chicken yard she heard the wildest squealing. She looked past the barn and oh, how she ran! She squealed herself, for little rivers of muddy water were trickling down the slope straight to the pig pen.

Poor Weeny was up to his roly-poly tummy in cold, yellow water, and wasn't he a scared little piglet! Mary Lou sloshed right into the pen and gathered the little squealer up in her arms.

"Oh, poor Weeny! Mary Lou will take you where it's warm and dry. Don't cry, Weeny!"

For once Weeny minded. He didn't let out a single cross "wee, wee" and Mary Lou was sure his teeth chattered as she started sqush-mush toward the barn with him. Then she had a better idea.

Lucy might not like it, but Mary Lou would explain. She poked her head into the kitchen, puffing. Whir-r-r! That was Sister Lucy sewing upstairs. That made it easy. Mary Lou hunted up that old, faded blanket of Buddy's, and wrapped Weeny in it like a mummy. Then she placed him on a saggy old sofa in the corner where it was sort of warm and sort of dark.

"Coo-oo!" Goody! That was her friend Martha from down the road, and she had come in rubber boots, so they had the jolliest time splashing in the puddles and making believe they were at the seashore. They stared with round eyes when a shiny new car stopped under the cottonwoods.

"Why, it's the new preacher!" gasped Marhta. "What'll we do?"

"Just tell him mother's gone, and he'll prob'ly leave his card and go ahead." Mary Lou gave her shrinking courage a hitch and ran to greet the dignified visitor. But he was not inclined to leave his card and go. He wanted to speak to Sister Lucy. Something about having her take charge of the primary class he explained to Mary Lou as she piloted him inside. Not even in the best front room would he stop, but made a bee-line for the kitchen. Sister Lucy was there feeding the baby. The caller was in no hurry, and pleasantly said he would sit down a few minutes.

"Do," invited Lucy hospitably. "I'll get you some milk and fresh gingerbread." Mary Lou and Martha, preparing for flight, wavered. Gingerbread. The preacher was just sitting down on the comfy old sofa. —Then everybody jumped at once. There was the most awful squealing. Up hopped the visitor, and out on the floor rolled an indignant, disturbed little piglet.

Oh, you should have seen Sister Lucy's face! Mary Lou explained fast and scared, and darted after Weeny, who capered round and round the kitchen squealing: "Wee, wee, wee! I can't find my way home!"

Then that dignified preacher just laughed and laughed till he had to take off his tortoise shells and wipe his eyes. And Sister Lucy was so re-

lieved she began to laugh, and that made Baby Buddy crow, and everybody had the most fun!

After Weeny was shut in the barn where he belonged, Mary Lou came back and joined the gingerbread party, and by the time the preacher left they were so well acquainted that Mary Lou told him the joke about the pink lollypop that must squeak.

WHEN MISS JENNY WRENN LEADS THE CHOIR

By Rev. J. M. Rowland

I have always loved birds and have given what time I could toward studying them since I was a lad. In my house by the side of the road as often as I am able I sit and listen to their songs and watch them in their antics. There is good bird sentiment in the neighborhood, and we have encouraged birds to abide with us. We have put up houses of different designs and fed and watered the little singers. These efforts have been successful to the extent that on our lot of eighty by two hundred and fifty feet in Ginter Park, Richmond, we had in the season of 1929 the following birds to nest and raise their interesting families: Robin redbreast raised two families in the same nest in the front porch, while down by the front steps a catbird had a family in an evergreen. In the backyard four Jenny Wrens had apartments in different places. One nested in a gourd, one in a hollow log nest and two in wooden bungalows. Here, also, another catbird, and a cardinal, and mockingbirds, and two blue-bird families, and two thrush families, carried on their domestic activities.

There were, perhaps, others on the place, but we found these and became familiar with them during the summer. Humming-birds were in evidence, but we were never able to locate the homes of these little beauties. All of the above-mentioned songsters made the summer happy and they also destroyed thousands of hurtful insects.

Of all my bird neighbors, however, I am partial to Jenny Wrenn. She is such a dainty little lady and has so much pep and style. She is a good housekeeper and looks well after her children. It is interesting to watch her about her household duties and count the number of bugs and worms she brings to the table in an hour. And the most interesting thing about it is, she sings while she works. Early in the morning before the town is awake, Jenny Wrenn is singing her sweet songs and bringing to those hungry mouths choice bugs and worms. It takes much work for her and her husband to satisfy those mouths and there is little time for play, while the kids are growing. But all the time the Wrenns are working they are

singing. She seems really to know which mouth got the last worm and she is careful to make them go round.

I discovered some time ago a peculiar trick Mrs. Wrenn has about selecting her house. If you build several houses close together, she and Mr. Wrenn will inspect all of them and carry some straw into each one as if they intended to occupy all of the houses you have built. She is doing this to fool the other birds and keep them from taking a lease on the other cottages, because the wrens do not like to be crowded too much with neighbors, and they know there is a code among birds that if anything has been put in a bird-house it is a sign the house has been rented and no other bird will bother it. When the wrens put this trick over on me I just watched the house they had decided to use and then I cleared the others as fast as they put goods in them. They soon got so busy at home they stopped bothering the other houses and the bluebirds rented one of them in a day or two.

As I worked in the garden and among the flowers, the wrens became very gentle and worked on with their family responsibilities as if my presence did not disturb them. They seemed to understand they were my friends and I was a neighbor they could trust.

Some of my friends have said they would not want so many birds around to eat up the berries and fruits. They destroy some of them, and, at times, Mrs. Catbird will quarrel, because I want some of my own cherries. But all that they take is small matter compared to the music they make. I cannot expect to have such music without paying for it. Churches have to pay for choirs and we pay a big price when we go to the operas. The music of Jenny Wren and her friends is finer than any music made in Richmond, and if they want to dine in my garden after the musical is over, they are welcome to all that is there. They ate the bugs and worms that would have eaten up everything, and if I can get more song birds I will have more in the garden for the house and for the birds.

If you do not love birds you are missing much in life. Teach the children to love the song birds and care for them.. Get bird books and learn the different kinds of these sweet singers. Do you know what wonderful music warble that rolls on like melted silver, when Mrs. Brown Thrush sings in a cool place on a hot day? Do you know the heartening thrill of the Cardinal? Do you recognize the golden harp of Jenny Wren? Have you any bird houses for these feathered friends? If not, get busy for the next season and during the winter and see that they have some food to last them until the worms and the bugs come to spend he summer with us again.

To know the birds saves you from much worry and keeps your heart younger. You contend better with the human beings who pester you, if you give some time to the music of God's birds. What a dreary world this would be without the song birds and especially without Jenny Wren.

INSTITUTION NOTES

After spending the usual two weeks in the Receiving Cottage, eighteen boys were sent out to the other cottages last Friday.

Two of our old boys, Mack Henderson and Herbert Apple, visited the institution last week.

The Receiving Cottage boys, under the supervision of Mr. T. V. Talbert, have been cleaning up the barns for the past few days.

For several days past the barn boys have been hauling gravel from our pit to the county road, leading over the railroad, a short distance from the school. This is very good gravel and will greatly improve this road.

We have had less trouble with the boys' shoes during the winter months than ever before. This is due to the fact that the shoes supplied last Fall were of much better grade than the ones previously issued.

In passing the dairy barn the other day we noticed one of our best cows, "Ramona," by name and her twin calves. These calves are about ten days old and seem to be getting along very nicely.

We were glad to hear the voice of our young friend, Charles Groover, over the radio last Friday night. He is now attending Mt. Berry College, near Rome, Ga., and is a member of the school's double quartet, which put on an interesting program over station W S B, Atlanta Ga. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Groover, were formerly members of our staff, and his friends here were pleased to learn of the progress he is making along musical lines, as well as his other studies, for we noticed his name on the honor roll in last month's issue of the Mt. Berry School News.

These warm days are bringing out the baseball tossers. We notice a number of both boys and officers "warming up" almost daily, and hope to put a pretty good team on the field when the umpire says "Play ball!"

Our poultryman and the boys on his force are being kept pretty busy now taking care of the baby chicks. We are also receiving lots of eggs. Nine hundred were delivered to the cottages and served to the boys last Sunday morning and on Tuesday eight hundred more were distributed.

The following new boys were received this week: Norman Watkins, Raleigh; Charles Hunt, Montgomery County; Lawrence Young, Raleigh; Grady Kennedy and James Chapman, Buncombe County; Ruby Marshburn, Onslow County; Frank Horton, Gaston County; Dobbin Hinton, Johnson County; and Robert Blackman, Charlotte. These boys were placed in the Receiving Cottage, where they will remain for two weeks, before going to the other cottages.

Last Fall the school officials de-

cided to try a new method of curing sweet potatoes, as the heating system that had been in use for several years was unsatisfactory and resulted in the loss of a large quantity of potatoes. A new electric heating system was installed which proved a great success, as we still have plenty of potatoes. There was no loss as in former years and these potatoes have a better flavor than ever before. Our supply of Irish potatoes is also holding out pretty well

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Dr. L. A. Thomas, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He made an excellent talk on the "Tree of Life," which all present enjoyed. This was Dr. Thomas' last regular appearance at the school as he has accepted a call to Winchester, Va., and with his family, will soon move to that city. During his pastorate of seven and a half years in Concord, he has always been a welcome visitor to the school, and in addition to taking his regular turn here, he has never failed to answer an emergency call. On several occasions when the minister who was scheduled to visit us failed to make his appearance, Dr. Thomas gladly took his place. While we regret to part with him, we tender herewith our best wishes for success in his new field and trust that he may come back and visit us occasionally.

ANOTHER PRISON FARM

So rapidly is North Carolina's prison population growing that it is now proposed to purchase another prison farm of 9,000 acres in Craven County to take care of the surplus labor in the Central Prison and at Caledonia prison farm and Cary prison farm.

More than 150 new convicts have been admitted to the State prison in North Carolina during the present month. The high month previously was August of 1929, with 132 admissions. There are 2,339 convicts in state prison at the present time as compared with 1968 on the same date last year.

During 1928 the State prison showed a profit of $104,000. Its deficit for 1929 is more than $150,000. At the new prison farm it is proposed to grow truck, feed stuff and livestock exclusively and to operate a canning plant and a meat-curing establishment.

The Legislature in 1927 authorized the appropriation of $400,000 for the purchase of an additional prison farm but the appropriation will become available only if sanctioned by the Governor and Council of State.

Growth in prison population is one kind of growth in which no State can take a pride. But this problem of what to do with the multiplying convicts is not one that is peculiar to North Carolina.—Asheville Citizen.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 1, 1930 No. 6

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THE GRUMBLER

When a grumbler a-grumbling has grumbled his grum,
It is wise for the rest of folks all to keep mum:
For just as a snowball that's rolled in the snow
Will larger and larger soon rapidly grow,
A grumble that's grumbled grows greater; and so
When a grumbler's a-grumbling, best never come near,
For a grumbler's a failure with no one to hear.

—Ellen Manly, in St. Nicholas.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

DON'T QUIT

"When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high
And when you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

"Life is queer with its twist and turns
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out;
Don't give up though the pace seems slow—
You may succeed with another blow.

"Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man,
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup.
And he learned too late, when the night slipped down,
How close he was to the golden crown.

"Success is failure turned inside out—
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt.
And you can never tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit—
It's when things seems worst that you mustn't quit."

—Hints and Helps.

SAVE WITH AN OBJECT IN VIEW

When the American people save they save with a definite object in view—usually a definite expenditure. They don't save money merely as money, but for the purpose of buying something that will pay them a return, either financially or in better living conditions.

That accounts for the wonderful success and rapid growth of deferred payment plans of all kinds, whether applied to houses, automobiles, radios or any of the hundreds of other objects which may now be purchased. There are reputable stocks, bonds, and other investments which can be purchased for a certain initial payment, and the balance distributed over a period of monthly installments.

The number of people making investments in accordance with the installment plan is tremendous. The number who would save, merely for the sake of saving, if no investment were involved, is much less. Probably the percentage would be low. American people don't save, as a whole; they buy.

The total number of individual stockholders in the United States today runs up to somewhere between fifteen and twenty millions. Labor and capital are becoming so intermingled and entangled with each other that it is growing increasingly difficult to distinguish between them.

All this is due to the American habit of saving by buying. No other country in the world has this habit developed in anything like the same degreee that we have here. In all other countries saving means little more than hording, whether under the mattress or in a bank.

Is this the main reason or just a contributory reason why the average American is today so much better off in his possessions, surroundings and living conditions than the resident of any other nation?

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

PRAISES IN PLAY

Children, bless their sweet little hearts, in their innocent and wholesome plays, very often praise their Creator with less reserve and more honestly and heartily than many a devout sectarian with bowed head and formal phrasing. Joy, and song and laughter ever bubbles from gladsome hearts. The sun kisses and renews naked bodies. The play of lithe muscles challenges to the competitive tests of games and sports. Tired bodies at night slip confidently into the arms of Infinity to rest for another day of wholesome activity.

Watching lads playing in the woods in Spring-time, listen to the songs of birds, which seem to be more vocal at this season, one cannot but recall that charming incident told in the "Little Flowers of St. Francis," where he would stop and preach to the birds and because they seemed to give him close attention, he "devoutly praised the Creator in them." Yea, reader, the Creator is in the birds, in the lads at play, in the waters that invite to swimming, in the trees that give shelter, in the blue sky above, in everything everywhere—with the possible exception of the adult heart that can see nothing but "pagan influence" in wholesome facilities for the natural development of growing bodies and budding minds.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

WOULD GAG THE PRESS

A srange and unusual story comes from Wisconsin, a State whose name ends with the syllable of sin, while other States have sin in them but not spelled out. A weekly paper, in a large city of "The Badger State," began a campaign for the reduction in street car fares. The power company applied to the court for an injunction to forbid him publishing articles of an "inflammatory character."

The judge before whom the injunction came refused to grant the order on the ground that the facts in the case did not warrant such drastic action. Whereupon the power compay appealed to the supreme court of that State. What the outcome will be no one knows at this writing.

The average citizen concerns himself very little about the "Freedom of the Press." This being the case the Wisconsin legislature slipped through the "gag" law which can silence a newspaper's criticism without even the right of jury trial.

Milwaukee residents are awakening to the fact that the press is the greatest defender they have of their liberties, but the awakening is a little late. The Press in that State has already been gagged.

Complete freedom for the Press means more for the common people than it does for anyone else, even the publishers. When this is realized throughout the country, perhaps the voters of the land will be more zealous in guarding their mouthpieces.

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A BOOK AND A MAN

Dean Wicks, of the Princeton University Chapel, in a recent sermon to the

students of that institution, on the "A B C of the Bible," (as the news reports said) "This Book should be treated entirely as a piece of ancient literature, telling the story of the development of religion from its most primitive stage to the high plane of the Christian era. The Old Testament especially is devoted almost entirely to stories of this development."

So far as could be gleaned from the press news story of this sermon the Dean said nothing about the literary characteristics of the Bible—its master-pieces of narrative, poetry, wisdom, drama and history. "Just a book" he calls it, which is rather a flippant characterization of what is justly regarded as one of the greatest books ever written. The Dean seems to regard it as almost negligible.

We were informed that the Old Testament is but a record of various people's opinions of Jesus Christ, all colored by the minds of the writers. Doesn't it seem strange that this Dean, if he is correctly reported, should leave out the words of Christ entirely as not worthy of consideration? He might have mentioned the Sermon on the Mount, at least. The Dean's ideas are not yet the opinion of the masses of believers. But we need not worry over his expressions.

"Something drastic needs to be done about Christianity," he says. If that be so, he does not do it, unless he considers his sermon such. Addressing an audience of young people, an impartial critic might well wonder why he did not call attention to the teaching of Christ—that is, if he wanted to inspire the young people to better lives. We see nothing better than Christ held up to them to take His place, unless the Dean himself is the One.

But soon Dean Wicks will burn very low, having used up all of his oil of joy and gladness obtained from the Book of Books.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

STANDARDIZATION

The tendencies of the present time is to standardization. There is much danger in this course. Standardization of education is already becoming evident in the standardization of individuals. We are showing indications of beginning to think alike, act alike, dress alike.

We are dumped into a school system as hard and unyielding as concrete, where individuality of any kind is frowned on, and are turned out like so many bricks from a hopper. If we go on to higher institutions of learning, and most every one does today, we come out the same bricks, with our sides

polished up a bit. We can anyone of us fit the same hole in a brick wall.

We are not trained to do anything out of the ordinary, to do anything for ourselves that is different from what everybdoy else is doing. If a needed change becomes obvious, we yell for a government bureau to be established for the purpose of making it.

That is probably one cause of the modern war between promoters and established financial circles. The banker and broker do things according to established rules and are suspicious of anything that fails to conform line for line with these rules.

The promoter does what is necessary. When a railroad was needed to cross the continent, he built it. When he discovers ore he sinks a mine, and when he discovers oil he drills a well.

Standardization of people has nothing to do with progress, however good it may be for automobiles. The standardized mind has never yet accomplished a thing outside the regular routine. There is no reason to believe that it ever will.

OPPORTUNITY

Seek not for fresher founts afar,
Just drop your bucket where you are;
And while the ship right onward leaps,
Uplift it from exhaustless deeps.

Parch not your life with dry despair,
The stream of hope flows everywhere;
So under every sky and star,
Just drop your bucket where you are.

—Sam Walter Foss.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

A writer tells the world that anything that happens is interesting. And oft times it is very disconcerting.

—o—

The Northwest has started a campaign to raise more flax. This makes me wonder what kind of booze does flax make.

—o—

When you meet a man who thinks he knows more than you do—you have met an egotist.

—o—

So many women all over the country are dyeing to look young; and painting to look pleasing.

—o—

When a man is all upset and does not know what is the matter with himself there are two places he will most assuredly find out what is the matter with him. Those places are a doctor's office and home.

—o—

A Kansas City newspaper carries an advertisement headed, "Wanted—a married man to take orders." It ought not be a difficult matter to get one without advertising. The country is full of such men who take orders.

—o—

Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were in Durham a short time ago in the play, "The Taming of the Shrew," which by the way was well rendered and suited Doug's characteristics, but Mary was too gentle for a shrew. The presentation of the play reminded me that on a former occasion when this drama came to Durham years before, I wrote a notice of it for my paper. Imagine my chagrin when the printer had made it appear in the paper, "The Training of a Shoe." That was good cause for using the shoe in a kick.

—o—

Over in London a short time ago a suspect was searched and the following articles were found attached to his underclothing: fish-hooks, scissors, knife, spoons, keys, shoehorn, razor blades, coat hanger, inkstand and several other things. He was certainly in for keeping himself warm this winter, and must have given his underclothing the usual winter weight.

—o—

Somebody is always taking the clothes off of something. Brookhart has been "baring" gin. Stimson "bares" the London situation. Norris "bears" the brunt of the enforcement investigation, and so on. There is much poverty of words among the newspaper headline writers.

—o—

One thousand and twenty-eight divorces in Chicago in January was a plenty. This brings to mind that a lady from my town recently in New York was told that the separation of married people in that city was getting to be scandalous.

—o—

There is nothing, apparently, that men authorized to levy taxes, from congress down, will not tax. Income, capital, profits of business, and everything men strive to possess. Of all these things no tax is so discouraging

and dismaying as the heavy ones on estates. Nor is there any one of them that imposes so many difficulties by its exactions. If there is anything a man holds precious it is what he leaves for the comfort of his family when he dies. To have this rifled by the tax-spenders is the most offensive of all tax levies. Men whose incomes are taxed rejoice when the rates are lowered, but I dare say a lowering of inheritance taxes or their abolishment would give more joy to the men who have accumulated something to leave to those he loves, would give more joy to men than any other change that could be made in federal and state laws.

—o—

A good story comes from over at Buie's Creek. Little May aged five driving through the country with her father, for the first time saw cat-tails growing along the road in a swamp they were passing. "Oh, daddy," she cried, shaking her father's hand in her excitement, "look at the hot-dog garden."

Great Caesar's ghost, or Caesar's great ghost, which ever way you want to take it, with all this danger of tuberculosis from rabbits, hydrophobia from dogs, psittacosis from parrots, and something else from canaries, it would seem to be the safest plan to stick to gold fish for pets.

—o—

Happiness comes from within. It is not something that can be bought or picked up at a bargain counter. Neither can you reach the goal of that estate by trampling over other peoples rights and privileges. Neither can you attain it through selfishness. It is a common mistake to make an effort to be happy and then trust to luck to be good.

—o—

Automatic toasters eliminate burned toast, perculators make fool-proof coffee, and egg-boilers have learned self-control, but breakfast isn't safe yet because there's no device to stop a wife from saying, "Write me a check before you go."

CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS

Teach the child to address or to answer questions in a way that shows respectful consideration for others, especially his elders.

Make the child come to you and speak, not shout from a distance.

Should he attempt to shout to you without good reason, ask half-reprovingly: "Who has hurt you?" "Who is threatening you?" so that he may realize the impropriety of his conduct.

Make the child offer his chair to an older person standing; knock before entering a room; answering the question, "Who is there?" by giving his name, not saying "Me." From such little things spring good habits which finally develop into virtues. Habits can be taught to a child; morals cannot.—Exchange.

SHE'S OUR BIGGEST WOMAN FARMER

(Reidsville Review)

The slump after the World War which put many farmers out of busi-
place, in fact she had no other ob-
ers, made Charlotte F. Worley, of Boxbutte county in northwestern Nebraska the largest farmer in the United States.

That was not her gold in the first place, in fact she had no othtr objective than to save her farm on which her mother had eked out a bare existence for herself and three children. The mother had homesteaded 1,500 acres of grazing land in 1900 and added 500 acres more during the war when prices went up. But with the end of the war prices dropped and when the mortgage came due it could not be met. Foreclosure seemed certain.

It was then that the daughter gave up her teaching career in which she had been engaged 15 years, and went back to the old home farm. She was a graduate of the state university and held three degrees, one of them from the law school. General Pershing had been one of her instructors and Governor Weaver was a classmate.

The first thing she did after getting home was to talk things over the banker who held the dreaded mortage. She got an extension of time. Not only that but she raised some additional capital, bought 1,000 acres more land and announced a change from cattle and hay to small grains and potatoes on more than a third of her acreage. Such a change was revolutionary in that "cow country" at that time. The neighbors sniffed and her hankers were skeptical.

How well her idea "panned out" is demonstated by her last year's record. She owns and farms 3,100 acres now, only 300 acres of which is in pasture. Her income fir 1929 was close to $125,000. Her main money crop is seed potatoes for which that part of Nebraska has become famous. Thousands of bushels of potatoes grown on the Worley farm are shipped to Southern states for seed at prices far above the market for food potatoes. Other crops are wheat, flax, oats, barley, corn, and alfalfa.

When all accounts for 1929 were balanced Miss Worley found her year's profits would wipe out the final mortgage on her 3,100 acres. To celebrate this event properly she is planning to buy another 1,200 acres, giving her a 4,300-acre farm.

During the busy season 45 men are employed on the farm and they are under direct orders of Miss Worley who is on the job from early morning until late at night. Often she "makes a hand" herself, milking, feeding hogs, sorting potatoes or whatever job calls for more help.

Charoltte Worley lays her success to two factors—her own direct supervision over everything and a close watch of the markets every day, a good recipe for success on any farm.

God helps him who strives hard.—Euripides.

COLD COMFORT FOR ONE CENSORIOUS SINNER

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman when he answers questions by radio Sunday afternoon seldom fails to hit the mark. About a month ago he had this question thrust at him:

"I do not go to church because all the preachers in this locality are narrow, bigoted and ignorant. I am wasting my time to hear them preach. I can hear the best men in the land on the radio and don't you think it wise for me to stay away from church and listen to the sermons on the radio?"

The answer of Cadman was like a thunderbolt. Here is the reply:

"If you are the best the radio is attracting, it is a failure. Who made you God Almighty's attorney general, that you should stay at home and pass judgement on his servants? What do you know about the preachers of this country that you should thus condemn them? How many do you know and how much have you heard them preach? I know preachers all over this country—Jews, Catholics and Protestants, and I know of no class of men who are more sacrificing and more sincere—none working harder to benefit their fellow men. There are plenty of them preaching just as good gospel as you can hear on the radio, and all who attend the churches in sincerity know it and they receive benefit accordingly."

WHERE RAISINS COME FROM

Raisins grow in large quantities in all the countries of Southern Europe, in Egypt and Asia Minor. The Malaga raisin, which is of fine quality, comes from Spain, and a kind without seeds is grown in Turkey. This is a very common variety in the markets in the United States and is known as the Sultana. From a small grape peculiar to the Greek Islands there is produced the Corinthian raisin, which has a distinct flavor and is much favored by housewives for use in cakes and puddings.

The raisins that are not imported into this country come largely from the valleys of sunny California, where the raisin industry is one of the most important of its agricultural activities. In one of the hottest sections of the state of California around the city of Fresno the entire output of the vineyards is converted into raisins and all during the summer months the grapes wrinkle and shrivel from the effect of the sun's rays, resulting in as fine a specime nof the dried fruit as is produced in the world. California's sun-kissed raisins have become so famous that even the haughty high-priced malagas have fallen from their place of greatest favor.—Marie Lyndall Darrach, in Christian Herald.

THERE IS TOO MUCH ATHLETICS

(The Pathfinder)

It is hard to visualize literally that old idea of the tail wagging the dog, but the present relation of college athletics to colleges gives a pretty good idea of what is meant by the picturesque expression.

Football, for instance, started out as a game to give the overworked and over-confined students a little needed exercise; to bring back a little color to their pale cheeks, and to restore their waning physical strength. But now a college is described as something attached to a football stadium. Many a college would not be known beyond the county lines were it not for its football team; and many another would not know what real money looked like were it not for the flying tackles, forward passes and line-bucking of their hard-muscled athletes. Their fame rests upon the game, and their dough comes from the show.

It is little wonder that the intense rivalry, added to the intrinsic excitement of the sports themselves should have tempted athletes, managers, trainers, alumni and even school authorities to do things unethical—not to say dishonest. What they have done to win games forms "the deepest shadows that darkens American college and school athletics," according to the Carnegie Foundation's famous Bulletin 23 of last November.

The excitement following the Foundation's revelations of commercialized college athletics and subsidized athletes was remarkable for its smallness. Few schools took the trouble to deny, and the general public seemed to be little interested. The Association of American Colleges, representing 400 institutions, at their annual meeting at Washington approved the Carnegie report which, they agreed, dealt with the situation "moderately" and gave a conservative view of college athletics. It then recommended that each college clean its own house, and that intellectual and cultural aims be emphasized a little more. There was no opposition, no debate, and everything was agreed to so carelessly that there was a general laugh about it.

The only school to be punished for proselyting, recruiting and subsidizing athletes was the University of Iowa—and that was done last May, before the Carnegie report had been heard of. Iowa was then sentenced to be dropped from the "Big Ten" of the Western Conference beginning with 1930. She was allowed to play her schedules of last year, and her pleas for reinstatement have been heard by very friendly ears, so she is expected to be soon forgiven.

At a meeting of the National Collegiate Athletic Association in New York President Day of Union College advocated the abolition of gate receipts, professional coaching, scouting, subsidizing, directing from side-lines and a return to strict amateurism. He especially condemned the idea of paying coaches $18,000 a year, and in his audience was Coach Little just retained by Columbia university for that sum.

President Lowell of Harvard has

made the more drastic suggestion that there be only one intercollegiate meet a year in each sport, after the manner of the ancient Greeks. The object of the Greeks, he said, was the cultivation of physical excellence, while the object of the Romans—whom we seem to imitate—was to entertain the spectators. This bold suggestion was made in face of the fact that football alone in 1929 put $619,000 to Harvard's purse.

A little light on the subject from the player's point of view was shed by a star player of the University of Nebraska, "Buddy" McBride. "Football takes all your afternoons and evenings in the fall and spring," he said. "You can't take engineering or law or any technical courses. They would take too much time. Here I am a senior with a fair football record. But I haven't learned a thing that will help me earn a living when I get out. I am forced to practically write off the years I spent playing football." Some of the football stars play basketball and baseball too.

A tiny start in the direction of reform has been made by Yale, Princeton and Harvard. They have agreed to play their annual baseball series next spring without the assistance of coaches.

THERE'S TIME

Life is never so short
But there's time for a song
To hearten the hours
As they hurry along;
Through the dark and the day
Its brave music can rise,
No matter how swiftly
Each winged second flies.

Life is never so short
But there's time for a deed
Of courtesy gentle,
Of kindness in need;
Along the thronged highway
Where multitudes press
Each moment brings chances
To help and to bless.

Life is never so short
But there's time for a word
Of trust and of courage
Faint hearts to upgird;
Through the rush of the mart,
Through the din of the fray,
Hope finds ever its moment,
Faith conquers its way.—Forward.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST RURAL LIFE

(Monroe Journal)

Dr. Bradford Knapp, now president of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, says that he does not believe that we have yet reached the type of agriculture which the South will ultimately see.

He thinks that the decade upon which we are now entering will see a change, a change in which there will be fewer and larger farms, more horse power per man, more diversification, better markets by reason of industrial growth, improvement in products, the abandonment of more lands to timber culture, and last but not least, a new idealization of country life and rural culture.

In the same issue of the Progressive Farmer in which Dr. Knapp's views are given, the editor, Mr. Clarence Poe, that indefatigable leader in rural culture, has a striking editorial on "Farm and Home Makers or Money Makers." From this editorial we take the following splendid sumation of the position of the farmer:

We may well ask ourselves whether we are striving to be farm-makers and home-makers, or only money-makers. We must have money, but there is an essential debasement of farming when we think of a farm merely as something to be prostituted to the purpose of getting some quick money out of one season's crops without feeling any abiding affection for it, any concern for its future, any regard for its permanent fertility and attractiveness.

Not only is the farm debased and humiliated when such an attitude is taken, but also the farmer himself. He misses all the finer values in the high calling that is his. Why is a farmer who is a poor man of average intelligence—why is he a person of so much more dignity and prestige, a person so much more highly respected by the world, than an equally poor man of average intelligence who works in a cotton factory or in a coal mine? For many reasons, of course—among them the fact that the farmer is more independent, lives closer to nature, and is in an occupation which offers opportunities not only for manual labor but for the exercise of business ability and scientific knowledge. For farming, rightly conceived of, is not only an industry, a business, and a profession, but also an art. The well-rounded farmer is not a mere wage slave but a creative worker. He has the God given privilege of expressing himself and his ideals in a piece of creative endeavor.

The factory worker who merely goes through a series of mechanical motions dictated by some boos—his life is barren, thwarted. No dream, no vision, takes shape day after day, month after month, year after year, as the sum total of his labors. He is a mere cog in some gigantic machine directed by an intelligence ouside his own and uncaring of his own. But how different it is on the farm! Here we may become a co-worker with

God Almighty himself. We may have Him as our Divine Partner in making yet more beautiful, yet more fertile, yet more fruitful, some portion of His creation entrusted to our keeping. We must have money, but we rise above the low ambition to be merely a money-maker for a season; we achieve the yet greater dignity of being a farm-maker and home-maker for a lifetime. We feel all of an artist's passion to express in outward form some inward dream. And so the years become not mere broken, isolated fragments, each lived for itself and for the dollars it might bring, and then discarded; rather the years are knit together into a continuous and harmonious tapestry or mosaic of beautiful design.

The Journal has long held that if rural life in America is to maintain itself and contribute its richness, its stabilizing power, and its culture to the nation, the emphasis on country life must be shifted from where it has fallen. Dr. Poe well sums up the whole question in the one phrase, "Farm and home makers or money makers."

Today the decay that is at the roots of country life is not poor prices, not discrimination, not high freight rates, not anyone of the many disadvantages that farmers labor against. That decay is at bottom arising from the broad fact that America has put a premium upon money making and not upon home and farm making. Life, success, agriculture, industry and everything has been geared to the idea that men and women must be judged by money making.

Farm life has been caught in the whirl and been almost wiped out in consequence. Hence, the farm is suffering more today from lack of a satisfying culture of its own than from any other cause. This is not intended to say that men and women who live on the farms are not individually as intelligent and as cultured in all the essences of life as those who live in the towns. What is meant is that the country standards of life, that is, the appraisement that we put upon the satisfactions of life, have not been developed in accordance with the conditions and the attainments peculiar to rural life, but of city life. It would be impossible to name all the causes which have contributed to this condition, but they are well summed up in the city's faith—money making. Money is God in America and rural life has not been able to escape the damnation of the ideal.

In developing an industrial civilization we have wiped out a rural civilization. It is often said that agriculture today offers no adequate reward. It does not from the city point of view, because life is geared to money making, not to peace, contentment, culture, repose and stability. It is unstable, shallow, hard and frivolous. So long as the country accepts this standard and tries to live in accordance therewith the rewards of agriculture will continue to be assessed in dollars and cents and consequently be esteemed as inadequate.

Business has accepted the city appraisement of country life, our churches and our schools tacitly accept it, and even the farmer himself has been lead into the false appraisement. Until all this is changed we will continue

to have a decaying rural life, because country communities will continue to be bled white by the universal suction which is drawing their youth and energy to the towns, whether that youth and energy makes good in the towns or not. Life now draws from the farm so insistently a farmer who wishes to remain a farmer dare hardly demonstrate his power to make a success lest the city reach out to grab him away from the farm.

It may be asked, then, are the people to remain on the farms when they cannot sell what they can produce? By no means, for it is better for many that they go to the towns if they can find jobs, for so many are capable only of working at jobs. But what we are protesting against is the psychology calculated to drain the farms of the most efficient, energetic and alert and leave the less able there.

If this appraisement of rural life to which we are objecting continues, Dr. Knapp will see a further decay in the next ten years. This impulse to drain the farms has been irresistible. But now that there is a period of depression when want and suffering and almost starvation stalk in the towns, there is time to consider a new appraisement. Our leaders like Dr. Poe do well to speak of the matter now. For so long as the country is considered only as a place to make some money to buy city gegaws there can be no real rural culture, not rural standards of life to appeal to men and women of ambition to pass their lives there. We are not of those who bewail the leaving of the farms for the city. The growing urban life can absorb much of the country population. What we are objecting to is the situation, which prevents the country from building up a culture and an idealization of its own which will afford satisfaction, stimulation and joy to those who choose to stay there. Farmers cannot build up these standards so long as business, education, religion and social standards require money and not art and peace and dignity, contentment and character, as the object of life. And as the means by which the impulses of city life have been imposed upon the country have been increased steadliy, the ideals of rural life have steadily fallen. The farmer, like everybody else in America, is a victim. A victim apparently of what the communists call economic determinism. It will take a powerful, conscious, and persistent effort to save rural culture in America.

Minister: I made seven hearts happy today.
Parishioner: How was that?
Minister: Married three couples.
Parishoner: That only makes six.
Minister: Well, you don't think I did it for nothing?

—Boys' Industrial School Journal.

AMERICA'S AMAZING WEALTH

(Asheville Citizen)

Figures just given out by the Bureau of Internal Revenue reveal that the net income of individual and corporate taxpayers in the United States for the calendar year 1928 increased to a total of $34,163,021,218. This was a gain of more than three and a half billion dollars over the calendar year of 1927.

Net private incomes in 1928 amounted to nearly $25,000,000,000. It is estimated that there were approximately 43,000 persons in the United States in 1928 with the income of millionaires. Nearly 500—to be exact, 496—reported incomes of more than a million dollars.

This vast wealth has not vanished. Many incomes may have been slashed in 1929 as a result of the Wall Street panic but the wealth of the country still continues to pile up and still needs to seek investment. The prosperous communities over the period that lies ahead will be those in which the opportunities for investment are shown to be most attractive.

America's wealth is literally astounding. The net INCOME of the TAXPAYERS of the United States in 1928, individual and corporate, was more than twice as great as the total estimated wealth of Argentina or Brazil, three times the national wealth of Belgium, seven billion dollars greater than the national wealth of Canada, seven times that of Denmark, four times that of Holland, ten billion dollars greater than that of Italy.

The net income of individual and corporate taxpayers of the United States in 1928 was greater by five billion dollars than the total wealth of the South Atlantic States in 1922 as estimated by the Bureau of the Census.

The officially estimated GROSS INCOME in 1928 of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom was $14,520,000,000, or less than half the NET INCOME of the people of the United States who paid taxes. The national wealth of the United Kingdom is at least one hundred billion dollars below that of the United States.

We are passing through a depression in this country at the present time on the heels of an orgy of speculation and over-production. But there is no question whatever that ours is the richest country in the world, nor is there any question that wealth is piling up in the United States faster than it ever accumulated in any other land.

Anybody who will simply study the figures will see that it is impossible to have a prolonged depression in a country whose facilities for creating new wealth are as vast as they are in the United States. Thirty years ago the Bureau of the Census put the total national wealth of this country at $88,517,307,000. Today the wealth of the United States is approximately four times as great as it was in 1900 It probably equals that of the whole British Empire, with France thrown in for good measure.

Economically, the United States has come to enjoy the most favored position of any nation. Vexing as some

of our problems are, especially some of our social problems, there is absolutely nothing that can stop this country from going on for years to come making money and still more money. This does not mean that there are not bad spots. It does not mean that we do not need to be on guard against mistakes. It means that we have resources which are beyond those of any other people and that our immediately available wealth is accumulating faster than is the case anywhere else on the globe. No speculative crash can long obscure these fundamental truths.

THE PLACE WHERE GRANDFATHER PRAYED

Others may sing of the "old swimmin' hole"
Where the boy yelled and laughed with all his soul
The lowly thatched cottage, our "home sweet home,"
Which we ne'er forget, though far we may roam;
But dear to memory, though far have I strayed,
Is the spot back home where grandfather prayed.

At cool of the day, just before sunset,
He would doff his broad-rimmed black hat;
With staff in hand, in the twilight time,
He would fare him forth to his sacred shrine.
There, like Jacob of old in Bethel town,
He would meet his God as the sun went down.

Just north of the house, 'neath a mighty tree,
Where the shade was as dense as dense could be,
There, safe from curious prying eyes,
He lifted his dear old face to the skies.
That wondrous expression no tongue can tell;
O that I knew his Saviour as well!

The years have flown, the shadows are long,
And the dear ones I loved have passed beyond.
But precious to memory is that scene so bright
Where grandsire met God in the fading light.
Like Elisha of old, I make this plea,
"Oh, that his mantle might fall upon me!"

—Selected.

"A VAST UNREST"

(The Charlotte Observer)

Writing on the subject: "A Vast Unrest," Rev. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, a well known preacher of New York City has this to say:

In every land there is today a vast unrest. Many eyes are looking in all directions, straining to see a face which is long overdue. Impatient hearts are longing for the appearance of some one able to save us from our distresses. There are some who think our deliverance will come through science. Science, they say, is to be the world Messiah. Others are sure that philsophy has the key that will unlock the door of the golden future. Still others see in the new psychology the way of salvation. New thought is hailed by many who have lost faith in all the ancient creeds. Others turn wistfully toward the distant east, wondering if perhaps the world's sickness may not be healed by the wisdom of oriental sages. Ours is a wistful and inquiring generation, and the deepest question of our day is this: Is Christianity the perfect and final religion or is it only anticipatory of a higher religion yet to come? Is Jesus the one supreme Savior of the world, or must we look for another?

What answer can be given? Only the answer given nineteen hundred years ago: 'The blind receive their sight. The lame walk. The lepers are cleansed. The deaf hear. The dead are raised, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them.' In every part of the world where the spirit of Jesus is free to work, those wondrous and mighty words appear. The eyes of men are opened and they see things which they had never seen before. Lame men stand on their feet and walk into the temple praising God. Men who were foul are cleansed and minds which were vile are made pure. The deaf have their ears opened Men dead in heart and spirit come to life again, and to the poor the message of love is spoken. What more can a Messiah do than this? What more can a Messiah ever do? This then, is the answer of the Christian church to all inquirers, it is the perfect and final answer. The proof of Christianity is Christianity itself. The divinity, of Christ is evidenced by what He does."

JOY OF LIFE

A great deal of the joy of life consists in doing perfectly, or at least to the best of one's ability, everything which he attempts to do. There is a sense of satisfaction, a pride in surveying such a work—a work—which is rounded, full, exact, complete in all its parts—which the superficial man, who leaves his work in a slovenly, slipshod, half-finished condition, can never know. It is this conscientious completeness which turns work into art. The smallest thing, well done, becomes artistic.

—William Matthews.

MIND READERS

(Exchange)

There is possibly a modicum of truth in claiming to be able to read another person's mind: we all act as a result of having done so at times. We suspect, however, that in most instances we scan our own mental habits and apply them to the other fellow. We make a mirror of his expressions and conduct, and thus see ourselves. We are like the lady in a story once related to us by President Charles Smith of Roanoke College

A traveler belated in the southern mountains had to spend the night with a hospitable stranger. In the morning he asked for a mirror before which to shave, thus learning that there was no such luxury in the cabin, and that his host had never seen one. He later proposed to a merchant in his own town to buy and present a looking glass to his entertainer, but the merchant acted on an accepted counter proposal: he loaded several mirrors on a wagon and visited the section into which their use had not yet penetrated. He stopped at a house and inquired of the owner:

"'Do you want to buy a mirror?"

"I don't know what a mirror is."

"Then let me show you one," said the merchant, who thereupon held the glass in front of the possible buyer.

"Why, it's a picture of my grandfather,' said the man. "How much is it?"

"Seven dollars," responded the merchant.

"O, my wife would never stand for that," came in reply.

But salesmanship won for the seller, and discretion was practised by the buyer. He hid the glass in his barn and looked at "his grandfather" in secrecy. One day the Mrs. discovered him in absorbed contemplation of something she was sure he had not mentioned to her and sought information by direct, undodgable questions. The grandfather explanation did not convince. "Let me see it," was her ultimatum.

After some argument the lady confronted the mirror and a moment later exclaimed, "So that's the hussy you now admire, is it?"

Such quarrel-making "mind reading" can be discerned in several current political controversies. If we were quite sure of our own superiority to the weakness, we would advise ecclesiastical opponents to substitute real conditions for the reflections of their suspicions. But we are timid.

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the races of men go by.
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Oh hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."—Selected.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

(Boys' Industrial School Journal)

I do not know of any way so sure of making others happy as being so one's self.

No man is so rich he can afford to lose a friend.

Even the fellow who knows it all has something yet to learn.

The man who loans his troubles is never in a hurry to get them back.

A clear conscience is better than gold.

A man of true intelligence is a blessing in his circle of friends.

When you envy another you lose that which you have yourself.

He who wishes to do wrong is never without reason.

It doesn't require an axe to cut an acquaintance.

Never bear more than one trouble at a time.

Some meet their obligations by snubbing them.

The birds of the air are preachers of faith to man.

Freedom is the only soil in which great and good men grow.

He who lives for himself alone, lives but for little things.

A letter a day will drive the miserable blues away.

Too many people spend their time trying to be miserable.

The man without faith in human nature is not to be trusted.

Genius finds its own road and carries its own lamp.

When you bury the hatchet don't leave the handle sticking out.

The square of life is a straight conscience—always use it.

Success that is not fought for is hardly worth the having.

Knowing too much is almost as bad as knowing too little.

If you are looking for something soft in life grab a pillow.

Every day is judgement day.

In our neighbor we should observe only what is good.

A Christian without prayer is a soldier without arms.

Independence, like honor, is a rocky island without a beach.

While you are dreaming of the future, act in the present.

A man is known by the company he is able to keep.

The still mouth makes the peaceful home.

Our life at home is but a reflex of what it is abroad.

Have a way of your own,—then keep out of other people's way.

Even though some days be gloomy you know the sun will shine again.

The man who is worthy of being a leader of men will never complain of the stupidity of his helpers, of the ingratitude of mankinds, nor of the inappreciation of the public. These things are all a part of the great game of life, and to meet them and not go down in discouragement and defeat is the final proof of power.—Elbert Hubbard.

UNDER NORTHERN LIGHTS

By Theodore Zimmerman

It was February and midnight in the Arctic, bitterly cold and still. A brilliant streamer of light suddenly shot across the sky and wavered. Then another and another followed the first. Soon the entire sky was being swept with the magnificence of a procession. Lines of brilliant yellow blended into those of blood-red. Light flashed, then dimmed and flashed again. Nothing man-made can equal the gorgeous spectacle of the Norhtern Lights.

Below, snowbound by the winter's drifts, lay a solemn group of igloos —a village of Eskimos, asleep and unaware of the grand display being enacted above them. Nature's fireworks had lost their lure. Something of far more importance to these little brown men and women of the Far North was happening just then. Shut out from all the world, the Eskimos of Coronation Gulf were starving to death!

The coming of the white man to the shores of the Arctic has made it increasingly difficult for the Eskimo to supply himself and family with the necessary food . Seal and walrus and other animals of this region have in recent years been slaughtered in great numbers and every season the Eskimo hunter finds less to kill. As a result famine, which visits the natives almost every year now, is his most serious problem, serious because it comes generally late in the winter when the Eskimo tribes are isolated from the rest of the world. Impenetrable barriers of snow and ice and freezing temperature separates them from civilization and the outposts of the Hudson Bay Company, where they might find the necessities of life. But sometimes even a scant supply of food will carry them through the winter. It is only when the winter is unusually long and severe that their lives are at stake.

Such a winter was this one. Setting in early, it prevented the hunters from filling the larder as much as expected. Being unusually severe, it had prevented them from traveling away from the village in search of such animal life as remains in the neighborhood during the winter. But worst of all, the early heavy snowfall had prevented a drove of reindeer that the Government intended driving over from the Mackenzie River Valley from being sent them. Thus not only their meat and milk supply was cut off but also they missed the reindeer hides out of which they were going to make warm clothing for the wintry weather.

Ahnook arose early the next morning, dressed in his warmest furs and eating the allotted three or four mouthfuls of the daily meal, announced he was driving through to Great Bear Lake for relief. On Great Bear Lake, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, stood Fort Henry, a trading-post of the Hudson Bay Company and the nearest point where supplies could be procured. Ahnook's announcement soon reached the ears of the other Eskimos in the village and immediately his father's igloo

was the center of interest. Inside there wasn't standing room left, the doorway was crowded and outside the neighbors gathered to show their gratitude for his bravery and bid him "good luck."

Once again the Eskimo lad had become the idol of his people. There was only one chance in a thousond of his getting through to the end of his journey alive at that time of year and everyone knew this. Yet that chance he was taking was now the only thing that would save his people from starvation. Already they were eating only one small meal a day and the food was being pooled so that everyone would get an equal share. At the rate it was going there would be none left inside of two weeks at the most. Weakened and gaunt from under-nourishment, every man in the village had feared to make the trip to the Lake outpost which they knew to be their only hope, yet they had wished some one else would volunteer. Ahnook although still a mere youth, at last grew impatient with such cowardice and decided to make the trip himself.

For a moment, the Eskimo boy, when he had finished harnessing his dog-team, stood gazing towards the southwest—the direction in which he was going to travel. Nothing but a series of immense snowdrifts met his gaze. Not a tree or a building of any kind would serve as guide posts on the long journey that lay before him. Rivers would be frozen over and covered with snow, hill and marsh alike would be blanketed in white. There would be absolutely nothing to guide him on his way except the stars, which, owing to the season would be visable by day as well as night. For winter in the North Country is one long night in which for months the sun is never seen. His whole trip would be made in darkness and bitter coldness of the Arctic night!

"Mush on! Cubs, King, Malemutes!" he shouted as he cracked his whip high in the air. Down the trail leaped his dog-team with the sled. Behind, hanging to the gee-pole and riding the projecting runners, stood Ahnook. A mighty cheer from the throats of his comrades and neighbors rent the frosty air as he disappeared from their sight beyond the nearest drifts. Once more hope mounted and happiness prevailed throughout the village. Not an Eskimo among them but what believed Ahnook would save them from starvation, would return with supplies before their food gave out.

Hour after hour the dog-team, sled and courageous Eskimo glided along between the drifted hills of snow. Farther and farther they penetrated into the snowfields. All about them in every direction a vast and desolate sea of snow rolled its waves as far as eye could see. Only in the wind-swept canyons between drifts was the going possible and it was here that Ahnook traveled. Every once in awhile there was a break in the drifts like the pass between mountains and the Eskimo took advantage of these openings to gain the next canyon. Only the stars above kept him on his course.

There was one thing that he was grateful for during the first day of his journey southward. The cold winds had formed a crust on the sur-

face of the snow strong enough to hold him on top. Otherwise travel would have been slow and tiresome for he would have been compelled to use the snowshoes he now carried on his sled to keep him from sinking waist deep in the trail.

On a trip like the one that lay before him, much depends upon a man's dogs. Ahnook had one of the best teams in the North. Pulling his sleds were seven husky Malemutes. Ahead of these ran the famous loose-leader, Cubs, the brainiest dog that ever came out of an Eskimo village. Too small to pull on the sled, Cubs did the thinking for the team and left the load to the others. With Cubs along, Ahnook felt perfectly safe in making the hazardous trip. Whatever the difficulty that might arise, Cubs would get him out of it.

All day long they traveled with hardly a stop. If they were to make it through in time they must keep going when the weather was good. Not until the middle of the night did Ahnook call a halt, and then only because the dogs were almost ready to drop in their tracks. The Eskimo lad himself was so fatigued that no sooner had he unhitched and fed his dogs than he dropped to sleep in his bag. The dogs dug themselves in the snow around their master and soon were dead to their surroundings.

Hours later, when Ahnook opened his eyes, he found himself buried in snow. It was so light that it caused him no distress from weight and so fluffy and porous that he was able to breath through it. However, it was a surprise to him and he at once crawled out of his sleeping bag and worked his way to the surface. Hearing him moving about, his dogs followed him to the top. But if he were alarmed at being buried in the snow, he was much more concerned with conditions above. A raging Arctic blizard enveloped him. Snow was falling heavy and fast. A cold wind was blowing it about in circles as it fell. He could see only a short distance beyond him. Here he was a hundred miles from a human habitation in one of the worst storms of the winter. For the first time he began to doubt his ability to get through and he shuddered to think what might become of his people at home if he should fail them.

After considerable effort he succeeded in locating the sled and bringing it also to the surface. He had had nothing to eat since leaving home and he was ravenously hungry. He dug into the food bag on his sled and ate his daily allowance of grub which far from satisfied his appetite but was all he could afford to eat if he were to get to Fort Henry before the grub was gone. After the dogs had been fed he was ready to move.

But his progress was slow. With every step he sank into the soft snow to his knees. There was no crust on which to walk now. So he stopped his dogs and got out his snowshoes. These held him on the surface. But the dogs were having difficulty in getting through the snow. It constantly floundered them and held them back from steady going. A few miles of that and they would be unable to continue the trip, owing to the labor each step forward demanded. There

was, therefore, nothing to do but to get out in front and break trail for them.

He hadn't traveled in this manner for more than a couple of hours when he discovered they had entirely left the high drifts of the day before. No matter which way he now went he found only a level stretch of snow. No more snowdrifts were being encountered. This was encouraging for it proved to him that they were getting somewhere—at least they were not doubling back on the paths of yesterday.

The wind was now blowing even harder than it had during the morning. Coming as it did from off the frozen icefields of the North and untempered by the rays of a sun, it penetrated right through the Eskimo's fur-lined parka and left him shivering to the bone. Only his exercise saved him from freezing. Later on, to add to his misery, the snow began to fall in increasing volume. It swirled about him so thickly that he could see no farther than ten feet ahead of him. He had been guiding himself by the North Star. Now he could not even see the stars. He lost all sense of direction and began to fear he was traveling in circles. Another half-hour and he was ready to declare himself lost.

He stopped his team and walked back to the sled. The air was thick with blown snow. Even that which had already fallen was being scooped up by the wind again and hurled into his face. But he dared not stop. He must keep on the move or he and his dogs would freeze to death. He had heard about men who allowed themselves to fall asleep in a blizzard. They froze as they slept and never awakened.

As soon as he discovered the top of the snow was once more hard enough on the surface to hold his weight, Ahnook removed his snow-shoes and took his position at the gee-pole of his sled. He remembered that Cubs had once before made the trip to Fort Henry and he had confidence that his lead-dog could find the way where he couldn't. He had often led him home before when he had become lost and he was willing to try it now. At any rate, it was his only chance as long as the storm hid the stars.

"Cubs!" he called in a pleading voice. The lead-dog came running up to him and placed his nose in his master's hand. "We're lost, Cubs, we're lost," he cried.

Immediately the dog whirled in his tracks and, barking reassuringly, set out ahead of the team with his nose to the ground. The team followed him and behind the sled ran the Eskimo, hopes renewed.

They must have gone in that fashion fully fifty miles without more than momentary stops when suddenly Ahnook shouted for joy.

"Cubs, old scout, you're a prince!" he declared, stopping his team and patting his leader's head affectionately. "You found the trail!" They stood on the shores of a frozen lake. The blizzard had blown itself out and through the clear air he saw the opposite shore, miles away. It was Great Bear Lake and Fort Henry stood just at the other end!

Overjoyed he pressed on. "Only thirty miles more, huskies, and we're

there!" he shouted. The weather had moderated considerably and the trail across the lake was level and sleek, making travel both easy and swift. The light sled slid over the snow-covered ice as though it were made of bamboo. Feeling no weight behind them the dogs leaped along despite the fact they had already done a good day's run.

Suddenly there was a loud report like the shot of a cannon. Every dog in the Eskimo's team jumped ahead in bounds. But Ahnook, before he realized that the ice was cracking under him, dropped into the water and out of sight. Cubs, realizing what had happened, brought the team to a halt and ran to the spot where the ice had given way. Up came the drowning Eskimo boy. He made a grab with his hands on top of the ice. It was two feet thick and held. He drew himself by main strength up to his waist but not an inch farther. He hung there a half-minute, struggling, and then down he went again.

Meanwhile Cubs, after sizing up the situation, had returned to his team. He was trying to get them started when his master again caught hold of the ice. This time he succeeded in holding himself up by bending his body and stretching his left arm. With his right hand he procured a jack-knife from his pocket. Opening the larger blade, Ahnook began to hack and slash the ice in an effort to make a cut deep enough to give him a hand-hold. But the frozen steel blade soon snapped off like a dry twig. He tried the other blade but it likewise proved too brittle. Then he saw that unless something were done within the next couple of minutes he should either lose his grip and go under for the last time or else he would freeze. Already his body was aching with the cold of the icy lake-water.

It was then that Atnook thought of the folks back home. If he died in that hole in the ice, those waiting back on the shores of the Gulf would starve to death—his father, his mother and his friends and neighbors. No, he must not die! He must live, so they might live!

Just then he was overjoyed to see Cubs leading his team towards him. Cubs was bringing the sled close to the hole so that he might grab the runners. As the sled went by him, he grabbed. But it was three inches beyond his reach and he missed. But undaunted by his failure, Cubs once more whipped his team into line and circling the hole, came still closer to the desperate Eskimo. The sled drew up alongside just in time for Ahnook was about to the end of his strength and a second more would have lost his hold and dropped out of sight under the ice. Instead he gritted his teeth and reached for the sled-runner. Success was his this time and he felt himself being drawn out of that death-trap inch by inch until his whole body was resting on top of the ice.

For a minute or so he lay there exhausted. Then he came to his senses. His wet clothes were freezing in the Arctic air! He rose to his feet. Chills coursed up and down his spine. He must get out of those clothes and do it at once. Quickly, he unrolled his sleeping bag on the sled. Desperately, he ripped the wet

and freezing garments from him. His teeth were chattering with the cold and his body trembled. All he could think of was to get into that fur-lined bag. Once in, he pulled the flap of the bag securely down over his head—and fell asleep.

The next thing Ahnook was conscious of was a man's hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes and saw three or four men standing over him. He was in the trading post at Fort Henry! For a moment he tried to figure out how he had gotten there The last he rememebered was crawling into that sleeping bag out there in the middle of Great Bear Lake. Then it all dawned on him—Cubs had brought him here—Cubs had led his team to their destination knowing his master lay sick on the sled!

"That dog of yours is a wonder, boy," declared the man whom he correctly judged to be the factor of the post. "He brings you in here in the middle of the night and wakes the whole post up with his scratching on doors and his barking." Everyone laughed at the memory of it.

But Ahnook was too sick to laugh. He was burning up with fever, as a result of his icy-cold bath in Great Bear Lake. He felt more like sleeping than anything else. The cot he was lying on in the back of the trade-house was so easy after his hard trip and the people so kind to him that he wished he might stay there always. But before he wen to sleep he told them his mission and how his people were starving for lack of food.

"Don't you worry, boy. We'll take care of that. You need rest," were the last words he heard the factor utter before he closed his eyes in slumber.

Back in the little Eskimo village on Coronation Gulf, the people were in desperate straits. It had now been more than a week since Ahnook had left them and their food was about gone. Another day and there would be nothing left to eat. Half the population of the village, owing to the lack of proper nourishment and the right kinds of food, had been taken down with the dreaded scruvy. Unless relief came soon, it would get there too late. Every so often during the last day or so, starving men or women would walk to the edge of the settlement and gaze to the south for a sight of the boy who had left on that trail so many days before. Would he never return with the food? They shook their heads in doubt.

Just as they had given up all hope at the village, through the drifts appeared the relief party from Fort Henry. Ten sleds filled with supplies pulled into the settlement. Never had the tribe been so happy. They threw their arms around the white men who had mushed through from the trading-post in pure gratitude and joy. And when they had finished thanking their deliverers, they began feasting upon the good things that had been brought them.

But the real hero of that hour was Cubs.

"That dog saved you!" remarked the head-man of the relief party. "He showed us the way or we never would gave gotten here. Ahnook, when the doctor told him he was too weak to make the trip just now, told us his lead-dog would see that we got here

alright—and we did!"

After a day's rest the men departed on their return to Fort Henry and several days later Ahnook arrived home.

His arrival was like the home-coming of a great hero. The Eskimo is always grateful whenever anything unusual is done for him and they were eager to show Ahnook their appreciation. Festivities were held in his honor and every man, woman and child in the settlement thanked him personally.

"You saved our lives!" was the usual speech.

"Not me but my dog!" he would reply, "'Cubs succeeded where I nearly failed!" And then the story of that trip would be told all over again for the hundredth time—how Cubs found the lost trail, how Cubs rescued his master from the Great Bear Lake, and how Cubs finally got him to Fort Henry alone. It seemed as though Ahnook could never praise his dog enough—but anyhow, Cubs was worthy.

CAN'T

Can't is the worst word that's written or spoken;
  Doing more harm than slander and lies;
On it is many a strong spirit broken,
  And with it many a good purpose dies.

It springs from the lips of the thoughtless each morning,
  And robs us of courage we need through the day;
It rings in our ears a timely-sent warning
  And laughs when we falter and fall by the way.

Can't is the word that is foe to ambition,
  An enemy ambushed to shatter your will;
It's prey is forever the man with a mission
  And bows but to courage and patience and skill.

Hate it, with hatred that's deep and undying
  For once it is welcome 'twill break any man;
Whatever the goal you are seeking, keep trying
  And answer this by saying: "I CAN."

—Edgar A. Guest.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Another car load of coal on our siding is being unloaded by a group of boys on our outside force.

Mr. Carriker and a number of boys are painting the exterior of our potato house.

Miss Sarah Boger, daughter of Superintendent Boger, spent last week end with friends in Greensboro.

Mr. Hobby has recently taken charge of our youthful tonsorial artists and is now handing out some first-class hair-cuts.

There was a change in the regular Sunday dinner menu last week, our entire population enjoying an excellent oyster dinner.

Miss Georgia Hartsell, a member of the Training School staff, who has been ill for several days, is much better and will soon be on the job again.

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are repairing plows, harrows and other farming implements, in order that our agricultural forces may be ready when the spring farming operations begin.

When the boys assembled at the ball grounds last Saturday, several bushels of peanuts were distributed. The distribution of these "goobers," the product of our own farm, quite frequently constitutes part of the Saturday afternoon's enjoyment at the ball grounds, and are greatly appreciated by the youngsters.

Mrs. J. P. Cook, associate editor of The Uplift, has returned from a visit with relatives at Suffolk, Va. She was accompanied by Mrs. R. M. King and little daughter, Margaret, of Concord.

Burleson Edwards, of the Fourth Cottage, who has been in the Concord Hospital for some time, following an operation for appendicitis, has returned to the school, and is rapidly recovering.

Mr. Walker and a group of boys have completed the transfer of the plant beds from along the highway to the new location beyond the dairy barn. Cabbage and tomato seeds have been sown in these new beds. Other flower and vegetable seeds will be planted soon.

A case of mumps recently developed among the boys in Rutherford Cottage, which made it necessary to place them under quarantine. Under the supervision of Mr. Hobby, this force of boys has been digging ditches and laying water lines over to the new plant beds.

A group of boys under the supervision of Mr. Hudson, have been spraying our fruit trees. These trees are in excellent condition and from present indications it seems that we may expect a good crop of all kinds of fruit this year.

The basketball game last Saturday afternoon between the Training School and Concord Y. M. C. A. teams, resulted in a victory for the visitors, by the score of 32 to 15. This was the first game our team had played since being organized by Mr. W. E. Poole, two weeks ago, and considering their lack of experience, our boys played a much better game than the score indicates. Mr. Poole seems to have some very promising material in his basketball squad and with a little more practice, the boys should do much better in future contests.

Everyone knows that tax on farm land is all out of proportion to the earning power of crops grown here in North Carolina. It is very evident that this situation cannot continue indefinitely, for it has come to the point that it is "cheaper to rent than to own." Says Eugene Ashcraft.

Here is an article that appeared in the Charlotte Observer by Bruce Craven which is not so far-fetched as some might be inclined to believe:

"The solution of the tax problems in North Carolina is to abolish all taxes on property, and it will be done inside of five years.

"It is easily possible to so levy taxes that none of them will fall upon any necessity of life, such as home, production and the means of production.

"If the National Government can raise $4,000,000,000 annually without property taxes, our own state can surely raise one per cent of that amount which is the total of property taxes now collected.

"States taxes on property have been abolished. Why not complete the job by abolishing county property taxes?

"There are thousands of possible sources of indirect revenue in North Carolina. One of them, a single factory, pays more in indirect taxes to the National Government every year, than the total amount of all property taxes collected in North Carolina.

"There is not an objection that can be made to this plan that can not be adequately answered."—Exchange

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

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C. U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 8, 1930. No. 7

Jl 18 '30

GOD CARES FOR ALL

Winter day, frosty day!
God a cloak on all doth lay;
On the earth the snow He sheddeth,
O'rr the lamb a fleece He spreadeth,
Gives the bird a coat of feather,
To protect it from the weather,
Gives the children home and food;
Let us praise Him,—God is good!

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

Lent is near at hand. The Church Year Book tells one that March 5th is Ash Wednesday, but the members of Christian congregations scarcely need this useful annual to make them conscious of the recurrence of this season of intensified devotion.

Pastors have announcements ready for publication which indicate careful planning of a series of discourses in which the revealed "acts of God" are marshalled into a demonstration of infinite divine love for sinful men, an infinite sacrifice for the sins of men, and an infinite victory over death in behalf of the eternal life of men. The Gospels and Epistles for the period give a cross section of the most crowded, the most varied and the most typical phases of the ministry of the Christ. The end is a final infinite crisis, a supreme battle and victory—Selected.

STUNT NIGHT AT HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

It has never been our pleasure to attend an entertainment better rendered, and more pleasing than the one given Friday evening, February 28, at the high school auditorium, sponsored by freshmen, sophmores, juniors, seniors and faculty. To say which stunt was the best is to our way of judging a hard task—it was difficult to differentiate—they were all so splendidly pulled off. The number "A Study In Black and White" was dignified, clean and executed with such precision and grace till it was more than a stunt. It showed the results of fine training—the equal of any high class entertainment of its kind we have ever had the pleasure of seeing. We considered "Lady Eliza-

beth'' a real stunt, one that was hard to put over, but it was done with a clearness that brought forth laughter in the large and appreciative audience. The quartet ''Tokyo'' was superb. The young men who rendered this quartet have fine mellow voices and they sung with the ease of many who have received special training. The entertainment went off without a hitch. The program was thoroughly enjoyable, the crowd was large and appreciative, and the order in the student body was unusual—it was above reproach. We congratulate faculty and students and trust that there will be a repitition of ''Stunt Night.'' Such entertainments, of clean and wholesome amusement, do good—they give poise to the young folks who take part—also stimulate interest in home talent.

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WE REGRET TO SEE DR. THOMAS LEAVE US

The boys, teachers and officers of the Jackson Training School regret very much that Dr. L. A. Thomas, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, who held services monthly at the school, has left to take charge of another pastorate in the valley of Virginia—Winchester. Dr. Thomas and famliy made friends in all denominations of Concord and there is a universal expression of regret that he accepted work elsewhere. We bespeak for Dr. Thomas success in his new field of christian activities, pastor of a large and strong congregation. He is a man who endeavors to live the life he preaches.

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A WISE SELECTION

The selection of Mrs. W. T. Bost, Raleigh, as commissioner of public welfare, succeeding Mrs. Kate Burr Johnson, who resigned to accept a commission elsewhere, receives the universal approval of the people at large. Mrs. Bost is a woman well qualified for the work—splendidly educated with a poise that will weigh the many confusing problems of the office with a high sense of justice to all. We honestly agree with the Greensboro Daily News as to Mrs. Bost and her ability:

> In the selection of Mrs. W. T. Bost as successor of Mrs. Johnson the state board of charities and public welfare has commissioned a woman who may confidently be expected to make an excellent record. For many years Mrs. Bost has exercised a lively and highly intelligent interest in public welfare problems. She has long been prominently

identified with important social forces. Her ability cannot be questioned, her devotion to duty has been conclusively demonstrated, her patience and industry should be tremendously helpful. Under her direction the work should continue in gratifyingly effective manner.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

LETTERS TO THE DEAD

Fantastic ideas doth possess the minds of many in this day and age. We frequently run across things, as we travel up and down the pathways of this old world, that are stranger than any fiction conceived by man. In our readings we met with the report that some years ago a man died leaving for his son a series of letters to be delivered to him on each of his birthdays until he got beyond the twenty-first. In another account, of another man, on this subject, had a compelling desire to write to his dead mother and father, and did, in a lonely moment, undertake to write to his mother, but finding it highly emotional and an unwholesome thing to do, gave it up.

That is a mental experiment inadvisable to try. There are many people who might be addressed in heaven but that is a destination no letter from earth can reach. There are also quite a number, perhaps, who might be addressed in sheol, if we have our theology on straight, but that would be insulting the dead. We learn that all communication between the quick and the dead is barred. Possibly that is better so. The mystery of death is not to be solved until each one experiences it for himself. And every one is willing to postpone the solution to the last possible moment.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

CURB THE DEATH TOLL

Perhaps you would be surprised to know that the automobile last year took a death toll of 31,500 human lives. Astounding! That is more than half the total number of Americans killed in France during the World War. This is a death increase of 13 per cent over the year 1928.

No one can be proud of this record, yet it is a record in which the masses of the people seem to take very slight interest. We make much-to-do over the shooting of two or three rum-runners, and a half dozen deaths from parrot fever, but our indifference to the constantly increasing number of automobile deaths is amazing, to say the least.

This death toll is a wholly unnecessary peace-time slaughter. It is due

to a combination of carelessness, recklessness and inefficiency, the latter on the part of police and court agencies presumed to watch over the careless and reckless.

This is a problem, a huge problem, and an abrupt halt should be put to this reckless disregard of human life. It is a problem of a more serious nature than many other matters we worry over. It is about time to seriously recognize its fatal enormity.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

STRESSING SAFETY

To give an idea of the magnitude of the automobile industry and its bearings on employment and general business conditions, it is interesting to note a recent report that one manufacturer of steel bodies, in a Philadelphia plant alone, used 140,464.3 tons of sheet steel in the production of all-steel atomobile bodies in 1929. This would make a 16-foot wide strip of steel 2,302 miles long.

The use of all steel bodies has been growing rapidly as a safety feature of automobiles, but one can scarcely realize that this much steel can be used by one plant in building one part of an automobile in one year.

American cars, in all classes, feature steel bodies. Exhaustive tests and practical experience have proven that this type of construction offers the occupants of a car greatest possible protection in an accident. The trend towards greater automobile safety is unquestionably responsible for saving thousands of lives each year.

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PUBLIC INTEREST AROUSED

The public interest that is now being aroused in our crime situation is a healthy sign of future action.

President Hoover's committee on law enforcement has made its first report and suggests that American judicial action be simplified and strengthened.

One of the most interesting factors in the situation is the agreement among many authorities that certainty of punishment, rather than severity alone, is a pre-eminent crime deterrent.

Although law-ridden, America is the greatest law-breaking country in the world. It is time to stop passing crime breeding legislation, namely thous-

ands of new laws which make involuntary law-breakers out of otherwise law-abiding citizens, only the theory that "anti this" or "anti that" law will curb crime. If the criminal obeyed laws the penitentiaries would have been empty years ago.

Moral: Law enforcement, not more laws.

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PARROTS, FIRES AND ACCIDENTS

"It is with mixed emotion that one reads of the presidential order for the exclusion of parrots from our previously hospitable shores," says the Oregonian. This action is the result of a disease said to be brought in by parrots and which has caused the death of several persons.

While the parrots frighten us into hysterics over a few deaths attributed them, we go calmly on our various ways unmindful of some 15,000 persons burned to death each year in fires, and some 31,500 persons killed in automobile accidents. In other words, some 46,500 lives snuffed out annually by causes which are almost wholly preventable, do not move us to corrective action, but a sensational death due to a sensational cause arouses our immediate interest.

By the same token that it is good judgement to protect the people from needless diseases, it is also good judgement to focus public attention on the lives and property that can be saved annually by a little care in the use of fire and automobiles.

If the parrot incident could only call public attention to the incongruousness of the present situation, it would be of lasting benefi to humanity.

SAFETY IN MOTORING

(Asheville Citizen)

During the year 1928, approximately 27,500 persons in the United States were killed in automobile accidents and about thirty-five times as many were injured. Further, the death rate from motor vehicle accidents has risen from 9.3 per 100,000 population in 1918 to 20.3 in 1928. Again, unless there is more care in driving and more regard by pedestrains of traffic rules this rate will continue to mount In August, 1929, ninety-three persons were killed by automobiles every day as compared with seventy-six during each day of August, 1928.

Yet Mr. L. H. Hutcheroft, statistican of the Wisconsin Board of Health, asserts that "it is entirely possible to operate automobiles without seriously injuring anyone." In an article in the United States Daily he goes to say: "Safe highways and good traffic regulations do not prevent carelessness, criminal indifference, drunkenness or physical defects, which are responsible for a large number of our serious accidents."

Despite our boasted energy and progress we may learn much from many of the more old fashioned countries of Europe. In Great Britian there are fewer homicides during a year than in the single city of Chicago. Some ten months ago it was stated that the government of the dictator de Rivera of Spain had put into operation a rigid law providing prison term of several years for any motorist who ran down a pedestrian and that since Jan. 1, 1929, practically no motor accidents had occurred in Madrid or in the provinces. The Eurpoean nations are more stringent in providing punishment for misdemeanors and their courts of justice usually work with more swiftness and efficiency than do ours.

Mr. Hutcheroft declares that coroners should be required to make thorough investigations of all fatal accidents and if possible "place the responsibility." They should be aided by all persons who can give testimony. Again drivers should always drive "with the idea constantly in mind that the other fellow may do the wrong thing and be prepared for it." Unfortunately it is very often the case that we expect "the other fellow" to be careful. And care in driving will not always avail.

Mr. Hutcheroft points out that the failure of motorists to give the right of way is the chief single cause of accidents. Other important factors are driving on the wrong side of the road, exceeding the speed limit, and cutting in and out of a line of traffic.

Carelessness is a besetting sin in America. It causes our high ratio of accidents. It contributes to criminal activities. It necessitates the maintenance of our costly fire fighting apparatus to deal with the ever present menace of fire. To eradicate carelessness would be to eradicate the root of many evils. But this evil is typical of a new, progressive, prosperous country.

By proper training of children, by wise agitation through the press and

from the pulpits, by stringent legislation, and by prompt administration, of justice, we may go a long way towards eliminating carelessness and crime. But until this is effected our death toll from automobile accidents will continue to mount.

A VISIT TO MT. VERNON

I went sailing down the river
To view the home of Washington;
How my heart did thrill and quiver,
As I landed at Mt. Vernon.

I mounted up that noble height,
Where grand old glory stood unfurled;
I thought it the loveliest sight,
On this side the heavenly world.

Thousands of objects nice and rare,
Embellished that romantic hill;
My only drink in old Virginia,
I drew from Washington's good well,

Oh there I saw the harpsichord,
On which sweet Nellie Custis played;
And that magnificent garden,
Which Martha Washington had made.

In the case stood the good old book,
Containing the gospel story;
Which guided Washington straight on
Up to realms of endless glory.

In carriage house I saw the coach,
In which he hauled his family;
To good old historic Christ's church,
By Potomac's waters lovely.

In that famous car he did pass,
When on his journey through the south;
Right by where stands Kannapolis,
The largest towel mill on earth.

When in glory we have landed,
On yonder bright celestial shore,
The Washingtons will be our neighbors,
Forever and forever more.

—Denny.

OPPORTUNITY FOR AMERICAN LEGION TO SERVE STATE

(Conservation and Industry)

Highway Beautification

The State of North Carolina has spent approximately $150,000,000 in the development of a system of highways that are a pride to her citizens and the admiration of the nation. The system embraces more than 8,000 miles of roads.

Beautification of these lanes of travel affords one of the most important projects that could be undertaken. It would be a constructive move if the State Department of the American Legion could foster and promote a program that would make of all of these highways a continued vista of loveliness.

In order to derive the greatest service from the highway and to capitalize on the tremendous investment, the roadsides must be made as inviting and attractive as possible. Beautiful highways are not only an inspiration to the people of our State, but they can be made so attractive that they will bring thousands of tourists from other States.

Highway beautification involves three phases: The selection and protection of natural growth, the elimination of unsightly signs and posters, and the planting of shade trees selected for their natural beauty and influence on the road.

A particularly appropriate project for the American Legion is the beautification of certain highways or section as memorials in honor of the hero dead.

There are inestimable opportunities in economic benefits to the community or State in the development of a higher esthetic sense among the people, expression of civic self-respect, and the endowment of the highways "with life, character, and beauty." Highway beautification is worthy of the efforts of any progressive group.

U. D. C. Planting Program

The North Carolina Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has recently appropriated $1,600 for the beautification of the Jefferson Davis Highway through the State in honor of heroes of the War Between the States. Mrs. John H. Anderson, of Chapel Hill, is chairman of the committee that will soon begin to plant the route with red and white crepe myrtle. American Legion posts can assist materially by cooperating in this program, or can initiate projects of their own in honor of their comrades.

Success is the heritage of every American citizen who is willing to earnestly strive for it.—W. J. Harahan.

EDWARD BOK – PHILANTHROPIST

By H. H. Smith

The passing of Edward Bok, former editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, recalls the career of a most unusual man. His autobiography, "The Americanization of Edward Bok," reads like a romance. Bok was descended from sturdy Dutch parents, and was born in the Netherlands. At the age of seven he came to America. As a boy he exhibited such admirable qualities as preseverance, pluck, industry and honesty. High ideals held him to high purposes and he shunned evil ways. His successful career is an example of what our country offers a resourceful, determined young man."The sky is the limit," is the way he put it later in life. His indomitable will and tireless energy deserved success and it was not denied him. From office boy and reporter, he climbed to the editorship of a great magazine. He saw the Ladies' Home Journal grow from a circulation of four hundred thousand to two millions. But Bok did not measure success by the dollar mark. He was not content simply to make money, he wanted to be of service to his fellowman. The words of his Dutch grandmother to her children and grandchildren rang in his ears: "Make you the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have been in it." And so he strove with his pen to lift the thoughts of his millions of readers to things high and noble. He bravely challenged wrong standards of life and was willing to see his paper lose tens of thousands of subscribers, if necessary, to correct some evil threatening the welfare of the home. He spent his money freely for the uplift of his fellowman.

Bok was an ardent believer in the possibility of a warless world, and offered a prize of $100,000 for the best plan for the promotion of world peace. He accumulated a very large fortune, and it is reported that his bequests to charitable objects amount to two millions of dollars. With the record he has left, we know that he was not playing to the galleries or uttering meaningless phrases when he wrote in his biography a few years ago: "No man has a right to leave the world no better than he found it. He must add somehting to it; either he must make its people better and happier, or he must make the face of the world fairer to look at. And the one really means the other."

He does not fail to acknowledge his debt to America. America gave him a great opportunity, and in return he tried to serve his country faithfully. The closing words of his book, written ten years ago, draw us to the man:

"I ask no greater privilege than to be allowed to live to see my potential America become actual: the America that I like to think of as the America of Abraham Lincoln and of Theodore Roosevelt—not faultless, but less faulty. It is a part in trying to shape that America, and an opportunity to work in that America when it comes, that I ask in return for what I owe her. A greater privilege no man could have."

THE GREAT INDUSTRY'S ANNIVERSARY

By LOU-MAR

On the twenty-eighth of August the Graf Zeppelin passed over Missouri en route to Lakehurst on the last stage of its flight around the earth. Passing over Cleveland it added a touch of interest to the International Aircraft Exposition, where Colonel Charles E. Lindbergh thrilled the multitude of "air-minded" spectators with his exhibition of "stunt flying." On the South Hills of Allegheny County the Lebanon Presbyterian Church has entered protest because priceless windows have been damaged by blasts from the operations on the two-and-a-half-million-dollar Pittsburg Municipal Airport, now under construction.

Meanwhile the novelty has worn off the thought of transcontinental rail and air transportation. Passenger, express and freight service has become commonplace. Words of extensive purchases of stock in a nation-wide bus line by a great steam railroad system was not even an "exclusive" news story. All the while automobile licenses mount into the millions, and the problem of city traffic congestion becomes one of the serious items of the day.

Certainly a far cry from the day of the "one-horse shay," and yet there are men still alive who remember the days when such marvels were impossible. The automobile, the airplane, airship, the submarine, the gas-electric railroad car, the motor-driven ocean liner or battleship, the farm tractor, the inland river craft with Diessel engines, the small gas engine ing machine or the farm electric lighting plant; these and many other "commonplaces" of our twentieth century civilization would not be possible were it not for a very humble discovery made seventy years ago in the hills of Western Pennsylvania.

For August 28, 1929, was the seventieth anniversary of the completion of the Drake Oil Well, near Titusville, Crawford County, Pennsylvania.

The success of this well demonstrated that oil could be produced in commercial quantities by drilling down to the rocks and shales under the surface of the earth and taking out of the ground itself nature's fuel which has made our marvelous civilization of today possible. For oil was the magic touchstone out of which many great industries have been born. Today airplanes hum their way high above famous oil fields of Pennsylvania, sailing across hills and valleys where foundations were laid for colossal fortunes. Automobiles rush over concrete highways where once oil pioneers rode on horseback into muddy fields and under forest trees to scout for oil sites.

The Burning Canal

Few of the passengers on the modern airplane, or motor bus, or motor-driven ocean liner, are aware that the most antiquated of all American methods of travel is the actual "grandfather" of the industry which gives us our fuel for these new travel-machines. The newspapers, in following the "Graf Zeppelin" around the world or the "Bremen" on her maiden voyage to America, or the inauguration

of rail and air service by the Transcontinental Air Transport Company, have not given the same space to the reunions of old canal boatmen of Pennsylvania.

And yet the old Pennsylvania Canal had more to do with the discovery of oil than any other agency or institution if we get down to the real beginnings.

In the library of Hillside Farm, which lies perhaps a half mile back from the site of "Hill's Mill" on the Kiskiminetas River, and therefore that same distance from the route of the old canal, there is preserved a guide book of the year 1847, which carries this title, "Phelp's Travelers' Guide Through the United States; containing upwards of Seven Hundred Railroad, Canal and Stage and Steam-Boat Routes, accompanied with a New Map of the United States." It is a well-worn little book, especially those pages giving the routes east from Pittsburgh, which were three. One was by steamboat up the Monongahela River to Brownsville, thence by stage to Cumberland, and thence by canal or railroad to Baltimore. The second was a stage route, and the third the canal that led north up the west bank of the Allegheny River, then, after crossing the Allegheny on a wooden "dock," east along the Kiskiminetas and Conemaugh Rivers to the Portage Railroad, continuing from the eastern terminal of the Portage Railroad, the Pennsylvania Canal, followed the Juniata and Susquehanna rivers to Columbia, where connections were made with the Columbia steam railroad for Philadelphia.

The guide of 1847 names as the first "ports" out of Pittsburgh on this canal route, the towns of Tarentum, Freeport, Warren and Saltzburgh.

It was in 1848 that "the burning canal" at Tarentum attracted attention to certain qualities of a mineral oil found in salt water in wells drilled there by Thomas and Samuel Kier.

In those days much salt was manufactured along the banks of the old canal, by the Hills on the Kiskiminetas, and by many others. Old-timers of these neighborhoods will still point out the slag piles where the evaporating furnaces once stood. The original process, which in detail forms an interesting story, meant drilling shallow wells, pumping the salt water and evaporating it by means of coal, frequently the "cannel" type so highly prized today, mined in the adjacent hill, and shipment down the canal in the typical horse-drawn barge of the time. Many of these wells were spoiled for salt production because of a greasy mineral substance which also gathered on the surface of certain springs and pools. The Indians used this "oil" for medicinal purposes, and the settlers made the same use of it. A very primitive method sufficed for the gathering of this "oil." It was to dip a blanket into the water, saturate the cloth with the oil which floated on top, and then wring the oil into a container.

In the case of the Kier salt wells near the present Kier's Crossing, west of Tarentum, the accumulation of oil in the brine vats had so little value that it was skimmed off and thrown as refuse into the Pennsylvania Canal.

And then one day the surface of the

canal caught fire. A good deal of the black scum from the brine vats had had collected on the stagnant water, and when accidentally lit, it burned brightly, creating a small sensation.

Samuel Kier had sufficient interest to secure the analysis of the "mineral oil" by a chemist, who advised him to distill it. The result was a one-barrel still near the present corner of Grant and Seventh Streets, Pittsburgh, and in 1854 a five-barrel still at the same location. This was the world's first oil refinery. Mr. Kier also invented a burner for his oil and called the product "carbon oil."

There is a story that Lewis Peterson of Tarentum found commercial use for the petroleum residue from salt wells as early as 1845. It would seem that out of curiosity he took a bottle of oil found in a salt well to Pittsburg, and that a cotton factory bought from him for several years, finding this oil more economical for lubricating spindles than pure whale oil.

In 1858 the value of the oil taken from the Tarentum salt wells was $30 a barrel, and in that year the wells produced 1,008 barrels of this material.

The Drake Well

The next step came in 1856 when a group of men interested in this new product bought a farm near Titusville. They had no thought of drilling. It was their idea to proceed after the primitive fashion and enlarge an oil spring to a pool from which the accumulating oil could be skimmed.

But one day, in New York, George H. Bissell, a member of the Titusville group of investors, read one of Kier's circulars advertising the medicinal properties of the oil obtained from the Tarentum salt wells. It occurred to Mr. Bissell that if oil could be obtained from a salt well as a product, surely it could be secured by drilling specifically for it in a place where it was known to be.

The next step was to secure a driller, and this task fell to Col. Edwin L. Drake. As Col. Drake knew of no other men qualified to drill wells except at Tarentum, he went to the salt wells there and enlisted the aid of William B. Smith, of Tarentum, a blacksmith and driller. Mr. Smith and his two sons thus gained the distinction of drilling the world's first oil well.

As with so many other propositions, this to get oil out of a well met with ridicule that shook the countryside. Everyone who had the sense he was born with knew that the only way to get oil was to skim it from the surface of some spring where it rose to the surface! The idea of digging a well!

But "Uncle Billy" Smith had vision. With his two stalwart sons he sank a shaft sixty-nine and a half feet deep, striking oil on the twenty-eighth day of August, 1859. Drawing his worn, iron bit from the hole he set up an iron pitcher pump, and began the production of the fluid which has revolutionized the economic history of the world.

Immediately the famous Pennsylvania oil boom was in full swing. It spread over almost every county in the western part of the State, then into Ohio and West Virginia. Towns like Pithole and Petroleum Center be-

came frenzied cities in the rush. At one time eighty steamboats went up and down the Allegheny River carrying oil barrels, and long convoys fought their way through the muddy roads carrying oil barrels down to the river steamers.

The Pennsylvania fields reached the heyday of their product in 1891 when thirty-three million barrels of crude oil were produced. Strange though it may seem, Allegheny County led the field in that year.

Out of all this has come the automobile, the airplane, and every other wonder of the "gasoline age." It all began with a strike of oil on a Pennsylvania hillside on August 28, 1859. But back of that strike is the burning canal, and the "nuisance" which spoiled the salt wells on the Allegheny and Kiskiminetas Rivers.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and even star,
  And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
  When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
  Too full of sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
  Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
  And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
  When I embark.

For tho' from out the bourne of time and place
  The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
  When I have crossed the bar.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson

JOHN WESLEY

(The Presbyterian Standard)

The Methodist Episcopal Church, with its twenty million members, is planted in every nation in the world, and is said to be the largest of all the Protestant group.

The strong body of Christians had its beginning about 1730 in the so-called Holy Club of Oxford University, of which John and Charles Wesley and George Whitefield were the most prominent members.

The Holy Cuub was nothing more than a body of young men meeting at stated intervals for Bible study, prayer and mutual spiritual encouragement. Because, contrary to the custom of their fellow-students, they took their studies and religion seriously and adopted methodical habits, they were jocularly called "methodists," and so that which was applied to them as a mark of reproach has become their badge of honor.

John Wesley is correctly called the father of the Methodist Church. But even to the end, he seems never to have contemplated the formation of a separate denomination. All his life he spent in ministering to the societies within the Church of England. The ministry of his day is described by Bishop Ryle as gambling, drinking, fox-hunting professionals, who cared nothing for the salvation of men. The Holy Club of Oxford and the succeeding ministry of John Wesley were a revolt against this empty formality and immorality in religion and an attempt to revive the Church of England to spiritual life through the societies.

John Wesley was the fifteenth child, and his brother Charles, the eighteenth,, of the Vicar of Epworth, Samuel Wesley, and of his wife, Susanah. It is an interesting fact that the mother of these boys was the twenty-fifth child of her father, and that she also was the child of the parsonage. The Great Duke of Wellington Arthur Wellesley, who assumed the more ancient form of the family name, was a relative.

John Wesley and his movement were rightly termed methodist, for even while a boy be evinced painstaking characteristics. His father once said to his mother, "I think our boy, Jack, would not attend to the most pressing necessities of nature unless he could give a reason for it." The following are some rules which he drew up for his own conduct:

1. Begin and end every day with God; and sleep not immoderately.
2. Employ all spare hours in religion; as able.
3. Examine yourself every night.
4. Never on any account pass a day without setting aside at least an hour for devotion.

His biographer tells us that Wesley was constitutionally lazy; but if this is true, he is due all the more praise. "Leisure and I", he wrote his mother, "have parted company!" And from the record of a long life of incessant labors, we can readily believe they never met again. For over fifty years he rose from his bed at four o'clock and retired about ten. When eighty-three years old he decided that it was

about time for him to take a little vacation; accordingly, he went over to Holland for a few days only. It was a season of genuine rest. For several days he indulged himself in sleep as late as 4:30 A. M.!

Ministerial activity is not necessarily Christian work; but in this case we can readily believe that it was. Fortunately, Wesley's journal has preserved for us a record of his activities. In forty years he traveled a quarter of a million miles—chiefly on horseback—preached more than forty thousand times, and crossed the Irish Channel fifty times. He wrote two hundred and thirty-three books, including some histories and a work on medicine.

The secret of good horsemanship, says Wesley, is to leave everything to the horse! And so in his travels from one preaching point to another, he threw the bridle reins over the neck of the animal and proceeded to make preparation for the next sermon. The well-known failure of Wesley's marital career was no doubt due to his thought that professional duties should occupy the whole man. To his wife, who once complained of his conjugal indifference, he defended himself by quoting, "Let them that have wives be as though they had none."

The Methodist Church may be said to have been born in 1738, with the organization of the Fetter Lane Society. With this as a beginning, Wesley went everywhere preaching the gospel. In his answer to the charge that he was invading forbidden territory, Wesley used his immortal words, "I look upon the world as my parish; I judge it my bounden duty to declare unto all the glad tidings of salvation." The groups organized in these itineraries formed the nuclei of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Within ten years the movement had spread over England, and was not slow even in reaching America.

Wherein lay the phenomenal success of John Wesley? Although university trained, he seems not to have been possessed of any very extraordinary native ability or scholarship. Moreover, his judgement was by no means unerring; nor did he appear to be a very well-balanced Bible student. He could see only one set of truths in the Scriptures. Calvanism he summed up in these words: "One in twenty (suppose) of mankind are elected; nineteen in twenty are reprobated. The elect are saved, do what they will; the reprobate shall be damed, do what they can."

A close perusal of the life of John Wesley reveals him to have been a very human person, with like passions with us. But there was a secret of his power, a very simple one indeed. He believed in the Bible as the only and very word of God to man; he believed in God's universal and tender, compassionate love for sinners, and he believed in the efficacy of prayer. Believing these things with all his soul, he had no other ambition in life than to make them known to as many people as possible in a shore lifetime.

The close to such a career was a fitting one. The old man was nearing his eighty-eighth birthday. It was his intention to start on February 28th to visit again his work in all England. On the twenty-third he preach-

ed from the text, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near." In a day or two he took his bed from which he never arose. A few hours before his passing on March 2nd, he burst out in song:

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers."

"The best of all is, God is with us! Farewell!"

William Jennings Bryan said there are three requisites of a great speech —the occasion, the audience, and the man. These are also the requisites of a great career like Wesley's. In his case, the occasion was the burning need of a revival of genuine religion; the audience was the mass of unsaved people whom the Established Church of England was not reaching; the man was a devout preacher, of simple, fervent faith and single aim. Through these conditions the Spirit of God touched England and shook her to the foundations.

Is our generation anything similar to England of the Eighteenth century? Who doubts the need of a revival of genuine religious faith—even among Church members? And who does not know of the throngs yet untouched by the saving power of Jesus?

We have the occasion. We have the audience. Do we have the men?

WHAT IS DONE WITH THE CRIMINAL?

The conditions which breed criminality must be overcome. We must begin with a more godly and stabilized family life. Respect for law and order must be taught and demonstrated to the young. Our industrial order must come to recognize personality as of more value than profits. Public office must come to be recognized as the highest type of community service. Society must come to regard the criminal as a product rather than a cause; an individual to be saved and reinstated rather than an object for revenge or retaliation. Court procedure and prison detention condemns the victims for their sin. Prophetic leadership in the pulpit must point to the dynamic power of the reformative measure of legislative halls.

So long as America continues preponderantly reckless, individualistic and disorderly with the profit motive dominant we may expect a high crime rate. The young "bandit," the illegitimate offspring of the World War, is a distinct by-product of our American life. To lock him up or even kill him will not solve the crime problem. Modern preventive medicine has reduced, and in some instances eliminated, the dreaded diseases of a generation ago. To the extent that crime is a social disease it can be cured.—Dr. Ambrose Hering

BUSINESS SICKNESS ESSENTIAL

(Selected)

Dr. W. W. Staley, pastor emeritus of Christian Church, Suffolk, Virginia, is respected, esteemed and loved by all denominations in the city in which he has faithfully and lovingly served humanity from the days of his early manhood up to the present date. He is too old to answer the demands of the large congregation he loves so dearly, but I am safe in saying that no man of any profession, or at any time has ever been so universally beloved as Dr. Staley. He always carries a balm for every ill, and in the instance of "hard times" that is absorbing the attention, as well as sapping the hope of many, through the columns of the Christian Sun he discusses the subject in a manner that gives hope. He is a philosopher, yes, more than that, a "christian gentleman" who sees hope in conditions because of his untiring faith in the creator of mankind: (Editor's Note.)

"Hard times are usually considered from a financial standpoint, though it might be well to consider hard times from a spiritual standpoint; and that is even worse than financial hard times. There are several causes for financial hard times: overproduction, overcredit, extravagance in current expenses, overdoing business. Stock corporations, capital that belongs to a large number of people, and handled by a few incompetents on large salaries, running apparently well a season and then, in stringent periods, passing into the hands of receivers and finally sold to pay off mortgage indebtedness. If men would stay inside of the line of their ability to do business, crashes would be avoidable.

But hard times is business sickness, and is necessary to keep society from running wild and losing moral balance. The psalmist said, "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept Thy word. The same is true of society. In what men call good times, business men go astray; but when hard times come they become more careful. Most all great progress follows hard times. The same is true of great revivals. When society gets very bad, religious leaders become deeply concerned, the gospel is proclaimed with a new emphasis, sinners repent, believe, and join in with the people of God. The greatest movement in the Southern States for financial, industrial and educational progress followed the Civil War. Conditions had reached the bottom, people went to work in earnest, lived within their earning capacity, and times grew better until prosperity blinded the eyes of men and luxurious indulgence turned the tide of prosperity into what men call hard times.

"Another cause of hard times has been war. Prices mount up to abnormal heights, men run wild for gain, government pays big wages for service, and high prices for goods, farm products rise with the tide, extravagance spreads over society and then, when the war is over and business drops back to normal, it is called hard times. Then follows failures,

complaints, lack of confidence in men and business, and the whole country halts in its progress. This nation is in one of these hard-time stages at the present time. Debtors can't and creditors won't, and so the brakes are on society and the car of progress slows up for the time.

"But reaction always follows hard times and prosperity goes forward, and people have faith again in business, in one another, and in God. Solomon was right when he said, "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them." Hard times never hurt as much as prosperity. Riches spoil more people than poverty. People get hopelessly in debt in flush times. Even banks become careful in hard times. The last ten years have been wild years in business and in morals, too. Booms and breaks, fortunes and failures, high living and stint, came along in the wake of prosperity. All artificial means to correct hard times fail Hard work, economy in expenses, revival of confidence among men, honesty and fair treatment, more regular attendance and support of Church work, will heal all the hard places like rain softens hard ground.

DONKEY PICTURES

When mother tucks me in my bed
And I my ev'ning prayer have said,
She makes fine pictures on the wall,
And one I like the best of all,
I ask her for 'most ev'ry night—
A donkey picture that can't bite.

He opens wide his mouth, and I
Just push my finger in...And my!
He snaps his jaws just dreadfully
But doesn't hurt a bit, you see.
Then mother laughs and 'fore I know
That naughty donkey's grabbed my toe.

I pull my foot up under me
And right there on the wall I see
That self-same- donkey laughing now,
Just 'cause I hollered, "Ow-oo-ow!"
Then mother kisses me good-night
And finally turns out the light.

—Margaret Brown Elms.

SPRING AND THE ROBIN'S SONG

By Mary Royce Merriman

Up above, in the garden, the ground was still cold and hard, and covered with a white blanket everywhere, except in one or two places where the warmth of the sun had softened it. Nowhere could you see a sign of all the flowers that had once made the garden so beautiful. You wouldn't dream to look about you that they were anywhere near.

But if you could have peeped down beneath the blanket of snow, just a little way. My! what a commotion you would have found. All the Crocus youngsters, and the Snowdrops were pushing and jostling each other; their parents couldn't do a thing with them. You see, they wanted to peep out above. They wished to put on their new white and gold and purple Easter hats and gowns and their green coats, and come out into the bright sunshine. They were so tired of the dark bed where they had rested all the winter.

Mother Crocus and Auntie Pearl Snowdrop and the other relatives could not understand why they were in such a hurry, and told them that Jack Frost would nip them if they ventured up too soon.

The older flowers stood anxiously about, and watched the youngsters scuffle and jostle, until first one pushed up a little, and then another and another and they were near the top. Suddenly Kitty Windflower cried out:

"Good-by! I'm going! I'm sure I heard a robin sing!"

"Oh, wait, silly children," cried Mother Crocus. "It's cold above. You must wait till you hear a robin sing."

"Let us go! Don't hold us back! We'll push up, and soon we'll be on top, and then we'll look so beautiful, with our new hats and gowns," said Yellow Crocus. "Lily Snowdrop, stop crowding so! I'm going first."

"Why, where's Kitty Windflower?" asked Mother Crocus. The flowers looked for her, but no one could see her.

"She must have gone above into the garden," said Goldie Daffodil. "Perhaps she really heard a robin sing. Maybe we had all better go. Push up carefully, all of you. Just your little pointed caps above the ground. If it is cold and icy, stay back and don't go any further. But listen until you hear a robin sing."

So all the flowers pushed up very carefully till they had made little openings where they could peep out. And they looked and listend, and the first thing they heard was a breeze blowing out of the south, and it blew a robin's song right their way. And there, in the garden, sat Kitty Windflower in a pretty lavender gown, with her furs all rolled back.

Then they knew that Earth's house-cleaning was done, and the garden ready for them. So they all unwrapped their coats, and stood about in bright new gowns of white and purple and gold.

There were robins singing in the trees, and the south wind was blowing. A little girl at her window claped her hands and said, "Oh, look and listen! Flowers are out and robins singing. Spriing has come at last!

ONLY A PAIR OF SHOES

(The Classmate)

The machinery employed and the remote sources of the origin of materials make the construction of shoes little short of marvelous.

The vamp of men's high grade shoes is made of horsehide brought from Europe and tanned in New Jersey. The top is made of the skin of a goat that probbaly roamed the plains of South America, imported into this country and tanned in Philadelphia with gambier, which, in turn, was produced in the East Indies. The wool oil from Michigan makes it soft and pliable. The brilliance of the patent leather is obtained by polishing with a composition containing lampblack and turpentine, the latter coming from North Carolina, damer from New Zealand; asphalt from South America; wood naphtha from Michigan; benzoin from Sumatra; amber from the shores of the Baltic Sea; sandarac from Africa; mastic from the isles of Greece; flemi from Asia, and lac from China.

The outer sole is furnished from the back of a Texas steer and bark from Tennessee tans it in Kentucky. The inner sole is made of the hide of California cattle. The lifts for the heel are from the skin of a buffalo that inhabits East India.

The dextrine which holds the layers of the heels together comes from the cornfields of Illinois. The sole of heavy oak is stitched to the welt with linen thread spun in Scotland. The thread is strengthened with wax extracted from the pines of North Carolina. The cement which holds the thread owes its origin to the Brazilian rubber tree sap. The leather for the box toe was hardened by shellac found in the crude state in Siam.

The Kangaroo of Australia furnishes the hide for the tongue of the shoe, and the cork insole was from the forests of Portugal. The bright polish of the sole is due to a coat of bayberry tallow made from the fruit of the India bay tree. The twill for the inside comes from cotton grown in Texas, woven in Massachusetts, stiffened in Philadelphia with paste made from Kansas wheat flour. Thread spun from sea-island cotton supplies the top stitching. The felt heel pads are made from the wool of Ohio sheep, felted in a New York town, distributed in Boston and glued in place with gum arabic from Egypt.

The shoe lace is made from native cotton thread colored with logwood from Yucatan. Silk from China supplies the tag on which the name of the maker is embroidered. Steel, especially made for the purpose in Pittsburgh, is used for the nails. The lacing hooks and eyelets are made in Connecticut, while a combination of zinc and copper provided the foundation.

With the aid of fifteen machines and sixty-three people, the leather can be transformed into a pair of shoes in thirty-four minutes. And finally, the box in which the finished shoes are packed is made of American wheat straw and the cottonwoods of Mississippi delta.

FASHIONS OF 1880

(Reidsville Review)

In a recent radio address in which fact and humor were delightfully commingled, Dr. Julius Klein, assistant secretary of commerce described the "good old days" of 50 years ago. His description of some fashions of the time were both interesting and amusing.

Recalling the basques, palonases, hoopskirts and bustles of a former day, reference was also made to an incident which occurred in Lyons, N. Y., in 1880. While trying to fit a customer into a new dress embodying the "wasp waist" effect so popular at that time a dressmaker broke the lady's ribs.

In homes of the period were seen wax flowers, embroidered mottoes, horsehair sofas, tatting tidies, "whatnots" adorned with conch shells, kerosene lamps and "family albums" replete with tintypes portraying Aunt Sally with her head carefully held in position by a cast iron prong."

In 1880 the telephone was a new toy, and a European newspaper describing Edison's reported invention of the incandescent lamps as "the latest American humbug." Few believed that man would ever fly; the X-ray and radio were undreamed of, and there were no automobiles. Most men wore beards and nearly everyone had appendix and tonsils intact.

Perhaps those who look back upon us from the vantage points of 50 years hence will find us as interestingly amusing as we behold the folks of 50 years ago.

WHY ASH WEDNESDAY

Ash Wednesday (March 5 this year) the first day in Lent, is so called from the Roman Catholic ceremony in which on that day the priest dips his thumb into ashes previously blessed and makes the sign of the cross upon the forehead of the faithful. The ashes used are made by burning the remains of the palms blessed on the Palm Sunday of the preceeding year. Ashes are the symbol of penitence, and the ceremony is undoubtedly an outgrowth of the penance in "sackcloth and ashes" referred to by the Old Testament prophets. It is intended to remind mortal man that "dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return."..The custom, as well as Latin name "dies cinerum" (day of ashes' probably dates back in the Roman Catholic church to the eighth century, if not the time of Pope Greogory the Great.—The Pathfinder.

BEING A GENTLEMAN

By Emma Florence Bush in Presbyterian Standard

"Benny is a perfect gentleman," said grandma, who had come to visit at Charley's house from way out West.

Charley wondered why grandma had said that. Most everybody said he was a little gentleman, he stood so straight and tall, and his clothes were always so nicely made and carefully taken care of. But Benny wore clothes so long that they had to be mended, and he had just the least little bit of a limp when he walked.

"Benny is a gentleman," said grandma again the next day, and again Charley wondered. At last he made up his mind to find out what grandma meant.

"Grandma," he asked, "why do you call Benny a perfect little gentleman? He does not wear very nice clothes, and he does limp a little. You can see it, can't you grandma?"

Grandma looked over her spectacles at Charley. Then she said quietly, "I called Benny a perfect gentleman, because when he came over here to play he was so kind and thoughtful. He played with you and enjoyed it, but when I lost my glasses and began to hunt for them he left off playing at once and helped me find them."

Charley opened his eyes. So that was being a gentleman. Nurse had never told him that.

"Then," said grandma, "the other day when Benny was over here to play with you, when Jack Coombs came over and wanted to tease little sister by pretending to hurt her doll, Benny quietly took the doll away from Jack and gave it back to her, then coaxed Jack away to play croquet."

"Why, grandma," said Charley, "I thought a gentleman was someone who dressed nicely and always looked well. Nurse says so."

"That is nurse's kind of gentleman," said grandma. "Now my kind of a gentleman is one who has a heart and who lives by a rule you and I both learn about in church and Sunday school."

"Do you mean the Golden Rule?" asked Charley, thoughtfully.

"Yes," answered grandma, "Anyone who applies the Golden Rule, whether he wears fine clothing or is in rags, is a gentleman. Of course it is nice to be both kinds of a gentleman, one who is careful about his appearance and looks nicely, as well as having a kind heart. But if one cannot be both, which do you think is best?"

"I think the Golden Rule gentleman," said Charley. "I will be that kind too, grandma."

I need not shout my faith Thrice eloquent
Are quiet trees and green listening sod;
Hushed are the trees, whose power is never spent;
The hills are mute, yet how they speak of God!

—Charles Hanson Towne.

THE ORIGIN OF "SILENT NIGHT"

By H. T. W.

About ten years ago I read in a church paper a detailed account of the origin of the popular Christmas hymn "Silent Night" and reproduced it for a Christmas talk. It was to the effect that one Franz Gruber, an organist and a teacher in the parish of Joseph Mohr, had lost by death his beautiful young wife a short while prior to Christmas in 1818 and as a result he was disconsolate. His pastor, however, planned for him a surprise calculated to bring to him the real joys of Christmas. On the day before Christmas he had him taken away by friends while he and others and the little daughter of Franz Gruber placed in their home a beautiful Christmas tree and decorated the room so that it would minister most to Christmas joy. It was planned that the little daughter should lead him into this Christmas surprise. The thing worked like a charm and brought back the real Franz Gruber. Then it was that the pastor, Joseph Mohr, brought forth this Christmas hymn he had written during the day, showed it to Franz Gruber with the suggestion that he would like to use it in the Christmas service the next morning, and as the organist sat down to improvise, this tune which we now sing was born out of the throes of grief mingled with Christmas joys.

In looking through our main city library for material to refresh my memory on the details of this incident I found little that was of any help but was surprised that several brief references in magazine articles account Joseph Mohr, the writer of this hymn, to have been a Catholic priest. One account calls him an Austrian priest and another states that he was an assistant priest in Armsdorf. Another calls him a priest of South Germany. Now is there real evidence that he was a priest, or is this just an example of Roman Catholic appropriation?

The latest account we have read is in W. L. Hunton's "Favorite Hymns." This is altogether different. Here it is not Franz Gruber who is bereaved of his wife but Joseph Mohr and that on the very day before Christmas. Moreover he has a family of a considerable number of children all of which is unusual for a priest!

PREPAREDNESS

For all your days prepare,
And meet them ever alike;
When you are the anvil, bear—
When you are the hammer, strike.

—Edwin Markham.

OLD MOTHER MOOLEY COW

By Elizabeth Cole

Old Mother Mooley Cow was a wise cow. She nibbled at the green grass in a green pasture all day long. Up and down and round and round went her mouth as she chewed on the green juicy grass in the sunshiny pasture. "I'll make the best milk I can," thought wise Mother Mooley Cow as she munched and munched.

Old Farmer Jenkins was a wise old farmer. He gave old Mother Mooley Cow a comfortable bed of straw in a nice clean barn. Each day when the clock struck five he led her in from the green sunshiny pasture. He sat on his three legged stool and milked old Mother Mooley Cow. He always washed his hands first, and carefully washed nice old Mother Mooley Cow. Then he put the milk in a shiny pail. "I'll sell the best milk I can," said old Farmer Jenkins as he covered the pail with a clean cloth.

Old Farmer Jenkins' young son Thomas, was a wise young son. He took the pail filled with wise old Mother Mooley Cow's milk and poured it into a great big can with other nice warm milk. The can was as tall as a little boy five years old. It was also shiny and clean. Old Farmer Jenkins' young son, Thomas, covered the can with a shiny cover. "We won't let any dirt get into that can of fresh milk," said the wise young Thomas as he fastened down the cover.

Old Farmer Jenkin's younger son. Billy, was also wise like his father and his big brother. He helped Thomas lift the big can into a wagon with lots of other cans all carefully covered.

"Geddap!" he said to old Rastus, the horse. And away they drove to the station.

"I'll be as careful as I can going over the bumps," said wise old Rastus, the horse, as he trotted along the brown country road.

"Wish I could take this milk all the way to the city and see all the children who are going to drink it," said Farmer Jenkin's younger son, Billy, as he helped Mr. Brown load the cans into a freight train that stood puffing at the station.

Big Mr. Brown was a wise trainmen He had his freight car all filled with ice to keep the milk cool.

"We'll deep Old Mother Mooley Cow's milk nice and fresh," chuckled big Mr. Brown, as he packed the clean can into the cold, cold ice chest train.

"Puff, puff, chug, chug," went the wise old engine. "We'll go whizzing fast, to get old Mother Mooley Cow's milk to the city," choo-chooed the big engine, as it sped over the shiny steel tracks to the city.

Johnny the truckman was a wise, though sleepy truckman. He had to get up in the dark to meet the train when it arrived in the city. Almost everybody was still asleep in bed when old Mother Mooley Cow's milk was unloaded from the cold ice chest car.

"Most didn't wake up this time," yawned Johnny, the truckman, as he started his engine. "Wouldn't do a'-tall not to get this nice Mother Mooley

Cow's milk to the plant. Have to be Johnny-on-the spot," drawled wise Johnny, the truckman.

Over the cobblestones rattled the truck full of milk cans, long before the sun came out.

"Must get all these bottles washed out," sang wise Mr. Beebe in his big white apron, at the milk plant. "Wouldn't do a'tall not to have 'em ready when Johnny the truckman brings old Mother Mooley Cow's fresh milk from the country," he said as he put dozens and dozens of milk bottles into a big tank. The tank was as big as some people's rooms. He turned on the electric button that made the water boil.

"Sizzle, sizzle," went the water in the tank, and pretty soon it bubbled and steamed. "Must get out all the old sour milk and the dirt that was in these old bottles," hissed and bubbled the steaming water.

"Not a sign of any dirt on these bottles," sang wise Mr. Beebe as he turned on another current of clean air to dry them.

"Here we are!" cried Johnny, the truckman. "Here's old Mother Mooley Cow's fresh milk from the country!"

Into the spotless glass bottles Mr. Beebe, in his big white apron and all the other men in their big white aprons, poured old Farmer Jenkins' pure fresh milk.

"Have to work fast," sang all the men in their big white aprons. "Have to hurry this nice fresh milk to boys and girls to make them grow."

Down snapped the cap over each spotless glass bottle. "We have to fit tight," piped the wise cardboard caps to the spotless glass bottles, "we don't want to let anything impure get into the best milk that old Mother Mooley Cow could give."

"Is the milk by the door?" called mother to Molly who came into the kitchen with her face all shining from washing it, and her eyes all bright from sleeping with windows wide open.

"Oh, yes, mother, here it is," cried Molly as she opened the door.

"Put it into the icebox, please," said mother, as she scrambled the eggs; "we mustn't let nice old Mother Mooley Cow's milk get sour."

"But the bottle's all dirty," said wise little Molly. "It has little bits of dust all over the top and the glass isn't clean."

"Here's a clean cloth to wipe it off with.' said mother.

"Oh, thank you," whispered the spotless glass botlle.

"Oh, thank you," piped the cardboard top that fitted tight.

"We don't want any dirt to get into you, Mrs. Milk," said shining-faced Molly, as she patted the spotless glass bottle that held old Farmer Jenkins' nice milk.

"I'm hungry," said older brother Bobby, all shining-faced from taking a bath and all bright-eyed from sleeping with windows wide open. "Isn't breakfast ready?"

"All ready," said mother, as she poured the cold milk from a tall brimming pitcher onto the oatmeal. "Who wants a glass of milk, too?" asked mother.

"I do," said wise sister Molly.

"I do," said wise older brother Bobby.

"I do, too," said wise father as he came into the dining room, all shining-faced from his bath and all bright-eyed from sleeping with his windows wide open.

"Well, I believe I do, too," said wise mother. "We want to be as healthy as we can, don't we?" she beamed on the three shining faces.

And old Mother Mooley Cow out in old Farmer Jenkins' green sunshiny pasture must actually have smiled.

"What a wise family that is, she must have mused to a butterfly that was skimming over her head. "There's a family that knows pure milk helps to make them strong and well." And wise old Mother Mooley Cow thoughtfully munched and munched and made the best milk she could.

And every time we drink a glass of milk we can think about all the people who helped bring old Mother Mooley Cow's milk to Molly and Bobby. All those people, Mr. Jenkins and his wise sons, Thomas and Billy, Rastus, the horse, Mr. Brown, truckman Johnny, Mr. Beebe and all the other men in their big white aprons help make it possible for us, too, to have our milk to drink.

But would you believe it? There are boys and girls and grown-ups, too, who do not drink milk or eat the right foods. They do not sleep with their windows open or play in the nice fresh air.

Did you know that the little penny Christmas seals you stuck on your packages and letters at Christmas helped to teach boys and girls how to be strong and healthy?

HONOR ROLL FOR FEBRUARY

Room No. 1

—A—

Johnny Bowers and David Fountain.

—B—

Thomas McKee and Dorman McCotter.

Room No. 2.

—A—

Lynwood Dorman.

—B—

John Garret, Arthur Higgins, Carl Norton, Raymond Richards, Archie Saferight, Theodore Troxler, Bernice Wilson, Phil Gibson, and Charles Rogers.

Room No. 3

—A—

Talmadge Attwood, Olie Gilbert, Melvin Cathron and Joe Robinson.

—B—

Willie Thomas, Obie Simms, Joe Talbert, Malon Allen and Robert Capel.

Room No. 4.

—A—

Carrol Allen, Cecil Bailey, Ernest Carter, Shirley Earnhardt, Samuel Gatewood, Fulton Hare, Reid Jackson, Domenick Morrone, Sivey Ray Marshburn, William Myers, George Ozment, Guy Priest, Claude Slate,

Ben Woody, Jimmie Battle, Joe Baugheum, Obie Blanton, Edgar Burleson, Wilson Easterling, Otis Floyd, Ernest Farr, Noah Gibson, Ray Hamm, Ray Hager, Vernon Jernigan, Therman Knight, Author Markham, James Meddlin, Thomas Martin, Collie McMahan, Robert Scott, Sim Sanford, Floyd Terris, Turner Taylor, Norwood Thornton, Robert Truelove, Edwin Woods, Floyd Woods, Fred Weaver, Lester Wall and J. B. Wells.

—B—

Robert Brittian, Rommie Galloway, Lennis Hicks, D. B. Hayslip, Edmond Hodge, Vergil Rufty, Arnold Allmond, Lanford Boone, Tom Blanchard, Arnold Cecil, Wallace Harding, Archie Holt, Earl Irby, Toy Jackson, Percy Long, Woodrow Melton, Charlie Miller, Edgar Standridge, Dennis Scavulnos, June Starling, Newsome Calaway and Jack Harris.

Room No. 5

—A—

Harvey Causey, James Correll, Clinton Coates, John Tart and Alvin Fann.

—B—

John Thompson, Cecil Farr, Francis Trexler, Clyde Kivett, Roy Colbert, Belmont Flynn, John Bundy, Ben Clayton and James Frazier.

Room No. 6

—A—

Cletus Eason, James Chappell, William Wade, Haddon Gunter, William Handford, George Shoemaker, Pink Chester and Daford Waddell.

—B—

Douglas Fairbanks, William Rathborne, Bob Russel, Willie Byrd, Charles Smathers, David White and E. Lee White.

Room No. 7

—A—

Garland Smith, Bruce Eed, Abraham Smith, Sulon Tysinger, John Vanderburg, John Nixon, Amos Nussome, Lee Shields, Flay Pearson, Reece Rose, Lawrence Dorsett, Russell Dorsett, Gordon Parker, Linwood Butler.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our principal of school reports that 150 boys were promoted last week.

The barn boys hauled coal from our siding to the various cottages last Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. Grier and a group of boys recently set out several hundred blackberry plants.

Mr. Walker and his boys have been busy planting all kinds of vegetable seeds.

All of the boys enjoyed eggs for breakfast and delicious home made pork sausage for dinner last Sun-

day.

Rev. James Warren, Pastor of M. E. Church, Gastonia and Dr. C. S. Kirkpatrick, pastor of M. E. Church, Mt. Airy, were visitors here last Tuesday afternoon.

About forty pupils of the fifth grade of the Harrisburg School, accompanied by Miss Lucile Overcash, teacher, visited the various departments of the institution last Monday afternoon.

Six boys who had made good records during their stay here, were paroled by Superintendent Boger last week. Our best wishes for success go with them as they again take their places in society.

Boys on the farm force have been preparing a watermelon patch. We are all glad to know that this patch consists of several acres and with a good season we should gather more melons this year than ever before.

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKimmon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday faternoon. He made a very interesting talk on "The Value of Small Things," which all present enjoyed.

United States Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas, accompanied by Mr. L. T. Hartsell, Sr., chairman of our Board of Trustees, Dr. W. R. Fisher, and others, of Concord, visited the Training School last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. E. C. Blair, State Agronomist, of, Raleigh, visited the institution last Monday. The purpose of this visit was to revise former plans for a rotation of farm crops, made necessary by the recent acquisition of new farm land.

The basketball team of the Concord Y. M. C. A., made its second visit to the school last Saturday afternoon and this time were on the losing end of a 16 to 13 score. Our boys exhibited a marked improvement as compared with their performance a week previous, and outplayed the visitors at every stage of the game.

Rev. Thomas F. Higgins and Judge C. B. Hyatt, of Asheville, visited the Training School last Monday afternoon. Rev. Higgins was formerly pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord and for, several years was a regular visitor at the school, where he made many friends.

President Hoover says: "The joyous rush of the brook, the contemplation of the eternal flow of the stream, the stretch of forest and mountain, all reduce our egoism, soothe our troubles, and shame our wickedness." There is no doubting the fact that a closer contact with the great out-of-doors is a privilege and inspiration which should be available to every citizen of the State.—Exchange.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 15, 1930. No. 8

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE JEWEL

There is a jewel which no wealth can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit.
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little, all in naught—content.

—Author Unknown.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

REAL LIFE

"Life is a pilgrimage, not a middle age crusade, but as each day comes and passes we find ourselves moving on. Today we rest by the springs of Marah, sorrow and bitterness possess us. Tomorrow we journey on to the wells of Elim, here we find rest and joy. And so each day moves us forward.

'But pause long enough to remember the courage, bravery and strength for each day. The ideal is when we find that we have the courage, strength and bravery to lose our lives in these passing days, that on tomorrow we may find it, richer, fuller, blessed.

"Life in its ideal is simple. What shall I say: O Lord, open thou my lips and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise. Why it is just so simple that it has taken us 2,000 years to realize that we haven't the courage to do just this. Jesus said, My Father worketh hitherto and I work. Life finds its ideal mission in not only saying: My Father worketh hither to and Jesus My Master worked and I work now.

"Losing one's life in service is personality finding itself. It develops the powers, the talents, the individualities. I am sure that it is this that Jesus would encourage."—Dr. L. A. Thomas.

COL. AL FAIRBROTHER IS DEAD

Again we are confronted with the sad news that another one of our splendid friends has passed over the the bar—Col. Al Fairbrother, Greensboro, N. C. Col. Fairbrother's interest in the Jackson Training School, as in all other forward movements for the betterment of North Carolina, dates from the time the first article was written, by editor of the Concord Standard in the Fall of 1890, advocating a school for wayward boys, and his endorsement

of the same was forcibly expressed through the columns of his paper, the Durham Globe. One of the outstanding characteristics of Col. Fairbrother was his courage; he was loyal as a friend and his ability as a writer and leader were conspicuously attested by his measure of success in every venture. The news of his death has brought forth many expressions of sorrow because of his fine influence and support in all endeavors that emanated for good. The Col. and his splendid wife had for the past few years taken up their abode in California, but their interest in the activities of the Old North State never flagged, and at each epochal return to their home in Greensboro, they always honored the Jackson Training School with a visit. We will miss the visits of this splendid citizen. We take this opportunity to express to the bereaved wife in her hours of loneliness and distress our sympathy.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE GREATEST GOVERNING POWER

Love is the greatest governing power on this earth. The Creator of the universe is love. God is love. All the law and phophets hang on Love.

The person who loves the triune God, who loves his country, his family, his work, his neighbor, humanity, is too busy with his love to commit crimes, break laws and despitefully use his fellow men. Love would make this world a paradise if men would practice it more towards God and men.

Love enables the artist to catch the multitints of nature, the inspiration of spring and the flush of autumn; the blue of the skies and the glory of gorgeous sunsets, and transfer them to canvass for an admiring world. Love enthuses the poet to listen to the songs of birds, the sighs of winds through trees, and as Theodore B. Pearson has said, paint a word picture of the clouds that slowly rise like golden incense toward the unseen throne, or repeat the heart-throbs that lie hidden so deep within the human breast.

Love causes the musician to try to match a mother's lullaby or transcribe the music of the spheres and catch the thrill of angel harps. Love causes the mother heart to throb with hope and tremble with fear as she looks into the face of her first-born and sees the angel hand that dimpled its little cheek and reaches down to lead it into the paths of honor and achievement she has dreamed for it—it is Love that sings in her ears devotion. It is Love that accomplishes all big achievements. It makes the world live and go 'round. It is Love that causes man to seek his mate and build the home

where two shall drain love's cup that never palls and grows into the likeness of each others dreams. Love is the power that directs the physician to visit palace and hovel alike to relieve sickness, pain and whisper consolation or encouragement to a soul on the brink of the Everlasting Silence.

Love shall some sweet day draw men of many creeds to look upon each other as brothers, and bring into existence universal brotherhood; shall teach the world that Service to another is the only lesson worth learning and that only true pleasure shall come from that lesson.

Make Love the big business of life!

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TURNING COUNTY HOMES INTO COUNTY HOSPITALS

"The North Carolina Welfare Progress," a publication issued monthly by the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare, expresses the opinion that the most inefficiently conducted business in the state is the county home system. This conclusion is reached after careful deliberation and calculation, from economic view points, by some of our most experienced welfare workers. The estimated value of the county homes in the state is something over two and three quarter millions, and to maintain the same costs annually the counties of the state one half million dollars. There are sixty five counties out of the hundred that have invested in splendidly equipped county homes for the care of nearly two thousand poor men, women and children. It is also estimated that the average cost per capita, aside from the investment in property, is about $22, per month, and the conclusion drawn is that these same indigent people could be cared for by some friend or relative for less than this amount. Then to further show the economy in boarding out the inmates of the county home the interest on the money invested in property at five per cent used otherwise would be a saving for the tax payers. Mrs. W. B. Waddill, Superintendent of Vance County Public Welfare, has tried out the experiment of boarding out the inmates and finds them much happier (with less expense) than when they were in the county homes. The county home of Vance has been converted into a county hospital, subsidized by the Duke Endowment, and by this means a great constructive work is being done which in the future will reduce the number of people who become county charges. In short the Vance county hospital home which has replaced the "county poor house" serves the whole community instead of a few real poor people segregated so to speak to

commune over their misfortunes.

Our first thought was that to do away with our many county homes throughout the state and make other provisions for the inmates was too radical and a waste of money, but after studying over the question it does seem that the money expended for county homes turned into hospitals would not only serve the poor, but those who are sick as well. The question is surely one worth the attention of the weople, especially so if we get better results for money expended. Tax money is a public trust and should be used to get the best results.

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MAKE A LIFE INSTEAD OF JUST A LIVING

The gift of $100,000,000 from Henry Ford, to be spent in the founding of trade schools for the purpose of placing young boys and girls in a life of usefulness, is an indication that the "flivver man" does not think our schools are measuring up to the demands that confront life. Our public schools do not include the vocational training because of the lack of funds. But as sad as it may seem, and as much as we dislike to admit the same, a large percentage of the public school student body, the preparation realized from the public school system more frequently misplaces young men or women than places them. They come out above the agricultural and mechanical taste, and yet are inadequately qualified for the aims and purpose they desire—a professional career. The majority of the young people of high schools find their way either behind the counter in some mercantile establishment, in an office or an operative in a mill. They simply make a living instead of leading the way as adepts in some vocation—giving inspiration sufficient to make a life instead of just making a living. Many boys and girls in the future will rise up and call Henry Ford blessed, if he puts into execution his plan for spending a hundred million dollars in the founding of trade schools. The prime objective of the project as suggested by Mr. Ford is to make the average girl and boy find themselves using that which they acquired in school.

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"A CONTROVERSY BETWEEN ARISTOCRATIC MASCULINE TRADITION AND FEMININE EQUALITARIANISM

The organized women of the State of Virginia are seeking for equal

higher educational privileges with men, co-education or coordinate education, at the University of Virginia. But, opposition by the legislative body has been expressed by the appointment of a commission instructed to report at the 1932 session of legislature, a specific plan for the establishment of a liberal arts college for women, not less than 30 miles distant from Charlottesville. The Virginia solons will not concede to the wish of the women. They will not budge from their opposition to a woman's college at or near the University of Virginia. The Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch gives this view point of the controversy:

> What the outcome will be we do not pretend to predict, but we will risk the prophecy that the liberal arts college drama will have at least as many acts as Mr. O'Neil's "Strange Interlude" and with just as many sides. The 15-year-old college fight, in our opinion, is still nowhere near its final curtain. In its essence, the fight is between an aristocratic masculine tradition and feminine equalitarianism—a fight which, whatever may be the equalities in the case, has in nearly every modern instance ended in a victory, complete or qualified, for the ladies.

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JUST A RED ROSE

A fine thought it was of Mr. J. B. Ivey, president of Ivey's, Charlotte, to place on sale many red roses at 10 cents per for the benefit of the many rural homes of Mecklenburg. Mr. Ivey is a lover of flowers and has made this offer so as to inspire others to beautify the grounds of their homes. This is a little act, we admit, but it takes the little things to show up the big man. The thoughtfulness has a two fold meaning—it will give brightness and cheer to the surroundings as well as make a pleasing impression upon the touists who, today, frequent the highways. A red rose for every rural home of Mecklenburg County seems to be the objective of this generous, christian gentleman. There is no doubt the planting of red roses will inspire others with the desire to plant shrubbery making more attractive homes.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

(Editor's Note: Mr. James A. Robinson, "Old Hurrygraph" is flat on his back with a body racked with pain, patiently awaiting the slow process of healing and adjustment of shocked nerve centers and strains to muscles, tendons and sinews in the interior machinery of his thorax, the result of an automobile skidding on a wet highway and turning turtle. He is now virtually a "'painstaking'' man. "Old Hurrygraph" is unable to use his typewriter, and for once he has dictated to his wife, giving the following account of the almost fatal accident on highway No. 10.)

—o—

I sure did butt into Guilford county Sunday for a fact. Mrs. Minnie L. Yearby, Mrs. James A. Robinson and myself proceeded to carry out our plan to go to Greensboro, to hear Dr. Myers preach in the wonderful First Presbyterian church and also hear the audition winner, Kane, sing. Man proposes but God disposes; bless His Holy name.

A dizzling rain made highway No. 10 pretty slick the entire way. When we reached Bessemer, a village some four miles east of Greensboro, and before we had gotten through the town the hour 10:40 struck for us. A man driving a large car was seen coming out of a cross street and looked as if he was going to make a long turn in front of us to the left. The lady driving our car, going at a moderate rate of speed, not knowing whether he would make the turn or cross the highway obliquely, applied the brakes. That was the beginning of things with us.

Our car began a series of skidding and immediately proceeded to change its course, making a short turn as if it desired to return to Durham. But it circled off the highway and took a serpentine course to a gentleman's yard. A drop of four or five inches to the yard, gave the swaying car fresh momentum and then like "Old Man River" it just rolled along and came to a halt with a bang, in the gentleman's yard, top on the ground and wheels spinning in the air as if it wanted to travel radio route. It was a yard of excitement, and I brought away achers of pains.

When I felt the car skid and turn my first thought was that something is going to happen. In a few moments it did. As the car took to two wheels in the sharp turn, I felt as if I were about to float up in the air, and then to me everything was as black as night. It looked as though grim death was hanging his sable curtains over the machine. How many revolutions I made I don't know, neither do I know what I struck or what hit me. I was in the dark to it all. A few seconds later when I could see, I was crumpled up like a piece of paper, on the under side of the top, which was now at the bottom, and the bottom of the car was overhead. One of the seats was holding me down. I could not get my breath. The

thought occurred to me, "Is this the end? O Lord save our souls." I could hear voices calling to me from the outside, "Are you hurt?" But I could not answer. I was gasping, and couldn't utter a whisper. Just then I felt hands take hold of me and straighten me out and lift me through the door. An inventory of my injuries revealed that I had a protuberance on the left side of my forehead as large as a turkey egg, and pains in my right side like a dozen knives sticking into me at once. I had several wrenches thrown into the machinery of my anatomy. The neighboring people, heaven bless them, rendered every sympathetic assistance possible. It is possible that if my head had been softer I would have been killed. One time when a hard head was serviceable.

The two ladies fared better than I did. They kept each other such close company they did not fall around like I did in the back of the car with so much space to be thrown about in. They received a few cuts on the limbs and some abrasiions and bruises. No bones were broken. Only the wind. shield and steering wheel were broken on the car. Had the Cadillac not been so substantially built, in all probability it would have crushed in turning like a paper box, and we would have been pinned in under the body and all killed outright.

I was carried to St. Leo's hospital in Greensboro for examination as to whether any ribs were broken, which was not the case. The delightful promptness with which the hospital responded, and the kind, sympathetic and loving administrations of the comely head nurse and her charming assistants made it a pleasure that took much of the sting out of bodily suffering.

We are all getting back to normal. As I got the worst of it, I am returning more slowly. But we are all so thankful that it was no worse we are full of gratitude and praise to a Heavenly Father for sparing our lives. It is indeed a miracle that we are alive to make our grateful matins of thanksgiving.

What strengthened us in our hours of pain was the kind and sympathetic expressions of many friends for the delivery from such a close and serious call, and the thoughtfulness of my dear, sweet little friend, Claude Alvis Adams III, a cyclamen flower, is my bedside companion of beauty.

MacTavish had deposited his savings, which amounted to $2,500, in a certain bank. A few weeks later he approached the cashier and demanded his money. He was asked if he did not want to leave a small balance, just to keep the account open.

"No," he persisted, "I want my money."

So the cashier counted out the $2,500 and handed the bundle of notes to him.

With great deliberation he counted the money and handed it back.

"That's O. K.," he said; "I only wanted to see if it was all there!"

NOT THE PROPERTY OF A SINGLE GENERATION

By Upton G. Wilson in Winston-Salem Journal

Blessings on the man who in years gone by had the courage to say, "My timber is not for sale." Lumber men and sawmill operators may have called him contrary, but those who love trees, not for the number of board feet in them, but for their beauty, deem him a benefactor.

For who is there with even a modicum of appreciation for the superb nature who has not felt the thrill of exaltation at the sight of the massive oak, with sturdy, wide-spreading branches, or a towering pine, whose plumes and cones tease the blue vault of heaven by day and mingle with the stars at night! Of the numerous forms of plant life that draw their sustenance from the bosom of Mother Earth a tree is the most impressive.

Conservative, slow growing, making sure before aspiring to pierce the heavens with branches that its roots are securely anchored in the earth below, it attains its proportions only after many decades of patient struggle with the blasts of winter and the droughts of summer, to be laid low in its maturity by man in search of profits. How the mighty monarchs of the forest do fall when in the roar and rending of their crashings is to be discerned the clink of gold.

But even in this materialistic age, when man's struggle for power, place and riches often overwhelms his hunger for the beautiful and artistic, are numerous horny-handed, weather-roughened men of the soil who cling to their trees despite the blandishments and urgings of voracious timber cutters, as a sort of heritage from God and will not part with them for love nor money, for whom let us be thankful.

Unwittingly perhaps, the men who hold on to their trees and permit them to grow and flourish have become trustees of a sort of benevolent foundation, the dividends of which are distributed impartially among all who appreciate the grand and impressive in nature so that even those of us who do not own so much as a bush or tree sprout may share with the most unfortunate the happiness that great trees bring to all who love them.

A tree is more than a private possession. Not in one person's lifetime does it attain its enormous size and strength. The child who saw it spring from an acorn had long since been gathered to his fathers when its prodigious bole attracts the eye of the timber cruiser. Generations of birds have nested in it, the great horned owl has crouched in its branches by day and gone out from it at night in search of food; squirrels have chased each other up and down its trunk and made their homes in some of its limbs, while bluejays have waxed fat on its mast.

Sprung from a tiny acorn, insignificant and puny in its infancy, bend-

ing to every vagrant breeze in its youth in its full maturity something more than sap and wood and bark; an institution, a home for fowls of the air, and furry denizens of the forest, a thing of beauty, of grandeur, of sublime massiveness—too sacred to be cut down and made into crossties for ponderous locomotives to rumble over.

Blessings, then, on the man or woman who has the courage to say, "My trees are not for sale. They came to me as a heritage from a past generation to do with as it may seem fit. While I live my trees shall stand, the refuge alike of wing-weary birds and hunted forest creatures.

But great trees do not alone provide refuge for birds and aboreal mammals. Man finds them a solace for his sorrows and a soothing balm for his taut nerves. Not only cattle but men delight to rest beneath the widespreading branches of the calm, unshakable oak. Nothing in nature is so restful as the companionship of trees.

Those who protect trees protect the most imposing handiwork of God; for whereas fools like me may write of trees, only the Lord of Creation can make them, and even he is sometimes centuries in bringing them to perfection.

WHERE YOU MAY FIND IT

The Lord's Prayer—Matthew 6.
The Ten Commandments—Exodus 20.
The Beatitudes—Matthew 5.
Paul's Conversion—Acts 9.
Christ's Great Prayer—John 17.
The Prodigal Son—Luke 15.
The Ten Virgins—Matthew 25.
Parable of the Talents—Matthew 25.
Abiding Chapter—John 15.
Resurrection Chapter—I Cor. 15.
Shepherd Chapter—John 10.
Love Chapter—I Corinthians 13.
Tongue Chapter—James 3.
Armor Chapter—Ephesians 6.
Traveler's Psalm—Psalm 121.
Bible Study Psalm—Psalm 119.
Greatest Verse—John 3: 16.
Great Invitation—Revelation 22: 17; Isaiah 55: 1.
Rest Verse—Matthew 11: 28
Consecration Verse—Romans 12: 1.
Workers' Verses—II Timothy 2: 15; Psalm 126: 6.
Teachers' Verse—Daniel 12: 3.
The Great Commission—Mark 16: 15.
Christ's Last Command—Acts 1: 8.

DOLLY MADISON WILL BE HONORED BY NATIVE STATE

By Gertrude Caraway

The birthplace of Dolly Payne Madison, wife of President James Madison, Father of the Constitution, will be marked on the Friendly road, in the town of Guilford College, on Friday, by Daughters of the American Revolution in Guilford county.

Mrs. Lowell F. Hobart, D. A. R. president general, will be a special guest at the unveiling. Mrs. Herbert Hoover, wife of President Hoover, has also been invited. The unveiling will be a feature of the 30th annual state conference of the North Carolina Daughters of the American Revolution in Greensboro.

Mrs. E. E. Gillespie is chairman of the committee for Guilford Battle chapter, of which Mrs. W. C. Hurker is regent, while Mrs. Carter Dalton is chairman for the Alexander Martin chapter, of which Mrs. R. K. Stewart is regent.

Natural Boulder

The marker will stand on the original John and Mary Payne property, near the famous Dolly Madison well, from which came the first water the young lady ever tasted. A natural boulder weighing 8,000 pounds will be used for the base of the bronze tablet, 16x20, with the following inscription:

"Birthplace of Dolly Madison. In a house which stood back of this marker was born 'ye 20th day of ye fifth mo 1768' Dolly Payne who became the wife of James Madison, fourth president of the United States of America. (New Garden monthly meeting records, Vol. 1, page 29.) Erected by Guilford Battle chapter, Greensboro, N. C., and Alexander Martin chapter, High Point, N. C., 1930." Underneath is a D. A. R. insignia.

Married Lawyer

Moving with her family from their Virginia plantation to Philadelphia, where her father failed as a business man but succeeded as a Quaker lay preacher, Dolly married John Todd, a young Quaker lawyer, on Jan. 7, 1790. Shortly after the birth of a second son, a plague of yellow fever took away the husband and baby.

As a beautiful young widow, 25 years old, she demonstrated her ability to rebound from any blow and make the most of any situation. Within less than a year after her husband's death she was married to Representative James Madison, on Sept. 15, 1794.

In March, 1801, Thomas Jefferson became President and Madison became his Secretary of State. Dolly acted frequently as the official hostess in the unfinished White House at the new Washington. During her own husband's two administrations she always "looked a Queen" and made friends of all classes.

Saved State Papers

It was she who saved many state papers and much silver from the White House in 1814, when she had to leave the place hurriedly at an

hour's notice during the war with Great Britain. Dinner was left on the table to be eaten by the Red Coats, who set fire to the mansion.

Brilliant social seasons in Washington followed the signing of the peace treaty. After March, 1817, when James Monroe succeeded Madison as chief executive, twenty years were spent quietly by the Madisons at Montpelier in Virginia, the third act in Dolly's drama of life.

"You are about to enter upon the enjoyment of the most enviable state which can fall to the lot of mankind—to carry with you to your retirement the blessings of all who ever knew you." Justice Johnson of the Supreme court wrote to her.

"And be assured that all who have ever enjoyed the honor of your acquaintance will long remember that polite condescension which never failed to encourage the diffident, that suavity of manner which tempted the morose or thoughtful to be cheerful, or that benevolence of aspect which suffered no one to turn from you without an emotion of gratitude."

After her husband's death in 1836, Dolly edited and published his reports of the Constitutional Congress. Then she went back to the old Cutts house in Washington, as the last act in her drama, holding sway over an admiring court.

Last Years Hard

Her last years were difficult. Her only surviving son was a spendthrift and scapegrace. Money was scarce. Montpelier had to be sold. "There is nothing in this world really worth caring for," she once said, when a grand niece was complaining. But, on the whole, she enjoyed her closing period in the Dolly Madison house at Washington.

In her eigtheenth year, dressed in white satin, with her characteristic turban, she attended President Polk's last social at the White House, passing through the crowded rooms on the arm of the chief executive. This last public appearance was a brilliant triumph. She died on July 12, 1849, one of the most beloved of all First Ladies.

WILLING TO WORK

The story is told that Henry Phipps, the famous iron man, one day, when a boy, asked his brother, John, to lend him a quarter of a dollar. He loaned it without asking any questions. The next morning an advertisement appeared in the Pittsburg Dispatch that read as follows: "A willing boy wishes work." In a short time a response came from a well-known firm and Henry secured a position as errand boy. His willingness to work was soon proven. His employers were pleased with him, and he was promoted again and again until he reached the top in their business. Willingness to work and the devotion of one's self to the business in hand always pays.—Boy's Friend.

IF I COULD BEGIN MY LIFE OVER AGAIN

(Exchange)

"If I could begin my life over again with the knowledge I now possess, I would follow a very different course." This remark is not infrequently heard, and many who feel the futility of uttering it, have spoken it to themselves in the secrecy of their own hearts. The reflection is a sad one. It means that in early life we paid little or no attention to the advice and counsel of parents and teachers; that we failed to use to advantage our opportunities, treated our privileges at times with contempt and acquired habits which entailed lasting injury. With this wretched preparation we entered upon life, and felt retarded and crippled all of our days. This is the significance of the thought.

You are young now. What are you doing with your privileges and opportunities? Are you neglecting them? Are you treating them with contempt? Are you turning a deaf ear to the affectionate counsel of parents and friends? If so, the days will surely come when you will look back upon the past, knowing that you have largely if not wholly failed in life through the course you pursued in youth.

If you have any desire to be an honorable, useful citizen, one worthy of the confidence of others, now is the time to begin. The foundation of the house of your life must be securely laid. Any defect or weakness there will reveal itself through the whole structure. The numbers that go down to utter moral and financial ruin labored to bring about such a result in boyhood and early manhood.

The whole tendency of the Gospel of Jesus the Lord is to build up, strengthen and develop a noble, strong, efficient manhood and womanhood. If there were no life to come (as there is), if this life were the be all and the end all, still it could be said, and that, too, with emphasis, that the way to get the highest and best results out of life, to avoid its pitfalls and perils, to save oneself from ruin, would be to take the Lord Jesus as our guide, friend and teacher.

WHEN IS A HOOK NOT A HOOK?

A New York City school teacher tells about a little boy whose coat was so difficult to fasten that she went to his assistance. As she tugged at the hook, she asked:

"Did your mother hook this coat for you?"

"No," was the astounding reply, "she bought it."

—From "Children, The Magazine for Parents."

"SEEING STARS" AT MOUNT WILSON

By Marion Brownfield

About eight miles northeast of Pasadena, California, is one of the largest telescopes in the United States. For years it was realized that astronomers could learn how "one star differeth from another star in glory," if they had better tools. Then in 1906, John P. Hooker gave forty-five thousand dollars for a one hundred foot mirror for a telescope to be used at the Mount Wilson Observatory.

"The rough dark disk was cast in France." It had to be made in two meltings, as a single glass disk of that size was impossible to make. But even then, the glass intended for the mirror showed so many internal flaws that it was doubtful it if could be used. However, after satisfactory tests, grinding was begun, and continued for six years! Thus a "paraboloidal figure of great accuracy was produced." It should be mentioned that previous to this new Hooker telescope only sixty inch ones had been used. The mirror actually measuring one hundred one inches collects three times as much light! It is about thirteen inches thick and weighs four and a half tons.

When it became apparent that the big glass would be practical, Andrew Carnegie, through the Carnegie Institute, provided the six hundred thousand dollars necessary for the dome, mounting and operation of the new telescope.

The Mount Wilson Observatory is a quarter of a century old and was built also with Carnegie funds. George E. Hale, formerly director of the Yerkes Observatory became director at Mount Wilson in 1904. His aim was to make solar (sun) observations with a telescope under as ideal atmospheric and climatic conditions as possible, and yet be convenient to cities where instruments and supplies could be secured.

The location of Mt. Wilson between the sea on the southwest and the desert on the northeast gives it moderate changes of temperature, and "low wind velocities." These "are essential features of good observing conditions with large instruments." The drawback to the building of large mirrors, indeed, is that glass is so affected by changes of temperature. The Hooker telescope is protected by a one hundred foot revolving dome built double to insulate it against heat and cold. "The mirror itself is surrounded by thick cork-board covers." The silver coating of the mirror is cleaned frequently with cotton to prevent tarnishing. And twice yearly it is recoated with "silver" from silver nitrate. But so favorable is the location of the Mt. Wilson Observatory, that observations can be made on an average of two hundred and ninety days in the year. Summer months are practically cloudless and rainfall only averages thirty inches a year. Mount Wilson is over a mile high and one of the peaks of the Sierra Madre mountain range. A winding automobile road of nine miles has been built to the summit so supplies can be carried to the observatory.

The first large instrument to be set on the mountain was the Snow telescope brought from the Yerkes Observatory. This has a sixty inch reflector and is still used. But all of the large instruments used since have been designed by the observatory staff of seventy. For this purpose, a physical laboratory for testing solar (sun) and stellar (star) phenomena, and an optical and machine shop are maintained in Pasadena to aid observations made through the telescopes.

Over a million stars previously unknown have "been brought in" with the one hundred inch Hooker telescope. The things learned have exceeded expectations. Orion, which is faint to the naked eye, is vivid through this instrument. Stars that were thought to be small in themselves, are now placed as being faint, merely because they are so far away! The plan at Mt. Wilson is to specialize on the study of stars rather than planets. So much is being learned about the sun—a big star. Forty-five thousand photographs of the sun's surface have been taken. A photographic plate, it has been learned, can "see" many things that our eyes can't! The weather on the sun, the law of its rotation and sun spots have been among the interesting researches. It has been learned, too, that there are color waves invisible to our eyes. Pictures of the moon and star clouds in the Milky Way have been photographed. And as new things have been seen, new instruments to see more have been invented.

Thus spectrographs are used about half the time to aid the large reflectors or telescopes. In 1920 an interfermometer of twenty inches was attached to the Hooker lens. Its success led to the construction of a fifty foot one, more recently. With this astronomers can make a map of the heavens, make a physical map of the moon, and study the canals on Mars.

The new telescope and the work carried on with it have encouraged new ways of studying old problems, improving old ways with greater accuracy, and learning about entirely new fields with new tools.

Some fifteen thousand people visit the Mount Wilson Observatory each year, for the public is allowed to look through the Hooker telescope on Friday evenings. Of course the public does not see all the striking things that astronomers see after years of careful study. But the moon, the planets, double stars, nebulae and clusters are plainly visible through the telescope and make us appreciate both the beauty and the marvel of the heavens.

No boy but hopefully awaits
  Success in manhood's day;
Yet never bad associates
Have helped him on that way.—Exchange.

THE ADVANTAGES OF WORRY

By Odessa Davenport

One advantage of worry is that when you are whole-heartedly worrying you are entirely free from the necessity of doing any actual thinking. In fact, you can't think, in the real sense of the word and you don't want to. The wheel of the mind is whirling around and around, the nearest approach to a perpetual-motion machine yet discovered. The longer it turns, the faster it goes and the harder it is to stop. All you have to do is to sit back and watch the spokes of the proposition you are worrying about whirl by the mind's eye, always in the same order, and thoroughly enjoy the damage the aimlessly flying wheel is doing. You may think you don't enjoy it, but you do. If you derived greater pleasure from constructive thinking, you would be doing that, wouldn't you? Especially, as all you have to do is to say to the mind quite firmly: "Here, now! Enough of this! Either you turn to some purpose or you don't turn at all!" You will receive instant obedience, for the mind, unlike some people, can conceive of no more terrible punishment than doing nothing. But worries rarely esimate even their own self-control at its true value.

Another advantage of worry, besides that of sheer enjoyment, is that, given time, it draws deep lines in your face. Consequently, you always look at least as old as you are, and no one is deceived into thinking you five years younger than the family Bible shows you to be. Thus you avoid a sin often committed by habitually cheerful people. They usually look younger than they are, but their finer feelings are so dulled by their optimism that it probably never occurs to them that they are living a lie. And worry does not admit of optimism.

Another thing it is well to remember when people tell you to stop worrying is the inestimable advantage it has of repelling people. This an atmosphere of worry accomplishes in what is practically a perfect manner. Thus you are left without undesirable friends. Of course, it may be said to you that this keeps away desirable friends also; but do not be troubled by this weak argument. If you but keep on worrying long enough, the greater truth so often revealed to worriers will in the course of time come to you also, which is, that all friends are undesirable. When this point has been reached, you may congratulate yourself on being no ordinary variety of worrier, but one who has more or less of a genius for it.

But do not be content. "Onward and downward" should ever be your motto. By resisting all temptation to cease from worrying, you may come at last to the time when your digestion is gone, but your nerves are still with you, down to the tiniest one, when your face looks like a badly done relief map of Asia, and your liver takes on the consistency of cork. Then the supreme worry takes full possesson of your mind, and that is the conviction that you are going to heaven, where there is nothing to worry about, and what will you do then?

In the gloom of that dark hour, seek consolation in looking back over your life. By reviewing its thoughts and acts, the sweet truth will be borne home to your heart that more than likely you are not bound for heaven at all, and from all accounts there is no lack of things to worry about in the dark kingdom of the nether world, for whose citizenship you have so unqualifiedly fitted yourself through a long and useless life. With these words of cheer I leave you. They hold a message of peace and hope for those who worry, no matter how you look at it.

JOHN CALVIN AND THE FRENCH SWISS REFORMATION

By Mrs. W. J. Dentler

The very name of Calvin suggests Geneva, and the mention of Geneva invariably calls to memory the man who was the guiding spirit in shaping the religious destiny of the city. It is necessary to take a hasty glance at conditions in Geneva to help us to a better understanding of the work of Calvin and to help us judge more fairly and perhaps leniently of some of the drastic methods which he adopted.

In 1504, just five years before the birth of Calvin, the Duke of Savoy began his struggle, which was to last twenty years, for the subjugation of Geneva. Being unsuccessful by ordinary means, he appealed to the pope, Leo X, to appoint one of his own (the Duke's) relatives as bishop who would in turn hand over to him the control of civil matters. Such a state of affairs the people would not tolerate; the citizens rose in rebellion and succeeded in throwing off the Savoyard yoke forever. At the end of this twenty-year struggle the people had lost much interest in religion, and were not attracted by the new doctrines creeping in from their German neighbor on the north.

Calvin's Forerunner

At this moment there appeared in Geneva a young Frenchman by the name of William Farel, preaching the Reformed doctrines with a fervor and earnestness that at once gained for him a devoted hearing by the citizens. He attacked in strong terms the abuses of the Roman Church; the soil was ready for the seeds of reform to spring to life quickly. Having so recently won their freedom politically, the citizens rejoiced to win for themselves religious freedom. They stormed the churches, destroyed the images, and overturned the altars; then, by an act of the council, they abolished the Roman religion and declared Protestantism the established faith.

Farel had accomplished the mighty work for which he came, but now he faced the great task of organizing and teaching these liberated people. His talents did not lie in this field. Just

at this critical moment there came to the city another Frenchman, John Calvin, on his way to Basle, and forced by circumstances to stop over one night in Geneva. Farel heard of his presence and sought an interview with him, begging him to remain to carry on the work here. When Calvin refused because of his desire to settle down in Basle to a life of study, Farel continued his plea: "I tell you in answer to this pretense of your studies, in the name of almighty God, that if you will not devote yourself with us to this work of the Lord, the Lrod will curse you as one seeking not Christ so much as himself." To Calvin, who was devoted to the doctrine of pedestination, it seemed that his coming by way of Geneva and being met by Farel had been predetermined from all eternity, and there was nothing for him to do but obey. But why did Farel seek out this young man? Who, was he and what were his special qualifications for the work in hand?

John Calvin was born in Noyon, France, July 10, 1509. His father was Gerald Calvin, and his mother was, before her marriage, Jeanne Le-Franc, the daughter of a Cambray innkeeper. The father was held in high esteem in the community, and the mother, too, was noted for her personal charm and her deep piety. The four sons, of whom John was second, and the two daughters enjoyed unusual advantages for those days. Unlike the other reformers, Calvin did not have to battle with poverty in his youth. He was at an early age placed in the De Montmro family, intimate friends, to be educated at his father's expense by the tutors of the children of this noble family.

When the plague visited Noyon the De Montmors removed to Paris, and John with them. The children attended several schools in the capital, and at each of them Calvin distinguished himself by his brilliant scholarship. His books gave him greater delight than anything else, and he found himself wholly out of sympathy even with mere boyish pleasures. So rigid was he in the discipline of himself that his chums nicknamed him "Accusative Case." At this early age he was very thin, with drawn features, but with an eye, as his teachers expressed it, unearthly in its keenness.

Assigned the Study of Law

His studies consisted largely of language and philosophy, developing his naturally brilliant intellect to a wonderful degree. These subjects had been selected for him as his parents had planned for him a religious career. However, at this time his father's trouble with some of the ecclesiastical friends of the family caused him to alter his plans for the son. Accordingly John was sent to Orleans to study law. Although he did not care for the subject he soon became so proficient in it that he frequently was called upon by the professors to give their lectures for them.

From Orleans he proceeded to Bourges to continue his study. There he came under the influence of Melchior Volmar, the Greek professor from Germany, a man ardent for the Reformation cause. Calvin studied under him the New Testament in the original, a fact which opened his eyes to true religion. This new light, together with the teachings of justification by faith expounded to him

by his professor, brought about his complete conversion to Protestantism. He himself said: "I became conscious of my wretchedness and there was nothing left for me, but with tears and cries of supplication to adjure the old life, which Thou, O Lord, hast condemned, and to flee into Thy path."

A Reformer at Age of Twenty-Four

By the time he returned to Paris he was in his twenty-fourth year, acknowledged as the leading advocate of the Reformation in France. It was this very eagerness and zeal that brought him into collision with the Roman Church. His friend, Nicolas Cop, had recently been selected regent of the Sorbonne, and the brilliant Calvin wrote for him his inaugural address. Departing from the established form of taking some scholastic subject, he very unwisely took for his theme, "Justification by Faith." The Catholic party was furious and seized Cop; they would have done the same to Calvin had he not discovered the plot in time to escape. For the next few months he was moving from place to place giving his time to preaching to small groups, and to writing.

The great work for which he is noted, "The Institutes of the Christian Religion," was produced about this time to set forth clearly the reformed belief and to answer the attacks being made by Francis I. Whether or not one agrees with Calvin, he cannot fail to recognize in this a marvelous work, produced by a young man of twenty-five. One writer has said of it: "It is a system as compact, consistent, lucid, and unwasting as a cube of rock crystal, and as hard and as cold as that."

At this time he determined to retire to Basle and devote the rest of his life to study. The disturbed condition of the country forced him to take the round-about route by Geneva, where he expected to stop for one night, but where Farel stepped into his life and altered its whole course.

The Church State; Not the State Church

The task which he faced was a hard one. He resolved to make Geneva a province of the Kingdom of God where the affairs both of Church and State would be governed by the principles laid down in the Bible, as Calvin should interpret them. Soon he was made a teacher of theology and pastor of the church which still stands today. Together with Farel he drew up a confession of faith which was adopted by the council, and to which each citizen must subscribe. They were taken in groups of ten before the reformers where they swore to be true to the confession. It contained many stringent rules of conduct, not altogether pleasing to this gay and pleasure-loving people. So strict were the reformers that the people accused Calvin of setting up a new papacy. Even the matters of dress and the mode of living he sought to control.

It was not long before this led to open dissensions, with the result that both Calvin and Farel refused to administer the Lord's Supper to the people. For this refusal they were banished. The synod meeting at Zurich, to which they had gone, tried to persuade the Genevese to recall

them, but without avail. Farel went to Neufchatel and Calvin to Strasburg where he did some preaching and some lecturing on theology. During this period he made the acquaintance of Melanchton with whom he remained a friend as long as he lived. At Strasburg he married Mrs. Idalette de Bures the widow of one of his first converts. Although Calvin was not in the least emotional, and gave little demonstration of his feeling for his wife, he referred to her as "the excellent companion of my life," and again as "a precious help." She lived but nine years after their marriage; her death in 1549 left him a lonely man, and he continued to grieve for her the rest of his life.

In September, 1541, the decree of his banishment was revoked so that he returned to Geneva at the earnest request of the penitent citizens. To him they committed full charge of things religious and political; his training as preacher and lawyer well fitted him to play this double role. He believed firmly in the close connection and association of Church and State, and he further believed that disobedience to ecclesiastical law should be punished by civil penalties. The Church controlled the Genevese from the cradle to the grave. A barber was arrested for dressing a bride's hair in flowing tresses. All feasting and gaiety at weddings were forbidden. A little girl was beheaded for striking her mother, while a small boy was condemned to death for threatening to strike his parent. A young woman was publicly whipped for singing some silly words to a psalm tune. Under such rigorous discipline it is little wonder that many of the people said that they would rather be in hell with Beza than in heaven with Calvin.

A Time of Persecution

One of the outstanding blots on the life of Calvin was his connection with the death of Michael Servetus, the Spanish physician who endeavored to reform the world concerning the doctrine of the Trinity. Unfortunately this renowned doctor turned his footsteps toward Geneva. With this act he sealed his doom. When after a month's residence in the city he was detected by Calvin, he was arrested and brought to trial speedily; after a short examination he was condemned and burned at the stake. Many excuses have been made for Calvvin and much evidence brought to light to prove that other great men of the day agreed thoroughly with the Genevan reformer in his drastic measures. However that may be, the censensus of opinion among historians has been that Calvin was almost wholly to blame for the death of this man. Happily it does not fall to us to be his judge.

In the main, John Calvin differed little from the other reformers in his doctrine. On the matter of justification by faith he was in perfect harmony with Luther and Melanchton. Like them too, he recognized but two sacraments, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, yet to them he did not attach the importance that the Wittenbergers did. To him Baptism was a sign of initiation into the Church of God, and the Lord's Supper was a reminder of our communion with Christ. Predestination was his hobby, and to this belief he made all Scripture conform. Strangely at every turn his

own life seemed predestined and this served to fix him immovably in the belief.

Never a strong man, after the trial of Servetus, Calvin rapidly failed in health; he was a constant sufferer from asthma, gout, and gallstones, any one of which was sufficient to break his fragile body. From the beginning of 1564 it became evident that his life was drawing to a close. On the sixth of February he preached his last sermon, having to pause several times to get enough breath to continue to the end. On a few occasions afterward he was carried to the services, but could take no part. In spite of failing health, however, he continued to write. When begged by his friends to rest, he replied, "Would you that the Lord should find me idle when He comes?"

At sunset on May 27, 1564, he passed peacefully away in the arms of his friend Beza who wrote concerning him: "I have been a witness of him for sixteen years, and I think I am fully entitled to say that in this man there was exhibited to all an example of the life and death of the Christian, such as it will not be easy to depreciate, such as it will not be easy to emulate."

THE SALVATION ARMY AT PEACE

The difficulties in which the Salvation Army has been involved over the question of supreme command have finally all been cleared away. Because of the advanced age and failing health of General Bramwell Booth, who was commander-in-chief, steps were taken last year to transfer authority into younger hands. The supreme council of the Army met and declared General Booth incompetent to handle the affairs of the Army, due to his weakened condition. The council named Edward John Higgins as the successor of General Booth. The Booth faction refused to accept the ruling of the council and carried the controversy into the civil courts of England. Before the courts had rendered a ruling, General Booth died. Previous to his death, he had followed the precedent of his father, and named his successor. The nomination was left in a sealed envelope to be opened after General Booth's death. The courts decided in favor of General Higgins and ordered that the Booth executors turn over the properties which were held in trust for the Army, and which had been retained by the executors.

Salvation Army officials decided to burn, unopened, the envelope which contained the name of the successor whom General Booth had selected. Thus not only is the immediate questions of controversy settled, but the idea that the supreme command of the Salvation Army throughout the world was a hereditary prerogative of the Booth family has likewise been exploded.—By Rev. Stanley C. Harell.

A TEST OF COURAGE

By Edwin S. Crosgrove

Amid a thunderous outburst of cheering which fairly shook the rafters of the gymnasium, the referee's whistle blew shrilly and the game was over. Hilton had won by the score of twenty-eight to twenty-four.

Some time later, after the home team's players had escaped from the joyous students, they filed slowly down the winding stairs to the dressing room. Here they sank down upon the wooden benches, weary but happy. Captain Bob Marvin, his eyes shining, leaned against the steel lockers, his body wet with prespiration, his black hair rumpled.

"Well, we did it, coach," he announced happily.

The elder man nodded slowly, his pleasant face wreathed in smiles.

"I knew that you would," he answered. "All of you played a magnificent game and are to be congratulated.

None of the five players who represented Hilton made reply. All were too tired to express their feelings The game which they had just won had been an uphill battle from the very beginning and the odds had been against them. But during the last few minutes of play Bob and his men had come forward with a rush and by almost superhuman work tied the score and then finally won out by four precious points.

However, after a cold shower and a brisk rub-down by the trainer, all felt revived and commenced their dressing. One by one they left the gymnasium until Bob soon found himself alone with Coach Stevens. As the boy halted in the the doorway leading to the shower bath, a large towel wrapped around his muscled body, the team coach gazed curiously at him. For a full minute the older man regarded Bob critically, then he spoke.

"Bob," he announced slowly, "you certainly deserve a great deal of praise for playing such a square and sportsmanlike game as you did today."

The team captain looked up and nodded grimly.

"Thank you, coach," he answered. "I tried to play a clean game but there were times when Miller did such mean tricks to our fellows that I thought I would forget myself."

Mr. Stevents nodded understandingly.

"That fellow, Miller, is the meanest player that I have ever seen on a basketball court," he continued.

"He surely is," agreed Bob. "Once he deliberately kicked Terril on the ankle and several times he gave Herton and Brower the elbow."

Coach Stevens shook his head slowly.

"I can't understand, for my part, why anyone does such low-down tricks," he announced. "Why, Bob, if I had a player on my team that acted that way, I'd kick him off the squad."

"I wouldn't blame you if you did," replied Bob seriously. "But tell me, coach," he added, "why is it that the Fanwood coach keeps Miller when he

knows that he plays drty?"

"I don't think Coach Carroll does know it," answered Mr. Stevens. "He and I played on the same team together years ago and Carroll was one of the cleanest players that ever donned a uniform."

"Well, I can't say that for Buss Miller," announced Bob grimly, as he again referred to the Fanwood player. "Do you know, coach," he added, "I'd quit before I would play the way he does."

Mr. Stevens arose and laid a friendly hand across Bob's broad shoulders.

"You're a real sport, Bob," he said, "and I am proud to hear you talk that way. Remember that an honorable defeat is much better than a questionable victory."

By this time, Bob was fully dressed and, bidding Coach Stevens good night, he started for his home. As he walked slowly along, the boy let his thoughts wander back to that eventful afternoon.

Hilton High School, of which Bob was a student, had won the basketball championship of the northern division The Fanwood squad, on the other hand, had captured high honors from the teams in the southern league. Now that the regular playing season had ended, these two schools had decided to play three games for the championship of the county.

The game that had just been played marked the second meeting between the opposing squads. In the first contest Fanwood had been the winner, but now the home team had evened up the series. This meant that the third game would be necessary, and it must be admitted that Bob and his men felt fairly confident of winning. However, the Hilton players had one thing to contend with and that was a person in the form of Buss Miller, captain of the Fanwood squad.

Buss was a trifle older than the average high school student and he was a basketball player of no mean ability. But for some unknown reason, Miller did not seem to be able to play the game squarely. Several times during the two games, he had descended to underhand work, and so far his unfair tactics had escaped the watchful eyes of the referee.

But Bob had seen the other boy's action and he had already reached the conclusion that Buss was somewhat of a coward.

"Oh, well," he told himself grimly, "maybe there will come a time when Miller will have to show what kind of stuff he is made of. Then if he fails, he will be the one to suffer."

By this time, Bob had almost reached home when, glancing up, he saw the figure of a boy coming toward him. Thinking that perhaps it was some one of his many friends, he slackened his pace and tried to pierce the darkness. In the meantime, the other boy had drawn nearer and, as Bob looked again at the newscomer, he instantly recognized Buss Miller.

"Hello, Marvin," said Buss gruffly, as he reached Bob's side. "I suppose you think you are pretty clever because you beat us this afternoon."

"Not at all," answered Bob pleasantly. "Your team played a mighty good game, but I think we did a trifle better."

"Oh, is that so," sneered Buss,

half angrily. "Well, the next time we play you there will be a different story."

A faint smile began playing around the corners of Bob's mouth. Instantly, the younger boy saw that Miller's anger was getting the better of him. Then, after a pause, he spoke to Buss again.

"What do you mean by a different story next time?" he mildly asked.

"Just this," snapped Miller. "When we get you fellows on the court again, we'll mop up the floor with you."

Bob laughed outright, then suddenly his face hardened.

"I see," he said grimly. "Going to play something else beside basketball?"

Miller glared angrily, his eyes shining.

"I'll say I am," he declared. "You and your bunch are a lot of quitters. But I'll get even with you. After the game next week you'll wish that you had never seen a basketball court."

Bob's fists clenched tightly. For an instant he was half tempted to make Miller take back what he had said. But after a time he regained control of his temper and, turning, looked the older boy straight in the eyes.

"You listen to me, Buss Miller," he said firmly. "I know all about your underhand playing and I must say that I don't think you're much of a sportsman. But if you think you can gain anything by those actions, go right ahead.

The other boy laughed harshly.

"What's the trouble, afraid you might get hurt?" he asked.

"No, I'm not afraid that I might get hurt," replied Bob. "I'm only telling you this for your own good. Just you mark my words, Miller," he added, "there'll come a time when you will have to show whether you are so brave or not."

"Will I?" sneered Buss. "Well, remember this," he added as he made ready to leave, "if that time ever comes, I hope it will be when it will also be proved that you are yellow."

Bob did not make any reply as the other boy started walking briskly down the street. But right there Bob decided that, regardless of the opposition and underhand playing on the part of Miller, Hilton would have to win the third game.

As the days rolled around and the time drew nearer for the deciding contest, Bob and his men worked liked Trojans. Each afternoon they held scrimmage in the gymnasium and when finally the day came for the big game, Bob reported that all were fit and ready.

Hilton had won the toss and, as a consequence, the game was scheduled to take place on their court. Long before game time the gymnasium was crowded as it had never been crowded before. On one side of the court, the Fanwood rooters, 500 strong, were massed; and directly opposite them, the entire student body of Hilton were grouped behind their cheer leaders.

Below, the members of the team were dressing in the varsity locker room. Coach Stevens spoke to each one casually; a warning here or a word of advice there.

"You must watch Miller, Bob," he said, "and be sure to keep well to the side of the court on those overhand shots of yours. And be careful not to miss any fouls. Every point will

count in this game so you must take advantage of every opportunity." He turned toward the other players. "Horton, you and Brower stick to your men like leeches and don't let them break away. Terrill, I expect you and Jones to play a shifty game and with Bob's help be able to break through the Fanwood guards." The coach glanced at the large clock on the wall. "We'll go up now," he announced. "About five minutes' workout, and then the game."

Swiftly they made their way up the winding stairs to the gymnasium. A wild outburst of applause greeted them, while the Fanwood team, already on the floor, turned and regarded them curiously. Bob noticed that Buss Miller looked in their direction and then, turning to one of his teammates, made a remark in an undertone. Both players laughed, while Miller again looked at Bob, a slight sneer on his face.

Bob, however, did not pay any attention to his rival but busied himself by tossing the ball from the foul line. Once, glancing over his shoulder, he noted that Miller was doing likewise. Finally, the referee's whistle blew piercingly; and at the sound of it, Bob called the Hilton team to him.

"Now remember, fellows," was his final warning. "Play the game square. Never mind how dirty Miller plays; just keep your heads and we'll beat them."

It was quite apparent after the first five minutes of the game had been played that the two teams were evenly matched. The ball passed from one player to another and neither side seemed able to gain a decided advantage. Herb Terrill vied with Bob in brilliant dashes across the court, while Garry Jones waited patiently for an opportunity to break loose from his guard.

Time raced along. Bob tossed one in from the corner of the court. A Fanwood forward wiggled free from Brower and added two points for the visitors. It was a great game, and the stands cheered thunderously. On the next tossup, Terrill caught the tap from Bob, and dashing down the floor caged the ball before his opponent was fairly started after him. Again a minute later, Herb duplicated his feat, and the score stood six to two in favor of the home team.

But Fanwood did not give up; Terrill's sensational work was perhaps just the thing to put them on their mettle. They fought back to the utmost of their ability and, much to Bob's surprise, Buss Miller was playing a clean game so far.

But try as they might, Fanwood could not overcome that four point lead. They did, however, cage a field goal, but an instant later Jones increased Hilton's advantage by scoring twice in rapid succession. The home team now led by six points.

Then, when the timer's watch announced four minutes still to play, the visitors started a rally. Down the court they came, brushing aside all opposition, scoring a brace of baskets in spite of Hilton's best efforts to prevent them. Then, with less than a minute left, Bob caught the ball on a direct pass from Terrill. Down the court he sped dribbling. It seemed almost as though the path to a

basket was clear, when suddenly, Bob felt a sharp pain in his side and the ball was snatched from his gripping hands. Buss Miller had given him the elbow. The older boy had commenced his unfair tactics.

An instant later, the first half ended with the score a tie. Just before the whistle, Miller had passed the ball which he took so unfairly from Bob to one of his forwards, and, with a triumphant grin, watched his teammate score a basket.

The Hilton team, tired but not discouraged, slowly made their way to the locker room. Here they threw themselves down upon the bare, wooden benches and rested. Coach Stevens looked at Bob curiously.

"Well, I see Miller is up to his tricks again," he announced.

The team captain nodded, as he rubbed his side where Buss' elbow had prodded in his ribs.

"Yes, he is," he answered. "But never mind, we'll beat him at his own game yet."

In another few minutes, the two teams took their places on the floor again and the second half started. This was a duplicate of the first period, excepting that Buss Miller played more of a dirty game. Time and again, the visiting captain would give the home players a sly shove and twice he kicked Bob on his ankle. These unfair tactics escaped the watchful eyes of the referee and, as time sped along, Miller became more deliberate.

Then, with the score still a tie, and less than thirty seconds to play, Terrill caught the ball on a pass from Jones, Miller dashed across the court and taking hold of the leather, commenced struggling with the home team's player. Seeing that he could not gain possession, Buss lifted his right hand and gave Terrill a swift shove.

Herb still maintained his vise-like grip, but was sent spinning. Arising, he momentarily lost control of himself and the result was that Miller received a hard shove in return. The stands were in an uproar and the referee's whistle blew shrilly.

"Double foul!" he announced. "Pushing."

Bob took the ball and strode to the fifteen-foot line. Instantly it occurred to him that the real test had come. All depended upon him, and he had to make good. Should he fail to make the free throw and Buss Miller make his count, Hilton would be beaten by a single point.

Very deliberately, and with hands that did not tremble, Bob held the ball lightly between his fingers. Then just as he had done hundreds of times before during practice, he judged his distance, flipped his wrists, and the leather sailed toward the basket. There was a loud swish as the ball dropped neatly through the iron hoop.

The Hilton followers arose to a man and cheered thunderously. Then a silence prevailed which made it seem almost as though the gymnasium was deserted. A pin could have been heard to drop as Buss Miller made ready to throw. If the Fanwood captain made good his try, no doubt an extra five-minute period would have to be played as time was almost up.

Bob watched his rival intently as

he stood on the white chalk line. Buss, his face white and chin sagging, held the ball between hands that trembled violently. Appealingly, he looked around until finally his wildly shining eyes rested upon Bob.

"Why don't you shoot, Buss?" he mildly asked. "It doesn't take any nerve to do a thing like that."

Miller did not make any reply. Once he opened his lips to speak but no sound came. The spectators were getting impatient and the referee rushed up.

Miller gulped once or twice and nodded. Then he turned toward the basket. With his whole frame shaking, he lifted his hands and threw. The ball hit the blackboard with a resounding bang and rebounded to the floor. Just then the timer's whistle blew.

Hilton had won by one point.

Some time later, after Bob had changed his clothes and stepped out to the street, the first one he met was Buss Miller. For a full minute the older boy regarded him critically, then stepping forward held out his hand.

"I—I'm sorry for the way I acted, Bob," he stammered. "Will you shake hands?"

"Sure, why not?" he wanted to know as he grasped the other's calloused palm.

"Well, you remember I said that you were a quitter," went on Miller, keeping his eyes on the ground. "But, Bob, you're a real sport and I want to congratulate you. You made good in a pinch, while I failed, so I guess that proves who the real man is, doesn't it?"

Bob did not make any reply, but deep in his heart he knew that Buss had learned his lesson. The older boy had been humiliated before all of his friends, while Bob had proved himself to be a cool and sportsmanlike player.

THE RETURN OF BYRD

Dick Byrd's success in getting off before the ice engulfed him means that five members of his expedition who would almost certainly have died if they were forced to pass another winter of darkness may be able to get back to the saving sunshine.

One of the members of the crew has been suffering from a skin infection of the arm and shoulder that would not yield to treatment. Another has a chronic appendicitis, on which the surgeon has deferred operation in hope that he could bring the sufferer to a hospital. One other of the adventurers has a surgical condition, and two of them have undergone a slow physical decline during their long vigil in the Antarctic shadows. It has been a desire to get these men to safety, more than anything else, that led Admiral Byrd to break camp.

If he can succeed now in keeping all of the sick men alive until they land in the United States, he will have added to his other notable feats that conducting a major Antarctic exploration without the loss of a single life.—Richmond News Leader.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. C. B. Barber, our accountant, is spending a few days with his parents, at Kings Mountain.

Mr. W. E. Stanley, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Durham County, visited the school last Wednesday.

The picture show, "Sawdust Paradise," last Thursday night was unusually good and was thoroughly enjoyed by the boys.

Our farm folks are very optimistic as to agricultural activities during the coming year, and every effort is being made to produce bigger crops this year than ever before.

Mr. Harry Hartsell, a member of our staff, who had his tonsils removed at a Charlotte hospital the other day, is getting along nicely and expects to be on the job again in a few days.

Prof. R. D. Marsh, of Trinity High School, Randolph County, recently called on friends at the Training School. He was on his way to visit a brother who is ill in a hospital at Charlotte.

Rev. Paul Hardin, Jr., pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Although Rev. Hardin has been in Concord but a short time, he has become a favorite with the Training School folks.

A few days ago one of the septic tanks at our sewage disposal plant became clogged with sand and dirt. We borrowed a gasoline pump from the Sanitary Dept. of Concord, and the tank has been thoroughly cleaned and is in first class condition.

As it was too rainy for outside work last Tuesday morning, a group of boys, under the supervision of Messrs T. V. Talbert and J. G. Hudson, repaired to one of the cottage basements, where they shelled peanuts for planting.

The flags at the Training School were flown at half-mast several days this week, as a mark of respect for William Howard Taft, former President and Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, whose death occurred last Saturday.

Work of clearing up the newly acquired farm lands is progressing rapidly. In addition to the regular outside forces, the boys in several school rooms have been pressed into service picking up small flint rocks. These rocks are piled up in windrows across the fields, four feet high and several hundred yards long.

Mr. Z. S. Boone, who has been representing Mergenthaler Linotype Co., in this territory for a number of years, has been transferred to Phila-

delphia. This is a promotion for Mr. Boone and we tender herewith our congratulations. He has been succeeded by Mr. A. L. Bernard, who made this office a pleasant call last week.

The Harrisburg High School basketball team visited the local court last Saturday afternoon and handed the Training School boys their worst defeat of the season, the score being 32 to 3. The Harrisburg boys have one of the best teams in the county and played a snappy game throughout. David Fountain registered all the points scored by the local lads.

The local baseball enthusiasts may be seen scanning the papers each morning for news from the training camps of the big league teams. In addition to their interest in Babe Ruth, Lefty Grove and other big league stars, the folks here are taking considerable interest in baseball activities at the school. The past few beautiful Spring days have brought out local ball tossers, both old timers and youngsters, and we hope to have a good team on the field during the coming season.

A DAILY LENTEN THOUGHT

"Have you and I today
Stood silent as with Christ, apart from joy or fray
Of life, to see by His face;
To look, if but a moment, at its grace,
And grow, by brief companionship, more true,
More nerved to lead, to dare, to do
For Him at any cost? Have we today
Found time, in thought, our hand to lay
In His, and thus compare
His will with ours, and wear
The impress of His wish? Be sure
Such contact will endure
Throughout the day; will help us walk erect
Through storm and flood; detect
Within the hidden life, sin's dross, its stain;
Revive a thought of love for Him again;
Steady the steps which waver; help us see
The footpath meant for you and me."

—Selected.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 22, 1930. No. 9

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U. N. C. Library

IN GOD'S PLACES

Come, walk the windy heights with me
And feel the furious gusts that blow
Across your brow, and watch below
The mighty trees that bend and bow
To their all-conquering Deity.

Come, walk with me in forests deep,
Where all is still save for the cry
Of some wild bird flung out on high,
Or murmuring wind whose lullaby
Sings the submissive trees to sleep.

—Florence Polk Holding.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A BOY'S PRAYER ON HIS FIRST DAY AT WORK

"Lord and Christ, Thou whose hands were strong and calloused with the tools of the carpenter, I thank Thee that at last I have found work; and that, in the great world of men, I am to earn my daily bread. I thank Thee for the fierce zest with which I await the hour of my first morning as a recruit in the army of the world's toiling millions. On this first morning, therefore, I turn to Thee.

"Fit my arms and brain and shoulders to my unknown tasks. If they are hard beyond my expectations, enable my spirit and my resolution, unflinching to rise and meet them; if easy, may I pass beyond them to greater and better things.

"Equip my soul, O Master, for every corroding influence that shall come to me in the work-place; steel me against the crippling conversation of evil or thoughtless men at lunch-time; may my companions find something profitable in my coming that will make clean thoughts and right living easier and more natural to us all; hold me steady as I pass through the furnace of temptation; and gird my soul for manhood in every effort of brain and hand.

"Give me sympathy with my employers, and may they, in turn, learn the meaning of the life that I and other toilers must live. Spare us all from bitterness and strife. And in patience and forbearance may I go forth to the day. Amen."—The Target.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS IN SERVICE

To review the incidents of forty-five years of time is enough to weigh heavily upon any one, and to do it without showing the wear and tear of the accu-

mulated years, either in stature or feebleness of mind, is proof of a wisely spent life. This is the number of years that Mr. J. B. Sherrill has served Concord in the capacity of editor, publisher and man of other large business interest, from March 1st, 1885 up to the present date. If Mr. Sherrill felt disposed there is no doubt that he could give pen pictures of interesting facts as to the growth and progress of Concord from a small town to its present stage—a hustling city of large manufacturing interest, mercantile business and other enterprises second to none in the state. We regret that there is not some one who has the time—but all are either too busy seeking a good time or are held fast with duties—who would depict conditions in the pioneer days of Concord—the days of covered wagons and bon fires of the city back lots—and then show the evolution of progress by picturing the good roads and automobiles of all classes, we are enjoying today. We believe the story would make clear that we are living in a prosperous age and the crowd crying hard times would cease their wailing. Hard times? No indeed, just tight times because of over spending. But, we nearly digressed from the subject. We started out to felicitate Mr. Shrerill who has passed through all of these changes, realizing a remarkable career as a newspaper man, and yet, continues to carry years with the grace, and lithesomeness of a man many years his junior. May Mr. Sherrill continue to enjoy the fruits of his work, and help by the power of his pen to show the possibilities of Concord. Mr. Sherrill is thoroughly conversant with the fact that a wide awake paper, like his, has much to do with shaping the activities of any community.

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A FORWARD STEP IN HEALTH WORK

Cabarrus County is particularly fortunate at this time in securing the services of a dentist from the State Board of Health to do remedial work among the children of the city and county schools.

Just a few days ago the announcement came from the local Health Department that such a dental clinic had been arranged through the co-operation of the State Board of Health. This clinic is to extend over a period of ten weeks, and will include all children of the Concord and Kannapolis schools and the consolidated schools of the county.

This is a forward step in health work in this county, and will certainly pay large dividends in promoting the health of the school child. Such a clinic

will remove dental defects from the child and thus eliminate the possibility of his being underweight and being retarded in his scholastic work by such defects. It is an established fact that a school child who is handicapped by physical imperfections cannot keep pace with another child of the same mental capacity who has a clean bill of health.

All school programs should be arranged to direct a child's development so as to become a useful man or woman. To do this the school work should be correlated with the physical condition of the child. It is in this connection that the dental work among the school children plays a very important role.

The securing of a dental clinic for Cabarrus County is a very progressive move, and we know of no finer service that can be rendered among the children of the county.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE THOUGHTFULNESS OF A NEW YORK MILLIONAIRE

Such stories as the one told in the Beaufort News gives hope to the farmer who feels completely down and out after realizing reverses due to crop failure, and at the same time it is utterly impossible "to come again" because of "tight money." Not only is too much money spent for products that should be raised on the farm, but there is too little interest shown by the man of large financial interest in the farmer and the farm land. A fine agricultural interest with highly cultivated farms, and successful farmers make a fine setting for any successful city or community. The sooner our people realize the value of the farming interest the sooner will prosperity begin to be in evidence. Mr. Joseph P. Knapp, owner of Mackey's Island in Currituck county, a New York sportsman and millionaire shows great faith in the dirt of his adopted state as exhibited in the following:

> Mr. Knapp has done a good many things for the people of Currituck county. Perhaps the best one yet is the Currituck Mutual Exchange conceived and financed by Mr. Knapp. This association started off with a hundred and fifty five members and has bought over thirty thousand dollars worth of seed potatoes, fertilizers, lime and other commodities. The farmers will get the benefit of favorable prices on these supplies. Perhaps a still more important benefit will be that the members of the association are required to raise food supplies for their families and stock and thus will keep at home money which they might otherwise send elsewhere. Eastern Carolina buys too much meat, corn, hay and dairy products from the West.

BRISBANE IS COUNTRY MINDED

The highest paid editor of the country, Arthur Brisbane, is evidently very country minded. We draw conclusions from his comment in his "Today" column of the many daily newspapers. It is all right for Mr. Brisbane to have his convictions, but he will have a hard time registering the same in the minds of people of certain communities. With many the home site is selected from a social view point—and that alone. Brisbane said:

"More important than any news, for a family with children, is this fact, you can get in the country everything you can find in the city plus fresh air, sunlight, flowers, health, longer life, greater happiness.

"Spring is near, think about moving your family to the country.

"Everything is there. Good roads make transportation easy and cheap.

"The radio entertains you, and you need not leave the family circle.

"The telephone brings everyone worth while to your ear, and convenient distance keeps away the other sort.

"Soon television will make your radio a talking picture show.

"You can hear the king talk in England, listen to the president here —or not, as you choose.

"You can hear most beautiful music, free, or hear the howls of thugs around the prize-ring, thanking God you are not one of them and without missing the result."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

SOME PEOPLE REVEL IN DISTRESS

Every once in awhile you run across one of those gloomy souls who take great delight in decrying their fate. Nothing is ever quite right. Such individuals are found the world over. In fact they are rather miserable when things are going smoothly and the general trend of conversation is commendatory on all subjects. Such people are looking all the time for something to complain about; they fatten on apparent failures; they glory in turbulence and smiles over occasional drags in the machinery, and if by chance, there should be a crash, in school, in church, in business or in some home these mishaps give pleasure to the grouch We once knew a woman who engrossed your entire time by telling of her aches and pains. There was no way in the world to put a check on her desire to air her ailments. There is nothing to do for these unfortunates but just sit and listen,—is possible—

or be right down rude. We like what somebody said, or has written, "to the pessimist nothing succeeds like distress."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

This, as clipped from an exchange, is a fine estimate of the man of the day—William Howard Taft whose life was eminently successful, and never at any time sensational.

Among the honors that came to William Howard Taft whose death the nation mourns there are two worthy of special note. He was the only man in our history to whom has come the double honor of being President and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Then he was personally the most popular man of his generation. Not even William Jennings Bryan apart from his oratory and the causes that he espoused drew people to him as did Judge Taft.

THE AWAKENING

The cares of life that worried me,
  I lost them yesterday—
Among the soft-green tinted leaves,
And crimson clover fields and bees
And whispering of trees to trees,
  Where mild winds softly play.

The fear of future things to be
  I planted in the sod—
And then I lifted up my eyes,
And in the starry studded skies
I caught a glimpse of Paradise—
  Of Paradise—and God.

—Selected.

BRIGHTEN UP

By Wickes Wamboldt

"My wife and I have been here a month," said a man, speaking of a certain town, "and we have heard so much talk about hard times that we are going to leave. We had intended to remain indefinitely; but all this gloom chatter makes us blue. We are moving on to some place where the people are more cheerful."

A woman sitting in a department store waiting for a fitting, heard two other women talking about hard times. One told what her husband had told her. The other told what her friend's husband had told her. Between them they drew a picture of dire calamity and hopeless future.

When the saleswoman brought the dress, the customer who had been waiting for the fitting said, "I've changed my mind; I guess I won't take it. I thought I would—and I wan't it; but there is so much talk about hard times that I guess I'd better not buy anyhing I don't have to buy."

Every now and then you hear that there is just as much money in the United States today as there was when business was booming. If that is the case, where is the trouble?

The trouble is with our faith.

Business is built on faith. Only about ten per cent of the business done is cash. There is only about 10 per cent enough real money to carry on the business of the nation. Business is one-tenth money and nine-tenths credit.

And credit is faith, pure and simple. The man who buys on credit has faith that he can pay for what he buys. The man who sells on credit has faith that he can collect for what he sells.

When there is a lessening of the nation's business faith, there is a lessening of the nation's business.

When there is a weakening in business, there is a decline in buying and selling; and when there is a decline in buying and selling, there is a slump in prosperity.

As no one man can of himself impair the country's faith, so no one man himself can strengthen the country's faith. This matter of public faith must be a pull all together.

If tomorrow morning every person in the United States would meet everybody with a cheerful smile and say with sturdy confidence, "I'm feeling good about the way business looks; we are certainly out of the woods; we are absolutely on the up-grade; prospects were never better; such and such is a fact; look at our bank clearings; look at our agricultural possibilities; look at our industrial opportunities; look at our commercial advantages; look at our marketing facilities—why man, we've got the world by the tail!—it won't be long before real estate will be going again; and good help will be hard to get; so will good business locations; if a fellow is wise he'll get ready right now for busy times—they are just around the corner." If tomorrow morning everybody would begin talking encouragingly and hopefully, we should soon again have things humming and hustling.

HOW TO GET RICH

(Beaufort News)

Reduced to its simplest terms the way to get rich is to buy things when they are cheap and sell them when they are high. If this practice is kept up long enough one cannot help getting rich—that is if he does not waste his profits. The manufacturer who gets his raw materials at the bottom prices, the merchant who buys his stock when the market is right, the farmer who pays cash for his supplies and therefore gets them cheaper, the real estate investor who buys when land is cheap—are all in position to make good profit when they get ready to sell.

For the person who has some money to invest perhaps there has never been a better chance to make money on real estate than right now. We do not mean lots in unsound development schemes. We refer to good farm lands, lots for stores and other business purposes and good residential property in towns that are already established. Farm lands can be bought today at bargain prices. In the post war boom times tobacco and cotton farms in eastern Carolina sold at sky high prices. On account of poor crops, low prices and high taxes for the past two or three years, many of these farms are on the bargain counter. As sure as fate, good, productive land will rise in value again. Maybe not to such heights as it reached ten or twelve years ago but high in comparison with what it is now, and this time is not far away.

In almost any town or city in North Carolina one can pick up a good business lot here or there or a desirable piece of residential property at an attractive price. If one has the money to buy such a lot and build a house on it he is making an investment which thieves cannot steal and which will yield him an income the rest of his life if he wants to keep it that long. When business begins to pick up, as it will, and every thing begins to get on the upgrade, then the real estate investor can sell his farm or his town property at a good profit and get ready for another turn. Today real estate offers the best chance of any thing for the conservative investor. Of course the "get rich quick" boys would rather have oil stock or something of the sort.

An Irishman who had just arrived in London was taking his first walk under escort of his brother, who had been living there several years. In the window of a shop he saw a great mound of fresh cranberries

"What are thim?" he asked.

"Thim is cranberries." said the brother.

"Are they fit to eat?"

"Are they fit to eat?" repeated the brother. "Why, whin thim cranberries is stewed they make better apple sauce than prunes does."

—Galion Seal.

DO YOUR MITE

(The Roxboro Courier)

The prices of U. S. Steel, American Tobacco or R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company stock have nothing to do with prosperity in Roxboro and Person county; but what you do with what little money you receive has all to do with it. You may feel like the little mite you receive has nothing to do with prosperity either one way or the other, but it has. The truth is, the man who handles a small amount of money is largely more responsible for aiding his community than is the large manufacturer, that is the owner of said factory, for the laboring man nearly always spends his wages in the community where it is earned, while the owner and his family will spend ninety per cent of their money out of town.

If every wage earner, be he minister, doctor, lawyer, carpenter, brick mason or what not, would keep the money received circulating it will help in many ways to make times good in this vicinity. If you do not want to spend it, do not carry it around in your pocket-book or hide it away at home put it in your bank and let it keep at work. Idle money is no good to any one, it does not help the man who calls it his own, neither does it help the other fellow, but when you spend it, or deposit it in the bank, it immediately goes to work helping to make times better. And the same thing is true of the farmer. The average farmer in this good County handles quite a sum of money during the year—even if much of it does not stay with him, and it is this money which keeps all other business going. While few famers have any large amounts to hide away, or hold on to, the aggregate is large, and if every farmer who has a few extra dollars would deposit them in the bank it would make a wonderful difference in the deposits of that bank. You may feel that you will need it in sixty days or such a matter, and will just keep it, but during that sixty days it has been absolutely idle and has been of no service to any one, not even the owner.

It is these little things which count after all, and we hope all will make it a practice to keep their money, be the amount large or small, at work.

It is said that a man traveling along the road toward Berlin asked Aesop this question, "How long will it take me before I reach Berlin?" Aesop said, "Go."

"The fellow must be crazy," said the traveler and he started on. In two minutes Aesop called "Halt," and said, "In an hour you will be in Berlin."

Then the traveler said, "Well, why didn't you tell me this in the first place?" And Aesop said, "How could I tell you how long it would take you until I saw how fast you traveled?"—The Office Economist.

WOLFGANG MOZART THE INFANT MUSICIAN

By E. P. Mendes

Can you imagine a baby of three and a half years of age begging for piano lessons? and when told he was too young, sitting down at the piano and playing over correctly the exercises his older sister had just played. It certainly seems unbelievable, yet this is what we are told Wolfgang Mozart did at that early age. He was the son of a clever and well educated musician who held a post under the ruler of Salzberg, where they lived. Of course, Wolfgang and his sister Marianna—or Nannerl—as she was usually called, were brought up among musicians and heard music always around them, but they both showed at a very early age such very remarkable talent that their fame spread far and wide. The Wonder Children, as they were called, were taken by their proud father for a tour to play for great musicians and for the different kings and queens. Wolfgang was but six years old and his sister Nannerl was twelve. Between this brother and sister was a deep love that lasted throughout his short life, for he was but thirty-five when he died.

The great talent and beauty of the two children gained friends for them wherever they went, and at the court at Vienna, it is said, he climbed up on the lap of the beautiful Empress Marie Theresa, and gave her a good hug, and that he and one of the little princesses, Maria Antoinette, afterwards Queen of France, ran a race together and became very friendly. He wrote many kinds of music, all beautiful, operas, concertos, symphonies, and also much religious music. In fact, his work in this last direction is very closely associated with his own early death.

One day a tall grave man came to him and asked him to write a requiem or, in other words, a religious funeral song, promising him a large sum of money. He consented, but his work on this was much interrupted as he had to compose two operas. One of them "The Magic Flute" gained for him more fame and success. But his health broke down from overwork, and he became very weak and ill, and he told his friends it was his own requiem he was writing. He passed away without finishing it, although he left explicit directions for its completion.

To this day his great requiem is played at the funerals of all great musicians and composers.

I am sure that, if you are studying the piano, your teacher will have given you some of his music to play, and now you will play it with much greater interest after hearing a little about the great composer of so much beautiful music.

"No man ever exposed himself to trouble without getting more than he expected."

PRICES TOO HIGH

(Rutherford News)

The News learns that the price of admission to the famous Biltmore House in the suburbs of Asheville, which will be opened Saturday to the public for the first time, will be $2.00 for each adult and $1.00 for children under 12 years of age. This is too high. Half the above price is enough. We do not know who set the price, but we suggest that it be reduced.

The Biltmore Mansion is one of the most beautiful country homes in the world. It has a rare collection of art. It is unique and will be visited by thousands. We are glad it will be opened to the public. It will be a great attraction for "The Land of the Sky" this summer. There are few homes in the world like it. It will be a rare treat to visit it, even to those who have travelled much. But the admission price is out of reason and will keep many away who would otherwise visit it.

The Kaiser's Palace at Potsdam, Germany, we understand, has seventy-five rooms in it and has some of the famous oil paintings of the world in it. It has one room covered with seashells from all over the world. It costs one Mark, or about twenty-five cents in our money to enter this magnificent palace.

All museums and art galleries in Italy now have free admission, as a special attraction for tourists. Mussolini, the Master Mind of Italy, is anxious to attract tourists to his country, so he abolished fees for admission to the main show places. The city of Rome, Italy, alone has fourteen art galleries and thousands of tourists visit that famous city each year.

In that rather remote period in which Irish repartee was more frequently quoted than now, an Ohio Almanac described a trio of passengers consisting of a mother, a spoiled child and a harassed Irish maid. The last was expected to take care of the child while the mother read.

The boy begged for various things theoretically forbidden, but obtainable by peevish insistence. He would demand and after several repetitions, his trouble-dodging mother would say, "O let him have it, Mary.' Finally a wasp wandered into the car, landed on Johnny's window and at once became a desirable possession. Mary advised, warned and prohibited. Johnny persisted. The mother reacted as usual: "O let him have it, Mary." Less than a minute later Johnny had a real grievance. The mother repeated her formula, and Mary the maid answered, "Faith, mum, and he's got it."

At times we think the group of selfish, childish-minded, "let-us-have-whatever-we-think-we-think-want" individuals will exhaust the patience of their fellow citizens, and get back the reeling, rollicking days of old. And oh, how they will be stung!—The Lutheran.

THE BOY WHO WILL NOT TAKE A DARE

(Selected)

I read recently in a paper of a boy who came to his death by being run over by an express train. The paper said that some of the boy's companions with whom he was walking home from school had "dared" him to stand on the track until the train had reached a point within a few feet of him. "He would not take a dare," and he will never have the opportunity of taking another in this world. He tripped and fell when he turned to leave the track. Not long ago I read of a boy who fell from the top of a ten-story building. He had dared to try to walk along the very edge of the flat roof. A sudden gust of wind caused him to lose his balance. No doubt a long list could be made of people who have lost their lives because "they would not take a dare." They belong to the class of people who we call foolhardy. Men are often found in this class. The spirit of of the braggart urges them on to attempt things that wise and modest men would not think of undertaking. It is the part of wisdom to be unwilling to take a dare at times.

When the ice in a wide river was breaking up and beginning to move last spring a number of boys stood on the banks in a Pennsylvania town. One of the boys dared another boy to attempt to cross the river on the ice. Instead of taking the dare the boy calmly asked: "Do I look like a fool?"

"I didn't say that you did," replied the other boy.

"Well, you implied that you thought I was one when you seemed to think that I would not take your dare to cross that river. Cross it yourself if you want to. I respectfully decline to do so, dare or no dare."

That boy was wise in his day and generation.

One day last summer I was one of a party of six in an automobile driven by a boy of sixteen years. We were approaching what is called a "blind crossing" on a country road. It was a railway crossing with a deep cut on either side, so that one could not see the train until it was within ten or fifteen feet of the crossing. We could see the smoke of the train perhaps two hundred yards from the crossing, and there seemed plenty of time for us to run across the track; but the boy driving the car brought it to a standstill. Another boy in the car said: "I dare you to run across the track."

"I'm not going to cross the track until that train has gone by. Safety first," was the reply.

Then the other boy said: "Phoo! Who's afrid? Let me have wheel. I dare to cross the track ahead of that train."

"But you don't do it with my father's car," replied the other boy.

As usual, there was the spirit of of the braggart back of this boy's dare and his willingness to run the car across the track in front of the approaching train. You will discover that the boy who boastfully

proclaims that he is not afraid to take a dare is abundantly supplied with self-conceit and that often there is a vacuum where there should be brains in his young head.

Refusing to take a dare often involves other than danger of physical injury.

There are men behind prison bars who are there today because they did not dare to refuse the first dare to sin that Satan set in their way. Years ago a boy I know was dared by some other boys to go on a "lark" with them. He was well aware of the fact that he proposed "lark" involved some wrong doing, and in his heart he did not want to go. But he had the moral force to take a dare, and he found himself in the police court the next morning. Of course it requires moral force to refuse to take a dare. Great is the power of ridicule. Some boys fear it more than they fear wrongdoing. It is easy to lead a boy of that kind into taking a dare.

What do you suppose General Pershing or any other general of the late war would have said had he been dared to make an advance on the enemy entirely regardless of the risk involved? No one ever heard of a war general who took a single step without weighing well every foot of it. The boy who will not take a dare is often infinitely braver at heart and far wiser than the boy who dares him to do this or that. "Who's afraid?" is often the challenge of the fool. Taking a dare is often one way of taking a leap in the dark, and no wise boy or man is ever willing to do that.

You will discover that the boy who is always ready to take a dare belongs to the type of boys who are always eager to show off, and no boy is held in less respect than a boy of this kind. Vanity is a dominant thing in his make-up, and he lacks the strong traits of character that prompt wiser and more modest boys to refuse to take a dare.

WHY MORE CRIME IN AMERICA THAN EUROPE?

That's easy. America has always been free, reckless and wasteful. "Taking a chance" is part of the American game—every man for himself. Possession means success. We despise restraints and rules. When the law gets in our way we violate it and when caught, a generous fee to a "crook lawyer" or a quack doctor means no more "trouble". Speed and size are our tin gods. Where such a status prevails the non-cooperative either become the very good with a generous sprinkling of hypocrites or they join themselves to the criminal group.

As to Europe—life is regulated and orderly. Children learn to obey. American disrespect for law and order does not exist. There is less haste and community attachments check criminal acts. Court procedure is prompt and the policeman is respected. The wastes of crime are not tolerated. The government is on the job. Europe does not train its criminals from youth up like we do.—Dr. Ambrose Hering.

ICE CREAM AND ICE CREAM SODA

(Girlhood Days)

When and where ice cream was first made can only be guessed; we have no certain knowledge. A popular story of the orgin of ice cream is that an Italian, living at the foot of the Alps, discovered the process by accident. He wanted to have his cream ice cold, so he banked a pail of it in the mountain snow. To hasten the cooling, he stirred it with a paddle and kept scraping it from the sides of the pail. Finally the cream was a frozen mass, and he had the first ice cream. This happened about seventy-five years ago. A New York newspaper, however, of 1786, has an advertisement which reads: "Ladies and gentlemen may be supplied with ice cream every day at the City Tavern by their humble servant, Joseph Crowe." Ice cream was introduced into the city of Washington by Mrs. Alxeander Hamliton, at a dinner in honor of President Jackson.

Fruit ices, the forerunners of ice cream, were introduced into Paris in the seventeenth century. Early as the time of Louis XIV, a confection was served at the royal table and thus described: "His chef caused to be placed before each guest, in a silver-gilt cup, what was apparently a freshly laid egg colored like those of Easter. But before the company had had time to recover from their surprise at such a novelty at dessert, they discovered it was a delicious sweetmeat, cold and compact as marble."

Ice cream soda was first made in Philadelphia by Robert Green, in 1874, and at the time of the Centennial Exposition held there in 1876, his tempting invention sold readily to the visitors. The ice cream cone was first sold at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904.

One of the recent inventions in the use of ice cream is the Eskimo pie. The latter was invented by Russell Stover of Chicago, and brought him a fortune.

Most men when boys went barefoot and all barefooted boys stub their toes. Not once, but many times. The following lines, therefore, should serve to remind most men of their childhood days and may stir a feeling of sympathy for the man who has stubbed his toe:

"Long th' road of human life you see a fellow travelin' slow,
An' like as not you'll find he's some poor chap that's stubbed his toe.
He was makin' swimmin' headway, but he bumped into a stone,
An' his friends all hurried onward, an' left him there alone.
He ain't sobbin' or ain't snifflin'—he's too old for tears an' cries,
But he's grievin' just as earnest if it only comes in sighs,
An' it does a heap of good sometimes to go a little slow,
An' say a word of comfort to th' man that's stubbed his toe."

—Selected.

CUTTING SCHOOL COSTS

(Asheville Citizen)

Supt. W. L. Brooker of the Asheville City Schools has laid before the City School Board a report recommending that reorganization of the school work in Asheville so as to accomplish a reduction of $102,750 in the school budget for 1930-31. If this report is adopted Mr. Brooker suggests that the school tax rate for the city district can be cut from 36 to approximately 27 cents.

In the ten years that he has been at the head of the Asheville school system Mr. Brooker has given proof consistently of his ability to keep in advance of the requirements of his position. His present action recommending that in all the existing circumstances the school budget for next year be pruned drastically, eliminating everything that is not absolutely essential to the maintenance of the efficiency of the system, is unusual in itself but it is thoroughly in keeping with Mr. Brooker's whole record.

Under Mr. Brooker's leadership the Asheville Schools have achieved an enviable reputation in North Carolina and beyond the borders of the State. He has built up a wonderful organization and one that is doing splendid work. We can be sure that he regrets as much as any one the necessity of curtailing in some respects the work to which the schools have been committed. The hope is that the necessity for this curtailment will be temporary.

The largest single cut in school expenditures proposed by Mr. Brooker would be accomplished through the elimination of the kindergarten department. This was an advance measure and had much to commend it. It was in line with the best educational thought of the day. Other school systems in North Carolina do not embrace such a department, however, and Mr. Brooker has been convinced that Asheville should not endeavor to continue this activity at a time when every wise economy is in order.

Through intelligent use of the improved facilities which the schools now possess, Mr. Brooker points out that the number of pupils taught by each teacher can be considerably increased without impairment of the work; and it is a tribute to the quality of the personnel of the school organization that he is able to assure the board that the organization "is ready to assume cheerfully the increased duties and to do their utmost to protect the efficiency of our city schools."

A careful reading of Mr. Brooker's report to the board is convincing that he has given a great deal of study to the problem of how to administer the system more economgially and that every detail of the changes which he recommends has been thought through. The responsibility of the superintendent of a school system, like that of Asheville's, is two-fold. In the first place, the public has a right to expect of him that that he will see to it that the efficiency of the schools is maintained. In the second place, the public has a right to expect that he will endeavor to do this at the low-

est possible cost to the taxpayers. Mr. Brooker's revised program meets both of these requirements. Asheville may well feel a sense of pride that this city has at the head of its school system an educator who measures up so adequately to the obligations of his position.

FLOWERS

By Mrs. Reid Garrison, Derita

Flowers are the most exquisite gifts lavished by the hand of the Creator of all beauty, upon man. The most charming of all gifts from friend to friend, are flowers. A queen may give them to her subjects and the poorest subjects may offer them to a monarch.

They are the representatives of all times and of all nations, the pledges of all feelings. The infant plays with them and gains his first idea of beauty and sweet aroma from them; the lover gives them to his beloved; the bride adorns herself with them, we offer them to our beloved dead. Dynasties are represented by a flower, nations adopt them as their emblem.

Universal is their hold on human sympathies and universal is their language. The rose is known as the "Queen of Flowers." An ancient fable says that the red rose obtained its color from the blood of Venus who was injured as she hastened to assist Adonis. Thus the rose which was before white, became red and was ever after dedicated to love and beauty.

The story of where flower seeds come from is a fascinating one. The greater part of our annuals are grown in California where a big business has sprung up. Germany also produces a large amount of seed while perennial seeds come from all over the world. What a story the seed packets could tell if they could only talk!

The landscape gardeners tell us "A house is not a home until it is planted." We stop to think of the ones which have been "planted" and we agree with him—then why not plant our own?

All children are interested in flowers. On their way to school they will pick the most insignificant blooms—one we would pass by—perhaps it is only a weed—to take to their teacher—then, when the teacher admires it their faces outshine the flowers. They like to work with them and watch them grow.

The cultivation of flowers is cultural and refining. We learn to know and love the soil as we place the little brown seeds, bulbs or plants into it and await with anxiety its marvelous secret processes in developing and bringing to exquisite perfection the blossoms.

In the meantime through the work mother and child will become "pals." The child will be proud of his beautiful home. Beautiful, pleasant sur-

roundings will hold your child and draw him and his friends to you.

The influence of flowers and the memory of them, about the house are possessions which abide in the heart as long as life endures. What are the vivid garden memories of your childhood? There is a spot in your heart for the places where the trailing arbutus once grew, another where the Easter lily with its snow white petals and heart of gold graciously condescended to bow her regal head to the breezes, perhaps there is a rose —an old bluish cabbage rose—but it clung to a colonial pillar at the front porch and its clusters were, to you, marvels of beauty and grace. Along the garden path, when the dew is on leaf and flower and the fragrance of the modest hyacinth greets you, the tears spring unbidden to your eyes, and your words are hushed and tender—why? Because, "Mother loved them best of all."

Edgar Guest says in "Hollyhocks:"

"Old-fashioned flowers! I love them all:
The morning glories on the wall,
The pansies in their patch of shade,
The violets, stolen from a glade,
The bleeding hearts and columbine
Have long been garden friends of mine;
But memory every summer flocks
About a clump of hollyhocks.

"The mother loved them years ago;
Beside the fence they used to grow,
And though the garden changed each year
And certain blooms would disappear
To give their places on the ground
To something new that mother found,
Some pretty bloom or rosebush rare—
The hollyhocks were always there.

"It seems but yesterday to me
She led me down the yard to see
The first tall spires, with bloom aflame
And taught me to pronounce their name.
And year by year I watched them grow,
The first flowers I had come to know.
And with the mother dear I'd yearn
To see the hollyhocks return.

"The garden of my boyhood days
With hollyhocks were kept ablaze;
In all my recollections they
In friendly columns nod and sway,
And when today their blooms I see,
Always the mother smiles at me:
The mind's bright chambers, life unlocks
Each summer with the hollyhocks."

"The Magi followed the star. They were uplookers. They found their proper guide to the fount of love, of life, when they lifted their eyes heavenward. Looking up they saw the star, and following the star they found Christ. Here is wisdom's voice for all of us. The star still shines in the heavens and those who follow it will find the manger-cradle and the Babe of Bethlehem."—Exchange.

CLOUDS IN THE MORAL SKY

(Exchange)

Much is being said about the prohibition amendment. And there is room for much to be said on both sides. There can be no doubt that the wets are putting forth every possible effort to have the amendment repealed. It seems that they have large influence over the public press, the movies, the radio, and other publicity channels. That may be true only because the drys are resting on their oars, feeling that the victory has been won and there is nothing more that needs be done.

There are such conflicting reports as to conditions in our colleges and universities that one scarcely knows what to believe. It is only reasonable to suppose that the reports are colored by the personal views of those who make them. If we go out with the purpose of seeing a thing we shall probably not be disappointed. As a matter of fact it is not so very important whether we have this law or that one, or no law at all; the important thing is that we be known as a temperate people. It has been said that laws never can make us a great and mighty nation; they can only give us the opportunity of becoming such a nation.

Apropos the question of drinking in the institutions of this country we suspect conditions vary. A healthful and encouraging condition is reported by Coach Yost concerning the drinking done in the University of Michigan. He says: "If you should take away five hundred of the eleven thousand students on the University of Michigan campus, a bootlegger couldn't find sale for a quart of liquor in a month. My observation is that college student drinking is confined to a few 'smart alecks' and the upper crust, and is done mostly on special occasions, such as parties." It is possible for a few young men or women who are reckless and care not for rules to give an institution a bad name. Five lawless students will cause more comment than five hundred who are decent and law-abiding.

A QUAKER WITH A LOT OF KIN

"John," said the old Quaker to a lad whom he esteemed as an especial favorite among the boys of his neighborhood, "has thee a purse?"

"No, sir," answered the lad with respect.

"That is too bad. I was going to give thee fifty cents to put in it," answered the old Quaker with a tone of regret.

Two weeks later he met the boy again and inquired, "John, has thee a purse now?"

"Yes, sir," replied John in great glee.

"That is too bad. I was going to give thee fifty cents to buy one."

CHEERFULNESS AT HOME

(Selected)

It is quite easy to be a Christian at church and Sunday school, but the real test comes in places where we live, at school, and at home. Some get the wrong idea; that it does not matter what one does at home. Of course, we are polite to strangers, thoughtful to friends; but at home —why it just doesn't count. But home, after all, is first and more important than all the rest. Our fathers and mothers deserve, more than any one else, our thoughtfulness. We seldom know how much they appreciate little, unexpected courtesies. It is a bad habit to expect to receive everything from them, and in return to give nothing, or only a little, and that grudgingly.

One of the things that helps most to make our homes happy is cheerful obedience. Obedience, because we should respect the wishes of those older. We should respect also their judgement. They have lived many more years than we have. They have had experiences not possible for us, and we should know that their love prompts them to ask of us only what is wise.

Our parents are doubly happy if our obedience is both cheerful and prompt. Few things are more disagreeable in the home than ill temper, crossness, and fussing about every little thing.

An ideal home is one in which every one helps. The baby learns to pick up his toys and put them away. Boys and girls learn to hang up their wraps and put away their games, and to keep all their belongings neat and in order. Of course, when we are obedient, we are helping; when we are cheerful, we are helping very much. But there is another way to help, and that is by being thoughtful

There is love enough in all families. If any member were seriously ill, all the rest would make any sacrifice to care for that member or to help the doctor or nurse. But one need not wait till sickness comes to render some great service in the home to prove one's love for Christ. It can best be done by watching every day for the countless little opportunities for helpfulness and unselfishness.

HUMILITY OF TRUE GREATNESS

The Youth's Companion tells of some American tourists who visited the home of Beethoven. One of them seated herself at the great composer's piano, and played his "Moonlight Sonata." When she had finished she turned to the stern-faced old guard, and said, "I suppose a great many musicians visit this place every year?"

"Yes," said he, "a great many. Paderewski was here last year."

"Did he play on Beethoven's piano."

"No; he said he wasn't worthy."

A QUESTION OF SERVICE

By Elizabeth Hart

Although March was well on its way the gloom of a northern Idaho winter still enveloped the deserted mountain tourist park, and Shady Rest seemed completely cut off from the rest of the world. Snow was waist-deep on the level. It sagged the boughs of the motley evergreens that surrounded the park enclosure and lay piled in huge sodden drifts about the few crude buildings.

The highway leading past the entrance gate lay, a smooth avenue of white except for the recent trail of two pairs of snowshoes. This trail led from the highway to the door of the camp's largest cabin which in season served as the park-keeper's quarters.

Joe and Alan Baten stood in front of the cabin, devouring the remains of a hasty lunch and laughing aloud at the lugubrous expression of an immense white owl under a massive pine at the edge of the clearing. The bird evidently had been dislodged by a miniature avalanche of falling snow from the boughs above. The sound of the rushing snow had brought the boys to the door to discover the owl fluttering awkwardly out of the heap. Now it sat swaying slightly and staring straight ahead, a look of wonderment in its round wide-open eyes.

"Nobody home," chuckled Alan. "His fall knocked him out. Get him, Joe. He'd be a fine specimen for old Grayson's collection. Nothing like standing in with the boss, you know."

Joe shook his head. He looked at the bird appraisingly. Here was undoubtedly the largest, most beautiful white owl he had ever seen. Mr. Grayson would be pleased to add it to his collection, but he already had several of the species though in no way could they be favorably compared with big Snowy, sitting there blinking his blind, bright eyes. Snowy fitted in perfectly with the winter scene. Joe thought of how this wonderful owl would look if it stood rigid and dusty among the other mounted trophies in Mr. Grayson's den off that gentleman's office in the Telephone Building.

"Get him, Joe," whispered Alan, apparently impatient at his older brother's reluctance. He shook Joe's arm. "See him ruffling up. He's going to fly. Hit him with your wrench! Softy," he muttered as Joe still made no move. "Well, if you won't I will." He looked hastily around for some weapon to hurl at the helpless bird. Snatching a hammer from the lineman's life belt worn by his brother, Alan took quick aim at the white breast.

"No you don't, kid," Joe grasped his arm and whirled him suddenly around. The frame of Alan's snowshoe struck the door casing and snapped. Both boys stood speechless over the calamity, while Snowy, with a remarkable spread of muffled wings departed unnoticed.

"Tough luck," said Joe with serious eyes when Alan had unstrapped the broken snowshoe and both realized the injury was beyond repair. Alan's face twitched and he set his jaws

hard. Then to Joe's relief he laughed.

"My fault," said Alan shortly. "I ought to know by this time that when I travel with you I have to be respectful to your friends. Anyway, I don't think this snowshoe would have held out long—I gave it an awful crack when I hit that old root back there. It was my good one, too. The other has been bad ever since we started."

"Hard luck," repeated Joe. "I'll have to leave you here," he looked at his wrist. "Just twelve now. I ought to make it to Griggs Pass and back by the middle of the afternoon."

"We've just got to get to Steve's tonight," asserted Alan. "He'll be all ready for us. And I'm keen for some of that bear steak he phoned us about."

"I think we can make it," Joe assured him. "I'll take your snowshoe and have it fixed. We can cut through that way. I'll find out just how to go. You stay here. It wouldn't be best for you to start out alone, not without snowshoes, anyway."

Alan looked blankly at the formidable mass of rough snow-covered mountains that shut off their view in all directions.

"I'll stay here," he assented.

The boys went inside to complete hasty plans. In one end of the cabin was a desk of rough boards—a disconnected telephone hung on the wall above it.

"I'll just fix this thing up," Joe adjusted the wires. "You try to get Steve this afternoon and explain matters. Of course every lookout station has a phone," he answered Alan's look of inquiry. "Central can tell you how to get him. Here—wait—I'll just call Central to make sure the line's in order."

"Good service—no trouble on this line," Joe hung up the dusty receiver. "Well, so long, kid, I'll call you tonight before I start back—if I can." And Joe strode away, stopping at the first turn to wave a hand to Alan standing dejectedly in the doorway of the dreary cabin. Alan's shout was reassuring even if Joe did feel that it was not exactly spontaneous. Alan was a good scout. Joe felt somewhat abashed at his younger brother's loyalty. Perhaps he had been a little rough with the youngster. But no—Alan mustn't grow up to be heartless and reckless in his hunting and killing. Sport was sport, but when it came to destroying beautiful creatures of the woods like that big snowy owl—well, there was a limit and Alam must be made to see it.

Spring vacation had released the brothers from high school, where Joe was a senior and Alan in the freshman class. After a day or two of loafing and play, they had made ready and set out in answer to the Telephone Company's call for extra men after an unusually heavy snow in the mountainous district of Griggs Pass. Joe was a lineman of considerable experience and Alan in lieu of better material was taken along as helper.

The grade was easy through Buzzards Canyon where they had left the stage. The snow lay a smooth glistening stretch before them and they made good time. Later when the forest closed in on the trail and snags protruded from the snow their pace was slackened. Even at that, how-

ever, they would have made Griggs Pass, and if not delayed too long there, back by another route to lookout station, Number Seven, where they expected to spend the night with jolly Steve Hayes in his crow's nest high up on the precipitous side of King mountain.

Joe gave an ejaculation of disgust over the turn of affairs. They had planned it as a real pleasure trip made possible by Joe's experience as a lineman. Steve would be looking for them—Alan would be terribly disappointed—they must make every effort to reach Steve's that afternoon for their time was limited. If they failed—no bear steaks—no fun—no anything.

Yet he didn't seem to be getting on very fast. Though the grade was easy on the winding mountain highway the glittering crust was gone from the snow. Joe felt uncomfortably warm, beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He stopped to wipe them off and to open his leather jacket at the throat.

"I'll be hanged if I don't believe we are in for a chinook!" Joe muttered, looking along the hazy stretch of Buzzards Canyon. "It's just too warm to be natural." He stopped and listened with almost painful intentness. Yes, there it was. Down from the snowy crags bristling with evergreens came the faint unmistakable whisper of the chinook, that warm capricious current of air that strangely enough flowed down from the north and fairly "licked up" the snow before it. A boon to the impatient ranchers itching to get into their fields—but what would it do to his day?

Joe dodged a mass of soft snow that slid from an overhanging bough and threatened to deluge him. Realizing the necessity for haste, he dashed on. He put forth every effort but his shoes sank more and more into the softening snow. He stumbled and fell.

Tough luck," he exclaimed. "I'm done with these things." He hastily unstrapped the snow shoes and swung them over his shoulder.

Three o'clock that afternoon found Joe packing up his tools. His work was done and if only Alan were with him they could take the three-fifteen stub—get off at Bates Crossing and be up to the crow's nest before it got really dark. He wondered if Alan had been able to get hold of Steve on the telephone.

A familiar laugh made him turn quickly. "Steve!" Joe fairly shouted his pleasure at seeing his friend. "Just thinking about you. We're in a nice fix—" and Joe related briefly the incidents of the morning ending with, "Now, I've got to ring up Alan and tell him—Say, what can I tell him anyway?" he looked hopefully at Steve.

"Come on, come on," blustered Steve. He took Joe by the sleeve and drew him into the slushy thoroughfare, the main street of the dingy little mining town.

"I'll fix you up all right," he assured Joe. "I just figured you boys would come up on shoes," he went on. "When that chinook came up about noon I knew you'd be sending out an S. O. S. and so I came on with first aid," he laughed out heartily and

Joe joined with him.

"I don't know what you mean but I guess it's all right," Joe assured him. He was relieved when Steve explained that he had ridden into Griggs Pass on horseback and had brought an extra horse along for their transportation.

"Alan can stick on behind either of us," Steve said. "Now, you call up Alan—wish I'd known how things stood and I'd have had that all fixed up before this." He meditated awhile then exclaimed. "I've got it—you tell Alan to go one mile straight south from the tourist joint—he'll strike the logging railroad there at the bridge and he can follow it straight into Dry Wolf ranger station. It's only about two miles from the bridge. We'll meet the kid there and all take the climb up to the crow's nest together. Pretty stiff going—take us about an hour."

At the central office Joe tried in vain to get in touch with Shady Rest tourist park. Then Steve tried but discouraging silence was his only reward. He jammed up the receiver in disgust.

"No use, line out of commission, as usual," he grumbled.

"Good service around noon, I tried it out myself," Joe again showed signs of discouragement.

"Plenty of time for trouble since then," returned Steve. "Snow slides, maybe—this chinook will start a lot of them on their dirty work." The boys turned away from the telephone office regretfully.

"Tough luck," said Joe. "Alan's just dying to spend the night at your lookout. Last week when he read about that big slide over at Living Springs he was worrying for fear one of them would get you before he'd had a chance to come up."

Steve grinned. "Awful lot of snow on King mountain this winter, but if it ever broke loose it would come down that mountain so fast it would jump right over the crow's nest," he answered carelessly.

The friends mounted the waiting horses. "It's twice as far to go back by that tourist park," grumbled Joe.

"More than that," answered Steve. "We'll put these nags through Buzzards Canyon as fast as we can, and it won't be any too fast in this slush. We'll pick up Alan and go on—wish it wouldn't get dark so awful early in these mountains."

Stiff and tired from their disagreeable ride, it was later than they had supposed it would be when they turned into Shady rest tourist park. Alan came bounding out of the cabin and Steve greeted him boisterously.

"Shall we go on or stay here tonight?" Joe looked rather wistfully at the battered stove inside which was glowing and roaring with a fire Alan had recently built.

"Oh, let's go on," begged Alan. "We haven't anything to eat here but a few crusts and some bacon."

"All right with me," said Steve. "I'm hungry. Shut off the draft on that stove, Alan. Climb up behind me here. It won't be long now."

But the creek bed they must follow had spread itself far beyond its usual limits. And with some misgivings the boys rode on until they came to the bridge which must be crossed before they reached the logging road up

which they were to proceed to Dry Wolf ranger station. There all hope of reaching the crows nest that night vanished. By the light of their flashlights only wildly rushing water could be seen where the bridge had been. It might be gone—it might be still there under the black, swirling water. It was all the same to them.

"Nothing doing," said Steve. "Too dangerous." And they turned to splash their way back over the dreary miles that lay between them and shelter.

They left their horses at a place just off the highway where a summer road crew had built a rough board shelter.

"Let's cut off here and follow the telephone line back," advised Steve. "Not such bad walking this way."

Alan walked behind the others, throwing the glare of his flashlight here and there, up and down, as he walked.

"Hello, what's this?" he called suddenly stopping. "I guess here's your trouble, Joe. Something on the wire."

The boys gathered under the outspread object and studied it curiously. Joe was the first to recognize its identity.

"Why, it's Snowy. It's that big white owl, Alan. He's spread clear over the wires and made a short circuit. No wonder I couldn't get you!"

"Isn't he a beauty, Steve?" asked Alan. "Joe might as well have let me get him."

Steve grinned sympathetically at Alan. Kind-hearted brute, that brother of yours, hey? Knocked thunder out of you and queered your trip when probably you'd have missed him anyway." Steve laughed uproariously. "I think I saw that same owl last week. I didn't have the heart to touch him either."

"We'll have him mounted for Mr. Grayson," Alan nodded at the owl placed upright in the window. The boys were settled about the stove after having returned to the cabin with their trophy and dispatched what was available in the way of provisions.

Steve yawned. "If it hadn't been for him we'd be over eating bear steak in front of my fireplace now." He looked at his watch. "Yes, we'd have been there two hours ago."

Joe rose lazily and went to the telephone. "Guess I'll call up Central and see if the line is all right now," he said taking down the receiver.

"Call up Dry Wolf ranger station —it's four short rings," put in Steve. "Explain to Bill why I didn't get back with the horses."

A voice from the transmitter answered Joe's call. Joe explained who was calling and delivered Steve's message. Then he suddenly became rigid with attention, the receiver to his ear. Then it fell upon the desk as he turned to Steve with startled eyes.

"Steve—Steve," he hesitated and gulped. "Say, it's fierce. It's tough luck. The crow's nest went down in a snow slide about an hour ago!"

After a period of speechless bewilderment the boys grouped again about the smoldering stove.

Stevve looked from one to the other of his companions. Their faces registered the shock they had received. He broke into a forced laugh.

"Good-bye, bear steaks," he shouted. "My first bear, too, hang the luck."

"And I'll never get to see the crow's nest," cried Alan. Then he was silent, for his voice sounded husky and unnatural.

Joe reached out his hand and stroked the feathers of the white owl on the window sill.

"Poor Snowy," he said quietly. "We blamed you for stopping service but now we know the service was all on your side."

JUST BE YOUR OWN TRUE SELF

(Boys' Industrial School Journal)

In this world we do find those who love to stand around and pose; pretending they are someone who they are not. They will buy a fashion plate; dress in manner so sedate, and of false pretensions they sure have a lot. They will quote to you a writer; try to make you think they're brighter than the rest of us common human beings. They see each fault and failings; others sins they are bewailing; yet, in themselves no stain can they be seeing. With assumpted power and pride, behind its cloak they try to hide and try to make you think they know it all. But, when comes the final reckoning; they see failure beckoning: they cannot stand on sham and so they fall. Here they learn life's dearest lesson: 'tis a curse instead of blessing;' for, from false pretentions friendship never grows. To all your friends be true; just be yourself, true blue; never tainted with pretended pride or pose. The fellow who gets by is the one who'll never try to be someone else or will he e'er pretend. He'll meet you every day in a fair and open way with a frankness that will stamp him as your friend. You can buy if you've got money, all the world's goods and its honey: you can lure the things worth while to come your way. You can have the finest eats to keep your palate sweet: you can have the glamor if you'll only pay. But, when trouble comes to fret you and the world seems to forget you: they hurry on and leave you while you sigh. Then is brought home to you the lesson that is true; real friendship is a thing you cannot buy. So, why be superficial or put on a pose that's artificial? Why sham for a little fame and pelf? You have to live with yourself and so, why be empty bluff and show? Just be your own true self. You need not have a fear when you find some stranger near. Don't sham; or bluff around, or "Stall." To yourself be true. Don't be no one but you. Just be your natural self. That's all.

A TRUE DOG STORY

By Frances Margaret Fox

It is never safe for a mother to brag about her good children. Nor is it safe for one of the good children to brag about the perfect behavior of her pets.

Now it happens that there is a girl who is too big to play with dolls. She is really a big little girl, with a pet dog she treats like a favorite doll that has become a person. It will not do to tell who the girl is, nor the name of her dog, because the girl's family would rather not have the names in print. Perhaps the dog would feel the same way about it, because he, too, has a certain amount of pride.

Anyway, the girl often bragged about her dog. She taught him the best of dog manners. He ate daintily, stepped softly, spoke politely and shook hands with guests.

It is true that the dog had always behaved as a good dog should. He never barked at the wrong time nor growled nor ran away from home. He always came when he was called and never chased cats. When he went riding in the automobile, he sat with his nose in the air and never even answered stranger dogs when they dared him to step down and out and fight with them.

It is no wonder that the girl bragged about her dog, even if it is not a safe thing to do. One day she told two other girls who had come calling that she believed she could take that dog just anywhere and he would behave himself and make no trouble for any one.

One of the girls laughed and said: "Let's dress him up and take him out shopping!"

"And," said another girl, "he must not be carried, either. He must walk along on his own feet."

So the girls made a beautiful red coat for the little dog and buttoned it on. He wagged his tail and seemed to like the coat. Then, if you please, they made him a muslin bonnet, and trimmed it, strings and all, with lace. It was the kind of frilly bonnet that babies wear in the summer time. When the bonnet was finished the girl who had bragged about him put it on, and tied it in a hard bow-knot under his chin.

"He doesn't look exactly sweet," she admitted, "but he does look good-natured and funny."

"And different," added another girl.

Then the three laughed and laughed. But the little dog didn't mind how much they laughed at him. He wagged his tail and almost smiled, he was so happy.

"Now we'll go shopping," said his mistress.

So at last the three walked down the street with the dog at their heels. Nearly every one who met them smiled. The girls walked on with their heads in the air, and talking in an off-hand fashion about anything and everything except dogs. They walked into big stores and out of stores, buying something here and there and having a gay good time every minute. Of course, they were think-

ing about their pet constantly, and were laughing inside of themselves, but they kept their faces perfectly straight and pretended to be deaf when they heard shoppers talking about their funny-looking little dog.

Mothers had trouble that day to get their children to walk past a dog dressed in a red coat and a white muslin bonnet. The children pulled back and pulled back when their mothers took them by the hand to drag them away. Two or three times that dog stood on his hind feet and waved his right paw at children. He really wished to shake hands.

At last, in the biggest department store in the city, the little dog disgraced himself and his mistress.

A big dog walked up and spoke to the little dog. He was probably making fun of the coat and bonnet. At first, the little dog made no answer. Then the big dog spoke again. What he said that time was more than the little dog would stand. The stranger must have said something dreadful in dog language, because the little dog turned suddenly and started a bad dog fight.

The big dog ran and the little dog ran after him. The shoppers stood aside to let the fighters pass. Away the two flew, snarling and fighting.

The girls didn't know what to do. The dog's mistress loved her pet, and when neither she nor her friends could find him she almost cried.

So for more than an hour those girls waited. Sure enough, he came back. But his coat was gone and his body was covered with mud and stains from top to toe. His bonnet was hanging over one ear, still tied on by strings that had been snowy white, but were now black rags. One eye was shut and something ailed his jaw. But when he saw the girls, he picked up his drooping tail and wagged it, and winked his good eye!

"Oh, my poor little dog!" exclaimed the girl who loved him.

They picked him up and carried him home, bathed his wounds, and put him to bed.

But from that day to this the little dog has never told what the big dog said that made him so angry he had to fight, nor how nor where the fight ended. However, that was the last time he ever had a chance to go shopping. And from that day to this the dog's mistress has never again bragged about his good behavior.

AVOID BRAG

The man or woman of good breeding does not brag about his acquaintance with people whose social rank is above the average. The "climbers" do this, but no one else. Bragging is an atrocious habit anyway, but especially obnoxious when one brags about his money, his clothes, or the people with whom he is allowed to associate.

Neither man nor woman of any refinement will ever talk about clothes, jewelry or other personal possessions and brag about the cost. The people who do this—and there are a lot of them—need a few lessons in good manners.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Sappenfield and a number of boys have been improving the appearance of the chicken houses by giving them a fresh coat of paint.

Messrs J. Lee White and G. Lee Simpson, members of our staff, attended the Jackson Day Dinner at Raleigh, last Saturday.

Mrs. Betty Lee, matron at Cottage No. 2, is spending a few days with relatives in Cleveland County. Mrs. D. M. Teague is acting as matron during her absence.

Virgil Rufty, of the Durham County Cottage, was paroled last week by Superintendent Boger. Our best wishes for success go with him.

Henry Moore, one of the smaller youngsters of Cottage No. 3, is in the "little white house," recuperating from a slight attack of pneumonia. He is rapidly recovering and hopes to be out in a day or two.

While strolling about the barns recently, we noticed about fifty little black pigs, all about four or five weeks old, frisking about. They are lively little fellows and it was interesting to watch them.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam B. Kennett and daughter, Margaret, of Greensboro, paid us a brief visit last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Kennett, a former member of our staff, has been in the Railway Mail Service for several years past.

The new boys were sent out to their respective cottages last week, after staying the usual two weeks in the Receiving Cottage. New boys were received and given mental tests. We are glad to report no contagious diseases among our new comers.

For some time past we have had quite a number of cases of sore eyes —conjunctivitis, is the medical term— among our boys. By careful treatment the squad has been greatly reduced, and in the next few days we hope to be able to report all cases cured.

On account of bad weather for several days past, the boys on our outside forces were compelled to remain indoors. During this time large quantities of peanuts and peas were shelled for planting. It is needless to say all were glad to see the sun shine again, as no boy wants to remain indoors in the Springtime.

One of our clover fields, situated on the left of the highway, looking southward, is now one of the prettiest sights in this section of the country. Its beautiful green color is very pleasing to the eye, and we have heard considerable comment among passing motorists as to its attractiveness.

As we go about over the campus, we are convinced that Spring is here. Squads of youngsters may be seen in all directions, busily engaged in shooting marbles. This is always a popular game among boys and a sure

sign that Spring is just around the corner. Our ball tossers are also "limbering up." Last Saturday afternoon at the ball grounds, two teams, composed of officers and boys indulged in a practice game, going the full nine innings. The score was 8 to 7, and some good playing was done by each side. Some of the old timers seemed to "bear down" a little too strenuously and there were a number of complaints of sore "jints" the next morning.

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His talk on "Trees" was very interesting. In the course of his remarks, Rev. Hughes, pointed out that a tree is very much like a human being. If bent in its youth, it will grow crooked, unless straightened up before reaching its maturity. A tree, through its roots and leaves reaching out for sustenance, if property nourished, will have a long, useful life, and be a joy to all who come in contact with it, but if improperly cared for, will soon decay, thereby losing its usefulness. Just so with humans. If we are taught the proper things in our youth, and as we are growing, reach out for the better things of life, our lives shall have been lives of usefulness, and we shall leave the world just a little better by having lived in it. All present enjoyed Rev Hughes' remarks and we hope he may visit us more frequently in the future.

BOY SCOUTS IN THE SENATE

To be a Boy Scout is probably the ambition of every youngster who is not yet old enough to join a troop. But imagine belonging to a Boy Scout Troop that holds its meetings in the Capitol of the United States. There is such a troop which has recently been organized by pages of the Senate, and it is sponsored by a Senatorial committee. The chairman of the troop committee is the Reverend Dr. Z. B. Phillips, Chaplain of the Senate.

The idea of forming this unique troop was originated by one of the pages, Eagle Scout James Coleman of Columbia, South Carolna, who was appointed a page by Senator Smith of his State. His brilliant record as a Scout in South Carolina was largely responsible for Coleman's present position, and his eagerness for more Scout life led him to evolve the Senate scout plan. Linn C. Drake, Scout Executive of Washington, D. C., brought about the organization of the troop, of which Charles E. Jackson, Secretary to Senator Smith, is Scoutmaster. The official headquarters of the Senate page group of scouts is a room in the basement of the Senate.—Reidsville Review.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., M[illegible] 29, 1930. No. 10

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JUST BE TRUE

"I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able, as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye.

"I want to go with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf,
I want to be able to like myself."

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

OX-CART TO AIRPLANE

And so the things of earth are constantly changing. The things of yesterday are antiquated today. Fifty years ago it was the ox-cart, twenty-five years ago it was the horse and carriage, today it is the automobile, and tomorrow it is the airplane. Life is one continuous panorama of an endless chain of changes. When we turn our thoughts to the years of the past sometimes we wish we could live those years over again, but that would not do. There would be no progress with such a procedure. We tire of today and wish it were tomorrow. And what does this indicate? If nothing else, it shows plainly that the fleeting things of time were never intended to satisfy that something within us which longs for the permanent. Man will not be at rest until his soul finds rest in God.

Everything pertaining to this life changes. Yesterday is not like today, and today will soon lose its charms in tomorrow. Our friends often become our enemies, love turns into hate, day into night, and last year's good fortunes may soon be engulfed in disaster. The things that last are the permanent things, the eternal things. "Now abideth faith, hope, love: but the greatest of these is love." These are the permanent things and they illumine the soul.

So then, why not trust in the ship that safely carries us over? The Church is the ship of life. She is the only permanent institution in this world, and that is so because she finds her roots in God. Jesus says: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against her." When the eye grows dim, the cheek pales, and life is slowly ebbing away, there is comfort in the thought: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever." "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Here again is the steadfast, the stable, and the permanent, and we cannot fail if we tie to these.—F. J. Howard.

OLD HURRYGRAPH IMPROVING

We were considerably distrubed over the news that our friend, Mr. James A. Robinson (Old Hurrygraph) has been so unfortunate as to be the victim of an automobile accident, but the good news comes that he is improving. Mr. Robinson has been a constant contributor to the Uplift, without reward or the hope of the same, for an indefinite time. To be deprived of these messages of cheer from an old friend is an occasion of deep regret, and it is the unanimous wish of the Jackson Training School, including every one from the smallest to the oldest, that he will be able to resume his pithy and original contributions "Rambling Around" at an early date. For the sake of all who are interested in the condition of our splendid friend we give a short paragraph from a letter:

"Am improving very slowly. Able to sit up some now and move a little in my room. Love to all the boys and the Training School family. Am so thankful it was no worse than it was and that our lives were spared. It was certainly a painful jolt to me, but the pain is now slowly leaving me, bless the name of a kind and gracious Heavenly Father. Don't know when I can resume writing, but will as soon as I can. Good health and good luck to each and every one of you."

Yours sincerely,
James A. Robinson.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

BE OPTIMISTIC

Never in the history of the country has there been such an epidemic of "business sickness," and it is high time that some one sound the note of optimism. The psychology that applies to the patient confined by illness can well be used in the business world. No scientist would permit the discussion of the physical ailments in the presence of the sick, but on the other hand, divert the patients mind by talking of bright and cheery things in life. If a bright and hopeful spirit is a panacea for bodily ills the same surely can be applied during this era of "business sickness." There always are those who will play on the minor chords of pessimism (to excuse themselves from civic obligations,) and who discourage their fellow workers by their fears and prophecies of hard luck. He who cheerily goes on his way, with joy in his

heart, a song on his lips, and the light of hope in his eyes, will hearten and encourage hundreds who would otherwise be ready to sound a retreat or falter before the command to advance. Just stop and think that your lot is no worse than the other fellow of same circumstances, so let us begin "to look up and not down" and make an earnest endeavor by word and act to make conditions brighter and more hopeful. Optimism will open the way for large advance and great achievements. Just keep trying.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

ATTRACTING OUTSIDERS

Let us hope that the press item relative to the development of the drained bed of Lake Mattamusket, Hyde County, undertaken by a 83 year old philanthropist, August Hackscher, of New York, under the supervision of a wheat prince, Thomas D. Campbell, Montana, will prove as profitable as these men anticipate. This lake is only a few miles from the sea, in a county thinly populated, and prior to the good highways has been hampered by lack of railroad facilities. In the year of 1925 Hackscher bought 50,000 acres for a few dollars per acre and since then has formed a company for development under the direction of expert farmers. The management is expecting to put in 5,000 acres of wheat, 5,000 soy beans and additional acres in corn, flax and rice. So says the wheat prince, Campbell: large scale farming in the east is the greatest opportunity in the industrial world today, because of great tracts of cheap farm land in which there are possibilities of great developments and splendid returns from the soil.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

ONE OF THE LURES OF ASHEVILLE

The great chateau, familiarly known as the famous Biltmore mansion, situated in the midst of natural forest covering 100,000 acres, was on the 15th, of this month thrown open to the public as a tourist attraction. When the great doors swung open to receive the throng anxious to be the first to gain access to the great manor, Mr. and Mrs. John Francis Amherst Cecil greeted the visitors. This building was begun by George Vanderbilt, the father of Mrs. Cecil, in 1890 under the direction of one of the worlds greatest builders and

it took five years for its completion. The furnishings, and creations of art were selected from all parts of the world with the greatest care by Mr. Vanderbilt himself. Mrs. Cecil in her address of welcome to the guests expressed herself as being proud to add to the lure of Asheville by permitting tourist to view that which stands for the life and dream of her father's young manhood. This is a gracious act upon the part of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil to co-operate with the Chamber of Commerce and other organizations of the city to make Asheville attractive to the tourist of western North Carolina.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"THEY BUILD A KINGDOM

All articles pertinent to the activities of the King's Daughters catches the attention of the staff of the Uplift office. This Order from time of establishment of the Jackson Training School up the present date has shown a keen interest in our being and our work. The King's Daughters of Norfolk, Virginia, are a consecrated crowd of women, and carry on a most merciful and beautiful charity work that meets with the approval and hearty co-operation of the community at large. This we clip from the editorial page of the Norfolk-Ledger Dispatch for the benefit of all workers "In-His-Name" who may happen to read the Uplift. It gives a splendid idea as to a most successful plan of raising funds, also something as to the character of the work this band of splendid workers do. The editor of the Ledger-Dispatch also pays a splendid tribute to the King's Daughters:

> Every year about this time the envelopes of the King's Daughters are distributed throughout the city. When they are collected, they build Block Day. And Block Day and the King's Daughters and the envelopes that are their messengers represent one of the most merciful and beautiful charities that even consecrated women have ever conceived. In the building which is theirs, where the Daughters of The King carry on their best-known work, any visitor at any time can see sights that much catch him by the throat, however unaccustomed to the emotions he may be. He can see very little children, babies, being treated and healed and cured and nursed to strength—babies who, otherwise, would die. And he would see that the very spirit of the place is one of gentleness and tenderness. "In the name of a cold, statistical Christ" has no application to the tireless labor of these exalted and devoted women. It is in the name of our common humanity that they give their strength and their patience and skill and their knowledge and their infinite mercy.
>
> That is in the building which is theirs. Outside, all through the city,

they spread, not meagerly but generously and richly, their work of helpfulness and mercy. It has been said before: it will be said again, and here.

They visit the sick—because they are the King's Duaghters. They go about the most beautiful task in the world—because they are the King's Daughters. In their ministrations, there is neither race nor creed—because they are the King's Daughters. They do good and bring peace and healing to the very least in the lowliest places—because they are the King's Daughters.

They are builders of a kingdom—because they are the King's Daughters. Their kingdom, the kingdom they are building, is not of sect or faith, creed or denomination, though it is a kingdom of this world. It is a kingdom of health and healing, of help and kindliness, of sound bodies that would have been wasted, of hopefulness that would be despair, of high hearts that would be cast down in misery and squalor and the uncleanness of untended illness.

They are builders—these King's Daughters. They work with their minds and their hearts and their very souls, and innumerable times with their almost exhausted bodies; but they must have blocks with which to build what they cannot build with only their minds and their hearts and their very souls.

Surely, then, their Block Day, their building day, is a day for all of us to honor and to observe with them—the Daughters of The King.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

After many months of profound silence the Uplift is again favored with two splendid contributions elsewhere in this issue, from the pen of Mr. C. W. Hunt, Charlotte, and both will prove instructive, as well as pleasing reading to our many subscribers. Realizing that it is Mr. Hunt's deep interest in the school, and the work of the school—making citizenship of wayward, or many times misguided youth, that continutes to stimulate his interest in the publication of the Uplift. We thank you, Mr. Hunt, and trust hereafter that it will not be such a long time between the coming of your very instructive articles that aid greatly in the keeping of the Uplift up to an ideal—a magazine both instructive and uplifting.

GRAND OLD HYMNS THAT HAVE MADE IMPRESSIONS

By C. W. Hunt

NO. I—"THE WAYWORN TRAVELER"

This hymn was written by John B. Mathias, of whom Dr. Wibur F. Tellett in his book, "Our Hymns and their Authors," says: "We have no facts of his life." But adds "This is a vivid picture of a wayworn traveler, and is sometimes sung with telling effect."

"I saw a wayworn traveler
In tattered garments clad,
And struggling up the mountain,
It seemed that he was sad;
His back was laden heavy
His strength was almost gone,
Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
'Deliverance will come.'

Refrain:
Then palms of victory, crowns of glory
Palms of victory I shall wear.

The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step was very slow:
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
'Deliverance will come.'

The songsters in the arbor
That stood beside the way
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay:
His watchword being 'Onward!'
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
'Deliverance will come.'

I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud 'Hosanna,
Deliverance will come.'

While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam
And joined him in his triumph,—
'Deliverance has come.'

I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying: 'Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer never more.'
Then casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud 'Hosanna
Deliverance has come.'"

This writers father, the late Rev. Moses J. Hunt, sang this song in his latter days in a rich and mellow voice, and most sweetly, but I associate it more strongly with the late Rev. V. A. Sharpe, for many years an outstanding member of the North Caro-

lina conference, as a rugged and fearless preacher of an unadulterated Gospel. In his latter years he sang this song with a feeling and a fervor that few ever reached in singing it; and it was at the annual conference love feast that it had a more telling effect than at smaller gatherings. To associate it with the living it is proper to say that Mr. J. A. Sharpe, editor and owner of the Lumberton Robesonian is a son of this sweet singer of this great old hymn. In the first joint Methodist Hymnal, issued jointly by the two great bodies of Methodism this hymn appeared as number 900, but it and many others of the old hymns were omitted from the second edition.

This hymn has been criticised as depicting a pessimistic view of the life journey of the christian, and it was such a feeling as that, no doubt, that caused its omission, but like many others that have been omitted from common use on account of misinterpretation, its words and the melody to which it has been sung have lost none of their hold upon those who are nearing the end of an earthly pilgrimage. The hymn depicts an old pilgrim father nearing his final home, and with the sole thought of making the home port at all costs. No aged pilgrim will deny that life has been a burden and that he has borne them when tired and dusty on many a hard road. Rev. V. A. Sharpe was never my pastor. The first time I ever saw him, he was financial agent for old Trinity college, in the middle seventies. He was then in the prime of life, with a heavy, very black beard. His first appearance was crude, but as he warmed to his subject he showed he was far from crude, but a powerful and deeply religious man, which was reflected in him as long as he lived.

WASHINGTON AS A FARMER

From Paul Leland Hayworth's book, "George Washington, Farmer," the following are gleaned:

Our first President was born on a plantation, and was brought up in the country. As farmer, Washington was the first American to raise mules, cultivated alfalfa as early as 1760, and performed hundreds of experiments. A soil conservationist in the infancy of that movement, Washington seems to have been the first of America's scientific farmers.

"The more I am acquanted with agricultural affairs, the better I am pleased with them," Washington wrote to Arthur Young in 1788. "I can nowhere find so great satisfaction as in those innocent and useful pursuits. In indulging these feelings I am led to reflect how much more delightful to an undebauched mind is the task of making improvements on the earth than all the vain glory which can be acquired from ravaging it, by the most uninterrupted career of conquests."

BEAUTIFYING THE STATE HIGHWAYS

(Exchange)

In a recent publication issued by the Department of Conservation and Development appears the following plea for beautification of our highways:

"The State of North Carolina has spent approximately $150,000,000 in the development of a system of high ways that are a pride to her citizens and the admiration of the nation. The system embraces more than 8,000 miles of road.

"Beautification of these lanes of travel affords one of the most important projects that could be undertaken. It would be a constructive move if the State Department of the American Legion could foster and promote a program that would make of all of these highways a continued vista of loveliness.

"In order to derive the greatest service from the highways and to capitalize on the tremendous investment, the roadsides must be made as inviting and attractive as possible. Beautiful highways are not only an inspiration to the people of our state but they can be made so attractive that they will bring thousands of tourists from other states.

"Highway beautification involves three phases: The selection and protection of natural growth, the elimination of unsightly signs and posters, and the planting of shade trees selected for their natural beauty and influence on the road.

"A particularly appropriate project for the American Legion is the beautification of certain highways or sections as memorials in honor of the hero dead.

"There are inestimable opportunities in economic benefits to the community or state in the development of a higher esthetic sense among the people, expression of civic self-respect, and the endowment of the highway "with life, character, and beauty." Highway beautification is worthy of the efforts of any progressive group."

THE COST OF AIR TRAVEL

It looks as if the world is gradually to become air-minded. Certainly those who are working to popularize travel by airplane are doing everything possible to make the idea of traveling by air "catch on." One of the corporations promoting transcontinental air travel has fixed the passenger rate for the combined air and rail travel at 5 cents a mile. They will doubtless make much of the fact through their advertising that this rate is cheaper than the combined railroad and Pullman fares which are now charged. It is certainly fine that travel by airplane is fixed at so moderate a figure. But doubtless for some time yet there will be many of us who insist on considering other facts than the cost per mile of such transportation.—Rev. Stanley C. Harrell.

THE CRADLE OF KNOWLEDGE

(Reidsville Review)

Our public schools are the cradle of knowledge for any community. It might well be termed the incubator of progress and achievement.

Have you been over lately to see how your children are progressing.

Have you paused long enough to let the teachers know that you are interested in the good work they are doing toward the educational and moral advancement of your boy or girl?

Have you given them any encouragement whatever?

If the sheriff or any other official does a good piece of work we tell him so—just as we roast him if he falls down on his job. He expects both, and he gets whatever is coming to him.

If the teacher displeases us in any way we are quick to censure. Sometimes we make a big noise.

But day after day our teachers are doing good work—excellent work—and we take it simply as a matter of course, as something that is coming to us. We neglect to extend the commendation that is their due.

We do not speak for the teachers, but we feel that they would welcome visits from the parents of the community, or from any interested citizen. Certainly such visits would be pleasing and encouraging to the children.

In a few years the destinies of this community will be in the hands of the children. The greatest heritage we can leave them, the one which will best fit them for meeting the intricate problems of life, is an adequate education.

The public school is the greatest asset of our national life today. It inculcates in the juvenile mind a respect and veneration for all that is upright, just and humane, and paves the pathway of life with knowledge and understanding which is necessary to a successful and honorable career.

Recognition is a little thing to give, but its potentialities are great, both as regards the teacher and the pupil.

THERE'S A MORAL HERE

Did you ever stop to think that hard times mean nothing to a hen? She just keeps on digging worms and laying eggs regardless of what is said about conditions. If the ground is hard, she scratches harder. If it's dry, she digs deeper. If she strikes a rock, she works around it. But always she digs up worms and turns them into hard-shelled profits as well as tender broilers. Did you ever see a pessimistic hen? Did you ever know of one starving to death waiting for worms to dig themselves to the surface? Did you ever hear one cackle because times were hard? Not on your life. She saves her breath for digging and her cackles for eggs.

We're not mentioning any names—but we are wondering how many of our readers can find the moral in this.—Mooresville Enterprise.

WHO WAS FOOLED

By Mabel S. Merrill

"'April fool!'' sung out Bob Thornton, with all the strength of his lusty lungs that had never been allowed to get out of order for want of use during the fifteen years of his life.

Miss Lavinia straightened herself with a jerk and looked irefully from the letter glued to her doorstep to the bad boy laughing derisively in the background.

''You're a disgrace to the neighborhood, Bob Thornton, and you ought to be locked up!'' she said, glaring over her spectacles with such a warlike aspect that an organ-grinder who had been making himself at home in the fence corner precipitately shouldered his instrument.

''You'd better go in, old lady, you'll spoil your complexion,'' remarked the graceless Bob, as he cooly swung himself over the fence—''Hello, I say —come off, you brute!''

This last was addressed to the organ-grinder's weazened monkey that had made a spring at Bob as he passed, and, landing on his shoulders, proceeded to fasten a pair of scrawny hands in his hair with a sort of vicious friendliness.

''The creature knows his relations,'' was Miss Lavinia's parting remark as she slammed the door.

''If I'm any nearer related than she is I'll sell myself to a circus!'' muttered Bob, making frantic attempts to get rid of his new friend. ''Here, you fellow, take him out of my hair if you don't want him strangled!''

Thus adjured, the melancholy Italian hastily detached his property and prepared to go.

''Ah!'' he said mournfully, ''him very bad monkey—learn only mischief all times—no make money for me. I try to sell him, but no peoples will buy fool monkey like he.''

''How much will you take for him?'' inquired Bob, with a new idea dawning upon his mischievous brain.

"'Ah, I sell him very cheap—maybe two dollar; you buy for that?''

''Well,'' said Bob, appearing to deliberate but making up his mind on the spot, ''if you're round here this afternoon I'll think about it.''

''All right, I come,'' said the wily Italian, affecting indifference in his turn.

''I'll fix the old lady now. I'll box him up and send him to her for a present. Won't it be rich when she opens the box and that ugly little brute jumps out at her?

''Mr. Mackenzie wants somebody up at the greenhouses, and I'll have that two dollars before noon,'' and Bob chuckled over his scheme as he walked around the house.

Coming around opposite the south window he saw a little girl propped up in an invalid's chair with her face turned to the sunny outer world. Bob knew who it was—Miss Lavinia's niece, disabled by a hurt from which it was feared she would never recover.

She had known Bob when he went to the district school in a kilted suit and red mittens—in his better days before he became known as the ''hard ticket'' of the village—and she recognized him now, much to his sur-

prise, with a nod and a cheery smile, all unconscious of the little drama just enacted at the back door.

"I do declare, that Bob Thornton ought to be sent to the penitentiary!" scolded Miss Lavinia that afternoon, as she tugged a good-sized box into the sitting room. "Just look at what he left on the doorstep. I saw him dodge round the corner. It's another of his April fool tricks—the imp. It's directed to you, Lily. Did anybody ever see the like of such villiany!"

Lily laughed merrily as her aunt, with her biggest shears held at arm's length, cut the string and carefully removed paper and cover, then stood still with a gasp of astonishment which was lost in Lily's rapturous cry: "O Aunt Lavinia, ain't they lovely enough to have grown in heaven!"

The box was full of flowers. A little basket of tea roses that looked like a fairy thing was the centerpiece, and all around it lay knots of fragrant carnations, violets and lilies.

"Well — I never — did!" said Miss Lavinia, with ponderous solemnity. "It can't be—Mr. Mackenzie must have sent 'em. I'll go straight over and see."

"Why, no," said Mr. Mackenzie, when his breathless neighbor had told her story. "I didn't have anything to do with it except fix 'em up. That young Thornton came to me this morning and wanted to know if I'd give him two dollars for wheeling up that big pile of gravel. I didn't just like to hire the feller, but I was short of help, so I said yes, and he got it all done by noon! But something must have come over him, for when I was ready to pay him, he said he'd like to take his pay in flowers. I thought 'twas a queer freak, but he did work like a steam engine. Well, well, this is curious!"

That evening just after supper supper Miss Lavinia encountered Bob in a grocery store.

"Robert Thornton, you come straight home with me," she said, taking him by the shoulder as if she had been a constable; and Bob was so amazed at this summary proceeding that he actually allowed himself to be marched across the street to her house, looking like a criminal about to be executed.

"I've captured him, Lily," said the dauntless woman, coming into the sitting room flushed and breathless, and with her bonnet very much askew; "now deal with him as you like."

"I told auntie to bring you here so I could thank you," she said, with a grateful look. "How did you know I was just dying for some flowers? I love them better than anything else in the world. I don't know how to thank you, I am sure."

Bob took the frail little hand held out to him and actually grew red in the face, a thing unheard of for Bob Thornton, whose perfect sang froid on all occasions was a theme of admiration among the "fellows."

But before he knew it he was sitting by Lily's chair, telling her about a rare wild flower he had found in a neighboring swamp; and from that they strayed to the different kinds of rocks and various other interesting things; for Bob loved the woods as well as any other wild creature, and every rock and shrub for miles around.

Miss Lavinia, watching the boy's face so changed by its look of real interest and pleasure, said to herself: "'I do believe half of the boy's badness lies at the door of the women for we've never taken any thought for him since his mother died.''

''Come again and tell me some more about the cave and the pocket of crystals,'' said Lily, eagerly, as he rose to go. ''It sounds like a fairy tale and you make it lots more interesting than the books do."

This compliment so wrought upon ''Wild Bob'' that he actually touched his hat to Miss Lavinia as she bade him good night.

''There are different kinds of fools,'' said Bob to himself, thinking over the events of this ''Fool's Day'' as he walked home, ''and I guess I haven't been as bright myself all along as I thought I was.''

Choose this day the habits you would have rule you.

—Elbert Hubbard.

WHITE FLOWER OF HUMILITY

(Boston Transcript)

In the list of virtues which the Lenten season is supposed to foster, that of humility ranks high. It seems at first thought strangely at variance with this crowding, pushing age. But it is only humility's counterfeit which cannot be reconciled with the alert, strenuous temper. The truly humble man is not supine or inert. He does not cringe or fawn. He has simply seen his life in its true perspective as one among millions, all of whom have their rights and privileges and commendable qualities. The humble man reverences his own personality but he does not protrude it on all occasions. He displays his humility not as an isolated virtue of which all the time he is secretly proud, but he wears it as a beautiful garment enfolding his life and thus he carries out in the letter the apostolic injunction, ''Be clothed with humility.'' By the disciplines and flagellation of the Lenten period? Yes, perhaps, sometimes. But more by looking down fearlessly into the depths of his own nature and discovering how weak, imperfect and sinful he is, how little, after all, he has to be proud of in the way of spiritual attainment. And after that frank look at himself he gazes at the master spirits of the past, of the present, and in particular at Him around whom the tenderest thoughts center during these forty days, the One who humbled Himself and took on Him the form of a servant that He might be one with the humanity He came to save. The inward look and the outward look together will melt the pride of the proudest heart.

FIGURES VERSUS SCARE HEADLINES

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

One would think from the headlines of the daily papers that prohibition in the last ten years had resulted in at least a million dead. But what are the figures according to the World Almanac as presented by the New Outlook, Canada? Here are the figures:

There were in the United States prior to the advent of prohibition an average of five deaths from alcoholism in every 100,000 of population —which would work out at an average loss of 5,250 lives a year from 1911 to 1920, or 52,500 deaths in ten years. Then follows a table showing the decline of the alcoholic death-rate. The figures cover the period from 1920 to 1927 and show an annual saving of lives, at the rate from two to five thousand a year for the eight years. Thus, according to the figures supplied by the World Almanac, the economic savings in human life by the prohibition law stand at 25,578 in eight years. The "numerous" killings in the same period amounted to 190. Economically speaking, the balance rather favors prohibition—25,578 to 190! But the "wet" orators and editors are not concerned with economics. They are worried over the morality of the situation, and the "numerous" killings—190, to be precise, though "numerous" seems to suit their purpose better—are spread in huge letters across their front pages.

FLOWERS GO TO BED

Perhaps some nights when you are tired, and it takes so long to get ready for bed, you almost wish you were a buttercup, or some other little flower, and that you didn't have to bother about undressing. But flowers, too, have to get ready for the night.

The buttercups do not have to undress, but they have to get ready for the night. It would never, do to let their precious pollen stay out in the dampness...So, in the afternoon, when it is almost time for the dew to fall, the buttercups begin to close their petals, so as to make a sort of tent over their pollen to keep it dry.

Many other flowers that face the sky must put up their petal tents at night. The clover puts its leaves to bed, folding the leaflets carefully together. The pea family folds itself away at night, too, and probably, if you were a little owl that could wander around in the dark, you would see that almost any plant has something to do to get ready for bed.—Selected.

LEADERS

(Presbyterian Standard)

John Wesley (1703-1791), the founder of the Methodist denomination was the fifteenth child, and second surviving son of John and Susanna Wesley. When he was five years old his mother began to teach him, and Jack, as he was called, had to learn the entire alphabet in one day! At a very early age he was noted for his firmness of character, and his father remarked that "our Jack would do nothing unless he could give a reason for it."

When he went to college (Oxford) he was much pinched for money, but he was so diligent and sprightly that after finishing his A. B., he won a fellowship and worked for a Master's degree. He was then asked to teach a class at Lincoln College, where his brother Charles was an undergraduate. John and Charles and several of their friends formed into a band—or society—and the rules for this society were that they should be strict in their study and strict in their religious observance, so that the group began to be called methodists. John and Charles Wesley during these days at Lincoln College began a life-long practice of conversing with each other in Latin. Every night the methodists met for consultation before supper; they relieved the poor and looked after the clothing and training of school children; everyday they visited the prisoners in their castle, read prayers there on Wednesdays and Fridays, and preached on Sundays.

To be methodical grew to be an essential part of happiness to John Wesley. He rose every morning at four to cure himself of lying awake at night. At five, morning and evening, he spent an hour in private prayer.

The Wesleys decided to undertake a mission to Georgia, and John learned quite a bit of Spanish in order to converse with Jews in Georgia. Their mission in Georgia lasted only two years—and was spoiled somewhat by church squabbles. John Wesley's ideas were so exacting that he could not get along with people who were not as strict as he was. He became quite personal in some of his sermons and thereby got into trouble. It was also impossible for him to find a wife with whom he could get along. Two young ladies turned down his proposals of marriage, and when he finally got one to accept him, she would not stay with him.

Wesley did not at first approve of George Whitefield's open-air preaching, but later took up that method himself. He is said to have preached 40,000 sermons and to have travelled 250,000 miles. In early life he was a great walker, and when on horseback, he read as he rode. At the age of 71, he thought preaching at five in the morning "the healthiest exercise in the world," at 77 he recommended fasting on Fridays as a remedy for nervous disorders, and he affirmed that he had not felt "lowness of spirit for one quarter of an hour since he was born;" at eighty-five, "he had never once lost a night's sleep."

Great as Methodism is, as a religious power, Wesley is greater and he has affected every section of English religion.

George Whitefield (1714-1770) was a leader of the Calvinistic Methodists —another branch of Methodism. He was brought up in the Anglican Church, but counted his conversion from the year he joined the "methodist" society at Oxford. It was through Charles Wesley that he was admitted into the society. He finished at Oxford and was ordained a deacon at the age of twenty-two. In the same year he was ordained, he preached for the first time in London, and his audience was at first inclined to sneer at his youthful looks, but he captivated them by his eloquent preaching. The popularity of his preaching was extraordinary, and his first printed sermon ran through three editions. As the result of his popularity he was offered a "very profitable curacy" in London, but he turned the offer down because he wanted to follow the Wesleys to Georgia.

Whitefield's Georgia mission had more apparent success than the Wesleys. He was a younger man, much more eloquent, and unconcerned with disputes about churchmanship. Moreover, he was provided with funds "for the poor of Georgia." He decided to found "an orphan house" in Georgia and on a visit to Philadelphia, he pleaded with Benjamin Franklin, whom he had employed as printer for money for the orphan house. Franklin had advised him on economic grounds to build the house at Philadelphia, and refused to contribute to the scheme. But hearing Whitefield preach, he began to soften and concluded to give "copper;" "another stroke" decided him to give silver; and at the end of the sermon "he emptied his pocket into the collector's dish, gold and all?"

Whitefield was an "interdenominational" man. He was at one time summoned to appear before the commissary because he did not use the Anglcian prayer-book, but prayed when and where the Spirit moved him. He also discarded the surplice. He put a Baptst minister into his pulpit several times, and was strictly neutral on ecclesiastical politics. At one time he was asked to preach only for "the Lord's people" and he answered that "the devil's people were more in need of preaching."

Whitefield had such a whole-hearted and realistic way of preaching that Lord Chesterfield, on hearing him portray a blind beggar as he tottered over a precipice, bounded from his seat and exclaimed, "Good God! He's gone!"

His last public work was the settlement of a scheme for his "orphan house" academy near Savannah, Georgia. The main building was destroyed by fire in June 1773 and never rebuilt.

Whitefield was not a hymn-writer but he changed some of Wesley's to suit himself, thereby incurring scornful remarks from John Wesley. Though Wesley and Whitefield did not agree in their theology, they were close friends. Wesley, at Whitefield's request, preached his funeral sermon.

Dwight L. Moody

Dwight L. Moody was born in the

little town of Northfield, Mass. When he was four years old his father died and left a family penniless. Dwight's early life was not different from other boys whose families were poor. He was a rollicking, fun-loving boy. He went to school in winter and hired out in summer.

When he was seventeen years old he was ambitious to get on in the world. He had two uncles in the the shoe business in Boston. He was taken into their store on condition that he would attend church and Sunday School and neither drink nor gamble. He began by doing all sorts of odd jobs in the store and learning the details of the business. In a short time he was promoted and became a fine salesman. His ambition was to make $100,000 as a business man. According to the contract he attended church and Sunday School, but not from choice.

One day his Sunday School teacher determined to speak to his new pupil about the Christian life. He found him in the store and told him of Christ's love for him. At the first opportunity Moody joined the church and entered into the work of the church. He was then eigtheen years old.

From Boston he went to Chicago and was employed again in a shoe store. He offered himself as a teacher in the mission Sunday School, but was refused because there were twelve teachers and only sixteen pupils. He was told that he could have a class if he would bring one. He promptly began to gather the ragged children from the street until the building was more than full. The class called itself "The Moody Bodyguard."

During this time Mr. Moody was working with all his might at the shoe business and making a great success, so that in the last eight months of his business career he made $5,000, a large sum at that time.

The great struggle of his life was now to take place. He said, "God helped me to decide aright, and I have never regretted my choice." Then came hardships. He had very little money and often very little to eat. He found a quotation one day which mastered his life. "The world has yet to see what God can do with and for and through and in a man who is fully and wholly consecrated to Him." The thought seized hold of Mr. Moody. He determined to be that man. He resolved that nothing would keep him from following God's plan for him.

Just at this time came the great Chicago fire. His church was burned, but he soon had money enough to erect a temporary building and began his preaching again. The Chicago fire scattered Mr. Moody's people and he decided just at this time that he would go to England to study. He preached at the same time to great crowds of people. After three months he returned home, but soon went back to England, taking Mr. Sankey, the great evanglistic singer, with him. This was the beginning of a great revival in England.

When his countrymen heard of his great work in England, of course they called him home. He went from city to city preaching. Great crowds of people flocked to hear the great evangelist. Some days as many as 60,000

people heard him.

We are told that Mr. Moody was himself most eagerly and energetically alive when he stood before a vast audience. The excitement and enthusiasm seemed to change his manner and appearance. If you had passed him on the street you would have felt that he was uninteresting, heavy, stolid. But the presence of a crowd of eager waiting people "put glory into his eyes and fire upon his tongue."

He had great ability in enlisting the energies of other men. Mr. Sankey led the congregational singing at a prayer meeting that Mr. Moody conducted. At the close of the meeting he said to Mr. Sankey, "Young man, where are you from?" "Pennsylvania," replied Mr. Sankey. "What do you do for a living?" "I am in the government service." Looking into his face with his keen eyes, he said, "Well, you will have to give up that business." Mr. Sankey stood amazed. "You will have to give up your government position and come with me. You are the man I have been looking for for the past eight years."

(Note: The story of D. L. Moody is taken from the Program Builder.)

THE LAND WHERE ANIMALS ARE LOVED

The Burmese people are full of the greatest sympathy toward animals of all kinds, understand their ways, and make them feel they are their friends. And we know that if a person is kind to animals he is generally kind to his fellow man.

A Burmese boy would never be allowed to go bird-nesting, or ratting with a terrier, or ferreting rabbits. These would be crimes.

A Burman hates to kill. Neither for sport, nor for revenge, nor for food, must any animal be deprived of the breath that is in it.

All the animals—the ponies, the cattle and the working buffaloes—are so tame that it is an almost unknown thing for any one to get hurt. You can walk through the herds of an evening in perfect safety, for they will not attempt to touch you.

Many of our growing boys think it a grand thing to be indifferent to pain—not only their own, but to that of all others. To be sorry for a wounded dog or a hunted hare seems "girlish" to them. But to the Burman kindness to animals is the highest of all virtues. He believes that nothing of great value can exist without compassion and love and sympathy—and these make up all that is most beautiful in life.

I think we can take a lesson from the Burmese in their dealing with dumb animals.—The Young Soldier.

A FIRST OF APRIL STORY

By Ida Alexander

The milkman came around early, early, before anybody was awake. He put the milk, two quarts of it, in a little box on the back porch. But before he put the milk in, he took something out—something that was certain to be there as the milk was. To be sure, that something was not always the same. At times it was a sandwich; at others a piece of cake; once in a while a bit of fruit or piece of pie. But always there was something. Mother looked to that.

"Why do you do it, mother?" questioned Harold. "Why does the milkman have to have something to eat at night?"

"Because he's tired and hungry, dear," explained mother. "He comes from a long, long way off. And it is only kind to do that much for him."

But Harold did not wholly approve of the milkman's largesse. There were times when he would rather have eaten the cake himself than to have given it away. But mother never forgot.

One night there was gingerbread for luncheon. It was a treat of which Harold was very fond. Company happened for lunch that day. When Harold came home from school there was but one piece left. And Mother calmly put it away for the milkman! Harold was vexed about it. But mother stood firm.

"It will be a pleasant April fool surprise," she said. "Tomorrow will be the first of April.'

"I'll put a mud pie in, or something," Harold thought. "April fool jokes are like that. Not nice things like gingerbread. I don't like the milkman, anyway."

Harold went to much trouble to fix the gingerbread. He took out the middle of it very carefully, all the nice raisins and all. And he made a stiff batter of mud that no one would have suspected of being other than gingerbread.

"There!" he said. "There, Mr. Milkman, you can eat mud 'cause you didn't give me a ride one day."

But, somehow, he could not bring himself to eat what he had taken out.

Everyone was sound asleep when Harold woke up. He lay thinking about what he had done. Why, that was pretty near stealing. At last he could stand it no longer. He crept out on the porch, turned on the light and took the mud-gingerbread. Carefully he scooped the mud out and replaced the original filling. He went back to bed satisfied.

"What do you think I found in the milk box?" said mother the next morning. "I found a note, asking if my little boy could go to the milkman's farm tomorrow and spend the day. Won't that be a fine ride in his big machine?"

"Maybe it's an April fool," said Harold.

"No. The milkman is too kind a man to do such an unpleasant thing."

"So'm I!" cried Harold. "So'm I! But I nearly wasn't."

And then he told her. He confessed to the milkman, too, as they took

the long ride. And the milkman said it was quite all right. He did not mention the gritty taste the ginger-bread had had. And Harold never guessed it.

THE LETTER FROM HOME

How I like to get the letter
  That the home folks write to me!
To read that dad is feeling better—
  Is as chipper as can be,
And to read the lines from mother
  As to little things they do
From one day to the other,
  As the weeks they journey through.

They wish that we were near them,
  And were not so far away,
And I know how much 'twould cheer them,
  To be near us, day by day.
It is not that they are lonely,
  But—I scarcely need to tell,
For you understand—it's only
  That they love us all too well.

There is little that they write us
  That amounts to very much,
But their letters all delight us
  With their human, homely touch,
As they tell about the weather,
  With its days of sun and rain—
Like the life they've spent together,
  Now a smile, and then a pain.

There is little there to thrill us,
  As we read from line to line,
But their letters always fill us
  With a feeling sweet and fine.
Just to know they're feeling better,
  And from pain and care are free—
Is the best news in the letter
  That the home folks write to me!

—Chas. S. Kinnison.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

By Ellen Friel Baker

Ruth Holland caught up with Martha Gray on the way to the office where they both worked. The click of Martha's heels as they hit the pavement regularly and firmly told of a strong body, as well as a very decided character. But this morning her usually happy face was clouded and she greeted her friend with only a quick nod.

But presently she said as if talking to herself: "Breathes there a girl with soul so dumb that she doesn't envy the opportunities of her more fortunate friends, doesn't want to be a part of the young life of her home town and have a part in all the good times?"

"I don't understand what you mean, Martha," said Ruth. "I know that you are entitled to go with the best of them, and I know they often invite you, but I've always understood that you did not care for social things. You are always so self-contained, so apparently contented, that I never suspected you of such longings."

Martha caught her breath as if trying to repress her speech, then she said: "Do you think I haven't had my dreams? Do you think it didn't hurt when father's business failed and I had to go to work?"

"But something has upset you today,' insisted Ruth. "You are not like yourself at all.'

"Oh, I'm like myself all right; that other self that goes to work with you every morning, just isn't me at all. The fact is, Wilma Loyd is back in town. She used to be my dearest friend and the thought of being separated from her now hurts—that's all."

"But why should her homecoming upset you? I should think you'd be wildly happy to have her back."

"I thought so myself," agreed Martha. "But her homecoming has upset me greatly. I had just gone home from the office last evening when I heard a car coming down the Loyd's driveway. I peeped through the curtains of my room and saw a handsome car driven by a chauffeur in uniform. He opened the car door and out step- Mr. Loyd and Wilma. I'd be made of stone not to envy the vision of loveliness that met my gaze. A feeling of inferiority crept over me just to look at Wilma Loyd."

"What did she wear?" Ruth put the eternal feminine query.

"A perfectly plain brown tailored motor suit, a soft brown felt hat and an orange scarf with brown border," was the answer.

"Well, what was there to envy about that?" questioned Ruth.

"Hush up, Ruth," snapped Martha. "You don't in the least understand. You probably never will understand my feelings."

They had reached the office building and with a quick nod of goodbye each hurried to her desk.

Martha avoided Ruth on her way home that evening. She wanted to be alone—she had a problem to think out for herself. There was a time when the Loyds and the Grays had been close friends, as well as neigh-

bors. Wilma and Martha had been closer, if possible, than sisters all through their school and college days. Upon her graduation Mr. Loyd had taken his motherless daughter abroad for two year's travel and study and shortly afterward Mr. Gray had failed in business.

Mrs. Gray had died from the shock of sudden poverty which confronted them. Mr. Gray had sold his handsome home and moved into a small cottage on the other side of the Loyd's, which he had also owned. Martha had gone to work as filing clerk in an office. Jim, her younger and only brother, had found a job in a printing house and her father had been given a small clerical position by the man who had bought out his business.

Together they had managed to get along and it was the rule of the new Gray household that each should maintain a sprit of cheerfulness. Naturally the change in their fortunes had affected Martha most, but no one looking at her placid face and watching her strong, lithe young body as she swung along to work every morning would ever know how much she cared. No one coming for a visit to the cosy home that she had made out of the poor little cottage and pieces of furniture salvaged from the sale of their household goods, would fail to find cheer, comfort and refinement in the surroundings. She had pluckily faced the new situation and made the most of it.

She had found much to like in her position in the office. She was pleasant, efficient, and painstaking in her work. Very soon she was a favorite with those who worked beside her. But one thing she had steadfastly refused to do. She declined to accept any social invitations from her old friends, giving her work as her excuse for doing so. But now that Wilma was back, longing for the old carefree life came surging over her.

"I imagine that Wilma Loyd will do a great deal of entertaining this summer," she remarked to her father and Jim at the dinner table that evening. But before they could reply there was a ring at the door-bell and they heard a gay, girlish voice saying to the little maid-of-all-work who had answered the door:

"No, I'll not be seated. I'll just go right along and find Martha. I can't wait another moment to see her!" Then there was a rush—a mingled cry of delight and the girls were clasped in each other's arms—while Mr. Loyd, who had followed in his daughter's wake, was shaking hands with Mr. Gray and Patting Jim on the back at the same time.

"Martha darling!" cried Wilma happily, "I just couldn't wait another minute to see you!"

"And I wanted to see you," answered Martha, "only—"

"Only what, Martha Gray?" questioned Wilma.

"Well, I'm a working girl now, you know. I had to go to the office."

"But surely you could have found a moment to run over and see me. I'm pretty lonely you know, Martha."

There came to Martha at these words the memory of the lonely motherless little girl that Wilma was when she had first known her. A little girl who had spent most of her time at

their house, with whom she had shared all her joys—even her loving mother's arms. At this memory all feeling of resentment, envy, and aloofness toward Wilma that she had experienced earlier in the day was gone.

Mr. Gray and Mr. Loyd were soon seated together in the little living room in close conversation and Martha took Wilma to her own room at the back of the cottage.

"Tell me about the old crowd," begged Wilma as soon as they were seated. "How is everybody?"

"I'm sorry, Wil, dear, but I never see the old crowd now, and I know very little about them," confessed Martha.

"What?" cried Wilma. "You don't mean that they've dropped you?"

"No—rather it was I who dropped them. They kept right on coming to see me and inviting me to parties after the crash came. But I couldn't bear the pity in their eyes. You see I didn't want to be pitied, I wanted to work things out for myself and I wanted no one's sympathy. I just prayed for courage to face poverty and go to work—I wanted to forget the days behind me and that I knew I couldn't do with the old crowd always at hand to remind me."

"You brave girl!" exclaimed Wilma, giving her another hug.

"Well, I've succeeded in a way—" Martha continued. "I found work and found a certain amount of pleasure in it, too. I thought I had stood the test, but—" she hesitated.

"But what?" questioned her friend.

"Well your coming home has upset me a bit. There is a feeling of regret that our lines of life must be divided. The longing for the old days has come over me with a rush and I've had a miserable day."

For a long time after this last remark the two girls sat in silence.

Many conflicting thoughts were running through Wilma's mind. She admired Martha's courage. She loved her more than she ever had. But the thought that was uppermost in her mind was that Martha had been all wrong in her attitude toward her old friends. She could understand just how they must have felt at her apparent snubbing of them. She knew she couldn't stand it herself and felt that all the pleasure would be taken out of her life if she couldn't have Martha with her on the old basis of chumship.

But she couldn't think of a word to say. Finally when the silence grew almost audible and the situation very tense, Martha suggested that they join the others in the living room. But the men had gone. Jim told them that Mr. Loyd had taken Mr. Gray to his office with him. Then picking up his book, he left the girls alone together again.

Wilma lifted her eyes and saw the family shield of the Grays with its motto, Noblesse Oblige, over the fireplace. Martha had been unable to part with that and it hung in the humble home, just where it had hung in the handsome one she had once occupied, above the mantel in the living room.

"I'm surprised that you still have that, Martha—" she said a bit sarcastically. "Why didn't you sell it?"

"How could I sell it. Don't you

know I couldn't part with it?'' cried Martha with a sob in her voice.

"But it doesn't mean anything to you now.''

''On the contrary, it means more than it ever did.''

''But you have deliberately turned your back on it.''

''I don't in the least understand what you mean,'' said Martha. "How have I gone back on it?''

''I believe the motto, Noblesse Oblige, on your shield means, 'Rank Imposes Obligation,' '' said Wilma.

''It certainly does,'' agreed the girl. ''But when one loses that rank —'' she continued.

''But you haven't lost it,'' argued Wilma. ''I am ashamed of you, Martha Gray—thoroughly ashamed of you. To think that you, with an inheritance of a long and honored line of Grays, you, with your splendid education and the many graces of mind and spirit that have bound your friends to you all these years, should value yourself so cheaply; should so insult your friends as to dream that it was for your father's wealth that they valued you instead of for your own lovely self.''

Then before Marha could say anything in reply, Wilma stormed, ''I'm ashamed of you, Martha Gray, and I'm sorely disappointed in you. I think you are the very worst kind of a snob.'' Then she flung herself on a couch in a perfect gale of tears and it took Martha a long time to quiet her.

But by the time the men returned Wilma's face was wreathed in smiles Wilma's face was wreathed in smiles and a happy light beamed in Martha's fine blue eyes. The girls clung together for a moment as they said good-night, just as they had done when they were little girls.

When a week later Mr. Loyd and Wilma opened their home to their Greeneville friends with a brilliant beside them to greet the guests and the welcome accorded Martha was equal to that given Wilma.

''My, but it's good to see you again, Martha'', said one of a special group of friends who had lingered late—so that the old crowd might be together again. ''Where have you been keeping yourself?''

"'I thought I'd been learning a lesson,'' smiled Martha. ''But when Wilma came home she convinced me that the lesson was all wrong.''

''What was the lesson?'' they asked in chorus.

''She was trying to unlearn the meaning of Noblesse Oblige,'' cried Wilma happily. ''But she found out that she couldn't do it.''

BRIGHT BOY

''Who fiddled while Rome burned?'' asked the school teacher.
''Hector.''
''No.''
''Towser.''
''Towser? What do you mean? It was Nero.''
''Well, I knew it was somebody with a dog's name.''—Selected.

PROTECTIVE TARIF, GOOD OR BAD

By C. W. Hunt

A recent announcement was made that the Washington government circles had surrendered to those opposed to a much higher protective tariff, and would accept a decided change from the ways and means bill as reported; which fact was all "dutch" to the average man. Very, very many people have concluded years ago, when the tariff was all the politics one heard, that the word tariff was too much for them and they humbly confessed that they could not comprehend it and for that reason had no opinion about a high or low tariff or what it was for: all of which was a sad reflection on the ability of the average man to think. Tariff originally, in this country, had two objectives: one to raise revenue off foreign goods imported to this country, which went into the treasury to help run the government; the other was to protect infant industry from being undersold by foreign goods. These were the original ideas, goods. These were the original idear, but there came another idea: lay a tariff to protect the American laborer from the starvation wages of workmen in other countries and by that pay our laborers more. The country as a whole took to these ideas, especially the latter, with various and sundry charges and counter charges for and against the plan.

Under all of these there was and is just one thing that the average man ought to know, namely: that if woolen or cotten goods made in England, France or Germany and brought to this country is made to pay tariff of 25 per cent, and these go on sale in competition with our home manufactured goods, our home manufacturer can add 25 per cent profit to his goods and the American buyer has to pay provided our manufacturer can produce goods as cheap as was done in foreign countries, and this 25 per cent profit is all profit in such cases. The original plan was to raise revenue indirectly and to help infant industry, but the time may have come, when, with improved machinery the home man can make goods cheaper than the foreign man can with his cheap labor. In this case it would be argued that the manufacturer was able to pay the laborer more wages than any country on the globe; and as a whole American labor is paid the best wage, yet it has been said that our manufacturers can and do go into foreign countries and sell goods to them cheaper than they sell same goods to our merchants here in America. If that is true, then the tariff on some things enables the American manufacturer to put in his pocket the amount of tariff levied by this government on the goods made here. One thing only is necessary to be known to have some knowledge of tariff, namely: that the consumer pays the tariff in increased cost of what he buys, except in cases of sharp competition, when prices would be cut tariff or no tariff. It is generally safe to say that the consumer pays the price of the tariff and does not know

it and it is known as indirect taxes.

Levying, as this country does, a high tariff on foreign goods has caused retaliation and refusal to buy goods in America because of the tariff this country levies on other country's goods. Such a state as that throws an overproduction on our home market, but those in favor of high tariff will argue against what is being said in this paragraph, but it ought to be plain to all that any country that produces a surplus needs open market in which to sell that surplus, and that brings us to the point that inspired the writing of this, and is the fact that there is a reversion going on as to the matter of high tariff and is said to be brought about largely by the Automobile Industry. As is generally known the industry has money invested up to the billion marks, and where money like that is invested a constant market has to be had; if not at home then abroad. These men see the day in the future, not very far away, when America will have a surfeit of automobiles, and these factories must have a foreign market else curtail and many liquidate and go out of business. These have found they cannot sell foreign countries that we levy heavy tariff from; and while these are not making a howling noise about it, their influence is being felt in the Congress at Washington. The latter part of 1929 saw the government defeated in its tariff bill and many wondered why such could happen when the majority party had all the votes needed to pass anything. Whether this latter statement be true or not there is at least food for thought and raises the question so many times asked: Would we not be better off with a tariff that was flexible and enabled our folks to sell where they have not heretofore sold American made goods?

HIS SEE SAW

The Filipino will lend you the snout of the sawfish he so treasures, but on the word of travelers who have tried to buy this queer implement from natives say he will not sell it to you. The Filipino does not use the weapon against his neighbor enemies but to keep the spirits away. Just brandishing the saw in the air outside the hut is warranted to break the spell of the most persistent spirit or devil.

Since the sawfish snout is so desirable and is therefore hard to buy, the native who wants one usually has to go after the fish who raise them. The sawfish abounds in Lagunda de Bay, a few miles from Manila, so owning one of the blades resolves itself into a matter of knowing how to go after the fish. The natives catch them with nets of half-inch rope. The long-nosed prisoner could saw his way out of anything less.

—Exchange.

JERRY

(Dumb Animals)

I do not know how to classify Jerry in dogdom. During the few minutes that he was within my sight, I was too interested in observing his actions to be bothered with his pedigree, and, as I am not up on dogs. I very likely could not have fathomed it by observation.

Although Jerry was not washed up and beribboned and on exhibition at a dog show, I am certain that he held the center of the stage far longer than any pampered puppy even seen in a show.

It was on December 21st. I was on an east-bound Boston and Worcester trolley. It must have been very nearly a mile west of Brookline Village station, when I glanced out of the window and saw a dog on the sidewalk racing with the car. I watched to see how long he would run, expecting that after a hundred feet or so he would stop and await another vehicle to chase, dog fashion.

But he showed no signs of retiring from the race. The car stopped to take on a passenger, and the dog rushed from the sidewalk to the road. With a most alert expression on his face he watched the rear steps until the car started, and then he again made for the sidewalk and continued his marathon. He seemed to be well aware of the fact that the street was rough with ice and snow, and that the sidewalk was clear and sanded.

Desperately he endeavored to keep abreast of the car. He did not seem discouraged at the prospect of a losing race, and, although out-distanced when the car did not stop for several streets, he always managed to catch up with it when it did stop. Each time he rushed to the steps and watched eagerly. He even discovered that there were two means of entering the car, and somtimes, after a moment at the rear, he ran to the front steps and watched intently. Always, when the car started, he bounded to the sidewalk and tried his best to keep up the race.

At the Brookline Village station he was not deterred by the crowd, and when the car left the station he was close beside it. By this time every one in the car was interested in Jerry.

At South Huntington Avenue the car stopped. Just as it started, Jerry, in desperation, leaped up the steps on to the front platform. A sympathetic motorman opened the door, and Jerry, panting, jumped to the long front seat. He searched up and down the car with his eyes for several minutes, heedless of the persons who spoke to him. He could not seem to locate the one for whom he searched. The dog certainly equaled many a human in facial expression.

In a quiet moment, when the car had stopped, his mistress, who was seated in the extreme rear of the car, called, "Jerry!"

A noticeable expression of relief passed over Jerry's countenance, and, with a joyful bark, he dashed down the length of the car. Another bark or two, and quiet reigned.

When I left the car at Massachusetts Avenue, Jerry was contentedly curled up at his mistress' feet.

INSTITUTION NOTES

John Keenan, Robert McLean, John Glenn and Paul Huffman, all former students at the Training School, called on us last Sunday.

As we arose last Sunday morning, one of the largest frosts of the season greeted us. If the peaches and young tender grain escape the effects of this heavy frost, it will be most unusual.

Mr. George Ross, Manager of State Owned Farms, visited the school last Saturday, being called in conference here with some of the Training School officials, about some important farm matters. Mr. Ross was accompanied by his wife and sister-in-law.

We are glad to announce that our request for fish with which to stock our small lake, is to be granted. A recent letter from Mr. J. S. Hargett, Assistant Director of Inland Fisheries, informs us that our application has been approved and forwarded to the hatchery at Marion.

Mr. L. W. Sears, of the printing department, of the Mills Home, Thomasville, visited us last Saturday. On his return he was accompanied by Woodrow Mitchell, one of our printing department boys, who was paroled and will make his home with his brother at Hopewell, Va.

Roy Smith, about 16 years of age, one of the fattest boys ever placed in our care, was paroled last Tuesday, by Superintendent Boger. Roy tips the scales at 260 pounds, and, like most fat people, was a boy of good disposition, easy manner, and was a favorite at the school. The best wishes of all the Training School folks go with him as he again takes his place out in the world.

We recently received a letter from Clyde Bristow, formerly one of our young linotype operators. He has been in the U. S. Marine Corps for some time and is now stationed at Manauga, Nicaragua, and reports that things are "quiet" down there at present—not many of the rebel raiding parties lately and no one killed during the past three weeks. Clyde tells us that several of our old boys are in Uncle Sam's service down there—George Howard and Lawson Beasley in the Marines, and Lawrence Keller in the Navy.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He introduced as the speaker of the afternoon, Mr. James A. Jones, a theological student at Davidson College. This young man made an excellent talk on "Character Building," using as a text the following passage of Scripture, taken from one of the gospels: "Secure for yourselves bags that will not wax old." Prof. and Mrs. Cullum, the former director of music at Davidson, delighted their audience with three vocal numbers: Two duets—"Teach Me to Pray" and "Beautiful Valley of Eden," and a solo by Mr. Cullum, "Lead Kindly

Light." These accomplished musicians are not strangers to us, as we have enjoyed their singing on several previous occasions.

Some time ago, we had a boy here who was a real problem. He was very hard to manage; caused his teachers lots of trouble, and in fact, seemed to cause trouble wherever he was placed. He was finally paroled and returned to his home. We are glad to reproduce the following letter, recently received from one of the welfare officials in his home town:

"I just wanted to drop you a line to tell you about————. He is doing exceptionally well. His home is very poor and it is not kept very clean, consequently there is not much incentive for him to look as well as he should, but he is doing remarkably well. He is working regularly, staying home at night and rarely ever misses reporting to me at the time he is supposed to. It certainly is a great relief to have him doing the right thing instead of always getting into trouble as he did prior to his stay at Jackson Training School. There is no doubt but what you did a great deal of good for him while he was down there, and I just want to let you know about it."

WHAT JESUS DID FOR US

For us He left His home on high;
For us to earth He came to die;
For us He slumbered in a manger;
For us to Egypt fled a stranger;
For us abuse He meekly bore;
For us a crown of thorns He wore;
For us He braved Gethsemane;
For us He hung upon the tree;
For us His final feast was made;
For us by Judas was betrayed;
For us by Peter was denied;
For us by Pilate crucified;
For us His precious blood was shed;
For us He slept among the dead;
For us He rose with might at last;
For us beyond the skies He passed;
For us He came at God's command;
For us He sits at God's right hand.

—Selected.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 5, 1930. No. 11

A SONG

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear;
  There is ever a something sings always:
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
  And the song of the thrush when skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
  And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
  The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  In the midnight black, or the midday blue:
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
  And the cricket chirrups the whole night through,
The buds may blow, and the fruit may grow,
  And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sear,
But whether the sun or the rain or the snow
  There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

I AM CALLING YOU

"I am the best friend of mankind. To the man who prizes sanity, peacefulness, pure-mindedness, social standing and longevity, I am a necessity.

"I am hung about with sweet memories—memory of brides, memories of mothers, memories of boys and girls, memories of the aged as they grope their way down to the shadows

"I am decked with loving tears, crowned by loving hands and hearts.

"In the minds of the greatest men on earth I find a constant dwelling-place.

"I live in the lives of the young and the dreams of the old.

"I safeguard man, with a friendly hand to the man in fine linen and the man in homespun.

"I am the essence of good fellowship, friendliness and love.

"I give gifts that gold cannot buy, nor kings take away. They are freely given to all who ask.

"I bring back the freshness of life, the eagerness, the spirit of youth, which feels that it has something ahead for which to live.

"I meet you with outstretched arms and with songs of gladness.

"Some time—some day—some hour—in the near or far future, you will yearn for the touch of my friendly hand.

"I am your comforter and best friend.

"I am calling you.

"I AM THE CHURCH."

IT SEEMED A MIRACLE

While riding out on the highway one day there was seen a car hanging over a high embankment that looked as if the touch of the smallest child,

or a whiff of wind, would be sufficient to send the automobile hurling down the steep precipice. "'How in the world did that car escape going over,'' said one? ''By the grace of God'', came the quick and ready response from some one in the crowd. Quite true, there is not a shadow of doubt that the many people caught in these hazardous automobile accidents are saved by the grace of God. There are some though who feel that their skill at the wheel often averts a serious catastrophe. We do not discredit that a a good driver gives one a safe and comfortable feeling, but accidents come to many when least expected. Just a few days ago we witnessed a terrible accident on the highway. Two cars met on a curve, the crash was heard one eighth of a mile and both cars were a complete wreck. A big, strong fellow, master at the wheel, with wife and child were pinned under the wrecked car. ''How did it happen,'' asked one who went to render aid? ''All my fault,'' said the big fellow, pale, shocked and trembling. ''I reached around to hand my wife a paper and in the twinkling of an eye I lost control of my car.'' The remark that the saving of those in the car ''was a miracle'' was the general comment. The driver and owner of the wrecked car looked up and said: ''Yes, it was by the grace of God that we were saved.'' This remark is made in normal times without serious thought as to the potency of the remark. We are protected every minute of the day and are hardly conscious of the many blessings received. Just for a moment dwell upon the many narrow escapes in these numerous automobile catastrophies, and you will realize that we are under His care at all times.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The Uplift shys all political issues for reasons, but since the press has so universally approved of the appointment of Judge John J. Parker, as a member of the United States Supreme Court, a native of Union County, now a resident of Charlotte, we felicitate Judge Parker upon his good fortune. Naturally we feel that we have a personal acquaintance with Judge Parker. Why? Well, for many years his brother, S. I. Parker, now interested in the textile industry of Greensboro, was a valuable officer of the Jackson Training School, and during the time S. I. Parker won the esteem and confidence of the School officials and love of the boys. Therefore, through our intimate association with the brother of this distinguished jurist we feel that we have added the name of another valuable citizen,

Judge J. J. Parker, to our long list of friends we already boast of.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A NECESSARY INTEREST

Just lately in and around Concord we have observed that many barren spots have been transformed into attractive and very beautiful grounds by the interested and concerted action of friends. All of this is an evidence of local pride, community interest and a fine spirit of co-operation. As an instance of development and beautification we cite the general public to the high school grounds—once an old field of hills, hollows and ravines, and within a short period of time this spot has been transformed by landscaping, and by planting of trees and shrubs, converted it into a "thing of beauty." The school building itself, a lovely design of architecture, as viewed from the intersection of Marsh and Spring Streets presents a commanding outlook, situated on the crest of a hill, surrounded by a natural scenery wherein there are possibilities of fine development. The long avenue leading to the school property with its cement walks, and drive-way that encircles a park like plot makes an approach that is both pleasing and inviting. This development, one of civic interest, planned and directed by an organization of fine women, the Parent-Teachers Association, is far reaching. It adds to the charm of the school property; it gives others an impetus to beautify their grounds; it teaches the young people to appreciate the finer things of life—the beauties of nature; it is suggestive of order and the fitness of things, and last but not least it inspires in the students a pride for the property and they carry through life a delightful picture of their school days in Concord. There is nothing that has a more refining influence upon the plastic life of young manhood and womanhood than delightful environment, therefore, we commend the good women who have given of their time and talents to this particular development. It is pertinent that this development is at a spot where everybody directly or indirectly is interested and all realize the benefits and much pleasure therefrom. This transformation, development, beautification or whatever you may term it is a concrete example of the possibilities of washed out hills and gulleys if the will to do is put into action. This school property seems to have been the center of interest. We trust the contagion may prove effective and other public school grounds in the county or city will be improved. Let our slogan be "a county-wide beautification" of public property.

DEVOTION TO DUTY

A lovely story this is of a boy, by his name we infer he is of foreign birth, who will reach the peak of success in life by his courage and perseverance. We give in part the editorial as given in the Asheville Citizen for the benefit and edification of our own boys of the Training School. There is nothing that helps a young fellow on, especially if he has once had a downward tendency, than to have him read of the good qualities of other boys. The following is fine:

> Out in Missoula, Montana, there is a newspaper carrier who does not believe in the effciency of luck. John Hirchberger, 13 years old, believes that success comes to those who invite it, and he is staking his reputation upon his theory.
>
> One day last month John hurried down to the railroad station to receive his daily consignment of newspapers for delivery to his customers. The train came and departed, but John's newspapers did not arrive. A snowstorm was raging, but John began his daily rounds. At the home of every subscriber he stopped to explain why he would be unable to deliver the expected newspaper, and his subscribers smiled cheerily and expressed their appreciation of service such as the little carrier rendered.
>
> There were no disappointed subscribers on John's route that day. Around the firesides men and women sat and forgot that they had been deprived of their daily news. They had been given a new conception of newspapers. If a mere carrier would trudge through a snowstorm to explain his failure to deliver his papers, the newspaper in whose organization he was a cog undoubtedly strove always to render the same sort of service to its subscribers. The little carrier's devotion to duty added to his employers' prestige, and made lifelong friends of dozens of readers who never before had stopped to consider the many tasks which must be faithfully discharged before subscribers may enjoy the day's news.
>
> There is one pathetic feature to this story. A great newsgathering organization "put it on the wire," realizing that there are very, very few John Hirschbergers in any line of business in these United States.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

AWARDS FOR LITERARY MERIT

It is gratifying to note that three North Carolinians received awards for literary merit during the past year. The award for the novel, "Clash of Angels," was given Josephus Daniels, Raleigh; Thomas Wolfe, Asheville, for his sensational story, "Looking Homeward Angels," received an award and the third North Carolinian to receive one of the Guggenheim fellowships was Dr. John T. Lansing, professor of history at Duke University. The

awards include $2,500 in cash and a year in any country in Europe with all expenses paid by the Guggenheim foundation. This is an evidence that there are a few who are interested in activities other than commercial life, and a pity that others, who have enjoyed the best educational advantages do not turn their attention to a literary career. But generally the line of a life's work is to make money fast.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The article, "Idle Men Versus Idle Lands," in this issue of the Uplift is timely and more than worth the time of any one to read it. The writer has treated the subject like a man who knows conditions both in the city and rural districts. He surely speaks volumes in a concise manner, so to speak, in his suggestion that the bread line would be greatly curtailed, and much charity greatly eliminated if people of the congested districts of the city would return to hte farm. We believe, yes, we know from observation that the very poorest in the country are not as appealing as the needy in the city. The country people are more resourceful, to express it mildly, in hours of great misfortune.

MY APRIL

Let others call her fickle! I
  Have proved sweet April true!
Each year I find young budding things
  Just where they always grew.

She yearly wakes the fluting choirs
  Of frog-pond, wood and field;
Her rigors and her growing warmth
  The same old magic wield.

Each day, almost, some old-time friend—
  Expected, loved—appears;
No bird or blossom hesitates,
  Or cool reception fears.

Emotional, she smiles or frets,
  Or delicately frowns;
Her fitful tears enamel green
  The stubble's rusty browns.

In faithful hands she bears her gifts,
  Her secrets, new, yet old:
Rebirth, renewal—dreams and hopes—
  And faith in things untold!

—Selected.

IDLE MEN VERSUS IDLE LANDS

By C. W. Hunt

That there are thousands of men and boys in the cities and towns, idle, that ought not to be there cannot be any doubt, and that there are most as many more beating across the country on foot or in some man's automobile that ought to be taken off the highway is just as true. Many of these were formerly contented farmers in the country, but poor crops, changes in the way of living, higher city wages, jazz music and a small taste of the life lived by some such as these former country population in towns has congested people into the cities and towns that were formerly in the country tilling the soil, after a manner. These were once pretty good livers, from hand to mouth, and it took little for them to live, so far as real cost was concerned, but since coming to the cities and getting in what they call "the swim" they find it takes cash to live and more cash that many such can earn; but they now have a taste of town life and these have no idea of going back where they came from. The result of such a "turn-over" is visible in the country in the idle lands one sees growing up in small trees and weeds and briars. Much of this land is capable of producing good crops, but is idle, most of it, because men and women tired of digging a scanty living from the ground when wages offered in the towns and industrial centers were so tempting. These felt that they had found a vertable "Hog-heaven" while times were prosperous; but when the mills curtail and carpenter and labor work quits entirely, there is another story to tell, but these have quit the soil and cut loose entirely with never an idea of going back there. They prefer to remain where they are even if they have to ask help from charity. But that does not alter the fact that there are idle families, many without the necessities of life, huddled into the towns and cities, when just a few miles, a few hundred miles at most there lies thousands of acres of idle lands, lands that will make a living for these idle people. But they will argue we cannot make money there like we do in town, when we work; but the question is shall charity be continually taxed to keep up those unfitted for city jobs, when the places from which such came are crying in need of them to return and take up the matter of taking care of themselves? There is no way to make such return, but that it is their duty to do so there can be little doubt. Not that the owners of these idle lands need them, though they do, but for the reason that these idle lands offer a solution of unemployment in this class. It is not far to look to find placse for the great majority of such as are a burden to charity. It will be said they have nothing to go upon until they can grow something; which may be true, but most of these can and would be taken care of if they seek a farm to live upon and work to grow food; food to feed their own and some stock. Such ought to be glad of such a chance to live after feeling the bite of hunger, the want

of clothes and the sting of winter.

When many of these left the farms they were in the backwoods without any of the luxuries and in some cases without proper school and church facilities, but much of this has disappeared, and their children would now be hauled miles to school on busses, and they would find life somewhat different. It is useless to say there are now too many men and women growing feed. There may be a surplus, there ought to be some surplus, and further such as I am discussing here would do well if they fed their own, which would relieve congestion. But some one said: these have as much right to enjoy life as any one else. Yes, provided some one else does not have to furnish the enjoyment. Firewood is free for the cutting on most farms, and with a small effort a cow will largely feed the family, especially if coupled with a garden; and clothes in such a location are a secondary matter. It is not what such want, but what they need, and the charity that seeks to move such to places of safety from hunger and cold deserves the very best from all concerned.

Time is here right now, when these have nothing to do, to set in motion influences that will distribute misfits and laborers to such territory as will furnish them a living. As said by a wise man: He who farms expecting to make money will fail, but if one farms to make a living, he will make money. That may sound far fetched but stop to think and you readily see that if a living is made anything over a living is net. Many people have run to seed on uplifting, others have gone to seed helping people fully able to help themselves. To illustrate this let me tell this story: Many years ago there was a well known churchman-banker in Charlotte, who found a man with a family, who was full grown and able bodied, who thought he saw where charity would be of real worth, and he brought this man to the attention of his church with the result he was helped. The banker thought he was doing a good and kind deed, but lo, he changed a hard worker into a loafer, and he and his tribe have been a nuisance much of the time since.

Uplifting is O. K. if properly applied. But the uplifting that puts it into the heads of people who have formerly been taking care of themselves, that they can move to town and live without work is worse than nothing. True charity is that which places its patients where they can make their own way. To my mind there is no better way to help these idle ones formerly from the farms than to get them back there and let such know there is the place for them; that by living there the living is sure and comparatively easy. Mighty good time to revive the old slogan: "Back to the farm."

"Contentment," says Hale Holden, "consists in being perfectly satisfied with what you haven't got."—Boston Transcript.

THE SINGING TOWER

By Mrs. Crosby Adams, in Asheville Citizen.

The highest point of land in Florida was selected by the late Edward W. Bok for the "Singing Tower." This was our major objective and shall be my closing theme. This miralce of loveliness of architecture houses the finest Carillon in existence. In company with hundreds of eager tourists we motored to Lake Wales and traversed the main path strewn with soft bark in order that even one's footfall should not disturb the peace of this Sanctuary. A notice was posted asking men to don their coats otherwise they could not gain admittance. I would like to suggest another request, namely, that tobacco users leave behind their pipes, cigarettes and cigars. They are as utterly out of place as they would be in a church or cathedral

In a setting indescribably beautiful, acres of land being planted with the flora peculiar to that tropical country, with landscape gardening laid out under the direction of the greatest one of his craft, Frederic Law Olmsted, one is deeply impressed with the far vision of the man who now sleeps under the green sward at the base of the Tower, the grass-grown grave etched around with violets, a mute expression of the one who, when editor of "The Ladies Home Journal," molded public opinion in many an upward trend and whose many benefactions now take on a new meaning.

Of the Chimes! One hears conflicting opinions about them. There is but one way to receive the revelation of their musical beauty and that is at a distance! We had the privilege of meeting the Bellmaster Anton Brees of the sanctuary, acknowledged as the greatest carilloneur of the world. Not only is he noted for his astounding virtuosity but he brings a spiritual quality to his playing. He stressed the need for our withdrawing to as remote a point as consistent with the prevailing wind of the day. At the appointed hour, three o'clock, the strains of "America" pealed forth. It was good to see men instinctively remove their hats. First the tune came ringing out in four-part harmony, and was then again voiced forth in a higher register and somewhat embellished.

The following program was given:

Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" (Folk-song); "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" (Spiritual); "The End of a Perfect Day" (Carrie Jacobs-Bond;) "Venetian Gondolier" (Mendelssohn).

Hymn-Time Seymour, "Depth of Mercy;" "The First Nowell" (Carol); hymn "Kindoms and Thrones to God Belong."

Chauston triste (Tschaikowsky); Hindu Song from "Sadko" Rimsky-Korsakofi.

"Our United States" (Transvaal Song arranged by Stodowsky, the words by Mr. Bok.

All programs begin with "America" and close with "Our United States".

It will readily be seen that all tastes are ministered to in the variety of compositions presented. In their interpretation, one marvelled at the skill of the artist, Mr. Brees, though still a comparatively young man has

such a command of this extraordinary mechanism, such control of tonal effects, that sheer beauty is the result One could scarcely credit one's senses as the fairy-like touches fell from his fingers in the rare improvization that preceded the Schaikowsky number. In questioning him afterwards about this delightful touch of artistry,. so spontaneous, so unexpected, he said: "That little improvization was done at the spur of the moment. I never prepare them and never know when I will feel like improvizing before a certain number." We who listened counted ourselves very fortunate indeed to have happened upon a day when this creative mood was upon him. When Edgar Allen Poe penned his poem of the long ago: "The Bells" he referred the tintinabulation that so musically swells" and again "To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells" the quotation comes to mind. —With lightning like rapidity silvery sounds floated to our ear. They were strung together in sequences that were kalidoscopic in their musical values. It was a creative tour de force, and held us spell-bound. After shifts of harmonie coloring he finally merged into the lovely theme of the "Chauson Triste." Every number was presented with reverent care. One left the place full of thanksgiving that such a shrine existed, and that the ether could carry such sweet messages to listening ears. A rare legacy has been left to America in the "Singing Tower."

A TEST IN NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY

1 In what year did George Washington visit North Carolina and in what towns was he formally entertained?
2 In what year did LaFayette visit North Carolina and which was the first town to give him a public reception?
3 Name the Delegates from this State who signed the Declaration of Independence?
4 Name the Delegates from this State who signed the Federal Constitution?
5 What are the dates emblazoned upon our State's Flag and what do they commemorate?
6 When and where was the first school established and who composed the board of Trustees?
7 When and where was the first Newspaper established and who was its editor?
8 Name the three (3) oldest Churches in the State; their location and date of completion?
9 In what town was our first Public Library established?
10 When and where did the first General Assembly of the State of North Carolina convene?
11 Who was the Mother of the first Admiral of the U. S. Navy and of what County was she a native?
12 Who was the most fascinating woman that ever graced the White House? When and where was she born? (Answers on Page twenty-one).

PROPERTY VALUES OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS

(Mooresville Enterprise)

The average investment in public school propety used by white children is now $162.74, whereas in 1904-5 it was only $8.34, it is learned from the current issue of State School Facts, official publication of the State Department of Public Instruction. The present investment in school property per white child is $117.56 in rural schools and $292.62 in city schools.

There is a total investment of $96,954,249 in all white schools, about 90 per cent of which amount represents the value of sites and buildings and 10 per cent the value of equipment. A total of 3,672 schoolhouses containing 20,302 classrooms are in use. The average value of each schoolhouse is $26,404, the average investment per classroom is $4,776, and the average per pupil investment is $162.74.

Currituck County, School Facts continues, has the largest per pupil value of rural school property, $289.50. McDowell ranks second among the counties in this respect with a per pupil value of $259.20. McDowell is followed in order by Buncombe, Camden and Transylvania with per capita value based on enrollment of $256.11, $229.76 and $213.03, respectively.

The per pupil investment in school property has increased from year to year in nearly all the counties. In 1923-24 only 13 counties had a rural per pupil value of white school property equal to $100 or more. In 1924-25 there were 33 counties, in 1925-26 39 counties, in 1926-27 54 counties, in 1927-28 56 counties, and now there are 60 counties, each having a per capita value of $100 or more per pupil enrolled.

The city systems have her pupils investments in school property ranging from $102.88 in New Bern to $686.37 in Asheville. These per capita investments indicate to a certain extent the school plants in these systems.

ACROSS THE BAR

The fishermen's fleet, as night came down,
Sailed in across the bar;
Their guiding light was the light of home,
That gleamed from each window across the foam.
Like love's own guiding star.

So, may I, as I steer my bark
O'er life's uncharted sea,
See, as I near the harbor's bar,
The light of home as it shines afar,
With a welcome light for me.—Selected.

CITIES AND TOWNS

(Mooresville Enterprise)

We want every father and mother to listen to these words uttered a short time ago in an address by Secretary of the Interior, Ray Lyman Wilbur:

"All of a sudden we have gathered great numbers of our children into concrete and brick cities, where trees have to fight to live, where there is no room for pets and no pleasant things for children to do. For millions of them, the streets are their playground. It is difficult to rear them with a sense of responsibility. With the electric or gas stove, chemical refrigeration, steam heat, milk coming in a sterilized bottle laid at the door, the newspaper delivered, there is not a great deal you can provide in the way of errands and regular work for boys and girls in the city. Mass living gives the nation the poorest children it gets. The ones who come from the smaller communities seem to do the best."

Those are the words of an authority. It is proof that you are wrong when you argue that children in our smaller towns and rural communities do not have the opportunities of those in the cities. There in itself is all the reason you need for being satisfied to live outside a big city. Secretary Wilbur says it is better for the boy and the girl. It is a tribute to rural and small-town life that should be kept in mnd when the desire to "move to the city" seizes upon you It is a powerful argument to use on those who try to tell you that your boy and girl would have greater opportunities in the city.

THE IRISHMAN'S VIEW OF IT

In the track-laying gang on a new railroad was an Irishman who had helped to lay a good many miles of track and had helped to carry it to the terminus. When trains were running, Pat thought he would like to go back down the road to his old home. So he went to the superintendent and asked for a pass. The superintendent wondered why he should expect a pass.

"I helped you build your road, sor," said pat.

"You got your pay for your work, didn't you?" asked the superintendent.

"I did, sor," said Pat; "ivery cint of it."

"Well," said the superintendent, "if you had been at work for a farmer and had finished your job, you wouldn't expect him to hitch up his team and take you home, would you?"

"Sure, an' I would not, sor," said Pat, "but if he had his tame already hitched up an' going my way, I'd think he was a mighty mane man if he wouldn't let me ride."

The superintendent thought so, too, and gave him the pass.—E. F. Stoner

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE

(The Pathfinder)

When the 200th anniversary of George Washinigton's birth rolls around in February, 1932, there will be waiting to welcome it, and to honor the occasion, a restoration of the Wakefield home where the Father of His Country was born February 11, (February 22 new style calendar,) 1732.

It is rather strange that the birthplace of Washington has received so little attention—in spite of the fact that it is only 50 miles from the capital, right down the Potomac river, near the mouth of Pope's creek. It is worthy of notice, too, that most people, even public officials, do not know where Washington was born.

When some years ago a president of the United States was approached on the subject of erecting a monument there he said: "I am ashamed of my ignorance, but will you please tell me just where Washington was born?" The delegation told him not to blush, for really few people knew the place. Even in a recent debate in Congress one member unintentionally revealed that he thought Wakefield was in West Virginia.

There are several reasons for this ignorance and neglect of the Wakefield farmhouse while the cabin in which Lincoln was born was receiving honors and fame. In the first place Washington left the house when he was only 3 years old. Then the old home, inhabited by William A. Washington at the time, was burned accidentally during the Revolution, on Christmas Eve, 1777.

No picture of the house is known to exist, though Representative Cramton recently declared in the House that a woman in Richmond was supposed to have one. Nor is there any reliable description of the place. Several authorities have told what sort of a place it was, but while some said it was a four-room cottage others held that it was a colonial mansion with seven or eight bedrooms It was learned for certain only a few years ago that the house, built by Washington's father soon after 1717 was of brick. Some of the bricks, of a distinctive, mottled pattern, were dug up on the place, together with pieces of pottery, glazed ware and other small objects. The house had not been rebuilt nor had anyone ever lived on the site since the burning of the place during the Revolution.

Wakefield has not been entirely neglected, however, in spite of having become almost inaccessible through lack of roads and a suitable river channel. In 1815 George Curtis marked the spot with a stone slab bearing an inscription to the effect that Washington was born there. That stone slab was later found in the back of a fireplace of a neighboring negro cabin, and was restored. But it did not last. Souvenir grabbers, especially in the Civil War, carried away the last pieces. Virginia was preparing to erect a memorial on the place when the Civil War came up.

It was in 1896 that the government erected a monument—a small obelisk—on what was believed to be the

site of the birthplace, but the exact site has been disputed.

Since 1923 the Wakefield memorial Association, under the presidency of H. L. Rust of Washington, a descendant of the Washingtons, has been working to raise funds and make plans for the restoration. An option was secured on some 70 acres around the old home place, adjoining the 11 acres of the home site now belonging to the government, and the Rockefeller Foundation offered to pay for this land, valued at $115,000, provided the association raised the remaining $108,500 needed to complete the restoration by the first of this year. The association having secured only $67,800 by the middle of last December appealed to Congress to appropriate $65,000 quickly so that the conditions of the Rockefeller gift could be met.

Unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of the measure in the House was secured, and not a soul was opposed to it, but it was right then Mr. Cramton punished the sponsors of the movement for not looking up the picture of the place he had told them about. He held up action then, but the measure was passed by both House and Senate in January and it was hoped and expected that the little delay would not result in the loss of the Rockefeller gift.

The old Washington graveyard, overgrown with bushes and brambles, is on the place, inclosed by a heavy rock wall. Four generations of Washingtons lie there, including George Washington's father and one of his brothers. The association plans to put a roof over this graveyard—a place in itself worthy to become a national shrine.

When hosts of Americans swarm to their capital in 1932 to honor the Father of His Country they will find ready for them the new government memorial road to Mount Vernon—Washington's home and tomb—and another splendid road leading a little farther down the river to the restored Wakefield plantation, the place of his birth.

We American Christians are proud of our church colleges, charitable agencies, home and foreign mission enterprises. Our new sanctuaries are beautiful temples of worship.

But what shall be said about our disrespect for law and our manner of dealing with crime? Crime is costing the United States $2,500,000 per day. Forty-five per cent of all prisoners sentenced have old prison records. The family is disintegrating.

Suppose in our diagnosis and treatment of a disease the patient would become more hopelessly afflicted with each succeeding treatment—would we continue the treatment? In our criminal procedure our failure is becoming more colossal daily.—Selected.

DECLINE IN HOME OWNERS

(Reidsville Review)

Among the many changes which have been proceeding for many years is the gradual but sure decline in the proportion of home-owners and the increase in the number of families who rent their homes instead of owning them. Every census for many years has shown a steady decline. It is certain that the census of 1930 will not be an exception. The decline in home-owning in past years has not been rapid, but it has been steady and unwavering in its downward course. In 1920 less than 45 per cent of the families in the United States owned or possessed equities in homes. For 1930 we shall probably see this figure reduced.

There has also been a very steady decline in the average size of homes whether that home be a single house or a multi-family dwelling.

Instead of size, what now counts most in fixing standards of housing are the location and the modernity of the home itself and of its furnishings.

Scarcely a generation ago, every home had its parlor. The parlor as such has practically disappeared. The guest room is certainly disappearing where it has not already gone. Quarters for maids and servants are being eliminated. The rooms are generally smaller. The use of halls and foyers is declining. Ceilings are lower. There is less unused space. The kitchen of today is also a very different thing from what it was twenty years ago, and there are students of housing who predict that dining rooms, as such, will pass out of American homes within another generation.

During the last generation there has been a rapid, if not indeed an unparalled rise in the standards of living of the masses of the people of this country. There have been increases in real income and in purchasing power and increased demand for labor-saving equipment and devices.

THE SUN'S WAY

I wonder where the sun sleeps,
  And if it has a bed.
I know it sets and rises,
  But I've never heard it said
It goes to sleep as I do.
  Now do you really think
This sun that lights our daytime,
  Nights never sleeps a wink?

—Helen M. Richardson in Exchange.

THE GEM OF PUREST RAY SERENE

By Antonio J. Stemple

The diamond is the most valuable and most generally admired of all the precious stones. It is not only a gem of rare and wondrous beauty, but it is literally a joy forever, since it is one of the few things on earth which is practically indestructable and which cannot be affected by time. This gem represents within the smallest circumference the highest material value ever established by man, and one which endures longer than all the others.

The story of this precious stone is vibrant with romance, glamor, and adventure. It is not only associated with the opening of new worlds, and new wealth, but unfortunately not infrequently with crime and bloodshed.

South Africa now produces ninety per cent of the worlds' supply of diamonds. These mines were first discovered and opened in 1867, shortly after the close of our Civil War, and created a new era in diamond history. Before that, the comparatively few diamonds sold commercially were mined in India and Brazil. Before the Brazilian mines were discovered in the latter half of the eigtheenth century, all the world's supply of diamonds came from the far-famed Golconda mines in India. When the mines in South Africa were opened and developed, largely through the instrumentality of Cecil Rhodes, the mighty English syndicate and empire builder, they poured in on the world such torrents of blinding beauty as had never been conceived even by an Arabian Nights story-teller, and all old ideas of gems were overturned and had to be reconstructed.

Ever since then there has been a constant stream of diamonds from South Africa coming into the market and though the demand for these precious stones is constantly increasing, owing to the great prosperity of the people, especially in the United States, the supply has kept pace with the demand. Owing to an admirable system devised by the syndicate controlling the mines, the supply of diamonds placed on the market each year is carefully regulated, and so the prices remain stable. Diamonds have never been cheap and never will be, but whether the price is high or low, it remains the supreme gem of the world.

But diamonds did not always hold their present supremacy among gems. Most people are surprised to hear that the diamond was scarcely known before the Christian era, and for a long time after that it held only a second or third-rate place among jewels, being considered inferior to jade, coral, and some other semi-precious stones. One wonders how anyone looking upon the unrivaled flash and flame of the diamond could ever fail to recognize it as the king of gems. But then, at first, the flash and flame was not much in evidence. All that was seen in the stone before the fairly recent invention of diamond cutting, which brings out the diamond's glorious beauty, was what looked like a lump of glass, with an occasional spark

visible when it was struck by sunlight, for a diamond in the rough looks very little like the gem as we know it.

Until about the year 1300 nobody knew how to cut or polish this stone, which is the hardest substance known. Indeed, the diamond was many years in coming into its own. But the discovery of the great and inexhaustible diamond mines in South Africa changed all the old crude and inefficient methods, for when the product of these mines came pouring on to an astonished world in a never-ending stream, the trade was naturally stimulated to make unusual efforts to cut the stones to the greatest advantage. Now there are many different cuttings for the brilliants. All have numerous facets, some as many as fifty eigth, covering the entire surface of the gem, and thus revealing its remarkable brilliance. Amsterdam in The Netherlands is the center of the diamond cutting industry of the world. The majority of the world's diamonds are cut and polished by these experts.

Diamonds are very sparsely sprinkled in the rock where they are mined. In a load of what is called "'blue ground,'' in which the diamonds are found, weighing 1,600 pounds, there may be only one-fifth to two-fifths of a carat of diamonds! From this it is easy to realize the vast expenditure of labor and money which goes into the mining of the gems.

There is nothing on the face of the earth which is less unchangeable than a diamond, and nothing more readily convertible or transferable. It is easily possible to carry a million dollars' worth of diamonds in a vest pocket. All the diamonds mined in the world during the past thirty-five years represent only about twenty-five tons, which, shipped weekly, means less than thirty pounds in a week. Only precious stones possess this sale and transference value at all times. During war or revolution it is the only article which can be removed without detection. Some people have the habit of putting their savings into the purchase of diamonds, this habit being quite pronounced in some nations and not unknown in America. The diamond is much imitated, but even an inexperienced eye may often detect the false.

Diamonds may be green, yellow, red, blue and white. The first three are very rare. A flawless blue-white gem commands the highest price. Diamonds weighing over a pound have passed through many hands and have histories attached to them which outrival the wildest imaginings of the most daring fiction writer.

Today New York City is the greatest gem market in the world. Once it was ancient Babylon. Alexandria in Egypt was the next great center. As the course of empire slowly moved westward, Constantinople, Athens, Augsburg in Germany, Paris and London in turn, assumed that position, until at length New York became preeminent.

A highbrow is a person educated beyond his intelligence.—Brander Matthews.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

By E. Mendes

Ludwig van Beethoven was the son of very poor parents. His father was a musician and belonged to the court band of the ruler of Cologne. He was very, very strict and unkind to his little son, often whipping and punishing him severely, for he had heard of the success of the Mozarts, and thought how splendid it would be if his little son could do the same thing and get a lot of money by going on concert tours. So poor little Ludwig was forced to spend hours at the piano, young as he was, and we are told he was often awakened at night and ordered to go to the piano and practice. At the age of seven, although his father said he was but six, he made his first public appearance, and again at nine he went with his mother on a concert tour in Holland. He ganied some money, which indeed was sorely needed. He was very fond of the organ, and was so apt a pupil that his master often let him play in the great cathedral for the services; and he was but twelve when the master left him in charge during his absence. Quite an honor for a twelve year old boy.

So Beethoven studied and struggled on until he was acknowledged to be the greatest living master of music. "The young man will go far and the world will hear of him," said the great Mozart when he heard him play, and he was a true prophet.

Beethoven had great sorrows in his life. One of these was the wicked and ungrateful conduct of his nephew, whom he loved as a son, and had brought up and educated. The other great trouble was his rapidly increasing deafness, which started when he was but thirty and became worse and worse until he was entirely deaf and lived in a world of silence, unable to hear his beloved music.

A friendly piano maker invented a special kind of piano with a special arrangement to help him hear, but after a while even this was of no use. All the world knows and loves his beautiful music. "The Moonlight Sonata," "The Sonata Pathetigue," church music, symphonies, he wrote them all, one seemingly more beautiful than another.

He did not make friends very easily, but he had some very devoted and true ones. He kept his sorrow much to himself, only telling it to the world through his wonderful and magnificent music.

"It matters not how faith comes, whether through the heart, as in the case of John, or through the intellect, as in the case of Thomas, or as the result of long education as in the case of Peter.....that blessed thing which the Bible calls faith is a state of the soul."—F. W. Robertson.

FITCH AND THE STEAMBOAT

(Greensboro Daily News)

Senator Copeland, New York, has offered in the senate a resolution, by request, to declare John Fitch the inventor of "the world's first successful steamboat." Fitch is probably entitled to the distinction. At least he is credited with applying steam to a packet which was launched on the Delaware river in 1787 and made a speed of three miles an hour. In 1790 he built another boat to haul passengers for hire and obtained exclusive rights for steam navigation in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware. But the plan didn't work, either because the boat was unsatisfactory or passengers were afraid of it. After an unsuccessful attempt to obtain recognition in France for his invention he returned to the United States, disheartened and impoverished, and later committed suicide. Robert Fulton, early in the 1800's, succeeded in making the steamboat a going concern, although Fitch did first successfully apply steam to water transportation in this country and probably in the world. That is, he moved a boat by steam and is entitled to that credit.

The congressional declaration to that effect, if the resolution is passed, really determines nothing that has not already been settled. That is, the congressional declaration can't give Fitch the credit unless that was already established by the evidence. But the official recognition of the claim will be of some advantage.

WHY TREES SHED LEAVES

Trees shed their leaves in the autumn to keep from dying of thirst through the winter, says Martin L. Davey, the tree expert. "On the average tree there are several acres of leaves—literally millions of them," says Davey. "Every leaf gives off water. But during the winter the tree's roots absorb very little moisture. Consequently, if the leaves remained on the tree and continued to tap the water supply, the tree would soon die. So nature sentences the leaves to death.

"The process used by nature to make the leaves fall is complicated. Weeks before the first frost she begins to extract from the leaves all the food substance which the leaves manufacture and which the tree needs, and gradually the leaves wither. Simultaneously, a thin-walled layer of cells is formed at the base of the leaf where it is attached to the twig. This layer is a zone of weakness so that eventually the leaf falls of its own weight or is blown off by the wind. The scar left by the falling of the leaf is well protected by nature. It immediately becomes covered with a substance which is practically waterproof. Since the bark of the tree also is almost impervious to water, the entire tree is practically 'bottled up' for the winter.—The Pathfinder.

FRANZ SCHUBERT—1797–1828

By E. Mendes

This composer of so much beautiful and well-known music, among which are the lovely Ave Maria and haunting Serenade, needs no introduction. Yet, strange to say, fame came to him after death, for during his lifetime, he was quite unknown and unappreciated except for a very few of his immediate circle, who knew and understood his worth.

His was a dreamy, sensitive nature that found its only expresson in music, not in words. There we may find sorrow, joy, loneliness, love, hope; disappointment—in short all the emotions of a human being; music was his language.

The son of a schoolmaster, who lived in the outskirts of Vienna, his childhood was not a happy one. Possessed of a sweet voice, he sang in the choir, where we are told he met with much harshness.

At the age of sixteen his father took him as an assistant in the school but such work did not appeal to him at all, and he left to try his fortunes with his beloved music. He tried to obtain various positions, but had little or no success.

At one time Prince Esterhazy, a member of a rich and music-loving family, took an interest in him and allowed him to teach his two daughters. This, however, came to an end, when he fell in love with the younger, Lady Carolina, who would willingly have shared his fortunes; but the Prince forbade the idea of such a thing and separated them.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY

1 1791. Halifax, New Bern, Wilmington, Salisbury.
2 1824. Murfreesboro.
3 Joseph Hewes, John Penn and William Hooper.
4 William Blount, Richard Dobbs Spaight, Hugh Williamson.
5 "May 20th, 1775—First Declaration of Independence in America, Charlotte, Mecklenburg County. "April 12th, 1776"—Provincial Congress at Halifax Declared for Independence.
6 New Bern Academy at New Bern in 1756. Richard Caswell, Abner Nash, John Wright Stanley, William Blount, John Sitgreaves, William McClure, William Bryan and Richard Dobbs Spaight.
7 N. C. Gazette. At New Bern. 1775. James Davis.
8 St. Thomas, Bath. 1734. Christ Church, New Bern. 1750. St. Paul, Edenton. 1760.
9 Bath.
10 April 7th, 1777. New Bern.
11 Elizabeth Shine (Mother of Admiral Farragut). Jones County
12 Dorothy Payne Madison. May 20th, 1772. Guilford County.

A FRIEND OF WORKING GIRLS

By Thomas Curtis Clark

A generation or more ago Grace H. Dodge, coming of a family which for three generations had won renown for its philanthropies, saw, across the chasm that then separated the daughters of the rich and the poor, that there was a bond, the bond of common humanity; she threw across that chasm the first cable. She called together a small group of working girls, in the home of one of them, to find the answers to the questions, "What can we do for each other?" and "What can we do to make our lives better and this city of New York better, because it is our home?" This little group, held together by the earnestness of Grace H. Dodge, continued to meet; soon the number of participants in discussion began to increase; the spirit of the leader, to share, took possession of the hearts and minds of all. Thus began the enterprise of a social center for the working girls of New York, which idea was to grow till it had captured most of the cities and many towns of America.

What were the needs that this group of Christian planners met, as they considered the situation among working girls? First, there should be consecrated teachers who could provide the education necessary for their greatest happiness and usefulness; industrial training should be provided for those who were entering upon that sphere of service; pleasures should be afforded fun-loving girls; training in art should make possible the development of the native talents that many girls possessed. And these goals were set up and gradually attained, through months and years of planning and striving.

The most important feature of this Christly enterprise was that Miss Dodge had created a genuine social exchange, something entirely different from money-giving and money-taking charity; thus was born a better understanding between rich and poor, and the young women and older women from the wealthy circles of New York became true comrades of the poor girls of the city. The great gulf was bridged at last. Life changed for hundreds of working girls. The idea was taken up by other cities and smaller towns. Churches seized upon the idea, and new centers of activity were created, and new bonds were established between churches and the communities about them. In America today there are thousands of forms of social betterment based on Grace H. Dodge's conception of the needs of social life as she expressed it, a generation ago, in the idea of working girls' clubs. Her vision was that in time the girl who earned her own living would stand side by side with the woman of wealth, brains, and love of humanity in the struggle for the common good; for to her there were not two classes, but one great people with interdependent needs, gifts and powers, to be brought together in efforts to upbuild mankind and its world.

This work for working girls was but one phase of the activities of this

remarkable woman One of the first fields of service to attract her attention was the New York State Charities Association, out of which grew later the Consumers' League, which she was instrumental in founding. After the success of the working girls' clubs, with the aid of other organizations, such as the National League of Women Workers and the Young Women's Christian Association a chain of industrial clubs was organized over the country, and in this Miss Dodge had a large part. She established the Kitchen Garden Association, which had as its purpose to create an enlightened public sentiment on the value of industrial training as an educational factor. This Association soon gave way to the Industrial Education Association. The next step was her founding of Teachers' College in New York City, thus virtually installing the whole system of vocational training. She became a leader against organized vice, serving with the American Vigilance Committee and the Travelers' Aid Work. She was president of the Board of Trustees of the American College in Constantinople, and for eight years was president of the national board of the Y. W. C. A.

"She was my best friend," was the way hundreds of working girls spoke of Grace H. Dodge, as they grew to know and love her—and surely no higher tribute can come to any human being.

GRACE H. DODGE

Her faith was not a mystic thing
Entombed in caste and creed;
Her faith shone bright where mortals dwelt,
In realms of human need.

Where lonely souls lived meagerly
Amid the city ways,
There gleamed the beacon of her faith
Through stressful nights and days.

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

Great is the Boy Scout! President Hoover's words recently at the 20th anniversary of the Boy Scouts are significant. Note these: "The priceless treasure of boyhood is his endless enthusiasm, his store of high idealism and his fragrant hopes. His is the plastic period when indelible impressions must be made if we are to continue a successful democracy. We assure ourselves that the cure of illiteracy and the fundamentals of education to be the three Rs—reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic. To this we must add one more R, and that is responsibility —responsibility to the community—if we are not to have illiteracy in government. The conviction that every person in the republic owes a service to the republic; that the republic rests solely upon the willingness of every one born in it to bear his part of the duties and obligations of citizenship is as important as the ability to read and write—this is the only patriotism of peace."—N. C. Christian Advocate.

SAYING "NO"

By Rev. James Mayne in Presbyterian Standard

What kind of advice would you expect a wise man to give his son? Good advice, of course! And so the wise man of the Bible said to his boy one day, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." And if that boy was as wise as his father he took that advice. But is it advice easily followed? Whether is easier, to say "yes" or "no?" It all depends. A boy will quickly answer "yes" to mother when she offers him a piece of pie. But when his chums are calling him to play ball, and mother is asking him to chop wood, or go on an errand, it is not so easy to say "yes, mother," for it also means saying "no" to his chums. So to follow this good advice you must first learn to be able to say "no" at the right time, in the right way, and to the right one.

Well, now, to whom are you to say "no?" To your parents or teacher? Oh, no! although some boys and girls do. To whom, then? To sinners: those who are wicked and do bad, naughty things, such as lying, stealing, cheating and bullying. Whenever you see a boy or a girl do anything that is wrong or mean put him or her on your list of those to whom you must say "no."

When are you to say "no"? When sinners entice thee? The time for a mouse to stay away from cheese is when it is in a trap; for the cheese is then not food but an enticement to coax the mouse into a dangerous place. And so, boys and girls who are bad, will often try to coax you into doing wrong by the promise of something good. To every evil enticement you should have but one answer: No!

One more question. How are you to say "no?" Quickly. Don't think it over first; there must be no hesitation. Say it firmly, not falteringly "N-n-n-no." Say it just as Joseph and Daniel and Jesus did. The more boldly you say "no" the first time, the easier it will be the next. And the oftener you refuse to do evil, the more determined you will become not to be enticed into doing it.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." "Blessed is the man who walketh not in the counsel of the wicked nor standeth in the way of sinners." I wonder if you could find these words of good advice in the Bible. Now I will close with a little prayer:

"Lord, give the boys true courage,
  That as to men they grow.
And sinful comrades tempt them,
  Firmly they'll answer 'no'!
And keep the girls all steadfast,
  And may they help to win
By love and good examples,
  Many from paths of sin."

Genius is one percent inspiration and ninety-nine percent perspiration.

—Thomas A. Edison.

BIILLY'S VACATION

(Selected)

The following story from By-Water Magazine has in it a suggestion that might be the means of much happiness to someone.

"Say, Billy, when are you going to start on your vacation?" asked James Hurd as he dropped two pennies instead of one into the dirty, bony, hand and reached for the "extra" with the other.

"Me! Vacation?" came the astonished reply from the little newsie.

"Certainly! When do you get yours?"

"Aw, quit your kiddin', chief," was Billy's reply.

"I'm honest about it," said James Hurd.

"'No, you're not."

"Yes, I mean it. Don't you get away sometime during the summer? I missed you from the corner for a time last year."

"Oh, that's when I got the mumps. Why, I never had a vacation in my life. Newsboys don't have them. They're for rich kids—only," he added after a pause.

"Well, I'm going tomorrow afternoon, Billy, and I would like to have you go with me for a fortnight. Lake trip up north, fine meals, great beds, scenery, fishing. Oh, all the fun you can think of and eating all of the time. Everything paid. Will you go?" ended Mr. Hurd in a burst of enthusiasm.

"Wonder if he does mean it? Never heard of anything like that happenin' to a newsboy," he thought to himself.

"Who'll take my corner? Maybe I kin git the boy next door. He has a little brother that could help and they could work both stands," he was thinking.

"Sure, I'll go if I kin git him," he said aloud. "Will morning be soon enough to tell you?" he added.

Mr. James Hurd never felt happier in his life. He had just been talking over long distance with the main office in New York. He had taken another splendid order that day. The general manager had begged him over the wire "for the love of those in the factory, lay off—go fishing—take a vacation—do anything as long as you get off the job and do not send in any more orders."

He had signed his mail, closed his desk, and taken one long look from his twenty-second story window, across the roofs of many buildings, across the tree tops, at the late afternoon sun.

The quick drop of the crowded express elevator, the hustle in the lobby, and the good evening smile of little Billy, his newsboy, brought a fuller realization of this prosperity to him, and he had resolved on the spot that he would take a lake trip with Billy as a companion. He would give he boy a good time for once. It would at least be something different and he knew the lad would enjoy it. So would he.

James Hurd was a bachelor. He lived in a splendid suite. Those who had been able to make his acquaintance liked him, but few understood him. His reserve was beyond them

He never talked of his own affairs.

* * * *

A few days later a sun and wind-burned, clean little boy, in new shoes, pants and sweater, with cap pulled down tight on his head, and a windmill gaily painted by Indians spinning madly in his hand, walked up the deck.

The wind was strong but tempered with warmth. One had to lean way forward and push hard to walk against it. It was one of those winds of the northern country that seemed to strike the body flatly and make you hungry all the way through.

Tipped back in a large cane chair against a sheltered portion of the cabin was a man very much content with the world and his particular lot in it at the time. Through his half-closed eyes he had been watching the approcah of the lad.

"Say, Mr. Hurd, there's lots of air up here. I never knew there was so much air in the world. And there ain't no dust in it either. Makes a fellow hungry, though, don't it?" said Billy, with hardly a pause.

"And this afternoon we go fishing, don't we? What's that place again, Mr. Hurd, where we get off—that Irish name, I mean?"

"Killarney," replied Mr. Hurd.

"Oh, yes! I just can't 'member it. I'll ketch a fish as big as a bundle of newspapers. My, wouldn't I like to take 'em all back and walk up Main Street in town with 'em.

"I saw a picture of a jedge with a big fish he caught, in the sporting section onc't. S'pose they'd put our picture in the paper if we walked up Main Street with a whole lot of fish's big's me?"

But it was all music in the ears of his host. Never could he remember of having so much genuine enjoyment on a trip. He had caught the spirit of the boy. He felt years younger. He sincerely hoped the boy would catch at least a few fish.

Just then the steamer made a sharp turn to the right around a point of land, and there at the left of a narrow channel half a mile ahead was Killarney.

A happy man and a very weary, tired little boy again crossed the gang-plank a few days later. The boy tugged a string carrying several large blue-gills, and a pickerel.

"Oh, Mr. Steward!" he exclaimed as he saw that officer approaching with a grin, "can't you please keep my fish in the ice box until we get back? I caught that big one all myself. I want to walk up Main Street and show the kids."

* * * *

"Boys, if you want a genuine vacation," stated Mr. James Hurd to a group sitting about him in the lounge of his club a few days later, "go get some little youngster who doesn't have much and take him with you on a trip. A fellow on the boat did that. He had a newsboy. I amused myself by watching them a lot. It was hard to tell which was having the best time, and when the boy caught a four-pound pickrel, I thought they would both jump in before it was finally landed by the boy. Try it."

SUPREME COURT JUDGE VALUES TRAINING

(New York Bible Society)

In a letter to Dr. George William Carter, General Secretary of the New York Bible Society, Judge Lewis L. Fawcett, Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, wrote in part as follows:

"Permit me to state that my experience during twenty-three years on the Bench, in which time over 4,000 boys under age of twenty-one years were convicted of crime before me, of whom but three were members of a Sunday school, has satisfied me of the value of Sunday schools to the community, in helping safeguard it, to the extent to which Sunday schools exist, from the growth of criminals. My experience also satisfies me of their value to the individual In 1902 cases of suspended crimnal sentences in each of which a minister, a priest or rabbi became interested at my request, only sixty-two of the boys were brought back for violation of the conditions of parole. I believe the reform in the remaining cases (over 1,000) was prompt and permanent. In fact, I regard our Sunday schools, including those of all faiths, as the only effective means to stem the rising tide of vice and crime among our youth. Society carries the heavy burden of criminality chiefly because of the lack of religious training of the youth. If all the children could be kept under the influence of the Sunday school, and the grown-ups were active in some church, we could close our prisons and jails, instead of being compelled to enlarge and increase their number. There are over 17,000,000 boys and girls in this country growing up without moral training from any source. May your labor of love in teaching God to the children be fraught with glorious results."

A MORNING PRAYER

Lord, tomorrow may never come
And yesterday lies in its grave;
Today is mine the race to run,
With purpose steady, true, and brave.

And so I pray that I may live
A life of service through this day,
And of Thy goodness may I give
To help my neighbor on his way

—T. Earle Hillard.

HONOR ROLL FOR APRIL

Room No. 1

—A—

Johnnie Bowers, David Fountain, Edward Futch, Fem Dunlap, Cecil Godfrey, Roy Henderson, Charles Rogers, Clyde Small, Robert Blackman and James Davis.

—B—

Howard Atkins, Edward Hedrick, Willard Johnson, Milton Mashburn, Talmadge Wade, Norris Whitaker, Bill Barkley, A. J. Allen, Everett Cavenaugh, Ernest Campbell, Jasper Causey, John Garrett, Thomas McKee, Franklin Parrish and Leonard Stinson.

Room No. 2.

—A—

Charlie McMillon, Joe Robertson, Morris Talbert, Ian French and Everett Wheeler.

—B—

Richard Bailey, Graham Bost and Myron Tomasian.

Room No. 3

—A—

Tommie Martin, Ben Woody, Melvin Cathron, Hayes Crary, Dominick Maronne and Thomas Hicks.

—B—

James Talbert and Philip Moser.

Room No. 4.

—A—

James Battle, Obie Blanton, Thomas Blanchard, Robert Brittain, Arnold Cecil, James Chappell, Wilson Easterling, Ernest Farr, Rommie Galloway, Lennis Hicks, Earl Irby, Vernon Jernigan, Therman Knight, Sivey Ray Marshburn, Charlie Miller, June Starling, Leroy Shelds, Raleigh Styles, Lester Wall, J. B. Wells, Fred Weaver, Floyd Woods and Fulton Hare.

—B—

Walter Bollinger, James Bunday, Claude Carden, Billie Camden, James Correll, Belmont Flynn, James Frasier, J. B. Goforth, Hubbie Hines, Clyde Kivett, Thomas Osteen, James Rivenbark, William Rose, Walter Scott, John Thompson, Clarence Warren, Johnnie Wilkens, Lester Whitaker, Johnnie Williamson, Percy Wiggans, Louis Coggins, Ralph Martin and George Downs.

Room No. 5

—A—

Howard Faulk, Sidney Logan, Harvey Causey and Cecil Farr.

—B—

Carl Brooks, Hiram Boughman, Billy Keel, Jim Kellam, Ruby Marshburn, Glenn Page, Carl Story, Clinton Coates, Allen Wrenn and Francis Trexler.

Room No. 6

—A—

Obie Harris, Ben Merritt, Louis Smith, Henry Chester, Douglas Brady, Herschel Crews, Horace Felder, and Gerald Nixon.

—B—

Monroe Avery, Frank Overby, Grady Hartley, Charles Smathers, Neal Howell, Bob Russell, David White and James Camden.

Room No. 7

—A—

J. P. Williamson, Lawrence Dorsett, Russell Dorsett, Sulon Tysinger, Garland Smith, Ed Bruce and Anderson Trull.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Last Monday was letter writing day and the boys were all glad to write to their home folks.

Lawrence Valley and Woodrow Kivett, formerly students here, visited the school a few days ago.

Several bushels of peanuts were distributed among the boys when they assembled at the ball ground last Saturday afternoon.

A group of boys, under the supervision of Mr. Sappenfield, are painting the chairs and swings on our campus.

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been repairing window screens and lawn mowers, for several days past.

Messrs A. W. Cline, Superintendent of Public Welfare, J. W. Ingle and Rev. George W. Lee, all of Winston-Salem, visited the Training School last Monday.

Miss Doris Stokes, of Limestone College, Gaffney, S. C., has been visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Olivia K. Duckett, a member of our teaching staff.

Mrs Gertrude Keller, and Mr. McMahan, Superintendents of Public Welfare, at Gastonia and Kinston, respectively, visited the school this week, bringing new boys with them.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Presson, officer and matron in charge of our Receiving Cottage, were called to Tryon last Wednesday, on account of serious illness of the latter's father.

We are glad to report that the number of cases of chicken-pox and sore eyes (conjunctivitis) has greatly diminished and the few remaining cases are greatly improved.

During the singing of the opening hymns at Sunday School last Sunday morning, we were quite surprised to hear Johnnie Garrett, leading the singing with a cornet. This was his first appearance as a public performer and we wish to congratulate him on his skill as a cornetist.

Another practice baseball game was indulged in last Saturday afternoon. Despite the fact that a cold wind was blowing and the ball tossers were unable to get "warmed up," an inter-

esting game developed. From the performance of some of our prospective players we have reason to believe that the Training School will be able to put a good team on the field this season.

Mrs. Jessie M. Hildebrant, of Hope, New Jersey, spent last Saturday at the school, and after visiting our several departments was very well pleased with the manner in which the work is carried on here. Mrs. Hildebrant is spending some time in Concord, en route to her home after a five months' tour, during which time she visited Saskatchewan, Canada, and the Pacific Coast States, spending most of the winter at Whittier, California.

For the past month kite-flying has been a popular pastime at the Training School. Kites of all descriptions could be seen daily at the ball grounds and many of the youngsters succeeded in getting them up quite a distance. But it remained for Mr. S. Kay Patterson, young business man of Concord, to show us a real kite. On Thursday of last week, a truck entered our grounds loaded with a huge kite, measuring nine by twelve feet. Under the direction of our friend, Kay, manufacturer of this "mighty monarch of the air," it was unloaded and taken to the ball ground and was soon sailing gracefully over the field. With a high wind blowing, this large kite did some real pulling. It was quite interesting to see about twenty boys tugging at the end of several hundred feet of half-inch rope in an effort to hold the largest kite ever seen here. We wish to thank Mr. Patterson for furnishing such a novel afternoon's entertainment.

KIND WORDS

Words are things of greatest worth,
  Though often lightly spoken;
Thoughtless, fleeting words of mirth,
  May wound the heart that's broken;
Or words that pass forgotten by,
May prompt to deed that cannot die.

Kind words quell the angry soul,
  But bitter railings never;
Love can soothe with sweet control,
  And kindle love for ever.
Watch well your words, both old and young,
For life and death hang on the tongue.

—B. M., Jr.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 12, 1930. No. 12

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CREED AND DEED

What care I for caste or creed?
It is the deed, it is the deed;
What for class or what for clan?
It is the man, it is the man;
Heirs of love, and joy, and woe,
Who is high, and who is low?
Mountain, valley, sky, and sea,
Are all for humanity.

What care I for robe or stole?
It is the soul, it is the soul;
What for crown, and what for crest?
It is the heart within the breast;
It is the faith, it is the hope,
It is the struggle up the slope,
It is the brain and eye to see,
One God and one humanity.

—Robert Loveman.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

MEMORY

Memory is a rare friend or a persistent enemy. It is a faculty, God-given, to be for us power and peace, or weakness and woe. By it we are freed from the narrow limitations of the present, and are enriched by the tribute of all the experiences through which we have passed. In the night of life we call before our view what the golden days have given. We commune with our own hearts, and our spirit makes diligent search in the storehouse of the past. Hope and faith build their castle walls out of materials that memory provides. We picture a future because we recall a past. The mind whose mysteries we even now only partially understand brings into the present moment the record of the days that have been. It has required modern psychology to reveal to us how sensitive we are to unheeded impressions. There are photographic plates of the brain, if I may use the figure, on which every shadow leaves its trace. When we give no conscious attention, these unnoticed nerve photographers are jotting down their notes of all that is passing in their field, and lo, in some unexpected hour the record that they have kept is flashed before our eyes to our comfort or to our dismay.—Lewis T. Reed.

OUR BOARD MEETS

Notwithstanding the inclement weather, a larger number of the members of the Board of Trustees were present for the regular quarterly meeting, April 3, than had been for some time. Nine members were present: Mr. L. T. Hartsell, chairman; Mr. D. B. Coltrane, treasurer; Mrs. R. O. Everett, Secretary; Messrs Herman Cone, Paul C. Whitlock, J. E. Latham; Mesdames Cameron

Morrison, I. W. Faison and Miss Eas[illegible]le Shaw.

The meeting transacted the routine matters. The outstanding business was the approval of the action of the executive committee in the acquisition of the Phifer land for the school. The addition of this acreage now brings the School's holding in land to 631.3 acres.

Mr. Latham urged the School to encourage the production of all the fruits needed by school, not only as an aid to maintenance but to teach the boys the various kinds of fruits capable of being grown here and the proper maintenance of same.

The Superintendent reported that the school now has 25 acres in orchards, containing many varieties of peaches, apples, pears, plums, grapes, figs, etc., and as much as 5 acres in berries.

It was further learned that 500 boys were present at the beginning of April and that 79 had been paroled since January 1st. Several reports of outstanding records made by paroled boys were given.

The school recently had an epedemic of sore eyes and several cases of chicken pox and mumps, none of which had proven very serious.

The executive committee of the school was authorized to meet with the Budget Committee to work out a list of the needs of the school, to be submitted to the next General Assembly.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

ALWAYS HOPEFUL

We need more "young old men" like Bishop Cheshire, who celebrated his eightieth birthday last week. He does not think the flaming youth of today one bit worse than the young people of yesteryear. Bishop Cheshire, eighty years old, bishop of the North Carolina diocese for thirty-six years continues optimistic about the world growing better. There never was a time, according to the opinion of the Bishop, when there was so much constructive work carried on for the betterment of humanity—and that he thinks gives an insight into the hearts of the great people. Bishop Cheshire during active ministerial life has basked in the sunshine of a blessed life and is today reflecting the glory of such a life by sounding the key note of optimism. "There are many offenses, glaring offenses, against the conventions and traditions of the elders," said Bishop Cheshire, "but there never has been so much personal religion among young people as there is today. The generation with which I came up can not be compared with the present. The good old religion which you

hear so much about today was largely a pack of nonsense. Young people today have more personal religion than they did then. I thank God that I can believe the world is growing better.''

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

UNCONSCIOUSLY WE HAVE FAITH

When a statement to this effect is made ''I have no faith in anyone''. that person is simply out of tune with nature for the time being, and does not realize the signficance of the remark. We believe that the ideal life would be lost utterly without faith in people. To live without faith simply means to live without friends, and to live without friends is not living but existing. Disappointments, misfortunes or ill health makes one blue, but never can we credit any one as losing faith to the extent that they literally trust no one. Impossible. The most natural thing in the world after passing through periods of distress or misfortune is to turn to friends for sympathy or council—there must exist that hope of mutual understanding with some one. Every phase of life, social or business, is built upon faith in people, and if it were not so we would realize in the social life absolute selfishness and in the business world continued panics. Faith spells hope, and hope means an active and happy life. Now, before making such remarks let us examine ourselves to see if at any time, by thought, word or deed, we have fallen short of an obligation and thereby shaken the confidence of our most loyal friend. If so, keep in mind ''our glories consist not in never falling but in rising every time we fall.'' The ideal life is one of splendid friendships, and it is impossible to have friends with faith in no one. ''Faith in no one'' is an extravagant remark that is often indulged in to give vent to pent up feelings. Everybody unconsciously by their daily acts give expression of faith in things and people.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

SPRING IS THE SEASON OF HOPE

The out door season is here in all of its beauty and glory. This is the time when somethings pulls onto one's heart strings, impelling us to close up shop and saunter into the woods and fields and exclaim in the words of Byron: ''there is pleasure in the pathless woods, and there is rapture on the lonely shore.'' John Charles McNeil too had a similar impulse, and a

love for the out door life in his soul when he made one of his characters say:

"Hit's an actual fac' I sometimes wish
Dat I was som'en wile'
A coon or a fox or possom or crow,
Leas'wise for a little while.
I'd like to sleep in a holler gum,
Or roos' in a longleaf pine,
Whar nuthin' could come to mess wid me
Nor ax me whar I's gwine".

Something wrong surely about the person who does not feel the call of nature. There is no reason in the world why one should not leave work and home and go out in the country for an outing so as to enjoy the open spaces of the big and beautiful world. Out there you see the simple wild flower blooming in its innocent beauty and loveliness. And these simple wild flowers growing alone out in the big, wide world teach us that "nature not understood by man, praises their Maker, and that the elements join in paying homage to the Great Architect of the Universe." Spring furnishes a few of the moments of exaltation which help to make life tolerable, help to make us strong in faith knowing that just as the flowers wither in the autumn and bloom in the Spring we, too, will live again.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

On Friday, April 13th, the schools will observe in an appropriate way the birthday of Thomas Jefferson who formulated a magnificent system of graded schools for his native State, and the Legislature gave its enthusiastic approval to the plan. This free school system is the thought of the master mind—of Thomas Jefferson.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

DUKE ENDOWMENT HELPS CAROLINA HOSPITALS

Just lately the trustees of the Duke Endowment Fund appropriated $531,251 for the care of indigent patients at $1 per day in eighty one hospials in the Carolinas. The hospitals of North Carolina received $298,783 and the amount that went to the South Carolina hospitals was $232,468. We have gone the limit in our state making it possible for every child to be educated, and to our way of thinking it seems equally imperative, when possible, to arrange a comfortable bed for the indigent sick without the worry of hospital bills

after being restored to health. The Duke Endowment contributes to this fund, if hospitals are not privately owned, for that reason the county or city owned hospitals are favorably considered by the general public. The scripture tells us the poor we will have at all times, and realizing that the poor out number the well-to-do, there is nothing left but grasp every opportunity and make ready for these emergency calls. There is not a finer service in life than to minister to suffering humanity, and especially those unable to aid themselves. Let us hope the day is not so far distant when Cabarrus will participate in the Duke hospitalization fund. Why not?

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The Literary Digest has again distributed ballots throughout the nation with a view of getting the sentiment of the people relative to the prohibition question, that is of vital importance to every one. This time there has been distributed 20,000,000 ballots hoping to feel the pulse of the public as to their wishes in the matter—whether a strict enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead Law, permitting light wines and beer, or repeal the prohibition amendment. If possible to ascertain a correct estimate of the public on this question it would be an economy of time and money to let the Literary Digest conduct all other elections of a political nature. But how about the correctness of the count of the ballot if some people are given the opportunity to vote more than once? There is one thing certain about this broadcasting of ballots—the Literary Digest is getting a wonderful amount of publicity.

GRAND OLD HYMNS THAT HAVE MADE IMPRESSIONS

By C. W. Hunt

No. II—"Arise my Soul, Arise."

In Dr. Tillet's book, "Our Hymns and Their Authors" it is said this hymn was first published in 1742, and its first title was "Behold The Man." It was written by Charles Wesley, who wrote more hymns than any man, living or dead; the wonder of it all is that any man could write as many as he wrote and still 100 years after his death they are as live and heartening as the newer hymns. He wrote six thousand five hundred hymns after his conversion, more than 200 of which are now in use in the Methodist Hymnal. It used to be common to find men who first experienced a change of heart at the singing of this hymn. Note the beauty and pathos, as sung to the tune "Lennox" which must have been made for the words of this beautiful and grand old hymn.

"Arise my soul arise,
  Shake off thy guilty fear;
The bleeding sacrifice
  In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my surety stands
  My name is written on his hands.

"He ever lives above,
  For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
  His precious blood to plead:
His blood atoned for all our race,
  And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

"Five bleeding wounds he bears,
  Recevied on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
  They strongly speak for me:
'Forgive him, O forgive' they cry,
  Nor let that ransomed sinner die!

"The father hears him pray,
  The dear annointed one;
He cannot turn away
  The presence of his son;
His spirit answers to the blood,
  And tells me I am born of God

"My God is reconciled,
  His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
  I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
  And, 'Father, Abba, Father' cry"

This hymn might never have made the impression on me it did, but for one preacher and his daughter. I refer to the late Rev. Henry H. Gibbons, for many years a typical circuit rider. He was large and strong and positive, and in a buggy without a top and a good strong horse, he asked no favor of wind or weather, but went to his work with a vim. If he got his promised pay it was all well, if not he was still happy in the Master's cause. He was, when I first knew him, pastor of the old Tar River circuit, then composed of Trinity and Plank Chapel and Franklinton in Franklin county and Banks Chapel and Wesleys in Granville county. Franklinton was

the center and the home of the preacher, whose children were all grown when I knew him. He took me into church membership at old Wesleys Chapel, when I was fourteen years old. His daughter, Miss Lucy Gibbons hten a mature woman unmarried, was a sweet singer of the old hymns, and often went with her father to his appointments, where she was doubly useful, for she could raise the hymns and lead the singing. It was here that I first heard this hymn sung, and I have never heard it sung or sung it since that day, fifty-six years ago, that I did not think of "Uncle Henry Gibbons" and Miss Lucy. It never seems like the same hymn, to me, unless sung to the tune Lennox. Several years ago, when a Wesley Bible class was organized at Hawthorne Lane church, Charlotte, I was asked to select a hymn to be known as the class hymn, I selected this. No one can fully appreciate this beautiful hymn that has helped so many to a better life, unless he or she hears it sung as indicated above. The very first lines:

Arise my soul arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;

has given courage to many and as the hymn proceeds every stanza carries decision and hope and promise to those who believe.

HELPING GRANDMA

"Roy, will you get my egg basket?" asked grandma. "Hiram said that he saw it in the hay-mow."

"Please, may I go, too?" exclaimed Etta, his sister, jumping up. They were spending the day with grandma, and were eager to help her.

"I can see the handle," said Roy, as he stood on the barn floor and pointed up.

"Oh, let me climb for it!" begged Etta.

"All right," replied Roy. "I'll stand here and take it. There might be some eggs in it."

"I guess there are," answered Etta, as she took hold of it. "It is so heavy. Be careful."

"You'd think the basket belonged to the gray cat, the way she meows," laughed Roy.

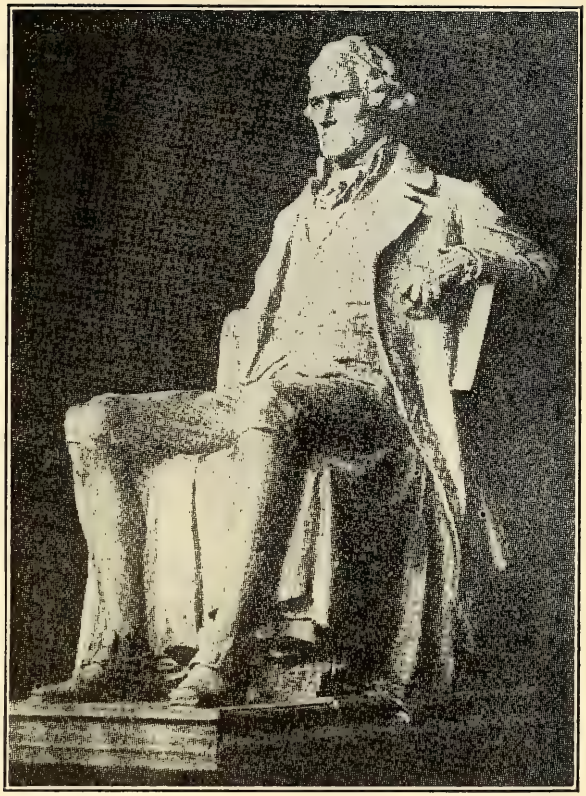
Etta held the basket firmly, but in lifting it down she almost dropped it, for there, snugly coiled up, were four tiny kittens.

When they set it upon the floor, gray Tabby jumped in to her babies, and they carried them all to grandma.

I wonder if grandma knew what was in the basket.—Our Little Ones.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

(Selected)



Jefferson Statue, St. Louis.

Thomas Jefferson was born in Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia, April 13th, 1743. His mother, was Jane Randolph, tracing her ancestry back to the Earl of Murray, Scotland. He was a graduate of William and Mary College, 1762. He studied law under George Wythe. He was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1769-75, and again in 1776-78; Member of the Continental Congress in 1775; drafted the Declaration of Indepence in 1776; Governor of Virginia in 1779; Member of Congress in 1783; Minister to France in 1785; Secretary of State in 1790; Vice President in 1797; elected President in 1801 and reelected in 1805.

"To make a study of Jefferson's life one is impressed by the complex-

ity and variety of the subjects he mastered. In a small way he was a manufacturer, and farmer; he was a practical architect and landscape gardner; he was an inventor, a surveyor, a mechanic, a musician, a scholar, a lawyer, a founder of educational institutions, a politician, a diplomatist, a statesman, a bold theorist and a radical thinker, who in religion and politics scouted authority and rested all convictions upon enlightened reasons.''

Jefferson as a Farmer

The estate of Monticello was almost a self-sustaining republic, governed by the patriarchal authority of Mr. Jefferson himself. In his garden, in his orchards, in his fields, in his pastures, were grown everything that was needed to support life on the place. The bread on the table at the "Big House'' and in the cabin came from the grain grown upon the estate, and was made into flour or meal, at Mr. Jefferson's own mill on the Rivanna. The clothing that was used on the plantation was woven on the farm; the brick which entered into the construction of the buildings, large and small, were burned upon the place; the nails were forged in his own blacksmith shop, or nail factory. The mutton that came to his table was a home product—so with the various other necessary provisions. Not content with the very best the American market offered, he sought abroad for improved seeds, implements, and methods. He introduced heavy upland rice from Italy and Africa; he imported Merino sheep to improve native stock, he himself designed patterns of plows and is, perhaps, entitled to the credit of being the original inventor of the mould-board of the turn-plow. His talent for practical invention manifested itself in his famous "whirligig chair,'' of which so much fun was made at the time, and which was the forerunner of the revolving chair of today. The extension-top buggy and carriage of the modern world dates from the modest invention of Mr Jefferson, and it would seem that he was the first to contrive the folding-chair.

Jefferson as a Lawyer

As a lawyer, Mr. Jefferson was more profound than practical. He had mastered the science of jurisprudence, but a natural shrinking from wordy debate, and a huskiness of throat which prevented his speaking long above a conversational tone, made it impossible for him to cope with attorneys very much less fully equipped with legal lore, but more richly endowed with self-confidence and strong lungs. Mr. Jefferson enjoyed a comfortable law practice and a fairly good income, but this practice was probably business which was transacted in his office or before the chancellor. We do not hear of his taking a conspicuous part in any great battle before a jury. Doubtless he was employed often to assist in the preparation of such cases, for his learning and ability were recognized by every member of his profession.

The world knows Jefferson best as the author of the Declaration of Independence: he supervised the building of the University of Virginia, going in person as long as he could ride, and then continued the work through a telescope from the terrace of the

Monticello. The true purpose of government according to Jefferson was the equal rights of man. He died July 4th, 1826 and after his death debt swept away all of his accumulated possessions, including his beloved home in the little mountain where he had brought his young bride, and where throughout life he had dispensed so lavish a hospitality.

Act Establishing Religious Liberty

Be it therefore enacted by the General Assembly, That no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place or ministry whatsoever, nor shall he be enforced, restrained, molested, or burthened in his body, or goods, nor shall he otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinions, or belief; but that all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinion in matters of religion, and that the same shall, in nowise diminish, enlarge, or affect their civil capacities.

And though we well know this Assembly, elected by the people for the ordinary purposes of legislation only, have no power to restrain the acts of succeeding assemblies, constituted with the powers equal to our own, and that therefore to declare this act irrevocable would be of no effect in law, yet we are free to declare and do declare, that the rights hereby asserted are of the natural rights of mankind and that if any act shall be hereafter passed to repeal the present or to narrow its operation, such act will be an infringement of natural right.

BYRD RETURNS FROM SOUTHERN POLE

It seems hardly eigtheen months since Richard E. Byrd set sail for the regions of the southern pole, but it has. And he has reached civilization again, having arrized at Dunedin, New Zealand, the first of the week. He was given a great greeting there, but these days the whole world can join in the greetings, as was evidenced recently, when a chain of radio stations brought Admiral Byrd's voice to his friends all over the United States. And what is notable, we heard him speaking on Wednesday morning in Pittsboro on Tuesday morning. It is ten thousand miles to Dunedin, which is almost directly under our feet, and this was the longest-distance conversation ever held. Byrd had to talk over the telephone from Dunedin to Wellington, where the radio station was located, which hurled the words across the Pacific ocean. Accordingly, it was easier to talk to him than for him to talk to his friends in America, as the telephone could catch the words from the radio more readily than the radio from the telephone. Thus another marvel has been recorded. Two of them—18 months in the Antarctic region and all safe in civilization again, and the voice of the explorer resounded through the whole earth, wherever a radio was tuned in.—Exchanged.

WHO RECALLS THE OLD TRUNDLE BED

(Wilkes Patriot)

Several able editorial writers, headed by Judge R. R. Clark, have constituted themselves a committee to link up the past with the present in things epicurean and otherwise. Following the rather wide discussion of the feather bed, Judge Clark recalls the old "straw-tick" of other days and describes its comforts to a younger generation that had not made its acquaintance. He failed to tell them about the fine qualities of shredded corn shucks, occasionally used as a cushion for tired bones.

But what we are growling about is the failure to mention the one thing that used to be an institution in every well-regulated home; a piece of home equipment that was indispensible where there was a bunch of kids. Poems have been written about the "trundle bed," but nine out of ten youngsters don't know what you are talking about when it is mentioned and few have ever seen one.

But to the old-timer, member of a large famly of youngsters, the trundle bed brings back memories of a perfect bliss. When it was pulled out from under the old high-poster and in the presence of a roaring log fire in the wide fireplace, mother tucked some half a dozen sleepy little devils away for the night—that was a heap o' livin'. Bill might jam Bob in the face with his heel three-four times during the night, but it would all be forgotten next morning as they trudged off through the snow to look at their rabbit hollows.

Wasn't much to bother them. No thought of big issues that must be solved. Weren't any triangular debates and a thesis was one of those things a fellow might sometime catch in his rabbit trap; monthly reports did not bob up to torment. Father might pass teacher on the road some day, but with no thought to inquire how Bill was getting along with his "books;" examination was something that the lawyers did to witnesses at the county court house.

Trundle bed days were joyous days that should not be allowed to pass without a gesture of regret, and the youth of today, with his dainty little pink and blue contraption called a bed, and all the comfy draperies that make his slumber secure, should be made to know that he hasn't got a thing on Uncle Bill, who trundled through a fairly comfortable night.

'There are no fairy folk who ride about the world at night
To give you wings and other things to pay for doing right.
But if you'll do to others as you'd have them do to you,
You'll be as blest as if the best of fairy tales were true."

—Near East Relief Bulletin.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM DAY

(Greensboro Daily News)

The birthday of Thomas Jefferson (April 13) and Religious Freedom day wlil be celebrated jointly. The program of celebration, suggested by a committee of which President Hoover is honorary chairman, includes the ringing of bells in schools, churches and public buildings, churches and es and public buildings at 10 a. m., "to proclaim the blessing of religious freedom." The combining of Jefferson's birthday and Religious Freedom day attracted the attention of Bertha Hall Talbot, Rockville, Md., who writes the Baltimore Sun to remind that Jefferson claimed only the authorship of the "statute of Virginia for religious liberty," which statute was enacted in 1786; while the statute granting religious liberty in Maryland was enacted April 21, 1649, 137 years before Jefferson's Virginia statute. Wherefore Bertha Hall Talbot would have Maryland acclaimed as the birthplace of religious liberty. All contributions to religious liberty, of whatever name or denomination, should be acclaimed along with the ringing of the church bells. Our concern is not so much who is entitled to the honor of first passing a law in behalf of religious lberty—although the man and the place should be remembered for all tme—but it is whether we really have religious freedom and will be permitted to continue in the full exercise of that freedom. Therefore the high note in the forthcoming celebration of Religious Freedom day, it seems to us, would be, to paraphrase Justice Holmes, that we have freedom not only for the religion that we profess but for the religion that we do not like, the religion that we may despise, that we do not recognize as religion. Celebration of Religious Freedom day will be a mockery indeed if we construe that freedom as restricted only to the Protestants, or the church of Rome, or the Jews, or any of the non-Christian sects. Religious freedom means the liberty to accept any religious faith or none.

If, then, religious freedom is to be recognized—and it is our most glorious heritage—we should keep in mind the breadth of it. The atheists, who are temporarily conspicuous and are rated as highly undesirable, especially when they thrust themselves into the picture, have the benefits of religious freedom in the liberty to reject all religion.

CORRECTING HIS MISTAKE

A street car inspector was watching the work of the new conductor. "Here, Foley," he said, "how is this? You have ten passengers, and only nine fares have been rung up." "Is that so?" asked Foley. Then, turning to his passengers he yelled: "There's wan too many on this car. Git out, one of yez."—Youth's World.

ADMISSION OF STATES

(The Pathfinder)

Ask your friends this question: "What requirements must a territory meet in order to become a state?" Probably five out of ten persons will not be able to answer and four of the others will be hazy on the subject.

Yet since the 13 original states ratified the Constitution 35 federal territories have been admitted into the Union as states.

Article IV of the Constitution provides that, "New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union," and, "The United States shall guarantee to every state in this Union a republican form of government." This is all the Constitution has to say upon the subject.

There is no general law prescribing the requirements for statehood, and whether a given territory is qualified for admission into the Union as a state must be determined by Congress when the occasion arises.

The Northwest ordinance, enacted in 1787 before the Constitution was framed, provided that the northwestern territory should ultimately be divided into states, not exceeding five in number, any one of these might be admitted into the Union as soon as its population should reach 60,000. In a general way this has since been taken as a criterion in respect to the minimum population of a new state although Nevada came into the Union in 1864 when it had a population of only 40,000.

The customary procedure is for the citizens of a territory desiring statehood to send a petition or memorial to Congress asking for admission into the Union as a state. If Congress decides that the territory has attained sufficient economic importance and has a population large enough to deserve admission into the sisterhood of states it passes what is know as an "enabling act," which grants the residents of the territory permission to formulate a constitution to be submitted to Congress for approval.

Sometimes the first application is turned down. For instance, the residents of Utah territory, which was organized in 1850, applied for admission several times before their application was finally granted. It was not until 1896, after polygamy had been abolished and its revival made legally impossible, that Utah was formally admitted as a state. Once a territory becomes a state it has the same rights and duties as the others.

There is nothing in the Constitution or any statute particularly relative to the admission of new states composed of territory not adjacent to continental United States. It is presumed, however, that if the federal government saw fit to admit Hawaii, Porto Rico, Alaska, or the Philippines, as states, it would be constitutional to do so, although there would undoubtedly be a great difference of public opinion as to the propriety of such a step.

THY KING COMETH UNTO THEE

(Selected)

The "public entry" of Jesus into Jerusalem five days before the Jewish nation put Him to death was the fulfillment of an ancient prophesy. Both Isaiah and Zechariah foretold the coming of The King to the people chosen of God for a great spiritual mission. Zechariah rehearsed several of the details that would distinguish the regal Messianic processional. It was to be the advent of a meek and lowly one, yet the common people would discern His quality and would place the insignia of kingship in His pathway and cry Halleluia as He rode from the gate of Jerusalem to the temple. As the prophets had foretold, so it occurred. Crowds went before and following after Hm. The scenes so accurately actualized what Isaiah and Zechariar had predicted that the rulers of Israel took prompt steps to show the Jews that ther "royal one" was easily stripped of any right to their allegiance. Humanly speaking, no king for a day was ever more promptly, thoroughly and ignomiously suppressed than was this Nazarene. Before a week had elapsed He had been tried, condemned, scourged, spitted upon and crucified between two thieves.. Caiaphas, Annas, Herod and such other "protectors of the people" as crushed this "troubler" at Calvary could well rub their hands with satisfaction. They did their part thoroughly. If anyone had had even a faint hope that Jesus was the man of destiny, by whom Roman domination and Herodian profiteering were to be destroyed, that central cross standing out against the Syrian skyline answered "Vanity." A dead body in a Roman guarded sepulchre proved the power of the rulers and the weakness of their rival.

* * * * *

Jew and Gentile alike must take account of our Lord's public entry into Jerusalem nineteen centuries ago. It is not the palms nor the people, not the hosannas nor the hisses that count, but the person whose name was called. It was He of whom Isaiah and Zechariah prophesied. It was He whom Herod and Pilate vainly thrust into a sealed sepulchre. It is He who fulfilled law and phophesy. It is He who died to conquer death. It is He who will come again. It is He whom men must meet, either to die or to live.

Jesus the king is the one fixed figure among earthly existences. He did not humble Himself and enter the city of the temple on the foal of an ass in order to fulfill an ancient promise nor to contrast Himself with priests and imperialists. What He is, created His right to rule. "I am among you as one that serveth," "I came to bring life," "I will ask the Father and he will give it you," "I am among you to do the will of him that sent me." These are the expressions of His purpose, of His power, and of His character. He did not assume humility. The vivid contrast between Him and earthly pomp and show is the contrast between the real and the artificial; between reality and its symbols.

DON'T FIND FAULT

By Joseph Parker

A little gold watch was one day crossing Westminster Bridge, London, England, at the time Big Ben tolled out the hour of noon from the clock tower of the Parliament building.

The little watch looked up at the big clock and said, "I do not like you; your face is too broad, your hands are too big, your voice is too coarse. I do not like you. My modest size and attractive appearance; my noiseless motion and gentle tick are well suited to the convenience of lady or gentleman."

And the big clock said to the gold watch, "Come up here, little sister; come up here."

So the little watch toiled painfully up the stone steps, and at last stood by the big clock, and looking out over the surging millions of London, the big clock said to the watch, "Little sister, there is a man down there on Westminster Bridge who wishes to know the hour. Will you tell him, please?"

And the little watch said, "Oh, I could never make him hear. My voice is so small, it never could begin to carry in such a whirlwind of noise as this."

The big clock said, "O yes, little sister, I had forgotten, yet the man wishes to know the time, he requires to know, and you cannot tell him; but I can and will. So let us henceforth not criticize one another. You will not find fault with me nor I find fault with you, but each of us in our own place, you for your mistress and I for the great city, will teach men everywhere to redeem the time."

MR. FORD'S SCHOOLS

When a man accumulates enough money to fill a barn it is always a problem what to do with it. It is easy to give away, but hard to give it always usefully. The success of Carnegie, Rockfeller and others has been questioned, and those who turn their millions over to Harvard and Yale are merely passing the buck.

Mr Ford purpose to use $100,000,000 in founding schools of a practical nature to help fit young men for useful lives. He wants schools to turn out men whom jobs would seek, instead of graduates who have to start a desperate hunt for work. There is a great deal in that idea. It is in line with the present tendency of education. We are getting away from that ancient and impracticable "cultural stuff" with fancy degrees. This is the age of machinery, mechanics, technology, science and spectialization—vital stuff that has done more for humanity than ages of classical culture." Henry Ford may prove to be a powerful factor in the development of education.—The Pathfinder.

ST. PATRICK—THE SCOTCHMAN

To Patrick, the Scotchman, who was called "The Apostle of the Irish," belongs the honor of being the pioneer and founder of the Christian Church in Ireland. Born near Dumbarton, in the south of Scotland in 372 A. D., he grew up without instruction, though the son of a Christian. When he was sixteen years of age he was captured by pirates and taken to Ireland where he was sold as a slave to a chief. His hard lot drew his thoughts to God. When near middle life he escaped from his master and reached his parents in Scotland.

But his mind was not at ease. He remembered the spiritual darkness of the people in Ireland. Then, in a dream, he saw a man bringing him a message from Ireland and heard a voice saying, "We beseech thee, come and dwell among us."

Decided to return to them as a missionary he left his native land, this time of his own free will. Seeking out his former master he reimbursed him for the loss his escape had caused. He then appealed to the aged chieftain to become a follower of Christ, but the Irish nobleman was too proud to listen to the words of one who was his former slave.

When Patrick was driven away from this place he went to County Down. Here, at Strangford Lough may be seen today Sabhill Padhrig, the "barn of Patrick," only the ruins, however, remaining of the barn where Patrick gathered his first congregation.

He was not severe in his dealings with the pagans, but, being tender and kind, this very gentleness won many to Christ.

Journeying through Ireland as an evangelist he baptized thousands of converts and founded hundreds of churches. His missions were self-supporting from the first, being managed very carefully as he was a practical man.

The shamrock is associated with him because, so runs the legend, St. Patrick used the three leaves to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity.

He lived a life of self-denial, refusing personal gifts but using money given him for establishing churches, relieving the needy and for the redemption of slaves.

A brilliant lawyer in New York City some years ago spoke to a prominent minister, asking him if he really believed that Christ rose from the dead. The minister replied that he did, and asked the privilege of presenting the proof to the lawyer. The lawyer took the material offered in proof and studied it. He returned to the minister and said, "I am convinced that Jesus really did rise from the dead. But—" he then added. "I am no nearer being a Christian than I was before. I thought the difficulty was with my head. I find that it is really my heart."

MARJORY'S SHARING

(Exchange)

Marjory sat up and looked into mother's face as if she didn't understand something mother was reading.

" 'Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor.' Did Jesus mean, mother, that we musn't have anything at all; we must give away every single thing and all the money that we have?"

"No, not quite that, Marjory, for if we gave away everything we would have to beg ourselves, and Jesus does not want us to do that. I think that Jesus saw that this young man who wanted to follow him loved money and his beautiful house and his exquisite robes and his rich friends so much that he really couldn't be happy following the plain and lowly Master; so Jesus wanted him to put all the luxuries away, and then he could begin to think about the things of God and love them. His heart was just crusted over with riches, and our Lord wanted him to have a simple, loving heart like that of a little child."

"But we are a little bit rich, aren't we?" Marjory asked.

"Yes, dear, God has given us more than he has some others; but we know that he wants us to use what we have for Him, and father and I try to."

"'But I don't, do I, mother?"

"'Why, Pet, I suppose we haven't talked to you plainly enough about how God asks us to share everything we have with him for others. You see, you are not very big yet."

"I'm big enough to begin though, and I must right away!" Marjory God would show them both how they could share with him, and then Marjory hurried off to school. It was their little morning Bible reading that had made her think so suddenly about what God wanted her to do, and it kept running in her mind all day.

"Mother, I've found some one to share with!" she cried, running into the house that afternoon. "It's Jennie Brown! You know they used to have all they needed; but since her father died they seem to be dreadfully poor, and Jennie looks cold and shabby. You know that pretty little coat I had last winter? May I give her that? But not just things that I've worn, mother. I want to give her the new hat that you bought for me the other day, and I will wear the old one; it is pretty enough. May I, please?"

Mother took Marjory on her lap and they talked it all over, and mother said yes, even to Marjory's taking half of her birthday money for a pair of shoes for Jennie. It ended with mother's writing a sweet little note to Jennie's mother telling her what Marjory wanted to do for Jesus's sake. She said that Marjory wanted to call Jennie her little sister, and that they wanted to do for her just what they would do if she had been a real sister.

That was how Marjory began to share all her good things, and you would hardly know her now, she is so loving and thoughtful and full of generous thoughts for others. It seems as though God is filling her heart so full of love that she is going

exclaimed earnestly.

They knelt and mother prayed that to make the world a great deal happier because she lives in it.

When you begin to give Jesus a great big share of all that you have, see how much happier you will be.

WORTH WHILE

He doesn't care that I'm not rich,
  Or that I'm poorly dressed;
That I'm a toiler in the ditch,
  He hasn't even guessed.
My faults, that other people know,
  He doesn't even see;
For every night, with eyes aglow,
  He toddles up to me.

Although I'm just a common man
  And ordinary clay,
His cheek to mine he's glad to rub
  Before I go away;
And every night when I return
  He's glad as he can be,
And though but little I may earn,
  He toddles up to me.

To come to me he'd leave a king,
  If one were sitting near;
Unto no millionaire he'd cling
  If only I'd appear.
And though but tattered rags are mine,
  When I go home to tea,
With eyes that fairly beam and shine
  He'd toddle up to me.

And so I've reason to be glad,
  And reason to rejoice;
It's worth the world to be a dad,
  To be a baby's choice.
There is no prize fame can bestow,
  No joy can ever be
So real as when, with eyes aglow,
  He toddles up to me.

—Exchange.

THE RAINBOW NECKLACE

By Miriam E. Mason

"This is my very favorite treasure," said Carolyn to Mary-Marie. She took a long, slim pasteboard box out of the drawer of the little painted dresser, and raised the lid.

"Oh!" breathed Mary-Marie, with a long sigh. She clasped her hands and looked lovingly at the beautiful rainbow necklace, sparkling on its bed of pink cotton. "Oh, how absolutely, perfectly lovely, Carolyn. The very loveliest thing I ever saw. It makes me happy just to look at it!"

Carolyn beamed. She liked to have her things admired. It pleased her to see how this little girl from back in the hills enjoyed looking at the things she showed her.

"My aunt Merle sent me this necklace from New York for my birthday," she explained. "She bought it in New York City, but it came all the way from over the ocean. See!"

Carolyn showed Mary-Marie the little tag which said "Made in Czechoslovakia" and Mary-Marie looked impressed. "My," she said, "I bet you're proud of it."

"I just wear it special times, like parties and Sunday School and when I go to town," admitted Carolyn. She slipped the necklace about her neck and fastened the clasp. "See, you can tell how it looks on me."

Mary-Marie's brown eyes were wistful, and her voice was wistful.

"I wish I had an aunt that'd send me pretty things like that!"

Carolyn unfastened the rainbow necklace and clasped it around Mary-Marie's slim brown neck. "You can see how it looks on you," she offered generously.

Mary-Marie hardly breathed, she was so excited when the pretty necklace was fastened on her.

"But it looks prettier on you," she said to Carolyn. "Your skin's not so dark with tan and freckles as mine."

Her hands caressed the necklace as she gave it back, and her eyes followed it as it crumpled like a little pool of many colors into Carolyn's outstretched hand.

Carolyn thought to herself as she had thought several times before during the day: "I like Mary-Marie. She's a good playmate. She's really a better playmate than Julia is."

Julia, who was Carolyn's closest neighbor and best chum, had not wanted Carolyn to ask Mary-Marie over that day. Mary-Marie and her family were newcomers to the neighborhood. They lived in a poor little house back in the hills, a mile or so away from the highway on which stood the pretty, prosperous farm homes of Carolyn and Julia. When Mary-Marie had entered school that spring, no one was very friendly to her.

"They're do-less, my mother said so," Julia had whispered to Carolyn "Their house is awful, and they're poor and just look at her clothes. And I wouldn't be 'sprised if they steal, so you'd better not play with her, Carolyn!'

Julia may have whispered the same thing to the other boys and girls in Crossroads School, for none of them invited Mary-Marie to sit with them at lunch time, and none of them tried to catch her in the games of "Black Man" and "New Orleans."

A few times during that spring before school was out, Carolyn had played with Mary-Marie at recess, or walked down the road with her going home. For herself, she really liked the little girl with the big, shy eyes. Mary-Marie's smile was quick and friendly, she was always ready to help with problems or geography questions—for she was very "smart" in her studies. Her patched old clothes were neat and clean. If the other boys and girls, especially Julia, had been friendly to Mary-Marie, Carolyn would have been glad to be friendly too. But Julia always got angry, even when Carolyn walked along the home road with Mary-Marie.

"You're my chum," Julia always said, "and you ought not be friends with people I don't like. If you're going to be Mary-Marie's chum, you can't be mine."

This spring some more new people had moved into the neighborhood, a young man and woman who had just been married and who had built a cunning brown bungalow a short distance beyond Carolyn's home. The young woman was the new Sunday School teacher at the Crossroads Sunday school. Carolyn thought she was the prettiest and the nicest girl she had ever known. Sunday school lessons had never seemed so interesting; it was no longer a task to hurry on Sunday mornings to get off to Sunday school in time.

It was after the new teacher's second Sunday that Carolyn, riding home with Julia in the back seat of the Hiatt car said, "I'm going to invite Mary-Marie to our Sunday school. And I'm going to invite her to come up and visit me a whole day—tomorrow or Tuesday!"

Now the lesson that day had been about the Good Samaritan, and somehow, as young Mrs. Allen told the story in her dear, pretty voice, Carolyn had kept thinking of Mary-Marie. Of course Mary-Marie wasn't a man, and she had'nt been robbed and hurt, and all that—still Carolyn thought that she and Julia and the other boys and girls had been like those unkind neighbors in the story.

Of course, Julia was surprised and indignant when Carolyn told her what she was going to do. "Why nobody plays with Mary-Marie!" she declared, tossing her head.

"All the more reason why we ought to," said Carolyn. It gave her a feeling of relief to say it, for that was the way she had always felt, somehow. "Let's both of us go and invite Mary-Marie to Sunday school, and you come over to my house when she's there, too."

"I certainly won't!" cried Julia. "If you'd rather have Mary-Marie for your chum than me, why you can just have her by yourself!"

"And another thing," added Julia. "You'd better watch everyhing you've got while she's there. Like as not she'll try to steal something!"

And here was Mary-Marie at Carolyn's house, and Carolyn was enjoying the visit as much or more than Mary-

Marie. Mary-Marie was a lovely playmate. She didn't get cross and threaten to go home every time she failed to have her own way; she didn't talk about her own self and her own things when Carolyn showed her clothes and room and all her little treasures.

Mary-Marie helped with the work, too. In the afternoon when Carolyn had to spend an hour or so dropping potatoes in the garden, Mary-Marie said, "Let me help," and she took her little basket of cut potatoes and went down one row while Carolyn went down the ohter so the potatoes were planted in half the time. Julia never helped with things. Julia would have said, "Oh, don't do that now," or she would have decided suddenly that it was time to go home.

And the next afternoon Julia came over. "Well, did you miss anything?" she asked, "after your company was gone?"

"You ought to be ashamed," cried Carolyn. "Mary-Marie doesn't steal and anyhow, I think it's just as bad to be calling other people thieves as it is to be one yourself, so there!"

Julia was angry all the rest of the week at that, so the next Sunday Carolyn went to Sunday school with Mary-Marie. She had to hurry extra fast, going around that extra distance, so she did not have time to dress up quite as much as usual. She did not have time to put on the rainbow necklace.

"Why, Carolyn, where is your necklace?" asked Julia when the girls were standing in the churchyard after Sunday school. She looked very sharply at Mary-Marie, who was dressed in a limp, faded gingham that looked very poor beside Julia's ruffled pink organdie blushed and looked down at her dusty, cracked shoes.

"I forgot it," Carolyn answered crossly. She was glad she had forgotten it, and she was glad she had worn her last summer's white dimity, too. It was silly of Julia to look at people in that superior way just because they weren't dressed up so much. Mrs. Allen had seemed delighted because Mary-Marie came.

When she went home, though, she went straight to the drawer in her painted dresser and took out the long slim box. She hadn5t looked at the lovely rainbow necklace for several days and she was eager to see it. She took off the lid quickly; "Oh!" said Carolyn in a little, gasping voice. "Oh!"

The rainbow necklace was gone!

She looked so pale at dinner time that her mother was worried. Carolyn shook her head; there was nothing the matter, she said. She lay on the bed in her room, wth her hands clenched, and her face buried in the pillow.

Julia had been right about Mary-Marie. Carolyn remembered now, before she went home, that Mary-Marie had gone into the bedroom alone. To comb her hair, she said. And then she had taken the necklace, of course.

"My lovely necklace!" said Carolyn with a sob. She had rather Mary-Marie had taken anything else than that.

A fierce anger came over Carolyn. To think that Mary-Marie would take her necklace when she had been trying to be friends. "And I liked her,

too", thought Carolyn. "I'd have liked her for my friend."

She wanted to go right then to Mary-Marie and demand back the necklace. "And I'll do it tomorrow," she thought," However, remembering the happy, wistful look in Mary-Marie's big eyes, she couldn't help feeling a bit of pity, too. Mary-Marie didn't have anything pretty at her house. Maybe, Carolyn sat up hopefully, maybe Mary-Marie had only borrowed the rainbow necklace to look at for a few days. Maybe she would bring it back tomorrow. If she did, Carolyn would still be willing to have her for a friend.

But the week passed and Mary-Marie did not come and Carolyn's anger and disappointment hardened. Julia came over again and asked Carolyn about the rainbow necklace. "I lost it," said Carolyn. She did not want to tell Julia everything. She felt that Julia would be glad of the chance to blame Mary-Marie.

"Lost your rainbow necklace?" repeated Julia, wide-eyed. "Why, Carolyn Kingsley, how could you be so careless? Why, what will your mother say, and your aunt?"

"Maybe I'll find it," answered Carolyn. Sunday wasn't far off. Maybe Mary-Marie would come to her in Sunday school and would bring back the rainbow necklace.

Mary-Marie was at Sunday school but she didn't have the necklace. She didn't say a word about it. Afterward she came up to Carolyn and said in her little shy way:

"I had such a good time at your house last week. I've thought about it all week. Maybe you can come over to my house this week—"

"No," said Carolyn, "I can't come." She looked at Mary-Marie coldly. "I've decided that I don't want to be friends with you any more, Mary-Marie."

Mary-Marie's brown cheeks paled. "Why not?" she asked.

"Oh, Mary-Marie, don't you know why?" Carolyn cried. She would give the little girl a chance to confess. But Mary-Marie did not confess anything. She looked miserably unhappy, but she did not say a word.

And she did not come to Sunday school the next Sunday, either. Mrs. Allen missed her and asked who would promise to visit her that week and asked her to come back. "Will you go, Carolyn?"

Carolyn shook her head. "I'm going Wednesday to Bloomfield to visit my grandmother. I'll be gone for a month, Mrs. Allen." She was glad of the excuse. She did not want to see Mary-Marie again, ever. Her visit to town would be half spoiled because she would not have Aunt Merle's beautiful gift to take along.

Julia wrote to Carolyn: "Your friend Mary-Marie has gone away. She and her mother moved to a town so her mother could work because the father ran off and left them. You know I always told you that they were not very nice people, Carolyn."

Carolyn tore up the letter and did not answer it for a week. As if Mary-Marie could help it because her father ran away!

"Well, Carrie," said her father a short time after she had returned home. "You got back just in time to help harvest your potato crop. The

blossoms are dropping; they're ready to dig today."

After all, though, Carolyn didn't help long, for Julia came over just as they were starting in and she had to stop work and talk to Julia. After her friend had gone on home, Carolyn's father called her:

"Did you think that necklaces grew like potatoes?" he laughed, with his eyes twinkling. Then he reached down in his overalls pocket and held up something that set Carolyn's heart beating fast. It was the rainbow necklace, a bit dusty from its long rest in the ground, but otherwise unharmed.

"Oh, Daddy!" she seized the beautiful treasure and cuddled it in her two palms against her cheeks. Then she asked breathlessly, "Which row was it, Daddy?"

He showed her. The outside row it was, next to the fence. The row that she had planted. And now Carolyn saw it all as clear as day. She had dropped the necklace in her pocket there in the bedroom when mother called them to dinner. And she had forgotten all about it, and put potato eyes in that pocket when she was planting. Oh, why hadn't she thought of that before instead of blaming poor little Mray-Marie?

Carolyn could hardly sleep that night, and the beautiful rainbow necklace, instead of making her happy made her unhappy. Whenever she looked at it she seemed to see Mary-Marie's wistful big eyes, and to hear her wistful little voice: "Why Carolyn? Why don't you want to be friends any more?"

"Well, she's gone now, she's forgotten," Carolyn tried to tell herself. "I don't know where she's gone, and anyway I really didn't do anything to her."

But a few days later her father said,

"You remember little Mary-Marie who helped you plant the potatoes, Carolyn? Her mother died last week. A family in Bloomfield is going to adopt Mary-Marie."

"She was really a dear little girl," said Carolyn's mother. "I hope the family will be good to her."

Carolyn was silent for a few moments. Finally she spoke: "Can I go over to Bloomfield and see Mary-Marie some day? I—I want to awfully much."

"Mother and I are going to Indianapolis some day next week," her father said. "We can drive through Bloomfield and you can stop off and stay with Mary-Marie if you wish instead of going on with us."

"I do," said Carolyn with a sigh. She really wished to go on to the city with her parents, but she knew she could not really enjoy a trip to the city, thinking as she was about Mary-Marie and how she had been calling Mary-Marie a thief in her own heart.

When she got ready to go that day, she was carrying the rainbow necklace on its bed of pink cotton carefully wrapped in white paper. She was going to give the lovely necklace to Mary-Marie. That was the only way she could make up the wrong she had done Mary-Marie.

Somebody told them the address of the people who were adopting Mary-Marie, and Mr. Kingsley drove slow-

ly down the street, looking for the number. Carolyn's heart beat fast. She had worn her last summer's brown linen, and her second best shoes, and she wondered if the family which was adopting Mary-Marie would be as poor as Mary-Marie's parents had been.

Finally they stopped before a house; a great, beautiful white house with tall pillars and green shutters. A man was out mowing the yard, and he came down to the car. "This—this can't be the place," thought Carolyn. "Daddy must be stopping to ask where it is."

But the man was answering. Yes, this was where Mr. and Mrs. Gillienne lived. Yes, they had a little girl living with them named Mary-Marie Peterson.

Carolyn shrank back. "Oh, Mother, I don't want to go in—there."

This was a rich man's house. Why Carolyn had never been in so grand and beautiful a house. It made her pleasant farm home seem little and common. It made Daddy's car seem dusty and old. It made Carolyn's clothes seem shabby and out of place. Even the ranibow necklace, in all its shining beauty, seemed an ordinary little trifle. What if Mary-Marie would be proud and haughty and superior?

"I want to go on to the city with you," whispered Carolyn.

But just then the front door of the big house opened and a little girl came out. A voice cried: "Why, it's—it's Carolyn!" There was no mistaking the gladness in that voice, nor in the big eyes, nor in the loving arms that Mary-Marie threw about Carolyn when she kissed her.

Mary-Marie was dressed in a frock of soft rose voile. She wore beautiful little patent-leather slippers and white silk stockings. "She doesn't need my rainbow necklace, after all," Carolyn kept thinking. But Mary-Marie asked. "What is in that little box that you are carrying around, Carolyn."

"It is a little present I brought for you," said Carolyn. She went on in a low tone, "Mary-Marie, when I told you last summer that I didn't want to be friends any more, what do you think was the reason?"

Mary-Marie looked away, her big eyes becoming sad, and she answered in a low tone like Carolyn's, "I just supposed it was because I was poor. And because my clothes weren't very nice, and all."

Carolyn gave a little sob. She unwrapped the package. "I am ashamed, Mary-Marie" she said. She took off the lid of the box. "Mary-Marie when we were planting potatoes last spring I dropped the beads in a potato hill and only just found them when the potatoes were dug. That is why—I thought that—" Carolyn's voice faltered. "And now, maybe you won't even want my gift and won't want to be friends with me."

But Mary-Marie clasped the beads about her neck. Their rainbow tints exactly matched the rose voile dress. "Oh Carolyn," breathed Mary-Marie happily. "Your very favorite treasure—for me!"

She was so happy, and she had been so innocent of wrong that she did not

even know what Carolyn had thought. "I will wear them always and always and always," she promised, "in honor of my dearest friend."

And Carolyn thought, "I haven't deserved such a friend as Mary-Marie. But I will from now on."

DOGS

I've never known a dog to wag
  His tail in glee he didn't feel,
Nor quit his old-time friend to tag
  At some more influential heel.
The yellowest cur I ever knew
Was, to the boy who loved him, true.
I've never known a dog to show
  Half-way devotion to his friend,
To seek a kinder man to know,
  Or richer, but unto the end
The humblest dog I ever knew
Was, to the man that loved him, true.
I've never known a dog to fake
  Affection for a present gain;
A false display of love to make,
  Some little favor to attain.
I've never known a Prince or Spot
That seemed to be what he was not.
But I have known a dog to fight
  With all his strength to shield a friend,
And, whether wrong or whether right,
  To stick with him until the end;
And I have known a dog to lick
The hand of him that men would kick.
And I have known a dog to bear
  Starvation pangs from day to day
With him who had been glad to share
  His bread and meat along the way;
No dog, however mean or rude,
Is guilty of ingratitude.
The dog is listed with the dumb,
  No voice has he to speak his creed;
His messages to humans come
  By faithful conduct and by deed;
He shows, as seldom mortals do,
A high ideal of being true.

—American Field.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FIRST CASE

(Selected)

The father of Daniel Webster was a farmer. His garden had suffered somewhat from the visits of a woodchuck that lived in a hole close by. One day Daniel and his brother Ezekiel set a steel-trap for the trespasser, and caught him alive. And now the great question was, "What shall be done with the rogue?"

"Kill him," said Ezekiel.

"Let him go," said Daniel, looking with pity into the eyes of the dumb captive.

"'No, no!" replied Ezekiel, "he'll be at his old tricks again.'

The boys could not agree; so they appealed to their father to decide the case.

"Well, my boys," said Mr. Webster, "I will be judge. There is the prisoner, and you shall be the counsel, Daniel for him and Ezekiel against him. It rests with you whether the woodchuck shall live or die."

Ezekiel opened the case. The woodchuck, he said, was a thief by nature. He had already done much harm, and would do more, if he were set free. It had cost a great deal of labor to catch him. It would be harder to catch him a second time; for he would have gained in cunning. It was better on every account to put him to death. His skin would be worth something, although it would not half repay the damage he had done.

The father looked with pride upon his son, little dreaming however, that he was then showing signs of that power that made him so sound a jurist in his manhood.

"Now, Daniel, it is your turn. I'll hear what you have to say."

Daniel saw that the argument of his brother had sensibly moved his father, the judge. The boy's large, black eyes looked upon the timid woodchuck, and, as he saw the poor thing trembling with fear, his heart swelled with pity.

God, he said, had made the woodchuck. He made him to live, to enjoy the air and sunshine, the free fields and woods. The woodchuck had as much right to live as any other thing that breathes. God did not make him or any thing in vain. He was not a destructive animal like the wolf or the fox. He ate a few common things, to be sure; but they had plenty of them, and could well spare a part. And he destroyed nothing except the little food needed to sustain his humble life. That little food was as sweet to him, and as necessary to his existence, as was the food on their mother's table to them.

God gave them their food. Would they not spare a little for the dumb creature that really had as much right to his small share of God's bounty as they themselves to theirs? Yea, more; the animal had never broken the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often did, but had strictly lived up to the simple instincts that had been given him by the good Creator of all things. Created by God's hands, he had a right from God to his life and his liberty, and they had no right to deprive him of either.

The young orator then alluded to the mute but earnest entreaties of the animal for his life, as sweet, as dear to him, as their own was to them; and to the just penalty they might expect, if, in selfish cruelty, they took the life they could not restore,—the life that God Himself had given.

During this appeal for mercy tears had started to the father's eyes, and were fast running down his sunburnt cheeks. Every feeling of his manly heart was stirred within him,—gratitude for the gift of so eloquent and noble a boy, pity for the helpless prisoner at the bar.

The strain was more than he could bear. While Daniel was yet speaking, without thinking that he had won his case, his father sprang from his chair, and, in entire forgetfulness of his character as judge, exclaimed to his elder son, "Zeke! Zeke! let that woodchuck go!"

INSTITUTION NOTES

Five hundred sample tubes of Colgate's tooth paste were distributed among the boys last Saturday.

Mr. Ritchie has been making good use of the road scraper, and as a result the many roads and driveways about our campus are greatly improved.

Our tennis courts have been fixed up during the past few days; Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have made an excellent roller, and all is in readiness for the opening of the tennis season.

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKimmon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. All present enjoyed his talk on the parable of "The Loaves and Fishes."

Mr. Hobby and his force of young assistants have gone into the hair-cutting business again, and our boys are stepping out with neatly trimmed hair, which adds greatly to their appearance.

The boys are rehearsing the songs, recitations, etc., for our annual Easter Service, which will take the place of the regular Sunday School session on Easter Sunday morning.

Mr. Lisk, our poultryman, reports that 1400 eggs were sent to the cottages last Saturday. In addition to this, our incubators are kept filled most of the time, and hundreds of baby "cheiks" are being hatched out. From this report one may readily see that poultry raising is one of the schools most valuable assets.

We are all agreed that in addition to being a good Superintendent of Public Welfare and County School Superintendent, Mr. T. F. Bulla, of Randolph County, is a good fellow. On a recent visit to the school, Mr. Bulla brought us four dozen English

Pheasant eggs, which were immediately placed in one of our incubators. These eggs came from the game preserve in Randolph County, and are part of the 250 alloted to the Training School by the State Fish and Game Commission.

New Sunday School quarterlies were issued last Sunday, and the classes rearranged. As the boys are promoted in their respective grades in our daily classes, they are also graded accordingly in the Sunday School. This system adopted some time ago has proven very satisfactory and our Sunday School work seems to be progressing better than ever.

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the first quarter of the year, as follows: Room No, 1—Milton Mashburn, highest average in English; Room No. 2—Everett Wheeler, highest general average; Room No. 3—Herman Kissiah, best in letter writing; Room No. 4—John Thompson, highest general average; Room No. 5—James O'Brien, greatest progress and achievement in arithmetic; Room No. 6—Douglas Brady, greatest improvement in reading; Room No. 7—G. W. Goodman, highest general average.

These prizes, contributed quarterly by Mr. John J. Barnhardt, of Concord stimulate interest in our school work, and we wish to congratulate the above named winners on the progress they are making in their various studies.

Nearly every small boy in the United States can tell you all about "Babe" Ruth, as this popular slugger of home runs is idolized by boys all over the country. We would like to call the attention of our readers to another Mr. Ruth. While he may not be so universally popular as the "Babe," he will surely bat 1000 per cent in the estimation of the Jackson Training School boys, especially the smaller ones. This Mr. Ruth—E. W. by name—is a representative of the Friedman-Shelby Shoe Co., and lives in Charlotte. He is very much interested in our boys and frequently contributes to their amusement. Last year he furnished rubber balls for all of our little fellows. Now that the marble-shooting season is on, he decided to furnish further amusement, and last week left 960 "agates" for the boys. These were distributed among two hundred of our smaller youngsters when they assembled at the old oak tree last Sunday. After each boy had received his share, and Superintendent Boger had announced the name of the donor, a lusty cheer went up that would have compared favorably with the cheers that greet the "Babe" when he knocks one out of the ball park.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCOR[illegible] No. 13

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EASTER

O Lord of life and Lord of death,
  We worship Thee this Easter Day.
All love, all faith, all hope, all breath,
  We bring to praise Thy conquering way.

Though tears may fall like summer rain,
  Though sorrow linger for a night,
Thy sweet compassion easeth pain,
  Beneath Thy smile the world is bright.

To Thee, dear Lord of death and life,
  Thyself our strength, Thy love our stay,
Victorious in the utmost strife,
  We hail Thee on this Easter Day.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL
TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

NO LONGER DEAD

Christianity makes much of the cross of Christ; this is right. The death of Christ as the climax of His manifested love of God for humanity deserves emphasis. Unless His blood had been shed the divine plan of redemption would not have been efficacious for the forgiveness of sin. Probably the outstanding fact about Jesus to impress the newly informed about the Gospel is that He gave up His life. Much is said about His way to Calvary and they who had most to do with accomplishing His crucifixion are much discussed and written about. The towering truth about the Christ seems to be that He died.

But He is no longer dead. He lives. He was dead, but death could not hold Him. His life was the conqueror of death. The greatest truth about Jesus is that He is no longer dead. It was this truth that received the unquestioning belief of the women and of the disciples who had known Him well before the cross held Him. Acceptance of this fact was not easy; it was His appearance to them that established for them the reality that He was no longer dead. Thomas could not exercise this faith until he, too, had seen for himself. None who knew Him as He lived on earth could believe merely on heresay that He was no longer dead. But they saw Him; they knew Him; He proved His reality to them. It was under the sure conviction that they Knew that they went forth to proclaim the underlying fact of our Christian faith—He is no longer dead.

Paul lifted Christian faith above the possibility of an empty thing, a futile guess, by resting Christianity's fundamental truth on a living Christ. He gloried in the cross because it no longer held a dead Jesus but symbolized a triumphant, living Christ. Centuries have not altered the essential basis of Chrsitian faith in a Christ who died for us, but is no longer dead. This

supreme miracle penetrates the inescapable gloom of the grave and gives meaning to His illuminating words, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Repenting sinners look up hopefully because He died for them; rejoicing Christians go forth to tell that He is no longer dead.

EASTER MEANS HOPE

There is something about Easter that seems to get a grip upon us. We can not put our finger upon this "something." We feel it. We even make a difference in our clothes. We have a consciousness that some how or other the day is or ought to be different from any other day. We reckon time by it. We speak of doing something, or going somewhere, either "before Easter" or "after Easter." And all this feeling is not at all limited to the people in those Churches which so emphasize the season as to observe Lent and Palm Sunday and Good Friday as seasons which bring them into closer touch with our Lord's experience before and during His Passion, Crucifixion and Resurrection. Let us see if we can not enter into some of the reasons for this strange and impelling feeling that Easter brings to the Christian World.

I. There is an historical association of more than 3,400 years. The Christain Church has insisted upon the retention of the ancient Jewish Rule for the observance of this season. (For the Passover was on the day we now call "Good Friday".) The "Paschal lamb was slain and offered in sacrifice; then was roasted and transfixed upon a wooden cross or spit, without breaking a bone; followed by the escape of the Israelites from the angel of destruction, and from the slavery of Egypt through the Red Sea." Customs of the right sort get a tremendous grip upon peoples, because they have to do with the deeper feelings, desires and hopes of mankind. This historical tradition taken over from the Jews has had such a deep-rooted hold upon the Christian consciousness that it has been no hard task for the Church to insist that her members observe it.

II. We have only to look around and behold the "resurrected" life of all nature after the long, dreary winter of deadly dullness to note the effect that this renewed life has upon our feelings. The very fact that nature annually brings anew to us this vivid recollection of hidden eternal life within her verdure is simply an assurance of our kinship with Mother Earth and how truly her ways correspond to many of man's ways.

Just as the early Christians took over the heathen festal season of late December and attached thereto the time for the birthday of our Lord to be henceforth celebrated by His followers, so also we find that though the name Easter is distinctly Teutonic and Scandinavian, the word Eostur-Monath is the Anglo-Saxon name for April, when nature brings to us the gladsome message of returning life with its ever new beauty and glory. It seems that our Anglo-Saxon forebears in time changed their Eostur to Easter it thereby coming nearer to the name of Eostre, their goddess of light or spring. Is it any wonder that as we assocate all life with the divine Creator that we should hold so truly to the divine life within us as eternal, the outer semblance simply changing for a "season"?

III. By far the greatest conviction that the Christian holds is that Jesus Christ is the unique Son of God. And the greatest proof of this is that the powers of man and death had no dominion over Him. His Resurrection gave proof that He was the Divine-human Messiah who came from God and went back to God. And right along with this supreme proof of His unique divinity was the outward proof that He left to His followers of all time that there is "another life" which is for all believers, and though this body of ours be interred within the earth, or be burnt, there is an indestructible something within which is God's and not man's, and hence indestructible.

People get great pleasure in life when there is something to look forward to something to hope for. It might be of little value; but, if it brings happiness through anticipation as well as realization, it helps to gladden life. Now when HOPE enters into the spiritual life then pleasure and happiness are turned into JOY. When man feels that all that he holds dearest and best that he labours for and plans for,—because he believes it is for the building up of "truth, goodnesss and beauty,"—can not be limited in its growth and preservation by his own individual efforts and life time, but that it is all a part of God's way of building up His Kingdom, and that God gives due credit not only for all that each man does for Him, but also for all that each man truly wanted to do for Him,—then we can see why it is that so much Joy is connected with the season of Easter. The saying, "If a man die, shall he live again?" had been a question that had aroused the best thinking, the best writing and speaking of ancient times. The Christian feels that along with all the glorious "Way, Truth and Life" which he has inherited from his Lord and Master is the crowning HOPE of the assurance of immortality.

A FINE WORK

The most valuable and pleasing piece of information that has come to this office is that Cabarrus county is to sponsor a county wide dental clinic for the benefit of school children, under thirteen, who have defective teeth. This work is done in conjunction with the state health office under the direction of Dr. I. A. Booe, the state school dentist. We call this real constructive work, far reaching health work that not only benefits the child but in a way this child will spread light in the many homes as to the value of good teeth. We are happy to note that the local circle of King's Daughters gave a boost to the undertaking by giving a contribution of $100 to defray the expense of making this clinic a success. The King's Daughters are not slow in recognizing worth while efforts, and give generously to real corrective measures for the benefit of the child—they think such work can never have a monetary value and always go the limit in helping the cause. We trust that other civic organizations will fall in line and aid in putting over this program of splendid work. The benefits of the clinic will not only be realized in the child of today, but the finest results will be reaped in the future because the future generations will better understand the value of good teeth, and the danger of neglecting the same.

The most valuable asset of Cabarrus is the child, therefore, we feel the clinic will not be handicapped for the lack of funds. No cause is more appealing than child life.

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SO THINKS THE MECKLENBURG TIMES

The Mecklenburg Times writes editorially a boosting article that is calculated to give hope during this epoch of business depression, as well as give the poor fellow who is scrambling to make "belt and buckle meet" sufficient courage to attempt to stem the tide. There are many who have joined this mournful refrain of "tight times" and they are today drawing the same salary they did years ago. Is there any occasion for that? Just read how the Times gives out a word of cheer, and incidentally gives a big boost for an expansion and interest in Charlotte's business. Please observe, the lesson drawn therefrom is more than twofold:

> There are more homes being erected in Charlotte and Mecklenburg county right now than have been for many months. In our drives over the county we have seen them with our own eyes. Hackney Brothers

report the installation of more pumps and fresh water systems. Cathey Lumber Company reports more orders and inquiries. Charlotte Hardware reports better business, Efirds, Martin's, Belk's, Lingle's, are all having larger crowds and the people are buying freely, much more than they have been for some time. A. & P. stores and individual grocers report more sales.

While Colonel Maxwell, sales manager for Sterchi Brothers, furniture, was in the city last week, he drove over Charlotte and reported more than 100 homes under construction. "This means business," said Colonel Maxwell, "for every new home means new furniture and furnishings, and a lot of other things and our company is finding business in Charlotte much better and expect it to get better the whole summer."

And The Mecklenburg Times is better—more news, more advertising, more subscriptions. Thank you.

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RESULTS OF COMBINED EFFORTS

The dreamer and the philanthropist are fine companion pieces. It takes one to visualize and it takes the other to make the dream a reality. This we know from observation and practical experience. The Hull House, of Chicago, was the dream of a young cultured woman—Jane Adams. She visioned a home, an institution, a redeemed spot in the midst of the city's worst district so that it would prove a leaven for good, and a social recovery throughout the neighborhood. It measured up to anticipations. But, the Hull House was made possible only by Helen Culver, a business woman who achieved prosperity and joined her money with the genius of Jane Adams. There are similar incidents, such as hospitals, homes for the infirm, institutions of learning, orphanages throughout the country all made possible by the combination of the man with a vision and the great philanthropist (the country has many) who is not content unless contributing something for the sake of humanity. Have you ever thought about just what Cabarrus needs the most of all things? We are going to make bold and say it needs a county hospital if experience in the local welfare work has profited us the least. The high cost of hospitalization debars a poor person from the benefits of science and surgery. They are entitled to it at a price within their means. Now, let us in Cabarrus find the person with the vision of the needs of Cabarrus and link him up with a benefactor who feels and knows the needs. If so, Cabarrus will soon have a county hospital.

CHILDHOOD AND INNOCENCE

By C. W. Hunt

The international Sunday School lesson for April the 13th was a lesson on which there was some, often much, differences of opinion as to what the Master meant when he sat a child in the midst of them and said: "Except ye be converted, and became as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Many years ago I heard this interpreted thus: a child receives what you give it with no thought of a return of the favor, for the reason it has not reached an age to be mercenary; to receive with the expectation of returning the favor. In other words the child accepts a gift as such. That is all there is to it. All it knows, and there can be neither aspirations, rewards or hope of reward in a small and innocent child. This was said when the Master had been asked who should be the greatest in the Kingdom of heaven, and immediately following the conversation as to places to be had in His kingdom, when set up here on earth, as was then expected by his followers, and in the subject he chose for a standard of purity that fitted one for the heavenly kingdom, he chose an object that could, so far as association with things early is concerned, not possibly to be contaminated with evil desires ambition or policy or ulterior purpose. The innocent prattling child, neither guilty of outright sin, doubt or ulterior motive. Those to whom he spoke must have fully known that the Master was speaking of both purity and innocence of sin and wrong doing.

In commenting on this subject, Dr. Paul W. Horn, a Texan, who has for many years given a practical exposition of the Sunday school lessons for the Methodist Episcopal Church South, takes the ground that this quotation above is both profound and mysterious, and that men have and will continue to disagree as to what Christ really meant, as well as to say that any man who thinks he knows its meaning is, to say the least, egotistic; but he proceeds to lay down the following basic principles, as his own:

"As I see it, this philosophy of Jesus implies amongst thousands of other things at least the following:

1 That the child when it comes into the world is free from sin. He is what God would have him to be.

2 That he has within his mental and moral and physical self the germ of all those things that he ought to become.

3 That it is your duty and mine to help him develop along the lines that the Creator has written in his very make-up.

4 That he has certain specific traits characteristic of early childhood, which he sometimes loses as he grows up, and that unless he retains or regains these traits, he can never develop into the personality God would have him be. Among these traits are humility, trustfulness, faith confidence, love."

This writer thinks that most any man or woman who is not a fatalist can agree with Dr. Horn that the

new born babe is innocent; that it remains such until a period of time when it knows right from wrong. Can anything be purer than the young and prattling child at your knee. With Dr. Horn's second belief many can also agree; that there are the germs, the foundations upon which can be built character, education, technical knowledge.

And with the third no one ought to disagree; that it is the duty of those professing goodness to help develop the good that is in innocent childhood.

That the matter of heredity always comes in there will be dispute. There are exceptions it is true, both ways, and just what to do in certain cases becomes a snare and a stumbling block to many who would do good to those in need. Some may doubt that a child, in the formative stage could lose good qualities and then by the proper training pick them up again and regain a lost position. This latter seems to have been proven over and over again.

When men who were followers of the Master began to ask who should be great, there cannot be, to my mind, any doubt that the Master meant to teach those a lesson as to what the heavenly kingdom was, a place of innocence, of trust. And the example he set up was innocence personified. The prattling child at the mothers knee that loves and trusts and has faith in its earthly parent is certainly a typical example for those who would be good and do good. The innocence of childhood is a thing most of us can agree on, whatever we may think of how it becomes guilty of that which is wrong as the years proceed.

THE RICH YOUNG MAN MEDITATES ON CALVARY

It seemed so mad a way to do—
To grieve so deep; to perish, too,
For men He never even knew!
A life so lonely, meek, and bare!
I wonder why He made a prayer
For them that mocked and nailed Him there.

Vast wealth is mine; why do I see
My golden store without avail?
Why turns no man with love to me?
Why did He triumph and I fail?

Oh, 'tis a grievous mystery
That mankind never looks to me
As to that spent and broken Christ
That droops on Calvary!

—Laura Simmons, in British Weekly.

EASTER GIVES HOPE

By Rev. C. F. Sherrill

Our Heavenly Father has set Easter in the calendar of the year, to the beautiful springtime. The new life everywhere declares that God is the resurrection and the life, in nature, and a thousand times grander in the new life of the redeemed soul.

"Upon the dark besmeared soul,
A gleam of heavenly love was flung;
And lo! from that ungenial soil
A noble life upsprung."

The perfection of God's eternal possessions. We cannot think of anything we can add to Him. All glories and virtues He eternally possesses.

The perfection of man is the eternal progression in all things holy and good. The grave will not break the eternal march of the redeemed soul in the love and likeness of the Father God.

"It gets better farther on and on," will be the soul's shout of gladness.

"And death has lost its dread,
And all the graves become;
But places where the dead
Rest on their pathway home."

DOES JESUS CARE?

"Does Jesus care when my heart is pained
Too deeply for mirth or song,
As the burdens press and the cares distress,
And the way grows weary and long?

"Does Jesus care when my way is dark
With a nameless dread and fear?
As the daylight fades into deep night shades,
Does He care enough to be near?

"Does Jesus care when I've said "Good-by'
To the dearest on earth to me,
And my sad heart aches till it nearly breaks—
Is it aught to Him—does He see?

"Oh, yes, He cares; I know He cares;
His heart is touched with my grief;
When the days are weary, the long nights dreary,
I know my Saviour cares."—Selected.

THE EASTER EGG

By Enid S. Smith

Perhaps it is not strange that the egg became a universal Easter emblem, since it has been for countless ages a cosmogenic symbol meaning production and reproduction, while among Christians it has always symbolized immortality and the resurrection. The oldest, most universal and most unique of all Easter customs, sports and superstitions are those associated with the egg. Hundreds of years before Christ eggs held an important place in the theology and philosophy of the Egyptians, Persians, Gauls, Greeks and Romans, among all of whom an egg was the emblem of the universe, while the art of coloring it was profoundly studied. The sight of street boys striking their rival eggs together to see which was the stronger and should win was as common in the streets of Rome and Athens 2,000 years ago, if we are to believe antiquarians, as it is in any of our American cities today.

To the Phoenician the egg was the symbol of the golden moon floating in that far-away liquid space whence came the spring rains, whence also was believed to come the impulse of the new life which yearly breaks through the hard shell of the frost-bound earth. Easter torches also were kindled at midnight and carried to the hill-tops to light the path of Baldur, should he return from the dead. In the Chinese cosmogony the beginning of all things was the primordial egg, out of which was hatched the first man, the giant Pwan-Ko-long before any of the gods were born. From the Orient, where egg-lore really had its birth, it spread all over Europe, largely through Gypsy influence, until there grew up a vast system of popular egg-lore superstition mixed with witchcraft and Christianity, from which we in America have inherited a considerable amount-though purged of many of its grosser features.

In the Tyrol the egg is used as a love charm, while maidens secure their lovers through the gift of an Easter egg colored red. This comes from the ancient sunworshipers of Persia. Among the Armenians, in place of the natural eggs, on Easter Day they use large imitation eggs made of white glass. In many parts of Europe an egg hung up in the house is regarded as a luck charm, and if no egg of a barnyard fowl be available the egg of an ostrich, or even the more or less egg-shaped cocoanut, may be used for the purpose. Among the peasantry of Germany eggs laid three days before Easter are regarded as preventatives against thunder and lightning, while those laid on Ascension Day are held sacred as a means of preservation against all kinds of evil and witchcraft. The peasantry of Holland claim that two eggs eaten at Easter will protect them against the ague, provided they have been laid on Good Friday. In Scotland the farmers in the eastern counties always set a hen upon an odd number of eggs, believing that otherwise chicks to be hatched out will surely be addled, while if the eggs be sat on before sunset the

chicks will come into the world totally blind. The Scotch fishermen believe eggs to be unlucky, and declare that eggs aboard a fishing vessel are sure to bring on stormy weather and contrary winds. In the western counties of England it is deemed ill-luck to bring eggs into one's house, whether they be Easter eggs or not.

In lower Austria special power is believed to be resident in the Easter egg for the discovery of witches. If one take an Easter egg to church, should there be any witches among the worshipers the egg will identify them at once, for by means of the egg's uncanny power, witches will at once be known—in place of prayer-books there will suddenly be pieces of cork held in their hands! In the same region eggs inserted into the walls of a newly built house will charm away all possibility of witchcraft. In parts of rural England in the Northumberland district Easter eggs are used as a popular means of divining future husbands and wives among the young people. If a maiden wishes to prognosticate infallibly who is to be the happy man, she first boils a hen's egg, fasts in silence for a whole day, then extracts the yolk, fiills the empty space with salt and then forthwith proceeds to eat both shell and all! Having swallowed this somewhat unpalatable egg, the girl then walks backward and forward, at the same time uttering a popular form of incantation.

In the north of England on Easter Day the little boys go out begging for hardboiled eggs, which are generally given to them, beautifully colored and gilded. They play with the eggs, bowling them along the ground, tossing them like balls in the air, and even fighting battles with them to see whose eggs will prove the strongest. This is very similar to a game played in the southern states of our own country, with the exception that down south all Easter eggs are called rabbit eggs. The superstition that rabbits came from eggs probably originated with the darkies. Anyway it is universal in Dixie for the youngsters to be up early Easter morn to hunt for rabbit eggs. They are always hidden the night before in various places in the yard by the older people, much the same as the northerners fill the Christmas stockings. In this section of the country there is also the game called "picking eggs." The boys all have raw eggs, and when one meets another they strike the small ends of the eggs together until one is cracked. A basket is carried to accomodate the eggs won, for if an opponent's egg is cracked it belongs to the other boy.

There still survives the beautfiul custom in the north of England of making mutual presents of Easter eggs among the children of intimate families. The eggs are first colored and then are carved in artistic designs with a penknife. The shells are marked off into three divisions, one part enclosing the name of the child to whom it is to be given, another holding the little cupid, and the third decorated with some kind of picture amounting to a kind of Easter egg valentine. The full name of the decorator and the date of his or her birth also are often recorded on the gift, and so these eggs, preserved as mantel ornaments or decorations, present as

reliable evidence of dates as the records of a family Bible. From this custom of exchanging Easter eggs as presents can be traced the sending of Easter cards and other Easter offerings so much in vogue in our own country. In America the colored Easter egg hunting on the grassy lawns, and the Easter search after the mysterious rabbit's eggs are all modifications of European customs, while the giving of colored Easter eggs as presents is now an American habit, especially in connection with our Sunday schools and churches.

In Russia the Easter egg generally takes the place of a calling card on that day, as the regular feast of Easter is observed on a regular annual visiting day. Having mutually embraced each other, the Easter caller at a Russian home presents a colored egg, receiving another in return from the host or hostess. The greeting is "Christ is risen,"' to which the host replies, "He is risen indeed." The symbolic Easter egg is used more among the adult populations of Russia and Italy than among any other Europeans.

The Italians at their national Easter feast use only eggs blessed by the parish priest. Durnig Lent they have abstained not only from meat but eggs, cheese and butter. As soon as the eggs are blessed every one carries his portion home and amid decorations of flowers, places them on a special dish in the center of the table. They are piled up in the form of a pyramid and during Easter week these eggs are kept carefully covered and all who come to visit are expected to eat one. The Jews also use an egg as a sacrificial Easter passover symbol at their annual passover meal. The peasants of Spain, Portugal and Holland and even the rustics of England, all say that witches have power to enlarge egg shells and to make boats out of them to sail in. There is what is called "The Fete of the Eggs" in France in which the egg figures in memory of the serpent egg consecrated by the ancient Druids. This was also an emblem of the year as is attested by the accounts of many religious ceremonies in different nations.

In some of the churches in Belgium the childish custom still obtains of the priest throwing eggs at the choristers who catch and throw them back with such dexterity that the eggs are never broken. This is vrey much like the English custom of the clergy and laity playing ball in the church for tansy cakes at Eastertide. This custom has now been abandoned.

The giving of Easter gifts, though quite universal, is perhaps enjoyed more by the people of Holland than by any other and seems to touch all phases of life. The dairyman sends offerings of little lambs stamped out in butter, with a tail of green palm leaf; the baker sends his contribution in the form of currant loaves and so on. Eggs are ordinarily served in unlimited quantities on Easter Sunday.

An interesting sight at Easter is often seen on the slope back of the White House in Washington where hundreds of children gather with baskets of gay-colored hardboiled eggs. They sit in long rows, then the upper terrace send eggs rolling to the next

below and so on down. Amid shrieking laughter the children scramble for the hopping eggs and hurry panting to the top to start them down again. To this Carnival of Eggs no grown person is admitted unless accompanied by a child, but even under this restriction the annual crowd is great enough to threaten the survival of the event.

The use of eggs for Easter is as common as the use of flowers with which to decorate churches at this season of the year, and this custom has been in vogue from time immemorial, since the flowers were intended as direct emblems of the resurrection, having arisen in the spring from the earth in which during the winter they seemed to have been buried. Perhaps one of the best of many reasons for associating the egg with the day on which our Saviour arose from the dead, is that the little chick, entombed, so to speak, in the egg and rising from it into life, was regarded as typical of an ascension from the grave.

A QUAINT OLD PRAYER

Give me a good digestion, Lord,
  And also something to digest.
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
  With sense to keep it at its best.
Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,
  To keep the pure and good in sight;
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled,
  But finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bored,
  That does not whimper, whine, or sigh.
Don't let me worry overmuch
  About the fussy thing called "I".
Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
  Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life,
  And past it on to other folk.

—Selected.

AN EASTER IN GREECE

By Eleanor Wood Moose

What is Easter to us of the West? A day of the first spring flowers, of churches filled with their fragrance and beauty, a day of glad music, of brave messages of spring and hope, a day of new frocks and gay bonnets! This is the meaning of Easter to us of the West.

But in the faraway land of Greece where the blue waters of the Aegean croon to the russet hills as they have crooned through the ages past, where Olympus lifts its snowy peak in sparkling majesty, Easter is as real, as vivid as that first Easter of long ago when Mary Magdalene, upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning came unto the sepulchre and found the stone rolled away, the body gone and the Christ risen.

The first frail anemones are blooming on the russet hills when the forty days of Lent begin. No gaiety is there now among these gayest of people. Boiled vegetables and meatless days are their portion, and the churches are never without their burning candles as the forty days creep past and Good Friday is upon them.

That day all of Greece mourns. The nation's flags hang at half mast, the streets are deserted. It is a day of death as it was long ago when the Christ took His last long way over the steep hill to Calvary.

All day in the blazing sun the Christ had hung there, upheld only by the pitying eyes of the women who had remained faithful even to the foot of the cross; futile, faithful women. His was not even the dignity of dying alone. His disciples had fled, His cup of bitterness and agony was full. At the ninth hour He had cried with a loud voice, "Father into thy hands I commend my spirit." The long day was over. The Christ was dead and at the sinking of that fateful sun, Joseph of Arimathaea, a godly man and just, and the women who had loved Him in heartbreak and silence took the poor broken body from the cross. They bathed it and wrapped it in cloths of fine linen and as the shadows of night deepened they bore Him away in silence and laid Him in the tomb. The door was sealed with a mighty stone and the mightier arms of the Roman Empire and they left Him there on that Friday of long ago.

It is as vivid, as real as if it were yesterday, and the nation mourns. The Greek night falls swiftly, and now over all Greece each church, no matter how large or how small, in village or city, makes ready the funeral procession of our Lord. Not in silence and secrecy now, for all the people high and lowly tonight are marching in His train.

Far down the avenues of Saloniki one catches the wailing notes of the funeral dirge. It is the procession of Saint Sofia, largest church of Macedonia. The lights of myriads of candles gleam fitfully on the brass instruments of the band which marches first, and from which came the wailing notes of the dirge. They gleam on the wreathed cross, borne aloft by the surpliced acolyte and on the notables

of the city who follow—the Governo General of Macedonia, the Mayor, a are there.

To and fro, to and fro swing 'h incense pots in the hands of the Metropolitan and his bishops, dressed in there ceremonial robes of scarlet and gold. Very patriarchal they loo: with their flowing white hair and beards, very much the prophets of old.

But the eyes of the onlookers do not see the priests or hear the wailing of the dirge; they are fixed on the casket of the Christ. No lowly casket this, but a throne triumphant, hung with heavy silk curtains, light with thousands of miniature lights and glittering with gold. In this throne is borne the ikon of Christ as He might have looked when the compassionate Joseph took Him down from the cross. All eyes are upon it until it has passed from view, and behind it walk the entire congregation of Saint Sofia, each bearing aloft a lighted candle—an endless procession of fire flies.

The band ceases its dirge which is taken up by the choir and flung from a thousand throats—a wailing, haunting thing filled with the sadness of a nation that has known only grief. Slowly, majestically the procession wends its way to the church, which tonight is the tomb. The doors are open and reverently the favored few place the casket within. The doors are closed—the tomb is sealed. No one may enter for the Christ is dead. Very softly the bells of Greece take up their tolling.

Saturday dawns. There is suppressed excitement in the air. Full well each believer knows the old, old story and the yearly miracle of resurrection that comes to pass with the blooming of the anemone. Each household makes ready. The lamb, that has been bleating its heart away in the back garden, is sacrificed. Though there will be no food for the family this day, the kitchen is filled with tantalizing odors of roasting meats and baking cakes.

Men talk endlessly in the coffee houses and turn their beads. Children play unheeded in the streets. Small boys throng the sidewalks, selling trays of brightly colored Easter Eggs and the hot cross buns and raisin rolls of the season.

Night closes like a blue curtain over the land. Protesting children are led away to bed, for the day has just begun. Very busy now is the housewife, setting her table for the feast. All is in readiness long before the lazy hands of the clock mark eleven. Then from out of the darkened doors stream the faithful on their way to the tomb; for it was very early in the morning—on the first day of the week that Mary Magdalene came unto the sepulchre.

The church is open and gleaming with candle light. But what is the Metropolitan saying? "The body is gone! The body of Christ is not here! Where is the body?" A cry goes up as one after another lights a candle and plunges into the darkness of the night to join in the search. For who would dare remain within with the Christ neither in heaven or on earth, when all the furies of hell are loosed.

The night is full of dancing points of light as they search, but the body

is not there and as the midnight bells toll over the waters of the bay they gather back at the tomb. The Metropolitan is coming out, his step is proud; his voice deep and resonant, is heard above the multitude.

"Why seek ye the living among the dead? The Christ is not dead, He has risen."

From the multitude rises the cry; the choir forgets its dirge and bursts into a paean of thanksgiving. The people go delirious with joy and embrace friend and stranger alike, crying, "Christ has risen, He has truly risen."

The ancient bells of Saint Sofia ring maddeningly, deafeningly and every church bell in Greece joins in the clamor. The guns from the ancient citadel of Yedi Kuli give to this day the twenty-one guns. All has gone deafeningly, joyously mad.

Still the Metropolitan is standing and in his hand is a lighted torch symbolical of the sacred fire of Jeruslem. From this torch fresh candles are lighted, passing from hand to hand. It is over, though the bells keep up their clamor. It is long past midnight and one by one the faithful turn homeward, laughing, calling, until their candles are mere points of dancing light. There is laughter and song in the night as stranger lights candle from stranger, for to him who who burns his candle to the end with the sacred fire is prosperity in the coming year.

At home the feast awaits them. There will be the cracking of Easter eggs, end to end, and the making of wishes. There will be many meats after the weeks of boiled vegetables. There will be sweets, and always the thick, black Turkish coffee.

The last light has vanished, the last bell ceased its clamor, and another Easter has passed. For still Easter is as real, as vivid as that first Easter morning when Mary Magdalene upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, came unto the sepulchre and found the stone rolled away, the body gone, Christ risen.

"I FORGOT"

"I forgot" is a little fox that does a great deal of harm. Annie had a beautiful canary. But one day she forgot to put fresh food and water in the cage. For several days together she forgot all about her bird; and when she did think of him, and went to take him food and water, there he lay dead on the bottom of the cage. She cried very bitterly, but this did not make Dicky bird live again.

Tom lighted a candle one night and carelessly threw down the match. His mother had often told him that he must not do this; but he forgot, and the match fell into a basket of rubbish. That night, while the people were asleep, the fire spread from one thing to another, until at last the whole house and all that was in it was burned; and all because Tom "forgot."—Olive Plants.

A BALLAD OF PASSION WEEK

By W. B. Morrison

On Olivet beneath the trees
See Christ, my Lord, upon His knees,
His sacred face all seamed and wet
From the mingled flow of blood and sweat;
That prayer with its load of agony
He prayed out there for you and me.

"All hail to theKing," came the jeering call
From haughty Herod's judgment hall.
And they thrust Him forth with thorn-crowned brow,
While the dros of red that are falling now
Give the purple robe a deeper hue,
As He bore this shame for me and you.

To a skull-shaped hill not far away
They carried the Son of God that day;
His shrinking flesh with the scourge they beat,
They drove nails through His hands and feet,
And left Him there on the grim, gray tree,
Where the Saviour died for you and me.

In a rock-hewn grave they sealed Him then,
Away from the haunts of living men.
Deep down in the gloomy stifling cell,
At the gates of Death, at the mouth of Hell,
Lay the Lord of Life for three days through—
And this He did for me and you.

But He left that tomb on the Easter morn;
The seals and bars He burst in scorn,
For the price was paid and the victory won—
The price was the death of God's own Son—
Now He lives, and because He lives I see
Eternal life for you and me.

A LITTLE CHILD STILL LEDS

(Exchange)

Jesus set a child not only in the midst of his disciples but in the midst of the whole world...If one would enter the kingdom of heaven he must become as a little child. If one is to be taught the finest things of the eternal world a child will probably give the best instruction. Take for example the story of Seth Parker, the radio commedian, which appears in the Christian Herald as follows:

Mary Fletcher was as nice a woman as ever lived in Jonesport, but she had no use for religion. She didn't believe in God or heaven, because she only believed in what could be shown to her. At last her little boy Jim got scarlet fever and "one night he started breathing heavy and his hands and face got hotter with the fever. His pa and ma was setting by the bed, and soon as they seen how things was going his pa up and ran for the doctor. Mary sat there alone with the little feller, and pretty soon he sat right up in bed, and looking out the winder at the moon what was shining, he sez: "It's an awful pretty moon, ain't it ma?" "Yes, it is, Jim," she sez, "but lie down again now." "I don't want to lie down, ma. I want to look at the moon. Heaven's up behind the moon, ain't it?" Fer a moment Mary caught her breath, and then, trying to cover him up, she sez: "Yes, Jim, it's a real pretty moon." "Look, ma," he sez, "there's a great big star in back of the moon, and there's angels flying around it." "There, there, Jim," she sez; "you just think you see them." "'No, I don't; I can see just what they're doing," he sez. "But you can't see through the moon, Jimmy," she sez, putting her arms around him. "Yes I can, too. Can't you see the angels flying around the star, ma?" he sez, real disappointed. "Why Jim, dear," she sez, "it isn't possible to see them The moon's in the way, and you can't see through the moon." "Aw, now, ma," he sez, "can't you see nothing except with your eyes?"

When the doctor got there and commenced ter work on little Jim, he sent Mary out the room and she went downstairs to the old-fashioned rocker where she used to rock Jim to sleep. She got down on her knees beside the rocker, with the tears running down her face, and for the first time in her life she saw things she couldn't see with her eyes, and she felt things she could'nt feel with her hands.

God's measure is always abundant, no niggardly hand when He is provider; He prepares more than we need.—Sam Higginbottom.

EASTER GLORIOUS

By L. B. Ewald

"'Mammy, we're goin' to have a Easter Glorious.''

''What air you talking about, Dicey Ellen? Com' in and shet the door.''

''That's what teacher said.'' Dicey Ellen was warming her cold red hands. ''Com' Easter time we'd hav' a glorious and folks would com' to see.''

"Well, I never heered about Easter, 'cept to color aigs!'' Mrs. Rawson a tall, bent woman poked a log on the hearth and a shower of golden sparks flew up the chimney. "Tek off your cloak.'' Mrs. Rawson reached for the cloak and carefully hung it on a wooden peg by the door.

''Aigs?'' Grandma Rawson had been half asleep and her voice shook and quavered. "'I mind a neighbor one time, some years back, tied rags on aigs an' biled them in wood ashes. My, they wuz purty.''

Dicey Ellen straightened up. She had been scraping lumps of red clay from her red shoes. ''Pretty. My teacher said, 'You all bring your prettys.' She's going to put them around where folks can see for the Glorious.''

''We've got no rags. No piecin's. I cain't make 'airy a quilt any more.''

''Sakes, granny, we've got enough quilts. We don't want more. This child wants prettys for her teacher. I heered long ago,'' Mrs. Rawson spoke dubiously, ''onion skins biled in water makes a purty brown aig.''

''I'm goin' to look for flowers.'' Dicey Ellen saw green things a-bloom in the leaping flames. ''I aim to climb the hills as far as eye can see. My teacher says we'll find flowers under logs and rocks.''

Granny's restless fingers twisted and turned. ''Can't piece a quilt any more. Just got to set here, a-looken at the sky.''

''Them flowers'll hav' to be in a cup, Dicey Ellen?'' Mrs. Rawson spoke anxiously. ''They'll die on your hands bein' you got to walk so far.''

''Needin' a hoss. Needin' everything an' I be jes' a settin' here.''

''Granny. I'll tell you all about it.'' Dicey Ellen spoke dreamily. Now she saw the school room, the green hills were gone. ''I aim to set far up in front.''

''Yes, tell me.'' Granny jerked at her chair and as her little shawl slipped from her shoulders, Mrs. Rawson deftly slipped it back in place.

''It's like this.'' Dicey Ellen's eyes sparkled in the firelight. "Compan'y's comin' to our school. City folks and Miss Myra wants us all to bring flowers or prettys to put everywhere. Make a Glorious—Miss Myra says, because it's Easter.''

''We've got nothin,' Dicey Ellen.'' Granny lifted her old hands despairingly. ''Your pappy's hoss died on him and he cain't do no spring plowin'. Me jes' a settin' here. No piecin's or nothin'.''

"'But Easter, granny, its different. Miss Myra says then the Lord is risen and everything is glorious.''

''Sure, Dicey Ellen." Mrs. Raw-

son ran her rough hand across the bright, brown head. "Somethin's bound to happen. Ef you cain't find what you want, your pappy can help you hunt for it."

"Me settin' here doin' nothin'." Granny leant her tired old head back against the chair.

Dicey Ellen searched the rocks and hills. Later there would be laurel and checker-berry and arbutus and soft green moss; but now the earth was brown and little patches of snow lay everywhere.

"'Nary a flower or branch swellin' yet. That teacher don't know how late spring comes in these here mount'ins." Rawson spoke without emotion. Easter Glorious would need something more than wild flowers to lift the day apart up in these hills. "Might be, the folks from the city'll bring the flowers. Children here about, jus' bring the prettys."

Dicey Ellen lay awake up in the loft room, staring into the darkness She was going over every wall and space in the little cabin. She had passed over the big room with the fireplace where granny slept. Only her father's long shot gun in the corner was possible. Some people's houses she knew had guns hanging on nails driven in the rough log walls. Teacher wouldn't like guns. They did look purty though. crossed like, ef you had smooth walls. Doc Taylor had a passel of guns on his walls.

In the lean-to, the few dishes were cracked and stained. She dismissed that thought scornfully. Then her mind came up to the loft. At one end was the stack of quilts that granny had made. A pile of them. Some blue and white and red and some with baskets. Green baskets and red and blue flowers. "Flowers," she said it to herself. Why ef teacher wanted flowers, granny's quilt had 'em.

Easter Monday morning Dicey Ellen awakened early and tip-toed down stairs to dress in front of the warm fireplace. Granny was still in bed. Mrs. Rawson had to help her when she dressed, so granny lay still now with the cover drawn tight over her shoulders. But her eyes were bright and wide awake.

"You aim to get an early start, Dicey Ellen?"

"Yessum, I aim to pick my steps all the way down and be keerful of your quilt, granny."

"So be. Ef a hoss come along, he'll fling a gob of mud up, bein' you ain't keerful. Pheenie," she called to her daughter-in law, "you kin take one of the kivers off my bed, to wrap up the basket quilt."

"I will do that, granny. Dicey Ellen, there ain't ne'er a paper or string in the cabin and you've got to hold the kiver together. Granny thinks a heap of that quilt. I mind when me an' your pappy got married, she give it to us then for to use; but shucks, I said, it's too fine for our old rope bed."

Granny sat up eagerly. "I'll give it to you, Dicey Ellen, for your marriage bed." She put one old hand on the young shoulder. "I got no piecin's to make 'ary other."

So Dicey Ellen carried the quilt with its beautiful, fine stitches, that granny had made when she was a young woman, down to the school house. Miss Myra hung it on the

wall, back of the little table that served as a desk. There were strange and queer objects on the wall and floor. Prettys that the children brought from their homes; but the quilt gave the bright note of gayety that Miss Myra was striving to get for the Easter entertainment.

Everybody settled back in their seats as teacher turned. The exercises were about to begin. The room was crowded and the mountain folks stood at the door. No persuasion could make them come forward and carrying off the exercises with an abandon she was far from feeling, Miss Myra went through the program.

The children sang and there were recitations and at the last, one of the visitors told very simply, the story of the message of joy and hope, that came from Christ's tomb that Easter morn, so many years ago.

Afterward Miss Myra stood up behind the little table and thanked everybody for coming and helping to make the day a holiday long to be remembered. Then she looked very happy as she told her audience that the visitors were going to give enough money to build a bigger and better school house. It was truly a glorious Easter for all of them, with this promise of better things to come.

Now she would dismiss the school and each one was to go quietly and gather up and carry back the things they had brought.

Dicey Ellen hardly knew how to get granny's quilt down by herself, but thought she would try. One of the ladies came over quickly.

"Wait, little girl. Let me help you. Your quilt is too beautiful to get damaged here."

"Yessum. Granny thinks a heap of this one." A warm flush came over her face. She wanted to be careful. "I aim to be keerful."

The lady made no attempt now to take the quilt down. Instead she looked at the stitches and turned the corners over in her hands, almost lovingly.

"I would like to buy this quilt. Do you think your grandmother would sell it to me?"

"I reckon she would. Granny's got a heap of quilts. Seems like she'd sell one."

"A heap of quilts?" One of the other ladies turned quickly. "Alice we must see them."

"We would like so much to meet your grandmother and see all the other quilts." The first lady, named Alice, was looking down and smiling at Dicey Ellen. "May we go home with you?"

There was a sweet, elusive whiff of rare perfume about her and her hand was soft and like a flower petal, Dicey Ellen thought when the lady visitor took hold of her hand. They went ahead together. The men visitors were taking down the quilt and said they would bring it.

Mrs. Rawson watching at one of the little windows, cut through the hard, round logs, saw Dicey Ellen and a group of strangers coming up the rocky trail that led through the bare oaks and thick green pines.

"My land, granny. Here's Dicey Ellen and strange folks a walken to our cabin."

"Show them in, Pheenie. I allow I'd like to hear folks talk." Granny

sat forward and smoothed back her thin hair and straightened the folds of her dress. "I be right comfortable."

Mrs. Rawson opened the door. "Walk right in. Pleased to meet you," she said.

"You folks com' a visitin'? Set right down." Granny assumed the honors, which was just as well, as it was granny and her quilts they had come to see.

There were not enough chairs to go around and the two men sat on granny's bed, which was pushed back against the wall. The women sat near the fireplace, a fireplace big enough to hold the great black logs, piled up at the side of the cabin. The room was neat and clean and the big smooth hearthstone had been newly swept.

Dicey Ellen and her mother brought down all the quilts from the loft room and unfolded them and held them up. Granny held her head on one side and kept nodding, as the visitors exclaimed over each new pattern. It was as if she was keeping time to some music that was singing in her heart. There were tiny red spots burning in her cheeks and her eyes were bright and shining.

Dicey Ellen thought of the birds that came early in the spring and chirped and sang and nodded their heads, just like granny was doing. Were they happy, too, like granny was now?

Granny was happy, though her thin old hands were trembling, for granny was selling quilts. Twenty and twenty-five dollars! Six quilts and the flower basket quilt for fifty. Mrs. Rawson folded them up and made them into long bundles. The visitors wanted to carry them right along with them; but granny knew what was proper. "You all a walken. It taken a hefty man to carry seven quilts" and her son was "somewhar around."

Dicey Ellen went out to look for her father. He was coming towards the cabin dragging a rough sled, loaded with firewood and Dicey Ellen waved her arms at him and scurried back into the cabin and did not take time to tell him of the company

Rawson was thin and worn and his clothes were covered with bits of brush and brown bark; but he gave the visitors a warm welcome and a brief handshake all around. It was as if such things were a daily occurrence. Then he rested on the footboard of the low bed and Dicey Ellen's little heart swelled proudly as she heard her pappy talking easily. It was a fair sound. He was "affeared" of no one.

When it was time for the visitors to start, Rawson lifted the bundle with a vigorous swing and threw it across his shoulder. When the other men protested and wanted to help him, Rawson straightened his lean shoulders. "I'm right glad to favor you. I'm a workin' man."

He would get the money down at the hotel and granny called and whispered to him, before he started.

"I'm going to git me some glasses right away, Pheenie," granny said complacently when the door closed. "That woman says she'll git me stacks of samplins and I'm goin' to make quilts like I never did."

Mrs. Rawson turned away from the deep-set window. The last visitor had gone down the steep mountain path

and the cabin seemed strangely quiet. "You're goin' to take it easy now, granny. No hurryin' and I kin help you a lot evenin's when we get a fine new lamp."

"An' pappy's goin' to bring a hoss. I heered granny tellin' him. He's goin' to bring a good hoss back. An' a sight of stuff for eatin'."

"Git the bresh broom Dicey Ellen and bresh up. There's a sight to do and we got to clean out the lean-to agin your pappy comes home with fixin's." Mrs. Rawson's dark eyes swept the room happily. "Pappy's goin' to have a steady job on the new school house which air building this spring. I heered one of the men tell him. I 'low to make a good corn pone agin he comes back. Your pappy'll be plum tired out."

There was singing all through the little cabin Dicey Ellen heard the spring birds all around her. She could almost feel the whir of their wings. "Granny, pappy and mammy. Them's my folks," and impulsively Dicey Ellen threw her arms around granny's neck and drew the grey head against her own fresh, young body.

"Oh, granny, ain't 'eer one 'cept you made Easter glorious in our cabin. That man said, "He is risen and He made Easter glorious long time ago'."

"Dicey Ellen," granny's voice quavered, but a triumphant note thrilled through it, "I am to be a help to yuor pappy and mammy; but it was the Lord sent them folks here. I bin a prayin'."

ELECTRICAL DON'TS

In order that girl and women students may have a better understanding of the electrical conveniences they use, domestic science teachers are explaining the simpler electrical terms. When the man installing a new range says that the cooking rate is three cents a kilowatt hour, he means that electrical units are called "watts" and "kilowatt" means one thousand of them. "Voltage" means the force required to send electricity into the kitchen. Quantity of electricity is expressed in "amperes,"—the flow through the wires being so many amperes a second, just as one describes water flow as so many gallons a minute.

One large electrical company has drawn up the following list of Don'ts

Don't tinker with bare wires, even in your own home.

Don't leave the cord attached to the electric iron while you attend to other household duties.

Don't hang lamp cords over a nail. Frayed insulation may mean a short circuit.

Don't hang electric light bulbs against wooden walls or partitions. And don't cover lamps with tissue paper.—Exchange.

THE LADY FROM NEW YORK

By Susan Hubbard Martin

When the lady from New York went to Arizona early in February, she left the care of her room to Maizie. Maizie lived with Mrs. Betts, and washed dishes and cleaned rooms for a living. She did not receive much for her services, only five a week, and most of that went to help her widowed mother and the younger children. After the accident which had cost her father's life three years before, Maizie, from force of circumstances, had speedily found employment in Mrs. Betts' big rooming-house. It was hard work for one so young, but Maizie did not whimper, since work was so necessary.

All the roomers liked Maizie, especially the lady from New York, who had come there for her health. She was a little golden-haired lady not much larger than Maizie. She had blue eyes, a sweet smile and the gentlest manners in the world. She had been very pale when she had first come to Illinois, but the clear, bracing air seemed to help her, and one morning, when Maizie went to her room she said happily, "Maizie, I believe I'm getting better." She went to Arizona after that; but before she left she said to her one morning, "I'm going to take but one trunk, Maizie. The other I shall leave in my room. It contains all my best clothes, most of them very expensive, but I won't need them on this Arizona trip. I am roughing it this time in search of better things."

Maizie looked at the big trunk.

"I'll do anything for you," she said affectionately.

"Here's the key, then," said the lady from New York. "If anything should occur—a fire, for instance—you could unlock it in a moment, and take out my most valuable things."

"If anything like that should happen, I'd save something," said Maizie firmly; "so don't worry."

The next morning she left. The lady from New York slipped two dollars into Maizie's roug little hand as she bade her good-by. The next moment she was whirled away to the station.

Maizie brushed away a tear as she went slowly back upstairs. She would miss the lady's sweet smile and the scent of the perfume that was a part of her. There might be prettier people in the world, but, if there were, Maizie had never seen them. And what beautiful clothes she had, what lovely hats, what shoes! If Maizie could have but one thing by wishing it, she would choose something from that trunk. What a magic trunk it was! If the beautiful things it contained came from New York, what must New York itself be?

February passed cold and dull, March was ushered in by chilling winds and sleet and an occasional snowstorm, and then one morning Maizie heard the first bluebird. She sat up in bed in the little, bare room she occupied. It was Sunday morning.

"Spring's come," she whispered

joyfully, "and Easter is near."

She asked Mrs. Betts if she could go to Sunday school that morning and Mrs. Betts, with a good-natured nod, consented. But when she slipped into the girl's class in her shabby coat and faded hat, her rough, red little hands grasping the old Bible which was the best she had, Alice Maybury, the banker's daughter, frowned. She turned to Janet, whose father was a doctor.

"If the girl in that dreadful outfit is coming to this Sunday school class, I'll find another," she whispered loudly.

Gentle Janet flushed.

"Hush," she answered in a low voice, "she'll hear you."

And Maizie had heard. Slow tears gathered in her eyes, and, stumbling blindly, she got up and left the class. Sunday school wasn't for her, and she would have to give it up, but oh, she had so wanted to come.

Mrs. Betts caught sight of her when she returned to the house.

"Goodness me!" she exclaimed, "that's the shortest Sunday school I ever saw. You no more than go before you come back."

Maizie managed to smile.

"It didn't take me long," she relied; but she gave no further explanation. It would only make Mrs. Betts angry at the banker's daughter, and there was no use in that. She went slowly upstairs to the lady from New York's room. She sat down on the big trunk, and began to cry heartbrokenly. In her young heart she longed for something better. She had reached out for higher things, but because of her poverty she had been pushed back. Why had that girl treated her so? If her father had been killed, perhaps she, too, would have had to wear old clothes. And then she knelt down beside the big trunk that belonged to the lady from New York and began to pray.

"Dear Father," she whispered, "this morning I heard a bluebird, and I knew spring was close, and I wanted to go to your house, because I do love you; but there was a girl in the class who didn't like me because my clothes were shabby; and so I came back. Dear Lord, you know how it is; but what I wanted to ask you was this: It can't be wrong to want new clothes for Easter, because everything in nature dresses up too. Even the old apple tree that's in Mrs. Betts' backyard, and that's over forty years old, comes out in new leaves, so I'd like some better clothes too. I'm only Maizie, who works in Mrs. Betts' rooming-house; but please overlook that, and let me just once have something new for Easter, like other girls. Amen."

The lady from New York came in from Arizona the Wednesday before Easter; but such a different lady. There were roses in her cheeks, a sparkle in her eyes, a lightness to her step.

She found Maizie the first thing, and hugged her rapturously.

"Is the trunk all right?" she asked.

Maizie nodded.

"All right, and just as you left it. I haven't needed the key, because there hasn't been any fire, and every-

thing is safe. I'm so glad to see you again."

The lady from New York smiled at Maizie; then suddenly she took the rough, red little hand and stroked it.

"Did you ever hear of an Easter offering, Maizie?" she said softly.

Maizie shook her head.

"No, I don't know that I have," she replied.

The lady from New York was silent a moment.

"Sometimes," she went on, "when people have prospered, or have a great joy come to them, they make Easter offerings—give money to the church, or to their minister, or to mission work."

She paused.

"I've just come from a great specialist, Maizie, and he has told me something that has made me so happy. I'm going to get well. There is no doubt about it. I hope to live in this world a great many years yet, and, because of this, I am going to make an Easter offering in the way of giving you some of my clothes. It will not be the only thank offering I shall make, but it will be one of them."

"Oh!" cried Maizie.

"Yes," nodded the lady from New York. "In that trunk you have guarded so carefully are a great many beautiful clothes; more than I need. You are to choose what you like. Poor little girl, don't you suppose I know how little you have had? But you are to forget that now. How lucky it is that you are about my size, so there will be little refitting. Come on, Maizie."

Together they went up to the room that Maizie had kept in such nice order. There stood the trunk, just as it had been left. The lady from New York looked at it.

"Maizie," she said slowly, as she took the key, "tell me one thing. I thought of it after I went away. Was it any temptation to you to take care of my trunk? You could have opened it, you know."

Maizie shook her head.

"Not in the way you mean. In the first place, I'm trying to be a Christian, and I couldn't take anything that wasn't mine, because of that. In the second place, you had faith in me, else you wouldn't have given me the key. I had to be true to that."

"I'm glad," said the lady from New York, with a relieved sigh, and then she unlocked the trunk and lifted the lid. It was in the same order she had left it."

"Now," she said briskly, "you must have a dress, shoes, hat, a coat—for oftentimes Easter winds are chilly;" and then she heaped on tables and chairs the wonderful contests of that trunk.

Maizie could not speak a word at the unexpectedness of it all.

"Choose, Maizie, choose," urged the lady from New York; but Maizie only stood and looked.

"I can't," she said finally. "Everything is too beautiful."

"Take your time," said the lady from New York, and finally Maizie made a beginning.

"Could I have the blue felt hat?" she finally managed to say.

"Of course," was the quick reply.

And then Maizie, recovering a little from the shock of her good fortune, chose again. Such pretty things in wearing apparel were pressed up-

on her, even to gloves and handkerchiefs, and the lady from New York was just as happy as she.

When Maizie came into her room that Easter morning, the lady from New York started. There stood a girl with smooth, brown hair and rosy cheeks, dressed simply, but in excellent taste, smiling at her. Could that be Maizie, the little, shabby girl who washed dishes in Mrs. Betts' kitchen and put in order the rooms—Maizie, whose best dress was a shabby old serge?

The lady from New York held out her arms.

"Come here, little Easter flower, and let me touch you," she said. "Oh, Maizie, I'm so happy; I'm going to get well and He is risen. It almost seems to me as if this was my first Easter," she added solemnly.

Maizie nodded. "When I think of what you've done for me, it seems like my first Easter too."

The lady from New York looked at her little friend. How well the Easter dress became her! How neat the shoes and the dark blue coat! How pretty was the little hat that harmonized in color with the coat!

"You need just onee thing more, dear," she said, and then from a tall vase that stood on her table she took a long stemmed Easter lily, and handed it to Maizie, quoting softly as she did so:

"The pure white lily lifts its cup
At Easter time, at Easter time.
The tulips to the sky look up
At happy Easter time.
And then each little bud did say,
'Good people, bless this holy day,
For Christ is risen, the angels say,
This holy Easter day.' "

"'How beautiful!" Maizie exclaimed, with shining eyes, "I must memorize it."

She was going to Sunday school now. The Lord had answered her prayer, and sent her some clothes, that she might not be ashamed this Easter Day. That proud girl with the cross face could not find fault with her again. As she went down the walk, Maizie forgot all about her hard working days, the bare little hall bedroom, the stacks and stacks of dishes she washed with her rough little hands. It was Easter, and, with bud and leaf and blossom, Maizie, too, had doffed her old winter garments, and had come out to meet the springtime in new raiment. And that was not all. The lady from New York was going to get well, the cross girl could not hurt her now, and she was going to Sunday school again.

"It can't be wrong to be so happy because I look so nice," Maizie thought. She walked on slowly. The snug felt hat rested on her soft bright hair, the blue dress was so pretty, the shoes fitted and her new gloves gave her a feeling of self-respect. "How glad father would be if he knew. Perhaps he does know." For once she was not ashamed to be seen. All at once she raised her eyes.

"Dear Jesus," she whispered, "it's all come true, my Easter dream. I'm so thankful for the clothes, and that the lady from New York is going to get well, and, most of all, because you rose again."

She touched the lily as she repeated softly:

"And then each little bud did say,

'Good people, bless this holy day,
For Christ is risen, the angels say,
This holy Easter Day.' ''

Just then a little bird from a nearby tree burst into a melody of song, and Maizie stopped.

''You are glad, too,'' she said softly.

And the little bird seemed to answer, as he looked at her with his bright black eyes:

''Why not? He is risen. He is risen.''

GETHSEMANE

By Theodore George Hartwig

Quiet Garden,—
Sheltered from the noisesome world!
Here cluster tender, touching memories
That never cease to beat upon the Rock of Ages
In clarion tones of organ, lute and harp and song.

Lonely spot,—
Where the Christ of the world
Knelt and prayed amid the olive trees
That gently nodded in unspoken sympathy
In the stillness of the evening hour.

Treasured grove,—
Where the suffering Saviour
Longed for sweet companionship of chosen friends,
Whilst none but God and angels
And the twinkling stars looked down upon Him.

Sacred Soil,—
Where flowers unfading bloomed
For the sorrowing children of men;—
Flowers of love and peace immortal,
Nurtured and perfumed by the sweat of the suf'ring Son of God

Gethsemane!
Where sinning pilgrims find their safe retreat;
In lowly posture learn to pray as Jesus did!
A sweet and lovely trysting place,
Where our pattern in prayer becomes a listening Friend.
Lent, 1928.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys on our outside forces have been planting cotton this week.

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are repairing our garages.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fisher, recently spent a few days with relatives in Whiteville.

Our large family of boys is enjoying spring onions and greens from our gardens.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lisk, members of our staff, recently visited the Magnolia gardens, near Charleston, S. C.

Plumbing repairs are being made in the Latham pavilion. This work is being done by E. B. Grady Plumbing Co., Concord.

Mr. R. A. Goodman, Cabarrus County Farm Demonstrator and Mr. Scarboro went through out bee hves recently and doubled up several of the weaker colonies.

Lee McBride formerly one of our young printers, called at hte school Wednesday. Lee is now operating a linotype machine in a print shop in Salisbury, and is getting along very nicely.

Our athletic field is much improved and will soon be in readiness for the opening of the season. The baseball diamond and tennis courts have been leveled off and covered with sand. As soon as a few bad spots in the outfield are fixed up we will have a baseball field second to none in this part of the state.

Rev. T. W. Fogleman, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service in the auditorium last Sunday, and made an excellent talk that all present enjoyed. Rev. Fogleman announced that he will visit the school regularly in the future, coming on the second Sunday of each month.

Henry Smallwood, one of our youngsters, who has been receiving treatment for hip trouble at the Orthopaedic Hospital, Gastonia, for several months, returned to the school last week. He is staying at the "little white house", and while his leg is still in a plaster cast, is steadily improving.

For several days past we have been enjoying real summer weather, the thermometer reaching a heighth of 84 degrees one day last week. As a result of these few warm days, our campus is beautifully garbed in Spring attire. The trees are green and are almost in full foliage, and beautiful tulips and other flowers may be seen in various parts of the campus.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

U. N. C.
COLL. ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 26, 1930. No. 14

JI 1 8 '30

GIVE!

O the best that we have is never too good
  To give to the world around us;
And the strength that it takes may be found in the load
  That others have borne before us.

Give your health and your strength to the weary and old;
  Give cheer and a hand to blindness,
Give your love—and you'll reap it a hundredfold,
  Give all, and you'll grieve not the kindness.

So give to the world your smile and your tear,
  Unburden some heart full of sorrow,
And bring to a soul dejected in fear
  A hope in the dawning tomorrow.

—F. W. Heffernan in Alembic.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WHY NED WAS FREE

Ned was playing with some of his friends on a vacant lot one day. He went to throw a rock across the lot. In some way, he never knew just how, his hand slipped and he threw the rock behind him instead of in front of him, and away it went across the alley and landed straight into a window pane.

No one came running out to see who had thrown the rock and one of Ned's friends said to him, "Do you suppose they'll ever find out who did it?"

"I know they will find out," answered Ned bravely, "because I am going right over there now and tell them that I broke it—that I'm sorry and that I am going to pay for it as soon as I can earn enough money to do so."

"You don't have to do that," said his friend, "for I don't think anyone saw you, and we needn't come back here to play; we can find another place to play ball."

"Humph!" said Ned heartily, "do you suppose that I'm going to dodge around corners and hunt other streets to play in because I'm afraid? Not I; I never mean to do anything that I have to try to hide. I am ashamed and sorry that I was so careless, but I'm going to be honest about it."

—Frances McKinnon Morton, in The Sunbeam.

CLEAN-UP SEASON

This is the season for cleaning-up and painting-up. We get the inspiration to make every thing attractive and clean, from nature that in all of its beauty has touched the whole universe with a tint of green, quite refreshing,

when ushering in the Spring season. It is impossible to suppress the enthusiasm to give the old home a fresh coat of paint, white wash the trees, the old barn and other dwellings, as well as renovate the interior of the home thereby adding greatly to the attractiveness of the home and community. Besides a liberal use of the paint brush is economy—for paint preserves the buildings. Let us who have pride in our homes, both in the city and country, remember that we are linked up with the outside world by a wonderful net work of hard surface roads, tourist are passing daily, and it is the duty of each and all to become members of this annual clean-up campaign. Our general appearance makes a wonderful impression. The prettier the city the more people it attracts. By uniting forces, making one great band of "clean up workers" we can have a city beautiful. This could be made one great annual affair, not in spots, but from the mill sections to the largest and most beautiful homes of Concord, and in this way making the work effective and far reaching. If this, too, were a general campaign there would be a few odd jobs for some of the unemployed.

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MAY DAY TO BE CHILD HEALTH DAY

President Hoover, according to joint resolution of Congress, has proclaimed May 1st, as child health day stating "that we shall fall short of our highest aspirations if we fail to practice all that science can give in service of our fundamental asset—our children. This is a call upon all people and all agencies interested in boys and girls" to assist every reasonable effort of their communities to make May Day for organizing and co-ordinating interest in child life." President Hoover's estimate is: "Our children have the right to be born in health, to be well throughout babyhood and the preschool years; to be surrounded with moral and spiritual inspiration; to work and to play through primary school to the utmost by their higher schooling because of wholesome habits of thought and deed; thence to graduate into adult life, strong in body and inculcated with the sense of fair play and of responsibility for the rights of others," said the proclamation.

This announcement that the higher powers of our national government have specified a particular day as "child health day" will emphasize the importance of the work as no other movement has done previously. This is an era of universal interest in child health and not a better investment of

time or money can be given for the betterment of the country—the child is the countries most valuable asset.

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COMMUNITY FARMS

The Lexington Dispatch editorially writes in a rather illuminating way how the agriculture of the "Old South" should be treated if rescued from a threatened bankruptcy. The establishment of model farm communities in the southern states is the idea that is being considered by a congress committee to provide a general support for the same. The following examples in proof of this plan were presented to this committee:

"It was a North Carolina man who led the way in the testimony, as he had in the actual demonstrations, Hugh MacRae, of Wilmingon, told the committee about how he had taken thousands of acres of virtual waste lands in the Cape Fear-Coastal plains and has enabled several hundred farmers to come in follow the best farming methods under expert assistance, thus enabling them to buy farms, erect comfortable and attractive homes and have an assured income. There are such things as happy farm homes, said Mr. MacRae, and he was prepared to exhibit plenty of proof.

David R. Coker, of Hartsville, S. C., whom Mr. MacRae termed perhaps the best farmer in the South, was another shining example of demonstrated success. Mr. Coker has one of the biggest farms in South Carolina and has devoted himself largely to growing better seeds and better cattle for his people.

Down in Florida, J. C. Penny, chain store magnate, has a tract of 120,000 acres he took over three years ago from a big real estate development concern. He has turned "town lots" into small farm tracts, provided machinery and fertilized, brought in farm families from far and near, given them a year of demonstration in better farming and is now permitting them to buy the farms on the installment plan. Because the right farming methods are being followed the farmers are succeeding in making a good living and meeting the payments on the farms.

L. O. Crosby, a Mississippi sawmill man, found himself a few years ago with thousands of acres of cut over timber lands. He first advertised he would give away farms to any who would come and farm them, but no one wanted the land as a gift. Then he turned his attention to developing demonstration farms, and now thousands of acres are under successful cultivation.

The day is not distant when more men of large wealth will realize that

it is imperative to give the agricultural interest of our country as much consideration as any other business. Right here in the Piedmont North Carolina with its climate and good soil is a fine place to demonstrate the value of small acreage highly developed. Such an innovation will eliminate the golf link that is declared a necessity for the business man, and instead the activities of the farm will furnish both recreation and diversion, and again there will be found many "country gentlemen" who once held high place in the "old south."

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Just a few days ago we witnessed a very fine picture. It was a young boy trying to make a pen in which to keep his little dog safe and secure during school hours. The pup was neither a thoroughbred nor a pretty dog, but smart and frisky. This little man was down upon his knees working most earnestly upon his job and his every word and expression indicated that he was more than delighted with the pup his father had just brought him from the country—more so— than if his father had given him a dollar bill. Nothing wrong with this boy was the thought, because when a child gives some evidence of kindness to animals you may rest assured that young fellow has a kindly spirit. He may at times prove rough and boisterous, that is the boy in him, but test him out on the play grounds and the fellow who loves a dog usually displays a spirit of good sportsmanship, and a high sense of justice. Or try him out when some fellow bullies a smaller chap and you will find where he stands. We believe that children should learn to care for animals—it has a tendency to inspire a deep concern for the dumb brutes, and a better feeling for all things.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Dr. James W. Papez, assistant professor of neurology at Cornell University makes the statement that women are mentally equal to men. This statement is based upon actual measurements of the brains of numerous individuals of notable persons. There is found nothing in the outer organization of the female brain that would make it much different or inferior of the male. If given the same incentives and opportunities, the intellectual attainments of woman need not be inferior to that of her brother. The male brain averages

7 per cent heavier, of course some larger but that is due, said Dr. Papez, to a greater development of the fiber system or greater physical work. It hardly seems necessary to settle this question by scientific research, because the manner in which women are mastering the jobs that men formerly held the whole thing has been proven by practical demonstrations. But, women generally will be proud to know that she is the equal mnetally of her brothers as shown by the research work of the Cornell, professor of neurology.

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A few years ago a French scientist and psychologist swept the country with the theory of Coeism advocating that the state of mind was a controlling factor in the make-up of human traits. Through this practice of Coeism it was conceded that much that would revert for good could be accomplished We do not argue the question whether true or not, but of the candid opinion if the spirit of Coeism were put in practice at this juncture there might be a marked improvement as to business conditions. The spirit of Coeism and a little more steam at the approach of these up-grade slopes will accomplish wonders.

"If men would love each other more,
And curse each other less,
If all would pledge their hearts to help
The fellows in distress,
If Hindoo, Indian, Chinee,
And Christians all would love,
They'd find a taste of what they hope
To find somewhere "above."
The hearts that love, God's secret have
Of all that's going to be,
This world, well filled with faith and love,
Is heaven enough for me."—Selected.

GRAND OLD HYMNS THAT HAVE MADE IMPRESSIONS

By C. W. Hunt

No. III—"Abide With Me."

Perhaps no hymn that lived and will live, was ever written under more sad and trying circumstances that was this funeral hymn, "Abide With Me." I never knew and wondered why this was a funeral hymn, until I read its history. Henry Francis Lyte, a minister in the Church of England, had for twenty years been curate of Brixham, Devonshire England. He had lived by the sea all these years and had become very much attached to it, but all the while there had been a slow going down physically and in late August in the late fifties he suddenly realized that he was fast coming to the end, tuberculosis having gradually done its work. Feeling and knowing the end was not far away, unless some help came, it was decided that he would go to southern France in search of a climate more suited to his condition. The thought of leaving his home and people was depressing, but pulling himself together he rallied for a last communion service, which he went through with, but mightily fatigued.

That Sunday afternoon he went down in his garden, which reached to the sea, where he spent some time, and it was here that the words of this most beautiful and touching song came to him, and returning to the house he wrote what was his own funeral hymn, a hymn that will last as the ages go by:

"Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the Helpless, O abide with me!

"Swift to its close ebbs out life little day:
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

"I need they presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempters power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

"I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

"Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine thuorgh the gloom and point

me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

A short time before what has gone before transpired he wrote this: "The swallows are preparing for flight and inviting me to accompany them; and yet, alas! while I talk of flying, I am just able to crawl." Before writing what you have read above Mr. Lyte had prayed thus:

"And grant me, swan like, my last breath to spend
In song that may not die."*

How truly that prayer was answered, all who know and love and sing this hymn fully know. You seldom hear it except on funeral occasions, yet it can be sung with fine feeling on other occasions. I think I never realized how sweet and beautiful it is more keenly than on an occasion more than two years ago in the Green Park Hotel at Blowing Rock, one evening in late summer, when Dr. Neal Anderson pastor of the first Presbyterian church at Savannah, who was a guest there, asked that he might preach that evennig in one of the parlors, which was granted, and a select company of guests gathered there to hear him. There was no pianist and at the close of a short discourse Dr. Anderson sang this hymn in its entirety, assisted by those who would help.

Henry Francis Lyte repaired to sunny France, but within three short weeks he had died, but his name was made immortal by writing his own funeral hymn. Every stanza is a gem. One can hardly select any one of the five as better than the others.

* It is said that the swan never sings except when it is dying, and it was this that Mr. Lyte had in mind when he penned that prayer.

TTE FAITH OF THE MOUNTAINS

Teach me the faith of the mountains serene and ublime,
The deep-rooted joy of living just one day at a tie.
Leaving the petty possessions the valley folk by
Leaving the glory of glad wind-swept spaces wh-e earth meets the sky

Teach me the faith of the mountains their strngth to endure—
The breadth and the depth of their vison unswving and sure.
Counting the dawn and the starlight
As parts of one whole,
Wrought by the Spirit Eternal
Within His control.

—Selected.

HALIFAX RESOLUTION WAS PASSED 154 YEARS AGO

(Asheville Citizen)

One hundred fifty-four years ago today, North Carolina thrilled the 13 colonies and achieved permanent distinction in American history when her governing agency, the Provincial Congress, adopted unanimously the "Halifax Resolution" empowering the delegates for North Carolina in the Continental Congress "to concur with the delegates of the other colonies in declaring Independency" from Great Britain. This action was the first explicit sanction of independence by an American colony. No event in the history of the State should awaken more pride or be better known by the public; it is a genuine and creditable North Carolina "first;" in 1885, the date "April 12, 1776" was placed on the State flag; in 1909, April 12 was declared a legal holiday; and North Carolina priority in this revolutionary event is generally recognized in the general histories of the nation. Yet the substance and significance of April 12 are inadequately known and recognized in North Carolina today.

Seeds of Independence

The seeds of American independence were inherent in the selective nature of the European emigrants to the new world, in the frontier factors in the American environment and in the wide ocean that rolled between the governor and the governed. However, the movement did not take definite form until 1765 when George III made the mistake of tightening the reins of government on a people accustomed to official neglect, at a time when, freed from the French danger and populous and self-confident, they were in no mood to b eoppressed by a government across the sea. The conflict moved rapidly to the crescendo of war in 1775.

In North Carolina, the patriots convened a revolutionary Provincial Congress in Newbern in 1774, in bold defiane of the roval governor; and after the battle of Lexington in April 1775, Governor Martin, without authority or influence and fearing personal violence, fled from Newbern to the shelter of Fort Johnson on the lower Cape Fear. He formulated a plan for the subjugation of the southern colonies, which was approved by the British government; but the loyalist Scotch Highlanders, assembled under his authority to join British forces at Wilmington, were defeated at Moore's Creek Bridge, February 27, 17766.

The Rubicon

"Moore's Creek was the Rubicon over which North Carolina passed to independence and constitutional self-government." This first revolutionary battle in the South gave a tremendous impetus to teh independence movement in North Carolina. The blood of patriots cried out for action. The fourth Provincial Congress met at Halifax on Aprli 4, and elected Samuel Johnston president and Alien Jones vice president. Four days later

Cornelius Harnett, Allen Jones, Thomas Burke, Abner Nash, John Kinchen, Thomas Person and Thomas Jones were appointed as a committee to consider the proper measures for frustrating the British usurpations and violences. On April 12, this committee through its chairman Cornelius Harnett submitted to the Congress the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:

"'Resolved, That the delegates for this Colony in the Continental Congress be impowered to concur with delegates of the other Colonies in declaring Independency, and forming foreign alliances reserving to this Colony the sole and exclusive right of forming a Constitution and laws for this Colony, and of appointing delegates from time to time (under the direction of a general representation thereof,) to meet the delegates of the other Colonies for such purposes as shall be hereafter pointed out.''

Af is independence were an accomplished fact, the Provincial Congress proceeded immediately to the task of reorganizing the government.

On May 15, Virginia passed a stronger resolution instructing her delegates to propose independence; and Richard Henry Lee won the distinction of introducing the motion ''that these United States are and of right ought to be free and independent States,'' which became known to the world as the immortal document of July 4. But to North Carolina belongs rightly and as a recognized fact the distinction of giving the first explicit sanction of independence.

SLIPPING AWAY

They are slipping away, these sweet, swift years,
  Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
  Into the beautiful past.

There are only a few years left to love.
  Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
  By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—at, let
  No envious taunt be heard.
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill the measure with love's sweet wine,
  And never an angry word.

—Author Unknown.

BUILDING

(The Newton Enterprise)

If the average person were asked which is the most important, that of building a business or that of building of character, in all likelihood the answer would be almost unanimous, that of building of character; yet if we consider our prison records it would appear that a large percentage of the parents of North Carolina are failures and are accepting bankrupt proceedings daily.

Never before in the history of the State have our prisons shown such an alarming increase in the number of inmates being placed there.

Solicitor L. S. Spurling in an address before the Bar Association cited statistics showing that of 585 prisoners serving sentences 85 per cent of this number were boys under 25 years of age; 60 per cent made up of boys under 21 years of age with boys of 17 years leading the list.

While it is true that the population of the state is on the increase it is small when compared with the increase of the prison population.

This increase is not due entirely to the lack of educational advantages for the State has made wonderful progress along this line during the past decade even though a recent check up at the State prison revealed that only one college graduate was serving time and only one had completed the high school course while more than 60 per cent were illiterate. It is possible, however, that parents are relying too much on schools for the training of their children and are devoting too little time of their own to parental instruction.

If the average business man gave no more time to his business than he does to the training of his son or daughter the chances are ten to one that his business would be a failure. While the father or mother may not be able to devote the same amount of time to the training of their children as to the business of gaining a livelihood they can at least see to it that their children are given sufficient employment while not engaged in study or wholesome recreation to protect them from mischief leading to temptation and destruction of character.

Work is a great panacea for discouragement and discontent. Dr. Arthur Little once said that nothing is so wholesome and medicinal for an aching heart as work—continuous employment. Every one knows that sorrow is apt to be introspective, self-centered and, in the estimate of the one who suffers sorrow, exceptional. It is a false notion that isolation and solitude are the most congenial employment of an aching heart, for it is now well known that a busy life, with plenty of sunshine and fresh air, is a sovereign balm for the saddest soul.

—N. C. Chrstian Advocate

THE CENSUS

(Selected)

The taking of the census for 1930 began on Tuesday, April 1, and will be in many respects the most important census ever taken because of the greatly enlarged list of things to be counted. In the first place there are more people than we ever had before and more population means more business. Everybody in this country is interested in the country's growth and no country in the world has grown in population as well as in power and wealth as this country has. The Federal government is asking more questions than ever before. The information that this census will furnish will be of immense value in many ways. We need information—facts about ourselves and others—and the knowledge that will come to us through the census will be of immense benefit in every way. These great revealers of our progress come every ten years, but this will be the most important of any other census ever taken because we have more to tell than we ever had before. The officials who come to us will ask more searching questions than ever before. Some of them will be intensely personal, but no citizen will need to fear to answer frankly and fully any question that may be asked ,for the census takers are required to keep every answer secret so that no one need hesitate to tell everything that the census taker must know. It is hoped therefore that the answers will be prompt, full and complete for such answers will save much time and expense to the government. Many thousands will be employed in the taking of the census in the year 1930 and millions of dollars will be expended by Uncle Sam to ascertain the exact conditions that surround his people and their numerous interests in this good year.

I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great tomorrow, that whatever the boy soweth the man shall reap. I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the efficiency of schools, in the dignity of teaching and the job of serving another. I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives as well as in the pages of a printed book; in lessons taught not so much by precept as by example; in ability to work with the human hands as well as to think with the head; in everything that makes life large and lovely. I believe in beauty of the school room, in the home, in daily life out of doors. I believe in laughing, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on. I believe that every day we receive a just reward for all we do. I believe in the presnt and its opportunities in the future and its promises, and in the divine joy of living.—Selected.

THE COUNTY-WIDE PLAN

(The News-Letter)

In the past our schools have been run on a district plan and they are so run largely at present. The quality of educational opportunities varies with the district lines, high in one district, low in an adjoining district. The present policy in the state is to improve schools by adopting a county-wide school system, which is a step in the right direction. Around one-fifth of the counties have already adopted the county-wide plan. This system does away with the small district schools and the small school districts. It tends to equalize the school advantages of all children within the county, irrespective of local wealth and willingness.

The following are the main features of the county-wide school plan:

1. Only one system of schools for the whole county.
2. One superintendent for the whole county.
3. A principal for each high school.
4. At least an eight-months term for the whole county.
5. The establishment of an adequate number of high schools.
6. Transportation to schools where necessary.
7. Better schools in every meaning of the term.
8. An equal oportunity to every child in the whole county.
9. All property in the county to bear the same tax rate for school purposes.

The county-wide idea is a great improvement over the local district idea, and it is the next logical step forward. But it should not be the ultimate goal. Instead of a county-wide we need a state-wide school system, with strong county units, in which every dollar of taxable wealth in the state goes to support every school child in the state. Educational opportunities for all children will never approach equality until a state-wide school system is adopted. Public education is the business of the state, and school facilities should be fairly equal for all children, irrespective of place of birth

As long as teachers' salaries are three times as high in one county as in another, one county will have excellent schools and the other will have schools hardly worthy of the name. Such is the present situation in North Carolina, and there seems to be no real remedy except a state-wide system of public education.

The most comfortable result of a life of prayer is the security which fellowship with God imparts. This was the conclusion that Bishop Brent reached after a long life of service for the Master. He quoted the Proverb, "The prayer of the upright is his delight," and added, "If our life is permeated with the real power of prayer, God's kind and cheering counsels will come darting into the soul like rays of light into a dark room. Unlooked for succor will rush in to support us in moments of trial.—Selected.

THE DUKE ENDOWMENT

(The Wachovia)

A little more than five years ago the Duke Endowment was announced to the world. It was universally hailed as one of the most outstanding benevolent projects of all history. Today the Duke Endowment is a great reality, and each year of its operation gives added justification to the early predictions of its unlimited possibilities in providing for the needs of mankind.

"For many years Mr. Duke gave thought to the proper distribution of his wealth, often remarking that it was more difficult to wisely dispose of it than it was to make it. After several years of study of the various philanthropic and charitable needs of the territory served by his Southern power developments, he established, by an Indenture executed on December 11, 1924, the Trust known as The Duke Endowment, transferring thereto, among other things, the major portion of his interest in the Duke Power Company for educational and philanthropic purposes.

* * * *

The Duke Endowment benefits directly or indirectly every home and every individual in the Carolinas, and its beneficent influence radiates to every part of the country.

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The general objects of the Duke Endowment are three in number—making "provision in some measure for the needs of mankind along physical, mental, and spiritual lines"—hospitalization, education, and religion. At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees more than a half million dollars was appropriated for the care of patients in 81 hospitals in the Carolinas during 1929. Another $143,293.-00 was appropiated for the care of orphans in 42 orphan homes and child placing agencies last year. In 1929 the Rural Church Division of the Duke Endowment gave $159,067.00 in 400 different donations to rural Methodist churches and superannuated ministers.

* * * *

He, then, gives his reasons for the several benefactions as follows:

"I have selected Duke University as one of the principal objects of this trust because I recognize that education, when conducted along sane and practical, as opposed to dogmatic and theoretical, lines, is, next to religion, the greatest civilizing influence. I request that this institution secure for its officers, trustees and faculty men of such outstanding character, ability and vision as will insure its attaining and maintaining a place of real leadership in the educational world, and that great care and discrimination be exercised in admitting as students only those whose previous record shows a character, determination and application evincing a wholesome and real ambition for life. And I advise that the courses at this institution be arranged, first, with special reference to the training of preachers, teachers, lawyers and physicians, because these are most in the public eye, and by precept and example can do most to uplift mankind,

and second, to instruction in chemistry, economics and history, especially the lives of the great of earth, because I believe that such subjects will most help to develop our resources, increase our wisdom and promote human happiness.''

Hospitals

''I have selected hospitals as another of the principal objects of this trust because I recognize that they have become indispensable institutions, not only by way of ministering to the comfort of the sick but in increasing the efficiency of mankind and prolonging human life. The advance in the science of medicine growing out of discoveries, such as in the field of bateriology, chemistry and physics, and growing out of inventions such as the X-ray apparatus, make hospital facilities essential for obtaining the best results in the practice of medicine and surgery. So worthy do I deem the cause and so great do I deem the need that I very much hope that the people will see to it that adequate and convenient hospitals are assured in their respective communities, with especial reference to those who are unable to defray such expenses of their own.''

"INADEQUATE."

(Greensboro Daily News)

In the Halifax day sketch prepared by Secretary A. R. Newsome of the North Carolina Historical commission, quoted in Raleigh correspondence in the Daily News of Monday, it is observed that ''The substance and significance of April 12 are inadequately recognized in North Carolina.'' There is sufficient of documentary record that the provincial congress, in session at Halifax, by unanimous action empowered the delegates from the state to the continental congress to concur with the delegates of other provinces in declaring independence of Great Britain. That was a declaration, in terms that admitted of no uncertainity, of North Carolina's disposition. No question is raised that this was the first action of the sort taken by a colony; a priority that ''is generally recognized in the general histories of the nation.''

''Inadequate recognition'' of this chapter in North Carolina history is a restrained expression indeed. For that, and for the inadequate knowledge the people of the state have of it, political and historical leadership must accept the responsibility. Recognition of such an event, before it passed the point of adequacy, would have to become elaborate and extensive indeed.

It is also to be noted that Secretary Newsome mentions, in an unadorned enumeration of the relatee circumstances: "In 1885 the date, 'April 12, 1776,' was placed on the state flag.''

HISTORIC CHAPEL WHERE WOODROW WILSON BEGAN HIS CHRISTIAN CAREER

By Rev. S. W. McGill, D. D., in Christian Observer

Five short years ago Columbia Theological Seminary, after ninety-seven years of service in training men to preach the Gospel, was moved from Columbia, S. C., to Atlanta, Ga. During this period the seminary had educated more than a thousand young men for the work of the ministry. The seminary had its beginning at Lexington, Ga., in 1828, and is therefore more than one hundred years old. In 1830 the seminary was moved to Columbia, S. C. At that time Columbia was regarded as the heart of the territory which the seminary undertook to serve.

By official vote of the five controlling Synods it was deemed desirable to re-locate the seminary on Georgia soil and to build a modern plant at Atlanta, Ga. The controlling Synods are Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina and Mississippi. The wisdom of this move is conclusively shown in a material way by the substantial increase in net resources of the seminary in the period following removal. Presbyterians in Georgia and Atlanta subscribed more than $500,000 for the seminary. Presbyterians in South Carolina have given more than $100,000 to the seminary since it was located in Atlanta. The net worth of the seminary is now $813,000. This is more than the seminary accumulated in the previous one hundred years of its existence.

When the seminary was moved to Atlanta from Columbia it left behind an inconspicuous looking little building which could easily go without notice. This building, however, is filled with historic interest notwithstanding the fact that it was originally the stable and carriage house of a private family. It is not only a building rich in Presbyterian history, but marks the place of the beginning of an educational interest and institution that has grown great with the passing years. In this building Winthrop College, now at Rock Hill, S. C., had its beginning years ago.

Woodrow Wilson's Christian Career.

In this building, which had become the chapel of Columbia Theological Seminary, the story has it, the war-time president Woodrow Wilson, then a sixteen year old youth of Columbia, S. C., made his first confession of faith in Christ at a prayer meeting conducted by Dr. F. J. Brooke, then a young man in charge of a tutor in Columbia Seminary, preparing himself to enter the ministry. Rev. A. M. Fraser, D D., of Staunton, Va., tells the story of the beginning of the Christian career of Woodrow Wilson as follows:

"In a prayer meeting conducted by F. J. Brooke, a seminary student, first in his own room and then in the chapel, Thomas Woodrow Wilson, then a youth, afterward President of

the United States, made his profession of faith in Christ as his personal Saviour."

President Wilson's father was a professor at Columbia Seminary for the years 1870-1874; his uncle, James Woodrow, a professor from 1861 to 1886; his sister, Josephine, married a seminary graduate; the President's first wife was the daughter and granddaughter of seminary graduates; his sister, Anne, married George Howe, M. D., a son of Rev. George Howe, D. D., for fifty-two years professor in the seminary, and in turn by this marriage she became the sister-in-law of Benjamin Morgan Palmer, twice professor at the seminary, first of Church History and Polity from 1854 to 1856, and then of Theology from 1862 to 1865.

Upon the occasion of his visit to Columbia attendng the funeral of Mrs. Ann Wilson Howe, Mr. Wilson took occasion to visit the seminary. "The President was interested in visiting his father's class room, which he well remembered, especially the venerable desks or forms on which the students transcribed notes." A seminray bulletin describes his visit: "He was particularly interested in the library in which he said that borrowing his father's key he often browsed as a youth. With the value of the library he was well acquainted, through his own memory and his father's testimony. He asked for a loan of the history of the Woodrow family, which his uncle, Dr. James Woodrow, had presented to the seminary."

The President Visits the Chapel

Visiting the chapel, the President said: "This is comparatively an humble place, but there has been much fine speaking here. I have heard here some of the best speaking to which I ever listened, for I used to attend the faculty conferences held here, although not a student of the seminary." The little chapel was built more than a century ago, about 1804 by Ainsley Hall, distinguished South Carolinian. About 1830 Columbia Theological Seminary took over the property by purchase. For nearly a century it served as the place of worship for generations of seminary students.

As it now stands, the building is about forty feet long, twenty-five feet wide and twelve feet high, is constructed of splendid quality brick and stone. The old-fashioned iron hinges upon which used to hang the large carriage house doors, still protude on either side of the structure. Wooden pins fasten the greater part of the massive hand-hewn timbers together. Inside lining the walls are pictures, some of them faded beyond recognition, of classes of many years ago until the present. The pulpit installed nearly a century ago, and the pews, nothing but rough hewn benches, also stand as they did a hundred years ago. Windows are small paned and manufactured along the lines of 1830

The Removal to Atlanta.

Upon announcement that the seminary would move its plant, which had been located in Columbia for ninety-seven years, to Atlanta, an effort was made by Winthrope College Alumnae to procure the Chapel building, and to remove and reconstruct the Chapel on the Winthrope College campus at Rock Hill, S. C. Seminary Alumni,

however, feeling that it was essential that the Chapel be retained, thus linking one hundred years of the historic past of the institution in Columbia with what was said to be a greater and brighter future in the new and modern plant in Atlanta, decided that the Chapel should be taken to the Atlantic campus.

It was in this little building that the first draft of the construction of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, familiarly known as the Southern Presbyterian Church, was prepared. It was determined that this little Chapel which had been the scene of so much sacred history in connection with the Southern Presbyterian Church should be retained as a part of the campus equipment of the new Columbia Theological Seminary, where it will serve as a shrine and probably as a museum for the collection of historical data in connection with the progress of the Southern Presbyterian Church. The Chapel has, therefore, been retained and brick by brick and stone by stone it will be removed and rebuilt in the heart of the campus of the new Columbia Theological Seminary in Atlanta as soon as the funds are procured for this purpose.

The architect who planned and erected the Chapel was the distinguished architect, Mills, who afterwards became famous as one of the architects of the National Capitol at Washington.

DO YOU LIKE ELEPHANTS

(Selected)

Wild elephants were once very common in North America. That was long before men appeared upon this earth. Today, however, wild elephants are found only in Asia and Africa. Most of those we see exhibited in this country were born in Asia. Though they were once wild, they have been tamed and they are now docile when treated gently. But the elephants which have been imported from Africa are not so well behaved, for by nature they are more sullen. Moreover, they have a bad habit of breaking loose occasionally, and then they destroy everything that comes in their way. They are larger and stronger than the Asiatic elephants, and are better adapted for doing heavy work, such as lifting logs and moving freight.

The elephant belongs to the family of pachyderms, which includes also such animals as the rhineceros, hippopotamus, tapir, horse, and hog. All of these animals have thick skins. Other animals of this family which lived in prehistoric times and which have since disappeared include the mammoth and mastodon. Only their fossil bones are found today. Scientists tell us that they disappeared from the earth because their brains were too small in proportion to their large bodies. They were unable to compete for food with other more intelligent animals. Moreover, their large size made them clumsy and slow of movement.

THINGS THAT CAN BE ADDED FOR HEALTH AND EFFICIENCY

(The Scottish Chief)

"Putting First Things First" was the subject of the Sunday school lesson last Sunday. The Golden Text, as many will remember, was "seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." Near the close of our class, some of the men present became engaged in a discussion of "needless worry" which subject became very interesting and lasted until long after the assembly bell had rung. After the discussion had gone on for some time, one of the men present who had been quietly listening opened his mouth and threw some very interesting light on the subject. He is well educated a thorough student of the Bible and an ordained minister of the gospel. He said that while he was a firm believer of spiritual power and influences, he was sure that a great deal of man's worries, or that state of mind called "blues," is due to his physical condition.

The spiritual, mental and physical parts of man are so closely related that they are bound to influence each other backwards and forwards; and there is no doubt in our mind that an unclouded spiritual outlook is an aid even to those who are heavily laden with physical cares and ailments. However, one can not get away from the fact that one's physical condition has a great deal to do with his temperament.

And the physical condition has a great deal to do not only with one's temperament, but with one's efficiency. This brings us to something that can not be stressed too much at this time: More and better gardens for better health and efficiency.

The health authorities tell us and there is little need of argument to make us understand that one of our greatest needs is a well balanced diet and that nothing is needed so much in this section of the state as plenty of fresh vegetables. Pellagra and other dreaded diseases, we are told, are caused by lack of fresh vegetables in the diet. But in addition to that, there are no doubt, many farm hands, and others too for that matter, whose efficiency as workers are cut off because of a lack of the proper food. They may not appear to have developed any definite disease, and yet the lact of proper balanced food is making them fall short in energy. They are slow and droopy.

This editor had a conversation a few days ago with Miss Millsapps, home demonstration agent of Scotland county, where a movement is now on to encourage the planting of a garden by every farm family, especially among the tenants who have heretofore paid too little attention to this important item. Miss Millsapps says that the landlords who are cooperating heartily in the movement will see to it that each tenant plants his own garden, and some landowners in Scotland have suggested that they

intend to force their tenants to make a garden by withholding the weekly ration or advances until they have worked their gardens.

This newspaper has been emphasizing the importance of the family garden a great deal lately and we believe it is something in which every citizen should be interested. But perhaps the most can be done in this direction by the landowners themselves. It will not only be to their interest, economically speaking, to get their tenants to growing good gardens, but it will make for better health and save lives. First things should come first, but although first things are of first importance, many secondary things are so important that a person in full possession of the first things can not resist the appeal that is wrapped up in the need for these secondary things. Perhaps this is one way to explain "all these other things shall be added....."

CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS

By Mabel McKee

It was Miss Elkhart's order to scrub the screen doors that sent Teddy down Blaine Street, around the corner at Elm Avenue and past her dream house with a wealth of tall elms and great poplar trees dotting its lawn. Three times she walked back and forth past it, saying each time to herself, "Dr. Marston comes from this dream house to the hot operating rooms, the stuffy wards and all the other uncomfortable places at Bethany and still he smiles at his work. I must do that too."

Then she went back to the nurses' home next door to Bethany, hunted herself a stiff, scrubbing brush, some strong washing powder and steaming, hot water. With these as aides she made an onslaught on the six half-century-old, dilapidated screen doors of the building, exactly as Miss Elkhart had directed.

But she couldn't be happy at this work. Not one brief snatch of song came from her lips. Her face was so glum that Eve Adair, the star surgical nurse at the hospital, sighed when she passed her. Teddy's happy moods always made her forget her troubles and smile too. She grew more and more depressed as she crossed the lawn to the hospital.

When she reached the operating room, her face, minus its smiles, looked so weary that Dr. Marston, the head surgeon, felt depressed and fearful of the kind of help Eva might give him for this critical operation. But of course Teddy, as she scrubbed away on the first screen door, didn't know this. Or she would have dropped her brush and risked Miss Elkhart's wrath to run over to the operating room itself and coax Eve to smile.

The last month had been a prolonged tragedy to Theodora Waites, better known as Teddy at the home for nurses of Bethany Hospital. Miss Elkhart had on the first day of that month succeeded Miss Black as housekeeper of the home and the hospital itself. The first glimpse Teddy caught of her sent a shiver down her spinal column. Her stern, unsmiling face, her angular body, her drab dresses and her very manner of walking predicted that she would be a disagreeable executive.

Now Teddy declared she was worse than she looked. If it had not been for the dream house she knew she would have turned her back on the nurses' home and gone straight to her own home and mother for comfort. And Teddy's home was far out in the country—a little farm—too little, her father said. He was the sole support of five children, all younger than Teddy. He trucked half his farm now because the limited acreage brought in better returns this way than if just farmed.

There was a beautiful lawn with Lombardy poplars, Norwegian maples and sycamores growing in friendly proximity at Teddy's home. There were blossoming shrubs, wild, annual and monthly roses, and other hardy flowers. And right in the center of this beauty was an old, roomy house, as comfortable and homey as was everything else around that farm.

A desire to go through college had sent Teddy from all this beauty and her devoted family to Blaine. Uncle Robert Waites, an uncle who had accumulated money instead of children as did Teddy's parents, had paid her tuition at the school and bought her books. He had said, too, "Now, if she has a speck of Waites' energy in her body, she can earn her board and room by working at the college or some home." And Teddy went to work at the Nurses' Home.

The dean had gotten her this position through Miss Black, the housekeeper, who was a friend of hers. Miss Black was a friend of everyone and so charming that Teddy knew, the minute she saw her, she would enjoy the work of caring for the rooms of the nurses in Bethany Home. The inherent charm of Miss Black lured her even more than did the room, her board and the three dollars a week which were to be her payment for this work.

Autumn, winter and early spring had held many happy days for Teddy. Happiest of these were the ones on which Dr. John Marston had praised her care of the rooms. These were the occasions when he with the board members made inspection tours of the Home.

Teddy had adored Dr. Marston ever since the day he operated on Sue Wheatley and turned her from an almost helpless cripple into a happy, dancing girl. Right then he went onto a pdeestal. How closely Teddy listened for news of other successes that came his way. His boyish, retiring manner and his kindness to everybody kept him there.

One day when Eve Adair, the star surgical nurse, had been particularly weary, Dr. Marston had taken her to the dream house to spend the day there with his mother. When she came back to the home she told the other

nurses what a beauty spot it was. To Teddy she confided that it was a perfect home and that her brief stay there had not only rested her tired body but revived her soul as well.

The other nurses, who lived in the home when off duty at Bethany, declared they would think they were in a paradise if ever they should be invited to the dream house. None of them, however, imagined that quiet little Teddy, who made their beds, swept their floors and dusted their rooms, got inspiration just from looking at that dream house and beautiful lawn.

The lawn was so much like that at Teddy's own home that it often made her homesick. Teddy wasn't homesick today. She was going home. It was Saturday and father was to come for her directly after noon. Two other girls from school were going home with her. They had been kind to her, entertaining her at their sorority house. She felt that she couldn't have them at her plain little room at Bethany Home, and this opportunity to take them to her own home filled her with joy.

Miss Elkhart seemed to notice Teddy only to give her additional orders. One about the little rugs in the girls' rooms troubled her especially. Since the spring days were so balmy Miss Elkhart said she felt these should be aired every day instead of twice a week. A quick protest to that order came to Teddy's lips. When she had come to the home, Miss Black had listed her duties. This list to which she had agreed had been handed over to Miss Elkhart, who had been making it longer and longer ever since she came. It called for airing these rugs twice a week. Airing them every day would take at least three more hours a week. Teddy did not see how she could add three more hours to her work schedule right now when her school work was so heavy.

The protest she voiced sounded faint and apologetic even to her own ears. She simply had to hold this place until she could get another. A broken levee and flooded wheat fields had lowered the family funds so she could not ask for help there.

"You can't find time to air these little rugs!" Miss Elkhart was curt "There's always time for everything we want to do. You leave your work occasionally to go on a walk. Is that necessary,Theodora. It seems to me your work should be enough exercise, if done properly."

A hot flush appeared on Teddy's cheeks. Her lis remained closed, but her heart protested, "I can not give up my walks past the dream house. She doesn't know I get courage there to stand her quarreling. I can not give them up. I must find some other work to do."

After Miss Elkhart had gone Teddy remembered the flowers in the girls' rooms. Some of them had potted plants on the window sills. Occasionally they had cut flowers, bunches of violets they gathered on walks down to Honey Creek, or other flowers brought or sent by friends. It was not one of her duties to care for these, yet she did. Teddy's heart held a passionate love for flowers. The care she gave these was loving, cutting stems, putting them in fresh water every day, droping a little

sugar in the water. The plants had all dead leaves snipped from them, were watered regularly and moved so they would get sunshine at the proper time. This care was a loving duty, still it took time, at least three hours a week, just what would be required for airing the rugs.

Teddy's mind was made up when she left the nurses' home a few hours later to journey out to her father's house. The flowers must furnish time for airing the rugs. She had started robbing the flowers for the rugs that morning. Not a plant had been watered. The cut flowers had been left as she found them.

Nadine Leitzman and Leslie Morris, the two girls who were to go home with her were waiting when she reached their sorority house. Father was to meet them here. Both carried trim overnight bags. Nadine had a basket, too. "I'm taking it to hold apple blossoms if your father will let me have a few from his trees." she confided. "The girls at the house made me promise to bring some for the living room. They're so fragrant, you know."

"Not half so beautiful and fragrant as crab apple blossoms," Teddy returned, her full, lovely lips smiling again. "We have a whole thicket of crab aple trees. You can have arm loads of them instead of that tiny basket full."

Leslie's eyes sparkled as she announced she would come back well laden. The basket Nadine carried was matched by a box tucked under her arm. It held oranges, dates, figs and candy, a treat for Teddy's younger sisters and brothers. Experience in her own home where there were younger children had taught her how easy it was for visitors to bring as well as receive happiness.

Then Father Waites came—father, shaved and wearing his best suit, riding in the two-year-old car that was spotlessly clean and even polished. A glimpse of him just hinted to Teddy of how her home would look. Oh, indeed the entire Waites family knew how to entertain guests.

The drive out to the farm, mother's warm welcome, the shy ones of the younger children were all treats to the visiting girls as well as Teddy herself. Then they were in the big, rambling old house with its beautiful old walnut and mahogany furniture, all gifts from one generation of Waites to the next.

Leslie's first joyous exclamation came because of the furniture, but not Nadine's. Her beauty loving eyes caught sight of the large basket of crab apple clossoms on the marble-topped center table, the vase of them on the mantel and the bowl on the piano. At the same second her nose caught their exquisite fragrance. Fairly flying to the basket, she leaned her cheeks against the pink and white flowers. "Beautiful, beautiful things," she breathed. "I just love you."

Later they were taken to the room next Teddy's own little room with its sloping ceiling, its picturesque gable windows, its four poster bed, chest of drawers and ruffled organdie curtains. Still exclaiming in delight over the beauty, still drooping weariness from their eyes and shoulders alike, the girls rested a little while.

After that there was supper with its spiced ham, hot biscuits and golden honey. Then the too short evening in the living room where everybody laughed over the gay adventures Teddy told about the home, but nobody grieved over the gloomy ones, for as was the custom in the Waites home nothing disagreeable was mentioned.

Teddy almost sang herself to sleep with a poem of joy after she and mother had had a few minutes together. Mother was well and very happy. And there wasn't any occasion now for the girls she loved to think she had a mean home because she scrubbed screens and did the most menial work in the home for nurses at Bethany Hospital.

Not one word about Miss Elkhart's disagreeable disposition and her many demands for more time and work did Teddy tell mother. "I shall not worry mother", she talked to herself in her own little bed, "though I had almost decided to before I left the home. It would worry her. And if Dr. Marston can endure the blazing hot operating rooms and Dr. Saulter's sarcastic tongue after leaving that beautiful dream house, I can stand Miss Elkhart after a visit with my crab apple blossoms."

It was mother who suggested that she take some crab apple blossoms back with her to the nurses' home. "Pack all you can in the car," she advised. "That little old building with its poorly furnished rooms needs all the flowers we can get to make it cheerful. Put some in each nurse's room, dear, and then all that are left in the living room. Well, I remember from my lone visit there how bare and cheerless it seemed. I thought it no wonder Miss Elkhart had such tired eyes."

Tired eyes! Miss Elkhart! They were hard eyes, not weary ones. Teddy wanted to tell mother that. She wanted to say. "She is the meanest woman I have ever known. She made me scrub ten year old screen doors instead of having them painted. I will not carry her flowers."

Then, too, she had registered a vow not to care for the flowers already in the home. All her time had now to go to scrubbing screens instead of caring for flowers. If she carried the crab apple blossoms to the home this trip the girls would think she should bring some other flowers next time. And Miss Elkhart would not appreciate them. She might even smile over them.

Despite all her vowing not to do it, Teddy did carry great armfuls of crab apple blossoms back to Bethany Home with her. It was impossible to refuse mother. And both Nadine and Leslie added their pleas to mother's that, for once, the living room at the home be made as beautiful for the nurses as possible.

"Take some of the weariness from those nurses' eyes," mother gave as her parting word. "After working with the sick as they do, they should have a perfect home for resting."

So Teddy carried back to the home myriads of sprays of crab apple blossoms. She made the nurses' rooms more fragrant and started to beautify the living room. The nurses hunted up some bowls and vases to hold the blossoms. They were to hold the blossoms. They were quite wild

heart was almost broken over a surgical case they had lost, ran to the flowers the minute she entered the room. Her face was buried in them for a few minutes. When she raised her head her eyes had lost some of the pain and her lips were curved in a smile.

Then Miss Elkhart came into the living room. For one long minute she just stared and stared. After that she turned and went swiftly out of the room again. Teddy's heart was beginning to sink when the housekeeper came back, carrying an exquisite French basket.

"Would you like to put this on the front window ledge instead of the vase?" she suggested. "I think it would be very beautiful."

Not one minute did Teddy have for herself that day, except just the necessary hours for recitation. Just work, work, work at the home filled every hour. Evening found her so tired she couldn't talk, but she did listen to the soft voices in the living room of the home, which was next hers. The nurses off duty had congregated there instead of trailing down to the nearest drug stores because the home living room was so unattractive. One of the nurses softly touched her banjo strings as the others sang, "Oh, the moonlight's fair tonight along the Wabash."

Teddy had to join them when her studying was done. They insisted she come despite her weariness. The little red-headed nurse, who usually was sullen when around the home, piled all the pillows she could find behind Teddy's back and stroked her forehead with fingers touched with magic. For under their sway Teddy forgot all her weariness and even sang with the others.

Perhaps it was the music that brought Dr. Marston from the hospital; perhaps the breeze carried whiffs of the crab apple fragrance to him. At any rate he came, and his eyes softened when he heard about the crab apple blossoms and studied Teddy's pretty face.

"You'll simply have to loan her to me for several weeks right away," he told Miss Elkhart before he left the home. "My mother is depressed these days. Spring always brings memories of the passing of my father and brother. They went down the long trail when flowers were most beautiful. She needs some one to fill the house with flowers and happiness just as Miss Teddy has done here."

Teddy pressed her hands together. Dr. Marston had asked her to go to the dream house and to stay there as long as she was needed. She looked around at the nurses almost boastingly, but the sorrow in their eyes quite changed her mood. It made her heart break, the mere thought of leaving them.

"Of course I'll go," she laughed merrily. "It would be like turning down a trip to Europe or a peep into heaven to turn down that invitation," she told them swiftly, and made a beautiful promise. "But every day I'm coming back for a little while just to look after every single flower on the place. Yes, sir, every single one."

CLAY

By Theodora Horton

Clay does not at first sight appear to be anything of very great interest; if shown a bit of clay we might feel inclined to say if asked what it was, "mud," or "dirt." And yet it is full of interest to those who have studied it. The word comes from an old Anglo-Saxon word 'cloeg,' meaning 'something sticky,' and though this description applies to clay only when it is moist, it is well to remember it, for clay has to be moistened to be used for all the wonderful things that can be made of it.

If we go back to the very early days, hundreds of years before papyrus leaves were used by the Egyptians for paper, we find that the Assyrians had extensive libraries and official documents made of baked clay. These practically imperishable records have done much to bring to our knowledge in the present day the customs and history of peoples of whom otherwise we should have known practically nothing. These tablets were written on white plastic by a bone pencil or stylus, and when finished were placed in the sun to dry and harden.

Another of the earliset uses of clay was to make bricks. Long before the Israelites were making their bricks out of the Nile mud, and straw, Assyrians and Babylonians were building brick palaces and houses. Some of the bricks they used can be seen in the British Museum, and many more among the ruins of these ancient cities. Not only, however, did these men of olden times build with bricks, they also made tiles for their roofs. These were not like the elaborate tiles we have nowadays, but slabs of beaten clay. Stone was of course the material used in the ancient buildings wherever it was possible to obtan it, but even in the days of ancient Greece and Rome burnt clay, made to look as much like stone as possible, was frequently used. We still use it in much the same form, and give it the name of "terracotta,' which means simply "burned earth.' This is much more durable when exposed to the weather than almost any natural stone with the exception of granite, and can be moulded and modelled to resemble carving very easily, whereas the carving of granite is a difficult and tedious work, requiring much skill and time.

In Italy, where for some hundreds of years, stone and terra-cotta were both used, it can clearly be seen in how much better state of preservation the ornamental terra-cotta work is, than the carvings in stone.

In modern days we use clay for the ornamental tiles round our fireplaces and stoves, and also for making fire backs, and in this case we call it fire clay. For some of the better class of ornamental tiles, stone and flint is mixed with the clay. The asbestos fuel and "candles' for gas stoves are also made mainly of clay.

But let us go back again to a use of clay that we share with ancient civilizations, that is the making of pottery. We have wonderful Egyptian pictures of their methods of making pottery, and the old Chinese procelain is fam-

ous all the world over.

The ancient Chinese stored their clay paste in cool cellars for a century, before they considered it fit for making their best china, and they had wonderful methods of glazing which gave magnificent results.

Though we are apt to look upon clay as dirt, a certain kind of clay which we know as fuller's earth has been used for cleaning purposes from earliest times. It is of a whitish color, but ordinary dark-colored clays are equally cleansing, but not so desirable on account of their dark color.

Clay is largely used in the manufacture of lead pencils, being mixed with graphite in large or smaller quantities. The more clay there is in the mixture and the longer it is baked the harder the pencil becomes. Thus a soft B. B. pencil contains much less clay and more graphite, while an H. H. pencil has a much greater proportion of clay.

China clay is largely used in the manufacture of some colors such as ultramarines, reds, violets and yellows. In fact artists owe much to clay not only in their paints but in their crayons.

A very important use of clay today is in the making of concrete and also of Portland cement. The process of making Portland cement was patented in 1824 by a bricklayer, Joseph Aspdin. It became very popular after having been used in the making of the Thames tunnel, and now it is made all over the world, and during the course of years the original process has been greatly improved.

It must not be forgotten when studying the uses of clay that it plays a very important part in filtering of all kinds. Alum is an important product made by heating clay with sulphuric acid, and this is used in many ways, as a preservative, in photography, in medicine, cookery, etc.

It will be seen even from this short article that clay "is one of the most marvellous and fascinating materials found in nature," and it is not only interesting to the student, but has beside a very important commercial value.

"A song of sunshine through the rain,
  Of spring across the snow;
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,
  A peace surpassing woe.
  Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart;
For Calvary and Easter Day
  Were just three days apart!"

Selected

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Walker and his group of boys have been planting quite a number of gladiolus bulbs.

Joe Johnson, one of our old boys visited the school last week. He informs us that he has a very good position in a bakery at Valdese, where he has been working for some time. We were glad to see Joe and to learn that he is getting along so well.

We recently received a set of new rollers for our cylinder press, which will greatly improve the appearance of The Uplift.

With the exception of one day last week, the good weather has continued and our outside forces are busily engaged with the Spring planting.

Mr. Presson and his Receving Cottage boys have been hauling coal from the large pile near the railroad siding and distributing it to the various cottages.

As it was too rainy for our regular work last Thursday afternoon, we enjoyed our weekly picture show at that time instead of in the evening.

Our regular Sunday School classes met in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon and all enjoyed the Easter lesson.

Mr. D. C. Corzine, one of our night watchmen, who was absent for some time on account of illness, has resumed his duties. Mr. Harry Hartsell acted as watchman during his absence.

Our baseball diamond has been greatly improved and all is in readiness for the first game of the season. Today's game will be played with the Hartsell Mill team. The local ball tossers have been working hard during the past week and we expect to have a good team on the field for the first game.

For several days past we have noticed a number of youngsters watching our cows as they have been grazing outside the regular pasture. From the latest report from the dairy boys we learn that our milk production has increased considerably.

Mr. Lisk, our poultryman, recently visited a pheasant farm near Gastonia. We expect the pheasant eggs in our incubator to hatch soon, and as this is a novel experiment at the school, it was decided to visit the Gaston County hatchery for the purpose of getting some information concerning the care of the young pheasants.

With the coming of warm weather came also the announcement as we assembled at the "old oak" the other day, that the boys would be permitted to go barefooted if they so desired. This was greeted with cheers, which later turned to tears, as some of the youngsters reported at the first aid station, to receive treatment for small cuts, bruises, "stumped toes,

etc.

The large water oaks which were transplanted on the lower end of the campus, three and four years ago, are out in full foilage, and add very much to the beauty of the campus.

Our entire population enjoyed an excellent fish dinner last Sunday. As an added attraction, the cottage tables were laden with several hundred gayly colored Easter eggs. Our bakery contributed several hundred buns to this festive occasion. Needless to say this feast was thoroughly enjoyed.

Following the usual custom for several years past, we assembled in the auditorium last Sunday morning for our Easter service, when the following program was rendered: Song—"Christ is Risen from the Dead;" Scripture and Prayer by School, led by Charles Rogers; Song—"Floats a Golden Chine," by Boys Choir and School; Exercise by Boys' Choir and four boys; Song—"The Living King, by School; Sermon—By Rev. L. D. Miller, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church; Song—"He Hath Triumphed Gloriously," by School; Benediction—Rev. Miller.

The boys seemed to catch the Easter spirit and each one taking part in the program did exceedingly well. Rev. Miller's sermon was instructive and interesting and was enjoyed by all present.

THE SONG-ROOM

In a light, airy room of a woman's reformatory in one of our states may be seen scores of canary birds, nesting and singing in the warm, bright sunshine. At times, especially in the early morning, the whole room is a riot of melody. You may wonder why, in such a place—with such sordid and unpleasant surroundings—so many birds are raised and kept.

"They are our musical restraint," explains the matron of the reformatory, when questioned concerning this unusual phenomenon. "When a girl or woman becomes refractory, and, as sometimes happens, well-nigh unmanageable, we take her to the bird room, and leave her there for a longer or shorter period, as may be necessary. And almost without exception she comes back from the song-room perfectly subdued, and often with a smile on her lips, singing."

I often think how beautiful it would be if we, individually, might but possess within our hearts a song-room, whose music in times of anxiety and fret might set us free from such an unhappy and contagious condition as do the birds in the reformatory room.

And it is a trust and faith in God and His plan for us—infinitely wise and efficient always—that could change the stress and discord in our lives to a music both sweet and healing.—A. F. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., MAY 3, 1930 15

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THE FINAL TEST

The final test of a civilization is not its balance sheets, but its homes and schools and churches. These represent a people's way and condition of life and are an index to their sense of values. It will avail us nothing if we achieve prosperity at the expense of human well-being and happiness. Such prosperity would only be a mockery. Let us, therefore, pledge each other here today that we will, whatever the cost of appeal to prejudice or self-interest, keep our vision unclouded and our eyes resolutely fixed upon the goal of leaving this a finer freer, better and more wholesome commonwealth than we found it.—O. Max Gardner.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A REAL TEST OF CHARACTER

Moral courage is at all times a real test of character. It is essentially a finer tye of courage than physical bravery. The latter may be a by-product of simple brute strength; the former is always the triumph of mental and spiritual powers. An act involving this finer courage may be likened to the catechism's definition of a sacrament: "The outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace."

Moral courage may be as simple and as hard as a child's confession of a fault; it may be as supremely sacrificial as that instance of brvery recounted by a newspaper the other day, where an overseer in a cotton mill faced a mob single-handed to protect a defenseless negro boy. Occasionally such instances of moral courage find their way into the press, and get a few accidental headlines, but for the most part, they are unheralded and unsung. This is quite as it should be. Too many virtues are imitated already because of their cheap advertising. The person who possesses moral courage needs no medals to show that he has it. The unexpected occasion will call it forth, and it cannot be mistaken for a baser thing. But moral courage seeks no recognition of its merit. It acts invariably because it must. And what is, after all, the best reason for calling it a real test of character.

THE DUKE ADDITION

About three years ago, Mr. Alexander H. Sands, of New York City, who at that time was secretary to the late Benjamin N. Duke, visited the institution. He and his wife were shown over the school, and after viewing the activities in the various departments, they were pleased with the manner in which the work

was carried on, and were very much interested in the part played by the Stonewall Jackson Training School in benefitting the citizenship of a great state, by the reclamation of the lives of wayward youths.

Shortly after Mr. Sand's return to New York, we received a check from Mr. Duke for $5,000. Soon after Mr. Duke's death, more than a year ago, the school officials were informed that the institution was a participant in his will to the extent of the sum of $10,000. In neither case was there any stipulation as to how the money must be spent, it being left to the school authorities to use as they deemed best. This check for $10,000 was just received last week.

For many years the school officials had been anxious to acquire a valuable tract of land, known as the Phifer property, closely adjoining the school, it being within twelve or fifteen feet of our dairy and stock barns. This could not be accomplished until Mr. Phifer's death, which occurred two years ago. At that time an appeal was made to the State for the purchase of this property—208 acres at $100 per acre—but the State was not able to make the necessary appropriation for its purchase.

Last Spring the trustees in settlement of the Phifer estate, were instructed to dispose of the land at once, and again steps were taken to acquire this valuable acreage for the school. Just at the time when we were about to abandon all hope of realizing our ambitions, and the property was about to elude our grasp and pass into other hands, we learned of Mr. Duke's legacy. With these two gifts, amounting to $15,000, and the remainder being drawn from the State's emergency fund, the property was purchased and the school is now in possession of same.

This land will be used for farming purposes, special attention being given to the growing of good seeds—cotton, corn, beans, lespedeza, clover, etc.—working in conjunction with the State and Federal Farm Bureau—and will also form an important part in imparting instruction in improved and progressive methods of modern agriculture, to the boys under our care.

This section of our farm will probably be known as the Duke addition, the name not yet having been fully decided upon, but at the next meeting of the Board of Trustees, it is expected that an appropriate name will be selected in honor of our benefactor.

To those interested in the development of this property, we extend an invitation to take a drive over the fields. To note the appearance of the rich soil and gaze upon row after row of white flint rocks which have been

gathered up and placed in long wind-rows, 180 feet apart, some of them nearly half a mile long and from one to three and one-half feet high, would be an inspiring sight, well worth traveling some distance to behold.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A GREAT NEED

What does your community need to-day? It needs more boosters and fewer knockers. We believe if a survey were taken of your city or community to learn the percentage of boosters as compared with the knockers there would be ten knockers to every booster. Unconsciously people fall into the habit of knocking and walk about with a hammer to squelch every progressive move made in any form or shape. Just reverse the order of things—ten boosters to every knocker—and soon a better spirit would prevail and people would have more faith in any work undertaken. We are charitable enough to believe that the masses have unconsciously fallen into the habit of making unfavorable remarks if for no other reason than to appear informed. If you can not say anything good to give courage to a commendable undertaking "count ten" at least before expressing an opinion. Let us cultivate a boosting spirit from now on and put up our hammers. For instance "Let us not be ashamed to be friendly or to show any friendly feeling we may have. Let us be the first to give a friendly sign, to nod first, smile first, speak first, give first, and if such a thing is necessary, forgive first and forget first."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

ACTIVITY

A great many confuse service with activity. Much energy is spent in traveling on circular tracks. The best worker is not necessarily the busiest. Just watch usually at rallies and meetings where the leaders are flying around with great show of activity to the minute the program is to begin is an evidence of inadequate planning. "A certain city tried out a traffic light control that changed color with the blowing of a horn by a small box at a street corner." It worked. It was so successful and so interesting half of the city turned out—"honked their horn by the little box despite the fact the neighbors protested." One crowd of youngsters rode continuously around that square just to honk the light from red to green. Really do you see the point? Some one could have gone some place with the gas

used in rounding the square. "What is needed most is not more gas but more judgment at the wheel. Activity for the sake of activity is pure loss. A few minutes in an easy chair spent in considering desirable aims and outcomes is a necessary preliminary to any action. We do not need more activity but we do need more directed activity."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

It is quite easy to think of how one would meet bereavement if a person has never realized the same. Naturally there are people who apparently rise to every emergency, but we can not tell just how deep the wound is. A few days ago we visited an old lady, blind, paralized but with features beautiful and refined. She was nursed by a daughter who showed every evidence of a gentle birth even in the midst of poverty. This kind and gentle daughter said that "mother has never been well since the sudden death of father—she seemed to have not gotten over the shock." Possibly the loss of her life long companion and meeting the financial emergencies of life was more than her frail body could stand and her mind became cloudy. This seemed a dismal picture and while looking upon that sweet face who had enjoyed in early life opportunities the equal of the best and richest in our community the thought came "how sudden the tide of fortune turns sometimes and the richest as well as the best born, are submerged in both the social and political upheavals that confront life. But in the final conclusion as we pondered over the past life of this dear, old creature—once a beautiful girl in a home of culture, influence and affluence, who had given her life to rearing a large family under trying and straightened circumstances—we thought her's was truly a life of service. A love of service sustained her, and a love that goes to the betterment of others is sure to bring reward which money can not buy. We left feeling that her reward was surely heaven.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

THEN AND NOW

By contrast only can we appreciate the improved living conditions that have been given to the people at large by scientific development. For instance in reviewing life there are many of us who can recall the ox-cart used by some as a means of travel; the sail boat used for transportation; then the occasional horse and buggy distinctively an evidence of a prosperous home, or the possession of a good sport—but, today we enjoy the automobile; the

electrified railway and the airplane that has shortened distance and made the whole universe neighbors. Then by the use of the radio we are informed as to the activities of the country at the time the scene is enacted thereby visualizing the same. In an article entitled "Then and Now" taken from an exchange the conditions of home life twenty-five years ago are emphasized by contrast:

> Filling the family woodbox was a regular chore for the boy of twenty-five years ago who lived in the small country town or on the farm. After the first snowfall his troubles began. The snow had to be taken off each stick and the wood piled neatly in the box. Not only the kitchen woodbox but the big round forerunner of the base-burner in the 'parlor' had to be kept supplied with a prodigious amount of fuel. The housewife of that early day cooked and worked about a hot kitchen stove and then rushed out into the open to hang up clothes. Sudden changes of temperature brought on colds and suffering. The oven required constant watching. There was little time for social visits.
>
> Things are different now. Power comes into the home on wires or through pipes. By a press of a button a genie is released who washes, dries and presses clothing, sweeps the floor, cooks food, heats and lights the home and does a score of other things. The temperature of the home is more constant and even, making for healthfulness. But we wonder if, with all the modern improvements, the new housewife can make mince pies with that golden, crispy crust and delicious filling that was possible with the old cook stove. Yes, ours is no doubt the better age. But many things of the past are worth remendering.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The tragic loss of life in the Ohio prison—300 trapped and burned—makes the cold shivers run through our veins. There is always a discussion as to the manner of caring for the prisoners when we should turn attention to decrease in crime. Our prison in Raleigh was built in 1869 to house 350 prisoners and today it shelters 650. Such tragedies are happening all over the country and it is too bad that so much publicity has to be given out on the subject for the reason the thought gives some one an idea. But, in this progressive age it is utterly impossible to suppress news items.

WAGES, UNEMPLOYMENT, UNREST, EFFICIENCY

By C. W. Hunt

The old rule of supply and demand governing prices should apply to wages as well as commodities, but the present state does not want to, is not willing to reduce wages because there is not demand for laborers. That being true and the asking of old inflated time wages for work, keeps some work form being done. Men who might find work at 35 to 40 cents per but who loaf rather than work for less than 65 to 80 cents per hour, because that is standard union wage scale are suffering at times, for work to do that wages may be earned, when if they were willing to work at a less price they would start something that lies undone. I have a friend who has by hard work, with his own hands accumulated sufficient to have rental property. He has been complained to for the price he charged for his houses, and told the complainer that it was the price such as he charged for his work that required high rental in order to get interest on the investment; that if he could get repairs made for what he considered a reasonable price, it would be possible to rent for less. Thus the complaint was the cause of higher rent.

A property owner wanted some painting done, the contractors wanted more than the owner thought was just; he called painters and asked what they would work for by the hour? Eighty five cents was the least these men would work for; and rather than work for less they loafed on: at the same time saying we need work, but refuse to work for a wage that would feed them and families, which was less than standard. Such an act blocks and delays the opening up of work that would call for all idlers. When there is surplus cotton corn, potatoes, peanuts and such the price goes down accordingly. Labor is a commodity, is for sale; if by working for a price that will feed and start work again, any man who loafs rather than work for less than a standard scale is in the way of progress, and has no one but self to complain at if he or she is idle.

Unemployment creates unrest; unrest creates conditions that upset most things. It is an age of unrest; unrest that makes law violators and dulls respect for all law. Unemployment and unrest go hand in hand. Any one out of work and unable to get it has right to complain, provided he has done what he ought to do to get work. If he is out of work because he refuses to work for less than usual, at a time when capital has suspended operation, just that much longer does he delay the time when labor will be sought. Another thing that is playing a large part in unemployment, unrest and idleness is the fact that machines are displacing men and women at a faster and faster rate. One here and yonder seem small, but in the aggregate it mounts to large numbers, and there would be more want and complaint, but for the fact that

many are getting large wages yet, which is sufficient to enable a family to live with half the workers employed. It is an unusual time. Readjustments are being made, and the time is fully at hand when a readjustment in many wages may have to be made. Further there are those in certain occupations that will never be able to do what they have been doing for the reason machines and new methods have crowded them out. There is just one opening for many such as are mentioned here: get back to the land. If you are unable to live at a trade you have picked up, get back to the land. If you work it it will feed you and you reduce the competition that much. The time may return when you can work at a large wage again. At making a living out of the ground (food) for you and yours, there is no competition. Wood and water and shelter can be had at many vacant houses in the rural sections, and it is not too late to plant for food.

Efficiency is a word to conjure with. The world demands efficiency; without the proper training it is hard to sell service for very long. Efficiency is demanded and to maintain it costs money. The doctor, the dentist, the lawyer the minister are all required to possess high efficiency to hold the places they now hold. Efficiency costs money to acquire, which fact alone calls for high charges for service rendered. You hear loud complaint at the dentist's charge; at the bill for an operation by the surgeon. The demand for efficiency has taken competition out of all the professions. A poor young man can hardly get a medical education. The efficiency demanded, by law, of him has driven the country doctor out of the land. Great sections have no resident physicians or dentists. Those we do have have been driven by efficiency to charge what often seems a prohibitive price, which is stimulated by a desire to accumulate a sufficiency in the shortest possible time. The next decade needs to stress a reorganization, a re-adjustment of wages and charges. Thousands now suffering in the cities need to get back to digging a living out of the land, and wages needs readjustment until there is a demand for more at a higher price.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown field or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

—Algeron Charles Swinburne.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

(Stanly News-Press)

Mr. Beam, superintendent of the city schools, has given the matter of education many years of study and thought, and his conclusions are well worth noting. In recent addresses before the civic clubs of the city, Mr. Beam has stated that he believes that much more attention should be given to vocational training, for experience has shown him that the high schools are not meeting the needs of the majority of the students today.

It has been shown that the majority of the students do not pursue their education further than the high school. Mr. Beam says that this system of education is unfair to those who go out into the world to make a living after completing their high school education.

A few years ago educators were of the opinion that every boy and girl should have a college education. But as more and more graduates were being turned out by the colleges it soon became evident that a college education did not necessarily make an industrious, intelligent, and successful man or woman. On the other hand, it seemed that a college education had a tendency to really do harm in some instances.

Since thousands of college graduates are out in the world, it has become evident that not every boy and girl needs a college education, but that they really need vocational training in the high schools. A young woman comes out of high school at the age of 18 or 19, and usually by the time she is 21 she has married unless she goes to college. If she had specialized in domestic science courses she would be well trained in the duties which she must perform. The same is true with a boy, for unless he plans to go to college he should specialize in some kind of work which he intends to follow as a trade or profession, such as wood working, farming, or any other trade which can be taught in the schools.

The trend in education is changing, and there can be no doubt but that Mr. Beam is thinking ahead of the majority of the educators in the state.

MY PRAYER

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And make the singer glad.
God make my life an open book,
That all who read may learn
To shun the evil, love the good—
In all, His will discern.—Exchange.

300,000 TULIPS TO BLOOM ON NORTH CAROLINA FARM

By Gertrude S. Caraway, in Asheville Citizen, April 20, 1930

Tulip time in Carolina will be at its best Easter week, when more than 300,000 tulips are expected to be in bloom at the Van Dorp bulb farm at Terra Ceia. Thousands of visitors are expected as usual to visit the attractive Dutch development.

The tulip season will follow successful jonquil and Dutch iris periods. Practically every kind of flower and vegetable can be raised in the rich peat soil of the "Heavenly Land," at Terra Ceia near Washington.

In only a few years Dutch settlers have created a valuable business for cut flowers and bulbs of various kinds of tulip, narcissus, gladiolus and iris. The popularity of the place may be judged from the fact that about 10,000 persons visited there on one Sunday last April, when 200,000 tulips were in full bloom on the three-acre tract of the 32-acre field at Broad Acre farm.

Acreage Increases

The number of tulips will be even larger this year, all acreages having been increased. Various colors of the flowers are grouped artistically in separate plots, the reds being together with other beds for purple, pink and yellow tulips respectively. Consequently, the farm is a scene of rare colorful beauty.

In time the tract should become one of the main showplaces of the state. Yellow and purple iris attract wide admiration. Gladioli will furnish attraction for June. Experiments are being made with roses, peonies and shrubs.

Characteristic of the nationality, the Dutch settlement is kept neat and lovely. Hollanders seem to possess intuitively the knack of knowing how to get the best results from Mother Nature.

George Hoogendoorn was the first Dutch settler to locate there, moving a few years ago from Albany, N. Y. Two years ago he became an American citizen. In his family are his wife and four daughters. His efforts are centered principally on the growing of shrubs and plants, although he is also an expert along flower and bulb lines.

Tulip Specialist

Probably the only man in North Carolina specializing particularly in the growing of tulips, however, is his younger Dutch neighbor, H. Van Dorp, who is gaining a national reputation for his success. Among other flower raisers in the state narcissi have been more popular specialties.

The Dutchmen have had many difficulties and handicaps to overcome in their unique venture. Even yet, they have not succeeded so well as they hope to do in the future. Market conditions have not been entirely satisfactory. Nevertheless, they have made marvelous progress.

Only four years and a half ago did young Van Dorp arrive from Holland. During that time he has endeavored to make his Terra Ceia beds

resemble those he had left in his native land. If his efforts continue to expand and succeed, tulips from Carolina may soon become as well known as those from Holland.

Van Dorp was lured to this state by the owners of the Broad Acre farmland, who had built a canal 13 years ago to drain the swamps and develop their 2,000 acres there and additional fields elsewhere. Attractive Dutch homes were built for the newcomers and tracts of land were rented to them, the climate and soil being ideal for flowers and bulbs.

Came Over in 1925

The young man arrived in October, 1925. His first bulbs came about three months later. About a tenth of an acre was devoted to tulip cultivation that first year. He could do very little for some time, being more interested in bulbs than in the flowers.

Residents noticed the lovely flowers, however, and suggested that he take some of them to sell in Washington. Although the plan was not in line with his general purpose, he gave it a trial. One Saturday morning he drove to town with about 90 dozen blooms. The flowers were quickly sold to admiring purchasers.

A chief difficulty was the young man's inability to speak English. He was also unfamiliar with the customs of America. But he knew flowers and farming and his long experience in Holland had given him a splendid foundation for his new industrial venture in the new world. His work has developed successfully and although he still has a foreign accent he can speak English fluently.

Most of his work is done alone, because it is difficult to get efficient helpers. This makes it necessary for him to change many of the practices to which he had been accustomed in Holland. With only a wife and a small son to assist him, he had to use different methods of cultivation from those he used in Holland as one of 11 members of his family.

In Holland, considered the finest place in the world for growing bulbs only bulbs are considered valuable little attention is placed on the flowers. In America, both flowers and the bulbs are important. When the blooms have ended, the bulbs are taken up and graded.

Much Preparation

When he plans to take up the bulbs, he makes long, advance preparations. After the flowers have been picked, the stems are left on the plants as long as possible. Flowers that may have fallen off are quickly removed, to prevent the possibility of a disease known as "burns."

After the leaves have turned brown in June, the bulbs are taken up by hand with a small scoop. This seems an endless task of a back-breaking nature under a hot summer sun. They are carried to big barns and placed on shelves to dry.

Grading then begins. The salable bulbs are first selected, then the planting stock and finally the small stock. The first group goes to market, the second group is stored for planting and the third group is kept for seed.

In ploughing the fields for the planting season, a mule is used. The

rows are covered with pine straw to protect the plants from the spring winds. The various jobs are tedious and difficult, requiring a persevering, efficient and able worker.

The bulbs are planted five or six inches deep in the ground, about six inches apart. The beds are three feet wide. As a result of this type of planting, the blossoming flowers resemble an unbroken tapestry.

Much care has to be taken in choosing proper bulbs for planting, so that they will not multiply too fast. If the weather is warm, they often spread so quickly that several smalls ones will come instead of one large bulb.

Marketing conditions in America are vastly different from those in his native land, according to Van Dorp. Bulb and vegetable growers in Holland are well organized. All are required to sell their produce through the prescribed auction method, which is somewhat similar to the system of tobacco warehouse auction sales in our state.

Auction houses in Holland are constructed with canals through them, so that produce can be brought into them by boats. At some places they have an auctioneer. At others, buyers go into the building with small booklets, look over the produce for sale and mark their prices down in their books.

The produce is displayed attractively in the auction buildings. Each buyer in some places has a regular seat. The auction house representative has a raised stand near a giant wheel that contains prices. The wheel is so arranged that when a buyer pushed an individual electric button from his seat, his bid for the product on sale is flashed on the wheel.

Auction Methods

The buyers do not start low and work up to the highest bid offered, as they do in America. On the other hand, they start high and get lower and lower. This is because of the Dutch tax laws that place taxes on products sold at auction to the highest bidders.

The auction house representative starts the big wheel at the highest price he thinks possible for certain flowers. Slowly he moves the wheel around to lower and lower prices. When a buyer decides that he is willing to pay a certain price for the flowers, he pushes his electric bell. The wheel is automatically stopped at that price, with the red flashlight of his initials as the buyer. As the bells are automatic, not but one bid can be registered at a time and the first bidder gets the lot.

Whenever a buyer thus offers a price, which to the auction house representative is as low as he will take for the products on sale, the articles are declared to be duly sold and another set of bidding starts. The sales are conducted in rapid, orderly fashion and the long rows of moving carts of bunched flowers are unusually extensive and attractive.

Government restrictions on imported bulbs have furnished a new incentive for the raising of bulbs in Eastern Carolina. It is said that the American bulbs bloom about two weeks earlier than do the foreign varieties here. A remarkable industrial opportunity seems to lie here for

those inclined to try for success along the line.

How Tulips Grow

One of the most interesting things about Tulips is the way they respond to water. En route home by motor from Terra Ceia they apparently die. However, upon being placed in water, they immediately regain life, strength and beauty and last for several days.

This is also true of shipments. After the flowers have been picked and tied in bunches, they are left standng in water until their stems are so thoroughly filled they stand the trip well and arrive fresh and lovely on Northern markets.

Eastern Carolina is apparently confronted with a great chance not only to become a noted tulip resort but also to rank in time as an outstanding flower and bulb region. Bulb and flower industries around Washington, New Bern and Wilmington, have expanded encouragingly during the last few years, indicating a splendid future.

From Truck to Flowers

One of the most prosperous truck farmers in East Carolina, Harry Shriver, of New Bern, has recently turned completely from truck to flowers. He says that flower and bulb raising is far more profitable than vegetable raising. Women hesitate over paying ten cents for vegetables, he says, but quickly offer $10 for flowers.

With the growing tendency of all housekeepers and merchants to brighten their rooms with living plants and flowers, the sale of flowers has shown remarkable growth during recent years. Shrubbery, too, is in increasing demand. Bulbs are increasing in value.

Eastern Carolina is considered one of the most ideal locations in the country for the growing of bulbs, flowers and shrubs. It is far enough south to have climatic and soil advantages and is not too far from Northern markets. The time may come indeed, when Eastern Carolina flowers and bulbs may form one of the state's most valuable assets, besides being as well known nationally as California roses or Florida fruit.

FLOWERS HAVE COME WITH SUNNY MAY

Frost and chill has passed away;
Flowers have come with sunny May;
Birds upon the branches sing;
All the land is full of spring;
Through the fields the children go,
Gathering blossoms to and fro.
Buttercups and daises soon
Are to come with rosy June;
All the flowers are on their way,
Now the first have bloomed with May.
"Welcome!" all the children sing,
"Welcome to the joyous spring!"

—Priscilla Leonard.

KINDNESS OF INDIANS IS REVEALED BY HISTORIAN

By J. B. Hicklin in Asheville Citizen

Residents of Western North Carolina could learn a great deal from the original inhabitants of the section in the way of religious tolerance, charity and honest government, in the opinion of Dr. F. A. Sondley, president of the Buncombe County Historical Association. An interesting paper dealing with customs and traits of the Cherokees and other Indian tribes of the South Atlantic has just been placed in the historical files by him for inclusion in the history of the country to be published in the near future.

"As to religion," Dr. Sondley quotes the Cherokees' code in religion, "everyone is at liberty to think for himself, whence flows a diversity of opinion amongst those that do think, but the major part do not give themselves that trouble. They generally concur, however, in the belief of a Superior Being." Thus, Dr. Sondley adds with emphasis, before Thomas Jefferson was born these old Cherokees set forth the doctrine of religious liberty, and that without denying it, while loudly pretending to it.

Relieved Poverty

The paper gives a number of thrilling experiences of early settlers of the country that was then North Carolina, but part of which was later cut into the state of Tenessee. In each Dr. Sondley points out the "Christian" charity and humanity the "Savage" shown in their dealings with the whites, some of whom oftentimes too soon forgot these considerations.

Portions of the memoirs published by Lieut. Henry Timberlake, a young Virginia volunteer, in 1765, furnishing an interesting account of the Indian method of relieving the poor, are included by Dr. Sondley to throw light on his claim.

"The Indians have a particular method of relieving the poor," the lieutenant wrote, "which I shall rank among the most lauadable of their religious ceremonies, most of the rest consisting purely in the vain ceremonies and superstitious romances of their conjurers. When any of their people are hungry, as they term it, or in distress, orders are issued out by the headman for a war dance, at which all of the fighting men and warriors assemble; but here, contrary to all their other dances, one only dances at a time, who, after hopping and capering for near a minute, with a tomahawk in his hand gives a small whoop, at which signal the music stops 'till he relates the manner of taking his first scalp, and concludes his narration, by throwing on a large skin spread for that purpose, a string of wampum, piece of plate wire, paint, lead or anything he can most conveniently spare; after which the music strikes up, and he proceeds in the same manner through all his warlike actions; then another takes his place, and the ceremony lasts 'till all the warriors and fight-

ing men have related their exploits. The stock thus raised, after paying the musicians, is divided among the poor.''

Indian Widow Aids

Christopher Graffenied in 1710 founded New Bern. While engaged in that undertaking he was seized by the Tuscaroras and sentenced to be executed, but finally was released. In his account, picked up by Mr Sondley, he explains:

''I cannot but state here the great generosity and pity shown by a good widow who gave me from the very beginning, during my imprisonment, always to eat, so that at least food did not fail me.

''But what is more remarkable, as soon as she saw me bound by the young rogues who plundered me, and took from me, among other things, my silver shoe-buckles, fastened by only a small string, she took her beautiful brass-buckles (with which she fastened her head bands) and put them on my shoes. More than that she was not satisfied until she found out which Indian had taken my buckles, bought them and came in high glee, running to me, and put them back on my shoes. Must it not be conceded that it was a great kindness from a savage woman? For the confusion of many Christians I must state here to the shame of the latter, that the Indians are generally much more generous and charitable.''

Life is Saved

The South Carolinians, claiming the exclusive right to trade with the Cherokees, had, for that trade, built on Little Tennessee river in what was North Carolina territory, now in the state of Tennessee, a fort which they had named Fort Loudon. It stood nearly on the north bank of Telleco river and was garrisoned by a company of South Carolina militia. In the course of the French and Indian war the Cherokees, having become hostile to the British colonists, Dr. Snodley writes, beseiged and finally captured this fort in August, 1760. Captain John Stuart, second in command at the fort, thus became a prisoner amnog the Cherokees, who determined to attack Fort Prince George, another fort of the South Carolinians, and informed Stuart that he must aid them in this undertaking against his own people. On this Stuart sought assistance from Attacullaculla, ''The Little Carpenter,'' a distinguished chief of the Cherokees, who was a close friend. When Attacullaculla had heard of the Fort Loudon capture and massacre he had come at once to the fort and bought his friend from the Indian captors; giving for the prisoner the chief's own rifle, clothes and everything that he could command. Then this chief took possession of one of the vacant houses of the fort and kept Stuart there as a member of his household until he could find opportunity to get him safely back to his white friends.

Friend to Rescue

When Stuart applied to Attacullaculla for aid in avoiding the necessity of helping in an attack on Fort Prince George, the chief ''gave out to his countrymen that he intended to go a-hunting for a few days and carry his prisoner along with him to eat vension, of which he declared he was exceedingly fond—'' Having

settled all matters they set out on their journey, accompanied by the warrior's wife, his brother, and two soldiers. For provisions they depended on what they might kill by the way. The distance to the frontier settlements was great and the utmost expedition necessary to prevent any surprise from the Indians pursuing them. Nine days and nights did they travel through a dreary wilderness, shaping their course by the light of the sun and moon for Virginia before he was at last delivered to his friends.

"The American Indians never taxed their people'," Dr. Sondley concludes his paper with a flourish after offering a number of other striking stories of Indian charity. "Will North Carolina," he asks, "ever attain so far to civilization as to cease to tax to the point of extermination of her best people for the lavish support of her more worthless people? She has much to learn from those whom she arorgantly scorns as ignorant and brutal savages. Until her people have learned and practiced these lessons they may well refrain from imputations on the unhumanity of those who for more than many centuries have far outstripped them and should shame their detractors."

The Air Mail Service of the world has developed so rapidly in the past few years that this service now covers more than one hundred thousand miles and reaches practically every important city in all countries. The higher rates of postage are more than offset by the great advantage that the rapid service gives to business. A letter from New York City to Iima, Peru, for instance, goes in twelve days by regular mail, but by air mail it goes in seven days. To Mexico City the regular mail goes in five days, by air it goes in two days. The saving to banks alone in interest charges is estimated to total millions of dollars a year. Except in Germany, Russia and the United States, air mail lines are largely over two or more countries. A French line provides rapid communication facilities with North Africa and both coasts of South America, with the ocean length filled in by fast ocean vessels. The Belgian government supports a long air line in the Belgian Congo, which enables the saving of weeks over ordinary mail between the coast and interior cities. Australia has some six thousand miles of air lines, serving in places where no other transportation is available. As in the United States, days are saved by the new trans-continental service in Australia, as well as weeks over some of the other air routes there. Canada plans a transcontinental line, which will soon connect important centers across the continent. From London or New York air mail service is available to nearly all countries. On the whole, air mails now originate in more than fifty countries.—Exchange.

KING'S MOUNTAIN TURNED REVOLUTIONARY WAR TIDE

By John A. Lang

The significance of the Battle of King's Mountain in the winning of American independence can scarcely be overestimated. In every important sense it was a crisis in the history of the Revolutionary War. Coming at the time when it did, the victory from this battle sent a thrill of new courage throughout the whole country. Thomas Jefferson, in referring to the Battle of King's Mountain, said: "It was the joyful annunciation of that turn in the tide of our success that terminated the Revolutionary War with the seal of independence."

A hundred years after Jefferson made this statement, Theodore Roosevelt in his "The Winning of the West," Vol. II, page 286, speaks of the American victory at King's Mountain in the following way: "The victory was of far-reaching importance and ranks among the decisive battles of the Revolution. It was the first great success of the Americans in the South, the turning point in the Southern campaign, and it brought cheer to the patriots throughout the Union."

Similar judgements from able historians could be multiplied by the score, and no competent historian has ventured to express dissent.

The battle of King's Mountain affords a rich and colorful story to the person who seeks to study it from every angle. Most of us today are most particularly interested in studying the activities of the American soldiers in this battle. We are getting ready to celebrate the sesquicentennial date of this great battle. Thousands of people from all over this country, particularly from the southern states, are preparing to meet together on the memorial battleground of King's Mountain in October of this year to do honor and to pay respect to the American heroes who fought and bravely died there that their posterity might forever enjoy the blessings of liberty and self-government. It is therefore only natural that we should desire at this time to know more about these American heroes of King's Mountain who commendably bore the brunt of this fierce and bloody struggle. In knowing more about these patriots, we shall be more able to ascertain and appreciate their share in this battle which greatly helped us in our struggle for independence.

Study of Commanders

The most effective way to study the character of the American soldiers at King's Mountain is through the study of their commanders and leaders, and it is to the study of these American commanders and leaders that this essay is devoted. Before taking up individually each one of the most important Amercan commanders at King's Mountain, it is necessary to point out some characteristics which were generally common to all of the American com-

manders and soldiers that took part in this battle.

These men, who conceived and set on foot this effective stand against British oppression, were members of a frontier community only a few thousand strong. Their own homes were in constant danger of attack from the Cherokee Indians, a fierce and valorous nation who were in close league with the British and hung like a storm cloud upon the western skirts of the settlements.

These frontiersmen did not wait until the enemy was at their own doors, but they took the offensive and went in search of the enemy, thus making common cause with all the colonies. It seemed as though nothing could overcome their courageous nature and determined willpower. They marched twelve full days over one of the roughest routes ever traveled by a mounted army, right straight across the Appalachians and the Blue Ridge. For the last two days of their march, these frontiersmen pushed onward through a pouring rain and were out of their saddles only once, and then for but an hour.

Achieved Signal Victory

At the end of this strenuous ride they, tired almost to exhaustion threw themselves against a foe numerically as strong as themselves, securely posted, well drilled, and commanded by one of the bravest and most accomplished officers in the British army.

The undaunted driving-power of the American frontiersmen led them to achieve at King's Mountain, within a little more than an hour, one of the most signal victories of the whole Revolution, in which they killed, wounded or captured nearly every one of their British antagonists.

If there be any citizen of the United States whose blood does not flow a little faster at the recital of these courageous accomplishments, he is not to be envied. These accomplishments could never have been brought about by these American frontiersmen had it not been for their fearless, valorous, and liberty-loving characteristic and natures.

The American commanders at King's Mountain possessed these characteristics to such an extent that they became the means by which the success of the American cause in this battle was insured. These commanders left their families utterly exposed to the ferocious Cherokee Indians and traveled over the frontier regions, summoning the frontiersmen to follow them.

Result of Much Planning

It is about such heroes that we should wish to know more. Those men, who made possible this great American victory, are often times permitted to occupy no great place in our store of knowledge. We are too prone to think of this victory at King's Mountain as the product of a military effort that had no previous planning or forethought. Many of us have not yet realized that it was through the effective planning and preparation on the part of the American commanders at King's Mountain that the American victory was won there on October 7, 1780.

It is, therefore, entirely befitting at this time upon the eve of our great celebration at King's Mountain that we should look into the story of the lives of these commanders. In

doing this, we shall get the proper perspective upon their lives and be better able to ascertain the various movements and forces that accentuated their actions and influenced their characters. We shall take up each one of these commanders individually in order that we may be able to acquaint ourselves better with their personalities.

William Campbell

The chief in command at King's Mountain was Colonel William Campbell, of Virginia. He wielded at this battle his trusty sword—an "Andrea di Ferrara"—which was more than a century old, having been used by his Scotch ancestors in the wars of the Pretenders. Colonel Campbell received a great sense of satisfaction from the high praises showered upon him and his associates for the decisive trimuph achieved at King's Mountain—emanating from Washington, Gates, the Legislature of Virginia and the Continental Congress.

William Campbell was born in Augusta County, Virginia, in 1745. He was the great-grandson of John Campbell, who emigrated from the North or Ireland in 1726, and settled in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, removing thence in 1738, with three of his ten or twelve children to Augusta County, Virginia. At the age of twenty-two he removed to the Holston country and took possession of some very valuable lands which had been acquired by his father some time before in what are now Washington and Smyth Counties, Virginia. He early became a man of note, being appointed one of the justices of Fincastle County, which then embraced that whole section of Virginia. In 1774 Campbell was captain of a company in Colonel Christian's regiment on the expedition to Point Pleasant; and in September, 1775 he marched with his company to eastern Virginia, enlisted in the first Virginia Regiment commanded by Patrick Henry and remained there five or six months, during which time he took part in some miltary operations. About this time, Campbell married Elizabeth Henry, the sister of Patrick Henry, and shortly afterward resigned his military post and returned home. However, Campbell's services were too badly needed for him to remain out of the army very long, so he became a soldier again—this time as colonel of the county militia.

Won Great Distinction

During the fall of 1780 Campbell received requests from Colonel Isaac Shelby to come with his forces into North Carolina to help break up the union of the Tory forces with the British forces in this state. At first Campbell hesitated because he knew that his own state of Virginia was about to be invaded by the British. However, when call after call came up from North Carolina to him, Campbell ordered his forces to accompany him to North Carolina to oppose the advancing British and Tory forces.

Out of respect for his long march and great sacrifice, Campbell was elected by the Carolina commanders at King's Mountain to lead and direct this battle. Campbell willingly accepted this great responsibility and discharged it with great distinction. Although some writers would have us

believe that Campbell's courage did not remain with him all through this encounter, it is common testimony of Campbell's men that their commander was present and courageously fought in every part of this hotly-contested engagement.

For his services at King's Mountain, Colonel William Campbell received words of thanks and congratulations from both American generals and legislative bodies. After the battle of King's Mountain, he took an honorable part in the Battle of Guilford Courthouse and then once more resigned his commission and was later elected to the Virginia Legislature.

In 1781 he was made brigadier general of militia and recalled to the field under Lafayette. During August of the same year Campbell was seized with a sudden illness and died a few days afterwards, much to the grief of his state and the surrounding states.

Isaac Shelby

Probably no one commander had any more to do with the succes of the American cause at King's Mountain than did Isaac Shelby. Shelby's persistent courage and great influence over men contributed largely to this American victory. Born December 11, 1750, in Frederick County, Maryland, Isaac Shelby was employed until twenty-one years of age in farming and herding for his father, Captain Evan Shelby.

In 1771 Isaac removed with other members of his family to the Holston region in southwestern Virginia. It was in this region that Isaac Shelby shared the customary experiences and adventures of a pioneer and frontiersman. He served as a lieutenant in a company of Fincastle troops, of which his father was captain, in Lord Dunmore's War and fought valiantly in the Battle of Point Pleasant in this war.

For nearly a year following this war, Shelby explored, located, and surveyed lands in Kentucky. In July 1776, while yet in Kentucky, he was appointed captain of a company of minute men by the committee of safety in Virginia. Shelby discharged his duties so effectively that Governor Patrick Henry, of Virginia, appointed him in 1777 as a commissary of supplies for an extensive body of militia guarding the frontier posts.

Fnds Himself A Tar Heel

In 1778 Shelby was engaged in the commissary department, providing supplies for the Continental army and for an expedition, by way of Pittsburgs, against northwestern Indians. He rendered similar service in 1779.

In the fall of the same year, Shelby was commissioned a major by Governor Thomas Jefferson, in the escort of guards to the commissioners for establishing the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina. By the extension of this line Shelby's residence was found to be in North Carolina, and shortly afterwards he was appointed by Governor Caswell, of North Carolina, a colonel of the new county of Sullivan which is now in the State of Tennessee.

Isaac Shelby was largely responsible for the American victory in the Battle of Musgrove's Mills, August 18, 1780, and during this same sum-

mer captured a formidable Tory stronghold on the Pacolet River.

Colonel Isaac Shelby's part in the Battle of King's Mountain was a most important one. In his home on the frontier of North Carolina, Shelby had received a message from Colonel Charles McDowell, of Burke County, begging him to furnish all the aid he could towards checking the British who were over-running the three southern states. In a few days Shelby crossed the Alleghanies with two hundred mounted riflemen. On came Shelby with his men, and their valor and patriotism were shown in every encounter with the enemy on the way to King's Mountain. By their actions, Shelby and his men re-assured the struggling patriots that the British leaders could not ride roughshod over the American people.

Shelby's efforts in prosecuting the King's Mountain expedition, his magnanimity in securing the appointment of Colonel Campbell to the chief command, and his heroic work at that critical period were of the greatest importance to his country.

The Legislature of North Carolina passed a vote of thanks to Colonel Shelby for his good services and directed that an elegant sword should be presented to him. Afterwards, Shelby joined his forces with those of General Greene and continued to contribute valuable service to the American cause until the end of the war. In 1783 he moved to Kentucky where he had a long and distinguished career serving as a legislator, governor and military leader. Isaac Shelby's eventful career came to a close on July 18, 1826, at his Kentucky home, "Traveler's Rest," in Lincoln County, Kentucky.

RECORD FOR THE WOMEN

Some of the males—most of them probably—are given to saying that when a woman appears at the steering wheel it is a part of safety to give her all possible space; that few women are dependable drivers and in addition they will drive where they please regardless of the regulations, taking to themselves extra privileges because they are women. But the record is against the male grouch on this point. Of the 60 drivers involved in the 55 motor car fatalities in North Carolina last month, only one was a woman, and of the 233 motorists involved in wrecks of one sort and another last month, only 23 were women. Considering the number of women drivers the evidence on the March report indicates that the sisters are more careful than the men.

It is also noted in this connection that approximately half the fatalities occurred during daylight and 41 of them on dry road surfaces. Wet roads, skidding and darkness are not so much to blame as one might think. Forty of the deaths occurred on the highways and 15 on streets. Driving in congested traffic annoys but the streets are safer than the highways for the motorist.—Greensboro Daily News

THE ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY

By Frances Margaret Fox

The story of the origin of Memorial Day was told by Earl Marble in a New England magazine in 1905. He says that the first one who thought of putting flowers on the soldiers' graves was a Kansas man, James Redpath. Redpath was a Kansas newspaper man at the time of the Civil War, and finally devoted his life to the work of educating the negroes who so recently had been given their freedom. He resigned his position as army correspondent and became superintendent of the schools in Charleston, serving without pay. He was a young man then, and because of what he tried to do for the betterment of conditions in our country it seems fitting that in the discharge of his self-appointed duty he became the originator of Memorial Day.

One April day Redpath was talking in a small Presbyterian church to a group of little children, referred to by Earl Marble as "semi-outcast negro children." His theme was the Union soldiers who gave their lives that these same children might grow up in freedom. He suggested that the graves of these fallen heroes should be decorated. A little negro girl said to him:

"Let's all of us go an' git a'mfuls of posies an' jes' hide the graves from sight until we cain't see 'em again nevah no more."

Thus the idea was born. James Redpath thought for several days about the little girl's suggestion, and then made an announcement for May Day. He invited the children to tell all their friends, neighbors, and playmates to pick quantities of flowers with which to cover the graves of the dead soldiers.

He expected to go to the cemetery with a procession made up only of little black boys and girls. Imagine how he felt when "over ten thousand persons with a full battalion of soldiers participated in the first celebration of Memorial Day, which occurred May 1, 1865, in Charleston, S. C."

The day was afterwards changed to May 30th. This was done in 1868 by General John A. Logan, commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

If James Redpath was surprised on that long ago May day, imagine if you can how astonished the little colored girl must have been who first thought of covering the graves with flowers. Isn't it too bad that we do not know the name of that little girl with the loving heart?

"Dad," declared the son who had just been graduated from college. "I want you to give me some advice about how to run a newspaper."

"You've come to the wrong person, my boy," sighed the veteran editor wearily, "ask any of my subscribers."—Selected.

THE VALLEY OF PERSEVERANCE

By Sarah N. McCreery

Mlidred Gray tossed the bag which she had been beading on to the table with a sigh of disgust. "I am tired of that; I don't intend to finish it; it is tedious work and it takes too long."

"Mildred, the things you begin and never finish would make a great pile. I know one drawer in your bureau that is full," remarked her friend Daisy Warren, who was busy with a bag similar to the one Mildred had just tossed aside. "Mother always insists that I finish what I begin; she says that is the way to learn perseverance."

"I will be persevering when I am older," returned Mildred, carelessly, forgetting that the time to learn perseverance is in youth.

Perseverance is the ability to keep working at a task after the first glamour has departed; it marks the difference between failure and success. It is stubborn, for it hangs on to an undertaking and gets it done. Perseverance is a virtue. It is an indication of strength of character and of will-power to keep on and on in any right course of action.

There are evidences of lack of perseverance all around. It may be unfinished fancy-work, as in Mildred's case' it may be the youth who did not finish the college course; the girl who started to improve by attending night school, then dropped out after the first few weeks; the young woman who is only a commonplace musician because she lacked the will to practice faithfully.

Girls, how many unfinished things have you that testify to your lack of perseverance? Perseverance means sticking to a task until it is completed. It was the perseverance of Goodyear that produced rubber; the perseverance of Burbank gave to mankind better vegetables, fruits and more beautiful flowers; the perseverance of Edison has made electricity the servant of man; that of the Wright brothers gave the aeroplane to the world. The perserverance of David Livingstone opened up the continent of Africa. Perseverance develops faith, and hope goes hand in hand with faith. The men just mentioned had enough to discourage them; they might have given up, but perseverance refuses to be discouraged, it refuses to look at an undertaking as hopeless, it refuses to quit, and it starts anew after each failure.

Girls, cultivate the habit of perseverance.

Fashions may come and fashions may go
And fads for a short time beguile;
But a person will always look stylish and smart
When wearing a jovial smile.

—Selected.

TURN ABOUT'S FAIR PLAY

A Minister's Wife, in the Presbyterian Standard

June Babcock often noticed the little ragged urchin that hung around the church doors on Sunday morning. He would peer in first one door then another, but never ventured inside. Although she was working in the basement, teaching the Beginners class, she felt that she ought by rights to ask him to Sunday school, even though she had no jurisdiction over the older children's classes.

So one morning she stopped to talk to him. She noted his patched, but clean overalls, his mended shirt, his ragged tie, but he was clean. His tousled head was about as neat as a boy's of that age usually is, especially if it was red and curly like his hair was.

"Why not go inside and go to class?" she inquired, but he shook his head.

"They don't want me," he insisted. "I went a time or two, but they let me alone with so much emphasis that I didn't try again. I like to hang around to hear the music, then I hike off. I think they could sing better than that. don't you?"

June knew that they could. She must think of something to keep this boy from "hiking off" He was of the age when Sunday school could help, and if he did not go now, was there any assurance that he would later?

Baby David was holding out his arms, and gurgling to the boy, who in turn was chucking him under the chin, and talking baby talk to him. In a moment he had taken the baby, and June was stretching her arm to rest them. It also helped her thoughts.

"Come on down to my class. I need someone to help me with the babies down there. We usually use girls as helpers, but the baby doesn't like any of them like he does you. Would you want to try it?" she inquired anxiously.

He looked at his ragged overalls. "I'm not fit," he said simply.

June laughed gently, and drew her arm through his. "Such talk, as though the babies, or the Lord cares about your clothes."

The rest of the teachers were a little surprised to see the tousled redhead among the tiny ones in the Beginners class, but they smiled cordially to him, and when his clear voice rang out in the baby songs, singing in pure tones that none of them possessed, they could hardly wait until the classes were over, to crowd around and congratulate June on her find.

In turn she introduced them to the boy, Elmer. But they all said it should have been Caruso! They made him so welcome with their sincere praises, that he became a regular attendant of the basement classes, and served as general assistant and substitute teacher for a long time. When June thanked him he would turn it off, "Turn about's fair play. You helped me, too."

During the Christmas holidays, June was able to turn him a little work, as one of the dealers had appealed to the minister to help him find some help. She pleaded for El-

man to have the work. He immediately bought himself a suit for Sundays, and gave a little treat to the children in the basement, instead of spending more for himself. He confided to June that he really would not have bought the suit, but he had always wanted to dress up for church, and felt he could do better work if he didn't feel that folks were watching his clothes.

Elman became a regular caller at the manse. At all hours of the day he would drop in. One day he chanced to come as June was giving the little ones their weekly "picture show." She had a mirroscope, and those home entertainments were much to be desired above taking children to public places of amusement. Elman was enthusiastic over the machine.

Sunday afternoon he came again, and announced that he wanted to give the children a "picture show."

He had brought a lot of Bible pictures from the lesson leaflets. She was very busy, and needed a bit of rest, and hesitated about taking the time. She told him she didn't feel it best to go to all that bother for just her children, and he left reluctantly.

About an hour later he was back, and June gasped when she opened the door. He had brought every available child in town. As they filed in, June counted, there were 18 of them. "Is this enough to bother running the machine for?" he inquired anxiously. "I just couldn't find any more."

From that time the Sunday afternoons were given over to Junior Bible and mission study, with Elman at the picture machine, and collecting pictures at all spare moments during the week. He illustrated songs and stories, and made the hours very worth while. June again tried to thank him, but he only replied, "Turn about's fair play, you know."

Only once did he embarras June. He dropped in one noon, as he often did, just at dinner time. But this day, she had guests for dinner, one of them a very aristocratic lady, one of the type who had given Elman such a severe letting-alone, when he was in rags, As usual, Elman helped set the table, and chatted of where he would sit!

June didn't know what to do or say. Not for worlds would she offend "one of the least of these," yet she felt instinctively that the guests would not like his presence, and that he would feel hurt if asked to leave.

Baby David grew anxious for his dinner. He was more than that, he became querulous, and just as the meal was served, he broke into loud cries. Then June had to answer the telephone. When she came back she was surprised and relieved to find that Elman had taken his plate from the table, and also the baby's, and was feeding him out on the back porch. Then he took him to the front porch swing, and rocked and sang him to sleep.

"That was very nice of you, Elman," she started to say, but he cut in as usual, "Turn about's fair play, you know."

Several years later, June received a card through the mail, urging her to tune in on a certain radio station on Thursday night about nine o'clock. They had no radio, but arranged with

a friend to get the station for them, and after the little ones were in bed, she went over, all curious to know what was going on.

The programme had begun before they were able to get it clearly, and they missed the preliminary announcements. A wonderful voice was singing songs of the highest type. The owner of the set said that it was the best music he had ever heard. Everyone sat entranced by the silvery tones.

Then the singer stopped and spoke. "I have asked to make this announcement myself, because I wish to thank the little lady to whom this programme is dedicated. Perhaps you do not all know her as well as I do. Perhaps you will not know what I mean when I say, "Turn about's fair play,' but I know that Mrs. Babcock, wife of our minister way out West, will understand, and know why I have dedicated this programme, the first of a series, to her. She was the one who discovered my talent for singing (such as it is), and she helped me to live up to it."

Then followed other songs, and June sat with her heart bouncing about so strangely that she wondered if she was hearing it all. But she was. All night that silver voice rang through her dreams, and the words, "Turn about's fair play," made her so happy she could have wept, as she thought of them over and over again.

A few days later there came a boxful of roses for June, and a big box of candy "for my little Beginners." As June fed it to them after Sunday school, she told them the little story about "Turn about's fair play," and prayed that they would understand enough of it to influence their little lives, as her's had been influenced by the simple motto.

GRIT

Suposin' fish don't bite at first,
What are yer goin' to do?
Throw down yer pole, chuck out yer bait,
An' say yer fishin's through?
You bet you ain't, you're goin' to fish,
An' fish, an' fish, an' wait
Until you've ketched a basket full,
Or else run out o' bait.
Suppose your luck don't come at first,
What are you goin' to do?
Throw up the sponge an' kick yerself,
An' growl, an' fret, an' stew?
You bet you ain't, you're goin' to fish,
An' bait, an' bait agin,
Until a fish takes hold yer hook,
Fer grit is sure to win.

—Boys' Industrial School Journal

TWO JAPANESE HOLIDAYS

By Mary Whiting Adams

New Year's Day in Japan is as warm as our weather is in May. Every one can be out in festival array, and the houses are garlanded with fresh green. All up and down the streets the little wooden dwellings, old and new, are festooned with drooping fringes of bunches of seed grass with long fronds of ferns hanging between. Before the entrance to the house the fringe is held up by the queerest knots and pendants. The red shell of a lobster, two eggshells, and a few green leaves form this pendant, and no one knows just what it means. It is a Japanese New Year custom, just as in America we have rabbits and eggs at Easter.

The streets are crowded with the most polite people, all bowing and smiling and exchanging the compliments of the season. The men are in gala dress of blue cotton, very new and stiff, adorned by large white inscriptions on the back and on the chest. In their hands they carry visiting cards which they hand to those whom they know and which they leave at the houses of their relatives and friends.

The girls and the women go in small groups. Their feet are sandaled, and they are dressed in light colors with great bunches of artificial flowers piled high in their hair. Even the children and the babies wear robes of ceremony and have their hair dressed stiffly, with tufts and tails standing out at exactly right angles.

In every house the guests who enter are served tea and sweetmeats and the girls know how to go through the intricate tea ceremonies. As the callers leave they turn and bow many times, for this is part of the etiquette in the Land of the Rising Sun.

On the fifteenth of March there is another picturesque day. The young girls come out on the streets looking very different from their usual appearance. They are giggling and laughing together, and no wonder, for each girl has her glossy, black hair done up in stiff coils or in a big chignon exactly like her mother's or her grandmother's.

But funnier still are the older women, for on this day they must dress their hair like little girls. They must go back to the gay pins and the flowers of their girlhood, no matter how wrinkled or how old they are. No one minds, for every one does it. It is the custom of the holiday, and goes back to such far-off days that no one knows why or how it started.

Both old and young seem to enjoy this quaint masquerade. An old woman with a knot of roses perched on her head and skewered on with a big tortoise-shell pin will imitate a young, coquettish girl and make her friends laugh, while her granddaughter will pretend to be at least seventy, in a most old-fashioned coiffure. The next day every one's hair is arranged in the accustomed conventional style and this is continued throughout the year.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. T. V. Talbert and his boys mowed the lawns this week, greatly improving their appearance.

Another group of new boys have been placed in the cottages after spending the usual two weeks in the Receiving Cottage.

Superintendent C. E. Boger, spent last Wednesday in Belmont, where he addressed the members of the Rotary Club at their weekly luncheon.

Last Wednesday was the regular letter writing day and the boys all enjoyed the privilege of writing to their home folks.

Rev. W. J. Boger, of Newton, recently visited Superintendent and Mrs. Charles E. Boger. He is a brother to Superintendent Boger.

We had been expecting a large oats crop this year, but the extreme dry weather has greatly retarded its growth. It is very much in need of rain at this time in order to produce a good yield.

A portion of the pheasant eggs recently received from State Game Commission have hatched. Sixteen of these birds were hatched last week; two of them being crippled, were killed, but the rest are doing well. They were hatched out in an incubator and placed under an old hen, who seems to be caring for them in a motherly fashion. The poultry yard boys are quite proud of the new addition to their flock.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A. conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by Judge and Mrs. Fred B. Helms, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Harrellson and Mrs. R. E. Davenport. Judge Helms, of the Charlotte Recorders Court made a very interesting and helpful talk to the boys and Mrs. Davenport, formerly musical instructor in the Charlotte public schools, rendered a vocal selection.

The 1930 baseball season opened at the Training School last Saturday afternoon, when the local team played the Hartsell Mill ball tossers. Andrews started on the mound for the Traning School and Simmons for the visitors. The Hartsell team began scoring in the first frame, a base on balls, three hits and two errors netting them two runs. In the same inning, Hobby, first man up for the Training School, slammed the first ball pitched to deep center for a home run. The visitors added three more in the second on three more hits and a couple of errors. In the local half of the second, Carriker, first man up, was hit by a pitched ball, Andrews walked; an error, followed closely by

three successive hits, put five markers across the plate, putting the school in the lead, 6 to 5. The visitors tied it up in the fourth. The home boys added two more in their half of the same inning. In the seventh, the visitors pounded out six hits, one of them a long home run by Blackwelder, pinch hitter, who relieved Simmons on the firing line in the eighth. In this inning Andrews retired and Lisk took up the pitching burden, who in turn gave way to Hartsell after the visitors had added three more tallies in the eighth. With the score 14 to 8, the visitors in the lead, the game was called at the end of the eighth inning. It was a long, drawn-out uninteresting game. A cold wind sweeping the field, made it almost impossible for the pitchers to get warmed up, also caused players on both sides to make errors on chances that could have been easily handled under more favorable circumstances Many of the youngsters on the local team were playing for the first time and were somewhat nervous. Now that the first game is over, we feel that they will have recovered from their "stage fright" and will do much better in future games.

THE CAT'S EYES

You may hear people say that cats can see in the dark. This is not so. In absolute darkness the cat can see no more than you can. All eyes must have some light rays to see; but it is true that Tabby can see with a deal less light than your eyes require. For one thing, the pupil of the cat's eye can grow larger and smaller than the pupil of the human eye. When the cat is looking at things in sunlight, his pupil contracts to a mere slit in the iris—the colored part of the eye. In the dusk Pussy's pupils grow so large that there is hardly any iris to be seen. This lets the cat make use of what little light there is and so the cat can see objects long after the light has faded until there is too little of it for your eye to make out objects.

Besides this enlargement of the pupil for twilight vision, the cat's eye is better equipped than yours with "rods"—the little end-organs of vision in the retina of the eye—which see better in dusk than the "cones" with which your eye sees color and objects in bright light. In short, even if the pupil of the cat's eye and of your eye could grow larger and smaller at the same rate, the cat would still have the advantage of you for his eyes are made in such a way as to be especially good for seeing in dim light.

The cat's "feelers," too, as the long whiskers on his upper lip are called, give the little animal warning of objects close b ybefore he actually bumps into them. This is another advantage for going about after nightfall. In fact, Puss is well-equipped to do his hunting in the twilight or after sunset, as he did in his wild state—Junior World.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., MAY 10, 1930. No. 16

HIS MOTHER

I know that she is radiantly sweet and kind,
In judgment rare, in character refined,
A woman nobly planned and full of winning grace,
Although I never yet have seen her lovely face.
Nor have I ever heard another say
That she was "this" or "that," in any way.
But when he speaks of her, his voice sinks low,
A tender light within his eyes begins to glow.
A noble, gentle spirit seems to soften every line,
And radiate tranquility and strength and love divine.
And, so, in him reflected, I pulse this woman's grace,
And know her, though I never yet have seen her lovely face.

—Emeroi Stacy.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

MOTHER'S DAY

Whereas, the service rendered the United States by the American mother is the greatest source of the country's strength and inspiration; and

Whereas, We honor ourselves and the mothers of America when we do anything to give emphasis to the home as the fountain head of the state; and

Whereas, The American mother is doing so much for the home, for moral uplift, and religion, hence so much for good government and humanity; therefore be it

Resolved, That the President of the United States is hereby authorized and requested to issue proclamation calling upon the Government officials to display the United States flag on all Government buildings and the people of the United States to display the flag at their homes or other suitable places on the second Sunday in May, as a public expression of our love and reverence for the mothers of our country.

Approved and signed by the President, May 8, 1914.

—*From Congressional Record, May,* 1914.

HONOR MOTHER

The second Sunday in May is the day set aside to pay homage to Mother—let it be mother from the humblest home to the mansion. The love of a mother for her child can not be measured, because her service extends from the cradle to the days of maturity. No one can kiss away the little troubles of the child like mother,—she patiently and anxiously answers every call either

in sickness or health, besides in the hours of deepest distress it is mother who responds first and last. No word is sweeter than mother—it is she we look to and seek for comfort at all times and it seems but a blessed privilege that we memorialize mother—the home maker. The home is the corner stone of our country—and it is mother who builds the home—no country is stronger than the weakest link so we readily see that the "hand that rocks the cradle rules the nation".

No matter where the feet may roam,
Let all the places have their sway
And all their lurings full display,
And they their truest joys portray,
Nor what the fullest joys become,
They can not touch the peaceful Home
Where mother reigns supreme.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

PROGRESS IN CABARRUS RURAL SCHOOLS

With the end of the current school term in the rural schools near at hand, some comment with reference to the work of the institutions is in order. A sense of gratitude and appreciation prompts us to offer this word of commendation, first, to those who have made these institutions possible, and second, to those who have toiled and sacrificed in the interest of the youth of the county. Quite true it will be impossible to enumerate every contribution that has been made by parents and teachers. However, every worthy effort is hereby acknowledged and due thanks expressed for the same.

Much progress has been in evidence on every hand, and whether it has been consolidation of schools, increased transportation, the beautification of school grounds, the addition of library books and supplementary reading material, the wider spread of the benefits of the extended term, the addition of such practical subjects as agriculture, home economics, music and art, or the increased efficiency of supervision, it has all tended to one common purpose, namely, the increased efficiency of class room instruction. The type of work now being done in the consolidated schools of Cabarrus county is a tribute to the loyalty of the school patrons as well as to the efficiency of the teaching force. The success of the rural schools is being rapidly impressed upon the people of the state, as well as those within the county. Various state publications give recognition to the efficiency of the school work here.

Another evidence of recognition and state approval is the rapid progress being made in having the rural schools accredited by state authorities. In addition to the standard high schools of Harrisburg, Winecoff, Bethel, Mt. Pleasant and Kannapolis, the Odell high school has qualified for the accredited relationship. Progress has also been made in accrediting the elementary schools. Previous to this year the accredited elementary schools were Hartsell and Harrisburg, and the McIver school at Kannapolis. This year Winecoff and Bethel have met the requirements and the elementary department of the Odell school fails only in point of attendance. In these accredited schools pupils are given many opportunities for individual development far beyond the narrow curriculum of the former schools. Pupils may now elect in high school courses such as agriculture, home economics or niology. Music and dramatics are emphasized. In the elementary departments drawing and the fine arts, wood work and industrical arts, are given prominent places. Many pupils now read for pleasure, and the standards of promotion are being raised from year to year.

This year one hundred five high school seniors distributed as follows: Mt. Pleasant, 30; Bethel, 29; Harrisburg, 21; Odell, 8; Winecoff, 17; finish the prescribed courses of study. This represents an increase of thirty-three over last year's record. No doubt these pupils are going out better prepared than those of any previous year, having had standard instruction for the past three years. On the other hand larger and better prepared groups of the seventh graders are going into high school next year to take the place of the graduates this year.

Noteworthy gains have been made in offering the eight months term to larger numbers of children, and in Cabarrus county this is a most laudable achievement. Although delinquent in this respect the school under the present leadership are rapidly arriving at the point where they may be favorably compared with those of Mecklenburg, Union and other adjoining counties, where they have had special taxes for the extended term for several years.

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THE U. S. CRUISER—RALEIGH

The large United States Battle Cruiser, Raleigh, steamed into the harbor at Southport on May 3rd, and remained three days and during that time all of North Carolina had the privilege of inspecting a battle ship. This was

truly an opportunity from an educational view point, because there are few of us who realize the size, power and true significance of our battle ships. The Raleigh was built during Wilson's administration at a cost of $16,000,000, 555 feet long, her speed is 33 miles per hour, she has a crew of 444 men with 33 superior officers. While at Southport the cruiser was open daily to visitors. On account of the great length of the Raleigh and the narrowness of the channel at Wilmington the cruiser was prevented from going on up to Wilmington as once intended. A sweeping invitation was extended to all North Carolinians, moving pictures will be shown in leading theaters of the ship, hte port and visitors while the Raleigh was anchored at the hospitable city—Southport. Governor Gardner received an invitation from the Captain of the ship to be his guest for one day. This event attracted state-wide attention, and Southport, the quiet little city by the seaside, is getting considerable publicity.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

You surely may fool the people part of the time but you can not fool all of the people all of the time, and Will Rogers is philosopher enough to realize the fact. He states that "we are building two golf courses to every church. Our bootleggers have manicures and our farmers have mortgages. Our courts are full, our jails are full, our politicians are full. If we can not house a prisoner we burn him up. Truly Rome never saw such prosperity. We'll tell the cock-eyed world we are going somewhere!" Realizing that Will can say things that others dare not whisper, but it is a fact that money, and plenty of money is spent for things other than the necessities, also true that every one is trying to keep up with the fellow who spends money lavishly. The trouble with the world to-day is to know how to spend. The old saying is true "that we are holding in at the spigot and letting out at the bung." The Morganton Herald has a similar thought and gives this expression:

> We hear a lot of talk of "hard times" but there are indications that times are not yet hard enough to "pinch." Looking around you will find that people are still spending money for the things they happen to want or want to do. In Morganton crowds in the two or three pool rooms have shown little signs of diminishing and Jack Norman's show this week is apparently doing a big business. On Sundays the highways are crowded with cars and drink and eating stands continue to flourish.

The Rutherfordton News, commenting along the same line (and Rutherfordton has had two bank failures!) observed that in one night in that town a dance, two skating rinks, a pool room, a moving picture show and a banquet each had good attendance. "'All required money,'' the paper commented, ''and all did some business.''

Continuing the News said:

''And yet, many people still talk and cry 'Hard Times.' Do we really have any hard times? How many people have cut out or cut down on their pleasure, smoking, servants in their homes, etc.?

''When it comes to paying debts and paying to the church, some people are very poor and talk 'Hard Times' very much, but when it comes to gratifying their personal pleasures, well, they just go ahead and spend. Let's stop talking 'Hard Times' and be more optimistic and we will at least feel better and create a more wholesome atmosphere about us.''

MY MOTHER

My mother does so many things,
  She's busy as can be,
And yet she's always time enough
  To hear and answer me.

She cooks and darns, she cleans and mends,
  She has me sweep the path;
She wraps with gauze my cuts and burns,
  She makes me take a bath.

She goes downtown and buys our food—
  We must have fruit each day;
She sees we have clean clothes to wear,
  And gives the old away.

Why, even when our dog is sick
  She knows just what to do;
She cures him with brown medicine—
  He seems to like it, too.

Sometimes I sit before the fire,
  Both arms around one knee,
And then she takes a book of tales
  And reads aloud to me.—Sam Miller.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

Well, good folks, here I am again. The same old typewriter begins to click, and the same old body begins to function in a normal way, praise the Lord. Automobile accidents are no playthings. They are a calamity. But they have lessons to be learned. I've been purified in the crucible of pain and gained a greater gracious knowledge of gratitude. I can sing with the Psalmist, and it is my daily song, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy name."

—o—

If you want to do right, you must be right. There is no such thing as well doing apart from well being. As an old Oriental proverb puts it, "You cannot drive a straight furrow without a straight eye." If you would do good to others, you must be good before others. No one can be a safe guide in a path he has not traveled. It is sheer mockery to attempt to teach a living truth which is not a part of the teacher's life. "If the light that is in them be darkness, how great is the darkness."

—o—

They have gas masks for soldiers in the army and now they have devised a gas mask for horses, but nothing has been done yet in the way of gas masks for Congress, which are greatly needed.

—o—

The House is hesitating over the appropriation of $1,500,000 for the purchase of incunabula for the library of Congress. And I do not know what the blamed thing is, either.

—o—

Many a baseball player is fooled by curves. But the baseball players are not the only ones fooled by curves.

—o—

The Department of Commerce says Labor's dollar goes farther than ever before. Labor complains that the trouble is it hasn't got the dollar. There's some cents in that complaint.

—o—

A Durham man applied to a ten cent chain store for a pair of chains for his automobile. There's something in a name, after all, even if you do not get what you want.

—o—

There seems to be excellent ground for suspicion that our much boasted efficiency and productive ability in reality may not be such hot stuff after all unless some general readjustment of human relations can be worked out to counteract some of the evils that are following in the wake of such good as may have been accomplished. Making two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a very fine thing, provided the grass can be put to any use. Speeding up the production of shoes, for example, to where two pairs can be produced in the same time formerly necessary to produce one pair, might be a fine thing where the demand had increased to require two pairs, but if the demand only requires one pair, there is some question as to just what, if anything, has been gained. Another thing. It makes little difference

whether shoes sell for $10 a pair or $5 a pair, if the consumer has no job and no money with which to buy a pair at either price, how is the increased production going to benefit him? What good will the rush do? It takes just as long today to wear out one pair of shoes as it did two years ago. Who needs two pairs of shoes where formerly one was needed. Who needs two pairs produced in a manner that keeps the shoemakers idle for half their time and thus makes them unable to buy the things we ourselves are busy producing? The same system applies all whether it is the production of automobile, building materials or clothing. Employment for the masses is the problem now confronting the American people. How is it to be handled, and what will be the outcome?

—o—

With the exception of agriculture, mining is the world's oldest industry. When primitive man found that such metals as copper and iron could be used as cooking vessels and weapons, and were immeasurably superior to anything else known, the human race embarked on the road that led, after hundreds of centuries, to civilization.

Practically every commodity uses a metal as a basic factor. Electricity and medical instruments, automobiles and jewelry, railroads and typewriters, buildings and office appliances, printing presses and farm tools and thousands of luxuries and necessities that are a part of our daily lives, could not be made without metals.

It is no coincidence that epochs in world history are described by the metals they introduced—such as the "Iron Age" and the "Copper Age." Today we live in the "Mechanical Age," in which metals of all kinds, precious and base, are more necessary to industry and society than ever before.

They talk about a woman's shpere as though it had a limit
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth—without a woman in it.

—Boys' Industrial School Journal

GRAND OLD HYMNS THAT HAVE MADE IMPRESSIONS

By C. W. Hunt

No. IV— "Rock Of Ages"

Augustus Montague Toplady, the author of this hymn was born in Farnham, Surrey, England 1740, and was converted at the age of sixteen under the ministry of an unlettered layman, whom he found preaching in a barn, into which he went for shelter from a shower of rain. With his widowed mother he went to Ireland to look after property there, and entered Trinity College, Dublin as a ministerial student. In 1758, through the influence of Dr. Manton's sermons on the 17th chapter of John, he became and avowed Calvanist in theology, which brought him in conflict with John Wesley. He was only thirty eight years old when he died, and this hymn was written about two years before his death, and was almost as truly a funeral hymn written for the writer's death, as was Henry F. Lyte's "Abide With Me." The name of Toplady gave this hymn was: "A Living and Dying Prayer For the Holiest Believer In The World." And for popularity is a close contender with Charles Wesley's "Jesus Lover of My Soul."

Rock Of Ages

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and thou alone;
In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

In the original of this hymn there were four stanzas, which were changed and blended into three. It is said that he called himself "The happiest man in the world." And said on his death bed: "I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression." He literally "Closed his eyes in death," and "Rose to worlds unknown."

The late Prince Albert, consort of the most noted Queen of England, Queen Victoria, quoted this hymn just before his death in Windsor Castle. In the highest places, in the lowest places the sentiment expressed by Toplady 150 years and more ago are still comforting to those passing from earth never to return. To this writer this hymn stands close beside Nearer My God To Thee; and I never hear

ing decks of the Titanic as it went down in the icy waters of the north Atlantic fifteen years or more ago, and sung "Nearer My God To Thee" as people never sang that song before; for there was nothing but the cold waters of the Atlantic between them and the God to whom they sung this grand old hymn in praise.

Thomas Hastings wrote the music to this "Rock of Ages" and named it for the man who wrote the words, and Rock of Ages would not be the same if sung to some other tune: like Abide With Me and Nearer My God to Thee, this tune was made for the hymn, as was each of the others mentioned. In the original writing Toplady wrote for stanza three these words:

"Nothing in my hands I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, come to thee for grace;
Foul I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

HISTORY OF MOTHER'S DAY

The story of the beginning of the celebration of Mother's Day in our country is a very beautiful one, but something similar to it had been celebrated for years in England before it was recognized by law in this country in 1914. Years ago, life in England was very dull, and anything that brought joy into the drab days of its hard working people was eagerly welcomed. In those days there were very few schools in the towns and villages of England, so those parents who could afford it sent their children away to boarding schools. As time went on it grew to be a yearly custom in these schools for all the pupils and the teachers to go home for a visit to their parents on what was called "Mothering Sunday." Out of this custom our own Mother's Day probably originated.

Miss Anna Jarvis was the woman who started this beautiful custom in our own country. Under her Christian mother's teaching Anna had grown into noble unselfish womanhood when her mother died. Just a year after her death, on May 9, 1907, Miss Jarvis asked a friend to keep the anniversary of her mother's death with her. While they were together the thought came to Miss Jarvis that there were many other mothers who would be remembered.

Little by little she succeeded in interesting people to set aside one day in the year for this purpose, and finally in 1914, Congress passed a bill, which was signed by President Wilson, making the second Sabbath in May a legal holiday.

The white carnation has been chosen to wear for a mother who is no longer with us. Because of the sweet perfume and because it lasts so long it was selected as typical of the sweetness and endurance of our mother's love. And it is a beautiful custom to wear a red carnation if our mother is still living, because it means that her love is still glowing for us.—Selected.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

(Selected)

The one golden name that blesses earth, that is echoed in heaven, is that of mother. Around it shines a glorious halo of bright rays, that never illumines any other terrestrial title. It interprets purity, it means truth, it denotes devotion. Like the divine essence of Eternal Love, a mother's love remains, from cradle to coffin, the unfaltering, unwavering, unselfish sentiment; it never knows any diminution; it sings songs of self-consecration, to become stronger and bolder as years roll on. To the children it appears always fresh and young; it blooms in full blossom till death's portals open to receive the warm, true heart that beats in the human breast of woman. The wrecks and disasters of life form no mist over maternal eyes; estrangements and alienations cannot decrease the strength of affection; separations only intensify the attachment; life's errors and blunders are lost in the depths of love. Like a guardian angel, a mother shields her child, and tenderly and gently succors and sustains the guilty and the erring. The world may blame and refuse to listen to extenuations, and the culprit, condemned and laden with opprobrium, full of dismay and despair, beholds himself an outcast and a rebel, but this beacon light, a mother's love, points to a safe and sure harbor, that wlil gladly shelter the lone and desolate.

Every hand may fail, even God's mercy seem hidden behind a dark sky; but on a mother's bosom may the drooping, despondent child rest. She will impress a warm kiss on pale lips; to her it is still the wild boy or frolicsome girl of a happy childhood.

"While she breathes lives one who sees,
Stand they pure or sin-defiled,
But the child
Whom she crooned to sleep and rocked upon her knees."

There are mothers who bewail and lament filial ingratitude, whose hearts are pierced with bitter wounds, and bleed and ache, because children prove recreant to duty; but though such mothers pass through fiery furnaces, there are no fires that can burn their love to gray ashes or dead embers. The helpless babe, the crowing infant, the prattling child, the giddy boy, the innocent girl, the proud man, the comely woman, are all to her the same dear treasures of her love. Near or far, at home or abroad, the mother's jewels are kept in the casket of her heart.

The scene on Calvary finds some of its grandeur in the manifestations of love between mother and son—that sacred hour when Jesus, the crucified on the rough cross, with a dying utterance gave unto the meek and gentle Apostle St. John, the care of his bereaved mother. Then were heard the memorable words that signified that all mothers, of every land and clime, are precious in his immortal sight; that for them is his sympathy and that grand hymn sung that there does not come the thought of the fifteen hundred souls who stood on the sink-

compassion mingled with a sacred pity. This was an inestimable legacy to all mothers; a certain testimony that before the great white throne there is an Intercessor, even the Son of Mary. This death-scene no human pen can portray or delineate of maternal love and filial affection—the weeping mother and the dying son. We may ask ourselves why the burden is laid so heavily on many a tender-hearted mother. A portion of Mary's sorrows at the foot of the cross is a reminder of Him who softens all sorrows that mothers bear. Above is the invisible eye that watches all a mother's trials, notes her tears, counts them up, to record them in the unread book of the lives of universal motherhood.

"Aye, on his cross he thought of Mary's woe,
He pities still the mothers left below."

Gems and crowns, rich jewels sparkling in luster, await in paradise-palaces the Christian mothers.

TO MOTHER

You painted no Madonnas
  On Chapel walls in Rome;
But with a touch diviner,
  You lived one in your home.

You wrote no lofty poems
  That critics counted art;
But with a nobler vision,
  You lived them in your heart.

You carved no shapeless marble
  To some high soul-design;
But with a finer sculpture,
  You shaped this soul of mine.

You built no great cathedrals
  That centuries applaud;
But with a grace exquisite,
  Your life cathedraled God.

Had I the gift of Raphael
  Or Michel-Angelo;
Oh, what a rare Madonna
My mother's life would show.

—Thomas W. Fessenden.

ROGER BABSON MADE THE GRADE DESPITE TUBERCULOSIS

The experience of those who have attained great success in spite of the handicap of tuberculosis is always inspiring to those still on the cure and just off. The following article on Roger Babson, famous business statistician of Babson Park, is reprinted from "The Buzzer," published by the Essex Mountain Sanatorium, Verona, N. J.

Not all tuberculous persons who have achieved great things in spite of disease have been poets, musicians, or professional men; some of the most romantic stories of business have been lived by men who have refused to die with tuberculosis.

Of these, Roger Babson is one of the most outstanding. Born in Gloucester, Mass., July 6, 1875, the son of a merchant in that city, he received his preliminary education in its public schools. He received the degree of Bachelor of Science from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he studied civil engineering in 1898. He was first employed by a banker to examine the properties of traction companies whose securities were held by his employer.

He married Miss Grace Margaret Knight of St. Paul two years after graduating.

In 1902 he contracted a severe cold which developed into a serioes illness. A diagnosis of advanced tuberculosis was made. In fact, the disease had already destroyed one lung and had attacked the other.

Acting on the advice of his physician, he and his wife went West. He was an excellent patient. The orders of his physician were carried out with the exact care which he would have given any engineering problem; and the will to live was undying.

Faced Real Problem

The problem of his wife's future and his personal welfare was an ever present puzzle which must be solved. His physical condition required an outdoor life, free of physical exertion or great mental strain. He was ordered to remain in the West, for, at that time, a climatic change was considered essential to the arrestment of the disease; and physicians further insisted that the patient must live in the climate in which they cured.

Babson reasoned that fresh air must be pretty much the same the world over, and came East. He settled in Wellesley Hills, and slowly and surely his strength returned.

The problem of maintaining himself and his wife was as urgent as ever. His interest in the work he had been doing when he became ill had continued active, and his technical and practical training were the basis of the idea upon which he built the foundation of his success.

In following closely the monthly financial reports of many companies, he realized that banks must depend upon some one of their officials or clerks for such financial information as was of value to each particular in-

stitution. He decided that a clearing house for information of this kind should pay, and it was work he liked and could do in bed.

His first letters explaining his scheme brought favorable replies from eight banks. Each agreed to pay twelve dollars and fifty cents a month for the service. His business grew steadily. It overflowed into the house next door, and he later moved his business back into the Wellesley Hills. His original service of "collecting and selling" business statistics developed with a "composite circular of bond offerings."

The next development was the "Babson Stock and Bond Description," which revolutionized the old system of supplying information relative to corporations.

Starts "Babson's Reports"

Later, he sold both services, which are still carried on by their present owners, and devoted his time and energies to the "Babson Reports." He bought control of the Moody Manual Company, and established the Babson Statistical Organization, which today is the largest business of its kind in the world. The main offices of this organization, of which he is now president, is located at Wellesley Hills, but there are branch offices in twenty-six American cities.

During the war he worked for the Government in the development of labor in Washington. The ultimate outgrowth of this work was the Babson Institute for training business executives.

His home in Wellesley Hills is carefully planned to meet his requirements. His large sleeping porch is built in two parts, one enclosed, one open. The beds are kept in the enclosed porch during the day and rolled out on the open porch at night. He spends his spare time workng on the grounds around his home.

Today he is vice-president of the Newton Trust Company, the Adirondack Light and Power Company, and the Mohawk Company.

He is director of the New Mexico and Arizona Lead Company, the Mississippi River Power Company, and the Eastern Massachusetts Street Railway Company.

He has been made a Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society (London). He is widely known as a lecturer on statistics and economics. He is also the author of "Business Barometers." "Selected Investments," "Bonds and Stocks," "Commercial Papers," "The Future of the Working Classes," "The Future of World Peace," "The Future of the Churches," "The Future of the Nation," "Future Methods of Investing Money," and "The Future of South America."

As is only to be expected, Mr. Babson is interested in all questions of health. He has established a somewhat unique method of health propaganda. He issues health bulletins in the pay envelopes of his employees. These bulletins very frequently deal with the cause and prevention of tuberculosis.

In the title of an article appearing in the American Magazine, February, 1920, one has the complete story of why Mr. Babson is today able to work, and how he was able to build up a most remarkable business success in spite of his physical handicap.

The title is "A Man Who Refused To Be 'As Good as Dead.'" Will-power, self-discipline, the adoption of the best-known methods of "curing" and care in extending his activities only as his strength permitted.

In a long study of those who have achieved wealth, honor, or fame, in spite of tuberculosis, one can find few whose method of "curing" is more worthy of emulation than Roger Babson.

MERELY MOTHERS

When Johnny and Jimmie and Dolly
  Are asleep in their little beds;
Their mother goes softly among them
  And picks up the broken threads.

She mends a torn apron for Dolly,
  Then, scanning the broken-up toys,
She wonders if any more mothers
  Have such troublesome boys.

Then a little brown paw is uplifted.
  'Tis Johnny's—a vision he sees;
"Teacher—teacher!" he grasps, and his mother
  Is down by the boy, on her knees.

"Hush! Mother is here, love; you're dreaming;
  'Tis mother, my darling; no harm
Can come to you here, my own Johnny;
  No teacher can hurt or alarm."

And he opens his eyes that resemble
  The ones looking into his own;
"Aw, there! Is it you, dearest mummy?
  Don't g'way and leave me alone."

'Tis written that God made the mothers
  To help where he couldn't trust man;
That He needed their goodness and patience
  To finish His wonderful plan.

—Selected.

THE MOTHER OF FRANCES WILLARD

By H. H. Smith

When the statue of Frances Willard was unveiled in Statuary Hall of the Capitol building at Washington, Senator Beveridge, in his address on that occasion, said: "She made purer the moral atmosphere of a continent—almost a world. She rendered the life of a nation cleaner, the mind of a people saner. Millions of homes today are happier for her; millions of wives and mothers bless her; and countless children have grown strong, upright and beautiful maturity who, but for the work of Frances Willard, might have been forever soiled and weakened." He also referred to Miss Willard as "the first woman of the nineteenth century, the most beloved character of her time, and, under God, a benefactoress of her race."

These words are quoted to remind us of the greatness and the goodness of this remarkable woman. One is naturally interested in the ancestors of such a woman. We know there must have been a fine background to produce such a character. What kind of mother had she. Let her describe her mother's methods of child culture:

"She never expected us to be bad children. I never heard her refer to total depravity as our inevitable heritage; she always said when we were cross, 'Where is my bright little girl that is so pleasant to have about? Somebody must have taken her away and left this little creature here who has a scowl upon her face.' She always expected us to do well. She used to say that a little child is a figure of pathos. Without volition of its own, it finds itself in a most difficult scene; it looks around on every side for help, and we who are grown way-wise should make it feel at all times tenderly welcome, and nourish it in the fruitful atmosphere of love, trust, and approbation.

"With such a mother, my home life was full of inspiration; she encouraged every out-branching thought and purpose. When I wished to play out-of-doors with my brother, and do the things he did, she never said, 'Oh, that is not for girls,' but encouraged him to let me be his little comrade; by which means he became the most considerate, chivalric boy I ever knew, for his mother taught him that nothing could be more for her happiness and his than that he should be good to 'little sister.' By this means I spent a great deal of time in the open air, and learned the pleasant sports by which boys store up vigor for the years to come.

"To my mind the jewel of her character and method with her children was that she knew how without effort to keep an open way always between her inmost heart and theirs; they wanted no other comforter; everybody seemed less desirable than mother. If something very pleasant happened to us when we were out playing with other children, or spending an afternoon at a neighbor's, we would scamper home as fast as our little feet would carry us, because we did not feel as if we had gained the full

happiness from anything that came to us until mother knew it."

Late in life, meditating upon the career of her brilliant daughter, the mother of this famous woman said:

"Motherhood is life's richest and most delicious romance. And sitting now in the sunshine calm and sweet, with all my precious ones on the other side save only the daughter who so faithfully cherishes me here, I thank God that he ever said to me, 'Bring up this child for me in the love of humanity and the expectation of immortal life.' My life could not have held more joy if some white-robed messenger of the skies had come to me and said, 'I will send a spiritual being into your arms and home. It is a momentous charge, potent for good or evil, but I will help you. Do not fear. Therefore, mother, step softly. Joy shall be the accepted creed of this young immortal in all the coming years. This child shall herald your example and counsels when you are resting from your labors."

MOTHER MINE

How we've missed you through the years,
Mother mine,
Missed you through each passing day,
Missed the merry things you'd say,
As you laughed away our fears,
Mother mine.

How you'd take us by the hand,
Mother mine,
How your counsel and your prayers,
Helped us through a time of cares,
Till we, too, could understand
Mother mine.

While you never can come back,
Mother mine,
Yet you taught us well the way
To the Homeland where some day—
We will take the well-worn track,
Mother mine.

—By Anna Norman Oates

MOTHERS' DAY– SACRED MEMORIES

By Rev. C. F. Sherrill

Of all the names to memory dear,
One name alone is dearest;
Though many to me are near,
Yet this shall ever be the nearest,''

Legend says the angels were sent to earth to find the sweetest and holiest thing. One brought beautiful flowers; one brought the sweet notes of the harp; one the gold of the sunset sky; one brought a mother's love. A mother's holy love is the sweetest thing this side of heaven.

''God thought to give the sweetest thing to earth
In His almighty power;
And deeply pondering
What it should be—one hour,
In fondest joy and love of heart,
Outweighing every other,
He moved the gates of heaven apart
And gave to earth a mother.''

A noble mother is for the children a half-way step to heaven.

"''Last Mothers' Day I wore a rosebud red,
I knew the wealth of mother-love, the light of mother's smile;
Now 'gainst my heart I place a rose of white,
And yet, I cannot say that she is dead——
Just gone awhile.
A vision fair of immortality is
Within my soul, it doth reveal
That I may follow a shining way, till at last I feel
Her arm enfold—once again for me
'Tis Mother's Day.''

A MOTHER'S DAY RESOLUTION

By Flora Swetnam

It was Wednesday evening, and the three young people of the Warner household were dashing around getting ready for prayer meeting. They were leaving the supper dishes They had told mother not to wash them, for they would do it when they got back; but they knew she would wash them. She usually did.

Phil was ready first and went and brought the car out and sat waiting in the sweet spring dusk while the girls were coming. They got in, and he drove off. It was two miles to the village church where they worshipped, and the ride was quite pleasant. Prayer meeting was more interesting, too, since the coming of the new minister, Mr. Baird. They were almost the first ones there, and the minister greeted them cordially.

"Glad to have you young folks out," he said, " but I'd be gladder if your father and mother would come, too."

"If dad hadn't agreed to finish up the milking, I couldn't have come" said Phil. "We have eight cows to milk."

"And mother has just somehow quit trying to come," Mildred chimed in.

"But next Sunday's Mother's Day," reminded the minister. "You're going to have her here then, aren't you?"

The three looked at each other. "Why it is!" cried Miriam. "And we hadn't thought of it. We'll have her here if we can. There's so much to do," she added.

"But everybody there is big enough to work," smiled the minister. "I should think it wouldn't be so hard when it's fairly divided up."

The three looked at each other again and blushed furiously. They were finding it hard to hunt up a reply, but happily they did not need to, for at that moment other people came in, and the minister went forward to meet them.

The meeting began and became so interesting that, for a time, the three young Warners forgot what the preacher had said to them. But after they got out and started for home, it returned with full force, and they were rather silent during the drive. Phil let them out at the house.

"You girls wait here a minute," he requested, "till I put the car away. I want to 'spake a word,' as the Irishman said."

They stood waiting till he joined them. "It's about Mother's Day," began Mildred. "I've been thinking of it, too."

"Yes, and father's day," rejoined Phil. "Mr. Baird didn't just come right out and say it, but he thinks we're shirking, and we are. I could have milked those two cows as well as not."

"And we could have washed the dishes," confessed Miriam, "and been ready in plenty of time. It made me a little ashamed to see so many other old folks out and our parents at home. And some of them have more cows to milk than we have, and the preacher knew it."

"But what are we going to do about it?" demanded Mildred.

"First," said Phil, "we're going to give mother one real Mother's Day. And after that, I aim to see that they have the same chance we have."

"Sort of a Mother's Day resolution," laughed Mildred. "Can we stick to it?"

"We've got to stick," said Phil.

"But let's not tell them what we're up to till Saturday," begged Miriam.

The others agreed, and the conclave broke up. They went in and found that the dishes had been washed, sure enough, and all the work done. Their parents asked about the service and listened to the praise bestowed upon the minister. Then after a short time spent in reading the house was locked up for the night and everybody went to bed.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Warner were fairly amazed at the alacrity with which the youngsters appeared on the scene when they were called. The usual order had been to have to call them at least three times and then have them go tearing around in all sorts of disorder trying to get off to the village school. But here they all three came, and they did rush around, but it was to some purpose. And when they disappeared down the road in the car leaving most of the work done. Mr. Warren shook his head.

"What's the matter with 'em?" he inquired.

"Oh, they've got a good spell," Mrs. Warner laughed. "They have one occasionally when they read the right kind of a story or the preacher says something."

"Well, it helps out when it does come," said Mr. Warner, philosophically. "We'll see what time they get home this afternoon."

They did see, and were as much dumfounded as ever at the way the three got out of their school things and into some working clothes.

"Now, mother, you may go and get your farm paper and rest and read while we get supper," said Mildred. "You've spent enough time in the kitchen for one day."

"But — your lessons," protested Mrs. Warner. "You always spend this much time studying."

"We'll study after supper," said Miriam. "Go on, mother."

So mother went. She had not realized how tired she was till she was seated in her rocker. But it seemed so odd for her to be there when work was going on, that she was not sure she was resting. She had forgotten about Mother's Day, and was utterly at a loss to account for the wonders she was viewing.

And when Saturday came, the way these girls went to the kitchen and baked and boiled completed the spell under which she had fallen. Phil always worked more or less on Saturday, but this was something new. She congratulated herself on the fact that Sunday was going to be more restful than usual. At last a thought came and she asked a question.

"Are you girls expecting company tomorrow?"

"Not a soul," they told her

"Then what's all this about?"

"Why, mother," said Mildred, "its for Mother's Day, and you're going with us to Sunday school and church tomorrow instead of staying at home to cook."

"O, mercy," cried her mother.

"I'd clean forgotten there was such a day. Well, it's very nice of you, but I can't go, for my new spring dress isn't finished, and a winter dress wouldn't do."

"Well—well—haven't you something left over from last year?" asked Miriam.

"Nothing except the very summeriest things, and they won't do. You see its four years since I've had a spring dress."

"Then you scoot from this kitchen," commanded Miriam, "and go to work on that dress, for we aim to take you tomorrow if we have to wrap you in a blanket."

Mrs. Warner left them to boil and bake both for Saturday and Sunday while she made the sewing machine whir. And after supper that evening, they washed the dishes while she pressed that new dress, and then they all studied the Sunday school lesson together. The three had been putting that off till Sunday morning and leaving father and mother most of the work.

"We're not going to do that any more," said Phil. "We've reformed."

On Sunday morning everybody got up and hustled till the last task was done. They found the whole family could get off to Sunday school without making any very great effort.

"Why can't we do this all the time?" queried Mr. Warner.

"We're going to," said the three.

And they said it over again when the minister asked the same question. When they returned home Phil said, "Most folks make their resolutions on New Year's, but the girls and I have made ours today. And we're going to keep them and make better ones."

FAITH OF OUR MOTHERS

Faith of our mothers! living still
  In all that's beautiful and brave;
How nobly will we work God's will
  And seek from sin our souls to save!
Faith of our mothers! living faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our mothers! living still
In hearts of hope and song of praise,
We will gladly join with one accord
  To sing to God our sweetest lays;
Faith of our mothers! constant faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our mothers! living still
  In love and life that ne'er shall die,
And children's children, ever dear,
  Shall hold the faith that brings God nigh.
Faith of our mothers! holy faitih!
We will be true to thee till death!

GLASS

By Theodora Horton

There is some doubt as to the actual time of the discovery of how to make glass. Pliny tells us a story which ascribes its first manufacture to an accident. He relates that certain merchants caught in a storm, sought shelter for their vessel in the mouth of the Belus, a river in Syria. Preparing their meals on the shore they used a block of their cargo which was soda, to support the pot over an improvised fire; this heat caused the sand, flints and soda to fuse and glass was discovered in the ashes. It is impossible at this distance of time to judge if this story can be relied on, but it is certainly difficult to believe that sufficient heat could be obtained from any bonfire to produce the results claimed. Be that as it may, we have plenty of evidence that glass was known early in the world's history.

It is thought most probable that glass was first manufactured in ancient Egypt, and that the knowledge of it by the Phoenicians was taken from the glass workers of that region. Glass has been discovered in ancient Egyptian tombs dating back to 3000 years before Christ. This earliest glass was opaque, and was made into small ornamental beads for necklaces, etc.

In the British Museum, London, England, there is a beautiful blue glass jar, dating from the reign of Thothnes III, who reigned in Egypt about the year 1550 B. C.

Later on, Alexandria became famout for its wonderful glass, the sand there being particularly fitted for its manufacture. Two thousand years ago glass ware was used in Rome for which china and earthenware are used by us today.

Specimens of opaque glass are found in Anglo Saxon tombs, but glass was not largely manufactured in England until the middle of the sixteenth century, when the persecutors of the Netherlands drove many skilled workers to England for refuge.

It was not until the seventeenth century that the famous flint glass was made. This was produced by the introduction of a large quantity of oxide of lead, producing a brilliant and transparent effect. This glass was specially suitable for "cutting," and the English became famous for the beauty of their "cut glass."

Meanwhile the Venetians were developing the art of coloring and enameling glass, which they used for all kinds of decorative purposes. There is a wonderful example of the use of this in an old spinet in the South Kensington Museum, London, which belonged to the daughter of James I. The keys are covered with beautifully ornamental glass, and the interior of the lid is panelled into eighteen divisions, each of which, done in colored glass, represents a classical subject.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth glassmaking in England was strictly limited, for it was considered that too much timber was being cut down and used in its manufacture. When a law regulating the manufacture of

glass was passed, some of the manufacturies were transported to Ireland, where the loss of trees was not considered so serious, as not so many were required from there for the shipbuilding trade. There seems no doubt that glass had been manufactured in Ireland as early as the eighth century, as there still exists specimens of this early glass work in the Royal Irish Antiquities Collection. Enamelling, mosaic work and the making of cameos were known at this period, and in this collection are shown the world-famous Ardagh Chalice, the Tara Brooch, the Cross of Cong, and many other historic and interesting specimens. But after this there is a great gap in the history of Irish glass, for no record can be found of the manufacture of even common window glass between this time and the seventeenth century. The Waterford glass of the eighteenth century is famous all over the world, and the few remaining specimens of it fetch enormous prices at sales.

Since the time of the twelfth century the English had produced beautiful window glass, but very much of this was destroyed by the Commonwealth soldiers. In many of the ancient churches of England fragments of this glass are preserved, and the difference in the colors of this and the more modern glass is easily noticed even by the amateur. At the Restoration, the then Duke of Buckingham, started a glass furnace at Greenwich on the Thames, and obtained from the king a license to make mirrors. Some of the magnificent mirrors of this period are stlil cent mirrors of this period are still to be seen at Hampton Court Palace.

In these days when glass utensils are so plentiful and cheap, we find it difficult to believe that in the sixteenth century wealthy people who desired to make a great show, discarded their silver and gold drinking vessels, and used glass instead. These utensils were very costly even in their time, and the few genuine specimens that have come down to our time fetch fabulous prices.

Perhaps no influence of today has a more far-reaching effect upon the youth of the world than the moving and talking pictures. Therefore, Will Hayes is to be commended upon his move to have these pictures purged of their demoralizing influences. Here's what he will demand in the future:

No sympathy with crime, no presentation of crime heroes.

Law must not be ridiculed. This includes prohibition.

Marriage and the home must be held sacred. Adultery never justified.

No white slavery, no sex abominations,

No ridiculing of religion or clergymen.

No pointed profanity. No obscenity, no dances including movements that could reasonably be called obscene. Cruelty to children and others, third degree torture,- electrocutions, hangings, must be treated carefully.

—The Marshville Home.

THE KIND LITTLE WAGON

(Selected)

"'Here, Bobby,'' called mother to her little son as he was hauling his little sister in a wheelbarrow, ''run over to the new grocery and get me some soap. I like cash stores, but it is a little inconvenient when they don't deliver.''

Bobby came back beaming, ''O, mother, he's the nicest old man with the funniest name. Guess what it is.''

''Joke?'' asked mother gravely. "Or monkey Those are the funniest things I know.''

''O, now, mother, you know I didn't mean funny that way. I meant queer. The first part is the last part, but the last part is not always he first part."

''Why, that is queer,'' owned his mother. ''I could never guess it in the world.''

''It's Rainwater!'' cried Bobby, ''but he declares he's not soft."

Mother laughed. "He must be a jolly old fellow.''

He was. In a week all the kiddies in the neighborhood knew him for a friend. One day when Bobby went to buy something the old man said: "Young man, you got a wagon?''

''No, sir,'' Bobby answered, ''but I can carry a lot in a basket.''

''Thanks, sonny,'' said the old man, patting his shoulder, ''but I don't want you to do an errand. Look here.'' He drew out from behind some barrels a bright red wagon all trimmed with gold. ''Here's a wagon a lady left with me. Now she writes she won't be back and for me to give the wagon to somebody. She says it is a kind little wagon and I must give it to someone who will keep it so.''

''I'll try,'' said Bobby, not quite understanding; but oh, he did want that pretty wagon!

''Then you'll do,'' answered the old man heartily, and he put the tongue into Bobby's hand.

After Bobby showed the wagon to to mother, he sat down on the back step to think. He had promised to try to keep it a kind little wagon; now he must find some way to do it.

''A kind little wagon,'' he said over to himself and sat looking at it quite, quite still for some minutes; then he jumped up so quickly the wagon would have shied if there had been a pony hitched to it. ''I know I know!'' he cried. ''A kind little wagon must do kind things. Course it can't by itself, so I must help it.''

He looked all around eagerly. There lay a pile of wood and a stack of kindling. The very thing! Bobby piled the wagon full of wood and pulled it carefully up to the two low steps to the porch. In no time at all he had the wood box full and the kindling basket overflowing. After a little he heard mother go into the kitchen.

''Oho!'' she cried. ''What good brownie has been at work here?''

"The kind little wagon,'' laughed Bobby gleefully. ''Is there anything else it can do for you?''

''Yes, indeed!'' cried mother, ''and I'm so glad. I want a bag of flour before daddy comes home, and I was

wondering how I was going to get it."

So off went Bobby and the wagon, and soon the flour was bumping up the back steps.

"My!" cried mother, "it's mighty nice to have a little son that knows how to keep a kind little wagon."

Bobby grinned happily and asked, "Can you spare us a few minutes now, mother?"

"Yes, indeed. I'll not need you any more this morning," she answered.

So off Bobby and the wagon whizzed through the back yard and up the alley around to Mr. Rainwater's grocery. He was just in time. The old man was piling up a lot of things into a bag for a dear little white-haired lady who didn't look at all able to carry them.

"Grannie! Grannie Snow! Wait!" called Bobby as she was trying to gather them up. "Here's a kind little wagon come to take your things for you."

O, how her bright eyes twinkled under the snowy curls! And Mr. Rainwater nodded till his gray hair stood up in a peak.

"Well, well, well!" she laughed. "I didn't know there was anything like that around."

As they went on to the little brown house Bobby told her all about it. When she thanked him and had given him a cooky, she suddenly cried, "O! O! O!" and Bobby knew that she had thought of something fine. "Did you know that Tommie Jenkins has sprained his ankle so badly that he hasn't walked for a week! Look! There he is sitting at the window, with old Rover begging him to come out. I just know he'd like a ride in a kind wagon."

Bobby waved his hand, and Tommie waved back and called, "Hello!" And in less than a dozen wags of Rover's tail Tommie's mother had put a pillow in the wagon, and Tommie was off for a ride.

A TOAD STORY

One day last spring father, sister and I were out in the garden watching a little toad. My father took a little stick and very, very gently scratched one side of the toad, and then the other. The toad seemed to like it, for he would roll from side to side and blink.

I was so interested that when they went in I took the stick and did as as my father had done. I thought if he rolls from side to side as I touch him, what would he do if I ran the stick down his back? I did so, and what do you think happened? His skin, which was thin and dirty, parted in a neat little seam. There was a bright, new coat below. Then my quiet little toad gently and carefully pulled off his outer skin, rolled it into a ball and swallowed it.—Sunshine.

HONOR ROLL FOR APRIL

Room No. 1

—A—

Johnnie Bowers, Russell Capps, Monroe Horton, Edward Hedrick, Willard Johnson, Robert McNeely, Talmadge Wade, Hubert Crayton, Fern Dunlap and Cecil Godfrey.

—B—

Howard Atkins, Joel Barkley, Bill Barkley, Odell Brown, Henry Easley, Edward Futch, Jasper Causey, Kermit Copeland, Malcom Driver, John Garrett, Roy Henderson, Malcom Moore, Clarence Mebane, Franklin Parrish, Charles Rogers, Vance Springer and Clyde Small.

Room No. 2.

—A—

Graham Bost, Joseph Wilson and Robert Glasgow.

—B—

Ian French, Carl Richards, Emory Shields, Richard Bailey, Howard Keenan, Joseph Ledford and Joseph Myrick.

Room No. 3

—A—

Robert Capel, Phil Moser, Melvin Cathron, Ovie Sims, Carl Petus and Herman Kizziah.

—B—

Ben Woody, Hayes Crary, James Talbert, Willie Thomas and Edward Eggus.

Room No. 4.

—A—

Clyde Kivett, John Thompson, Ben Clayton, Lennis Hicks, James Correll, Arnold Cecil, John Williamson, Lester Wall, Charlie Miller, Russell Shadrick, James Battle, Obie Blanton, Ernest Farr, Edgar Standridge, Walter Ricks, Raleigh Styles, Fred Weaver, Belmont Flynn, Earl Irby, Therman Knight, Hubert Hines, Floyd Woods, D. B. Hayslip, Newsome Caloway and June Starling.

—B—

Robert Brittian, Johnnie Wilkens James Bundy, James Rivenbark, Clarence Warren, Percy Wiggins, Sivey Ray Marshburn and George Downs.

Room No. 5

—A—

Francis Trexler and Clarence Lyerly.

—B—

Jim Kellam, Howard Faulk, Harvey Causey, Cecil Farr, Clinton Coates and Willard Kirby.

Room No. 6

—A—

Douglas Brady, Bob Russell, Obie Harris, John Flannery, Charles Smathers, Hubert McCullen, Herschel Crews, Mack Broome, James Chappell and E. Lee White.

—B—

John Durham, Louis Smith and Robert Clark.

Room No. 7

—A—

Leroy Janie, Lawrence Dorsett, Russell Dorsett, Jim Allison, Will Allison, J. P. Williamson, G. W. Goodman, Paul Eason and Tom McCausley.

"To avoid trouble and insure safety, breathe through your nose. It keeps the mouth shut."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Some of our boys have been planting peanuts this week.

Both boys and officers thoroughly enjoyed another delicious fish dinner last Sunday.

A group of boys on the outside forces have been hoeing corn for the past few days.

New plumbing fixtures have been placed in the Latham Pavilion and the interior repainted.

With the coming of real summer weather, the electric fans were put into service in the school rooms last week.

Mr. Grier and a group of boys have been setting several hundred cedar posts, preparatory to building a barbed wire fence around our newly acquired pasture land.

Nolan Woodford, one of our old boys, visited us last Sunday. He has been attending Spencer High School since being paroled, and has made a very good record.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hobby were called to Raleigh last week on account of the sudden death of the former's mother. We extend to them our deepest sympathy in their hour of bereavement.

James Martin, one of our old boys, called on friends at the Training School last Sunday. Since leaving here he has served one enlistment in Uncle Sam's Navy and now is working for a steamship company at Norfolk, Va.

Mr. Lisk recently made a trip to a factory in a neighboring city to purchase a supply of baseball bats. These bats are of an excellent quality, and as they were bought at a much lower figure than the ones heretofore used, he feels that it was a trip well worthwhile.

As a visitor drove up one day last week, we noticed that the speedometer on his car registered more than 211,000 miles. This speaks well for that particular make of car—a large Franklin—and if any of our readers is the possessor of a car with a better record, we would like to hear from them.

Four of our boys recently develpoep slight cases of pneumonia as a result of a slight "flu" epidemic or the after affects of whooping cough. Their temperatures ran very high and their condition was quite alarming for a few days. They were taken to the Concord Hospital for treatment, and we are glad to report all have been returned to the school and placed in the Receiving Cottage, where they are recuperating.

Superintendent and Mrs. C. E. Boger and daughter, Sarah, and Miss Rebecca Dayvault, teacher of mathematics at Concord High School, enjoyed a motor trip to Virginia last Saturday and Sunday. They visited

Randolph-Macon and Sweet Brier colleges at Lynchburg; Hollis college, near Roanoke; also stopped at Natural Bridge.

A new industry is in the process of development here at the school, that of raising rabbits. Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are building a large rabbit pen, to house those already on hand. The ones we are now raising are of an inexpensive breed, and will be raised mostly for the meat they will furnish. Later on, after acquiring further knowledge of the care of these animals, a stock of more highly bred rabbits will be added to be raised for the market.

There was considerable excitement among the youngsters on our campus last Saturday morning when the word was passed around that Lady Delores, who was nearing the end of her 100-hour, non-stop endurance test, would pass the school in her Chevrolet sedan. Despite the fact that she had been driving handcuffed to the steering wheel for nearly four days and nights, Lady Delores had a pleasant smile for a number of our boys and officers as she drove slowly past the school grounds, and smilingly thanked one of our youngsters as he presented her with a bunch of flowers.

Rev. Paul Hardin, Jr., pastor of the Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His talk on the life of St. Paul was very interesting. In the course of his remarks Rev. Hardin called attention to the fact that two men, small in stature, had played important parts in the world's history—Paul doing more good than any other man, despite his physical handicap; and Napoleon, another small person, doing so much harm. He further stated that while a large, well-developed, healthy body was most desirable, it was not always the big men who do really big things as they go through life.

We have heard many times in song and story, these lines: "Rain, rain, go away, come again another day," which we are now changing to "Rain, rain, come today; help us, please, to make our hay." Because of the scarcity of rain for several weeks past, the prospects of a good yield from our crops are rapidly diminishing. Old residents of this section tell us that the present drought, particularly at this season of the year, is the longest dry period to visit this community in many years. Much valuable time was spent by the agricultural forces here at the school in getting the crops planted, but they are not coming up. Since there is very little cultivation to be done at this time, our outside forces are just marking time, and doing odd jobs about the farm. Everything is very much in need of rain; the lawns are parched, the campus having the same appearance as in mid-August, during an unusually dry summer. Our flower beds, usually so beautiful at this time of the year, are suffering because of lack of rain. Mr. Walker and his boys may be seen working in these beds daily, but very few flowers are in evidence.

The baseball game between the Training School and the Roberta Mill teams last Saturday afternoon, resulted in a victory for the local boys by the score of 5 to 3. Marshall Weaver, better known as "Boll Weevil," pitched his first game for the school team, and did a very good job. During his stay on the mound, the visitors were only able to secure eight hits off his southpaw slants, and with better support the boy would have registered a shutout victory. Mason, the visiting hurler also pitched a good game. The school boys got but seven hits off his delivery, but two of them were of long range variety. In the first inning after Easley had singled, Eddie Poole rammed out a triple, accounting for our first tally. Three more were added in the second on three hits, coupled with two costly infield errors. Our last run was chalked up in the fifth frame when Easley, first man up, caught one of Mason's fast pitches and propelled it to deep center for a home run. The local lads seemed to have recovered from their "stage fright" and played a better game than last week.

"MOTHER"

"My lad, recall the days when you were but a little shaver, and many times things went wrong, many a time you got hurt, playing and scrapping with the other lads, eh? You sure do, and 'twas always mother that ye went to, and how proud she was of you as you grew up (to a fine lad, that you are), and how bravely she bore it, when off to the war ye went, aye, me lad, 'twas heart-breaking for her—and 'twas more than glad she was when you came back to her! ah—laddie' tis a mother's heart.

"You can never repay her all that she's done for you, never in this wide world can you give her anything to repay her for their trials and tribulations.

"Aye, a mother's heart, a mother's love.

" 'Twas always so, lad, 'twas always so. Many a poor mother has waited outside of prison gates to see her boy, yes, her blood, when deserted by all, and throughout the court ordeal 'twas his mother was there to stand by him, whether right or wrong, law or no law, 'twas her boy.

"Many a mother has waited and waited in vain for the return of her wrong-doing boy, who in far-away corners of the world, always longed to see his mother once more and to come back to his old home, but, too late.

"And so a mother bears and suffers the pangs of longing that tug at her heart-strings. She endures much and very little she gets in return, and so it goes on, me lad, and so it goes on."—E. F. F. —Selected.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

Cp 364

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C. MAY 17, 1930. No. 17

HELPFUL INFLUENCE OF PRAYER

If a sorrow comes upon you, and you omit prayer, you fall out of God's testing into the devil's temptation; you get angry, hard of heart, reckless. But meet the dreadful hour with prayer, cast your care on God, claim him as your Father, though he seems cruel—and the degrading, paralyzing, embittering effects of pain and sorrow pass away, a stream of sanctifying and softening thought pours into the soul, and that which might have wrought your fall but works in you the peaceful fruits of righteousness. You pass from bitterness into the courage of endurance and from endurance into battle, and from battle into victory, till at last the trial dignifies and blesses your life—S. Brooke.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

ONE STEP AT A TIME

In accomplishing your day's work you have simply to take one step at a time. To take that step wisely is all that you need to think about. If I am climbing a mountain, to look down may make me dizzy; to look too far up may make me tired and discouraged. Take no anxious thought for the morrow. Sufficient for the day—yes, and for each hour in the day—is the toil or the trial thereof. There is not a child of God in the world who is strong enough to stand the strain of today's duties and all the load of tomorrow's anxieties piled upon the top of them. Paul himself would have broken down if he had attempted the experiment. We have a perfect right to ask our heavenly Father for strength equal to the day; but we have no right to ask him for one extra ounce of strength for anything beyond it. When the morrow comes, grace will come with it sufficient for its tasks or for its troubles.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

MONEY CAN BE SAVED

The question uppermost in the minds of people is taxation, and the manner in which the money is spent, and rightly too this money should be thoroughly discussed to the satisfaction of all concerned. The school bus, an item of public expense, is today under fire for various reasons. The upkeep of buses is exorbitant, and the service rendered from the view point of many is inadequate. Prior to the days of consolidation of schools and free transportation

so as to be abreast of the times these progressive moves were absolutely necessary. It takes a long time to get all innovations adjusted, and during that time many are willing to give destructive criticism. We make bold to say that in the management of public affairs there is not that same personal care given to public property as if it were in the hands of the owner. An exchange, The Roxboro Courier, thinks "'the school bus question is one of the live questions here just now, and the man who can bring forward some solution is the man who will be accorded great honor.'' Continuing the Courier states that after reviewing the report of the grand jury concerning school busses, ''there is hardly a single bus in Person County in good condition and many of them absolutely unsafe to haul a child in.'' ''Also, it has been estimated by some one in authority that it will take thirty thousand dollars to put these busses in safe repair, besides many are worn out, not worth the price of repair.'' and this is what is termed ''free'' by the masses who do not take time to think.'' The only way we suggest to eliminate that expense is to get some responsible man to buy the busses, be responsible for the safe transportation of the children; see that the busses are adequate in every sense of the word, and let the state pay so much per child. If so, we wager, in short time there will not be so much junk in the shape of school busses scattered all over the state. This is not an original idea at all. It is practiced in some states. It goes without argument that the owner of property will take better care of his own things than he will if the property belongs to another. Another argument in favor of the busses being owned by private parties is that there will be less complaint about children reaching school late in the day. This owner of busses is absolutely responsible under contract "'according to the powers that be,'' and has to run on schedule time. In fact we think that public education, city and rural, should be under one head with a business manager, thereby eliminating some of the over head expense. We are not a prophet nor the child of a prophet, but the day is not far away when the wise business man will realize that there is economy in merging in one office the management of the city and rural schools. Think about it soberly and with deliberation.

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KEEP HISTORY STRAIGHT

There is nothing more important than keeping history straight; yet there is nothing more difficult to do. Unless history is written as it is made, written down at once, and then kept secure from emandation, errors are almost

bound to creep in. Nothing grows faster than tradition. Each man who repeats a story, adds a little seasoning to make it more palatable, sometimes unconsciously, at other times consciously, with the result that the story has grown beyond the bounds of fact; yet in coming years it is accepted as the truth. We see such instances daily. In scanning old papers we found a splendid article entitled "A House of Correction." It is in this issue, page 20, we call attention to the same. It is with great pride we write that a Cabarrus paper, The Concord Standard, December 9th, 1890, carried this article, the first article that gave a vision for a Training School for wayward boys as it stands today near Concord. We reproduce the article in this issue for the benefit of our many interested readers and most especially the citizenship of Cabarrus. While many papers in the state at the time the article was written thought the idea far in advance of the times—but the vision was there and the School for wayward boys stands as pictured way back in 1890. We found also in another issue of the Daily Standard, January 15th, 1891, that his Excellency Gov. Daniel G. Fowle was the first governor to recommend a reformatory department for boys who never had a chance. These two articles are given to show that the Concord Daily Standard gave an advanced thought, and the most progressive thought for welfare work that up to that date had ever been written. Many think it takes money to put over any proposition. We agree that it does, but it takes the combined efforts of one with a vision, and the man who has money to put in action any piece of real constructive work. There are many of the older citizens of Cabarrus who recall when this first article was written, and how the press gave publicity to the subject and no doubt it will be read again with interest. It is especially pertinent that the article be published in the Uplift since the vision of the editor of the Concord Daily Standard, December 1890, has become a potent reality—an institution for good in Cabarrus County—The Stonewall Jackson Training School. It seems but right that this fine institution be in Cabarrus since the very spirit of the school was the thought of a Concord editor.

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THE DARKEST HOUR

We thoroughly appreciate giving examples of success under trying circumstances. Editorially the Asheville Citizen tells a fine story of a blind girl who by throwing her very soul in her song finally succeeded. We always give such examples for the benefit of our boys who are here today because

of either misfortune, or physical defects. Such stories give hope to the weary in body and soul:

Ruth Hammerquist is 14 years old. She has been blind practically all of her life. Her mother is a widow with five children whom she supports by hard work in Chicago. Ruth has been denied the things other girls enjoy, but she found a way to prevent her soul from being warped by her misfortune. Ruth would sit at home, in constant darkness, and sing. Just little snatches of songs which she heard other youngsters, passing by one the streets, humming as they played.

Although she was not aware of it, Ruth was able to do something which only great artists usually succeed in doing. She was able to put her soul into her singing. She felt what she sang, felt it with all the power of her being. Eventually Cyrena Van Gordon heard of the little blind singer and went to see her. Ruth sang, and her visitor was delighted.

Cyrena Van Gordon is mezzo-soprano of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, and she is capable of appreciating a glorious voice. She arranged to take little Ruth Hammerquist into her own home and to supervise her training. She and other critics predict a brilliant future for the girl, who learne dto sing so that she could keep cheerful in the constant darkness.

If nothing else had happened to Ruth, she probably would feel that life has been good, after all. But that isn't the end of the story. Cyrena Van Gordon's husband is a noted eye specialist. He, too, heard Ruth sing, and he grieved that the possessor of such a wonderful voice should be unable to see. He examined the blind singer. Her blindness is curable. In a few months Ruth Hammerquist is to walk out upon a stage and sing for the pleasure of Chicago music lovers, and her eyes will be able to see the faces of her audience.

Why has all this happened to Ruth? It may be that this is the answer: When things were blackest, her soul refused to despair. She sang cheery little tunes when her eyes could not see the sunshine. She refused to quit when the battle seemed lost.

If she had sat and brooded over her affliction, no one would have heard her sing and there would have been no dawn of a new day for the little blind girl in a Chicago tenement.

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CONVERSATION IS AN ART

You have heard as well as read of germ carriers. It is a known fact that there are certain persons who carry typhoid or other germs, and this person is shunned as well as every precaution taken to protect home and inmates of the same from this class. But, really the worse person in the

world to be thrown with is one who carries a gloomy nature and sees nothing but failure. That person is to be avoided as much as the germ carrier. To have as a guest, or associate with any one who has a morbid nature is sufficient cause to make a breach of friendship. If you have ever been thrown in contact with this special class you can well understand the depressed feeling after a friendly or neighborly visit. There is a twofold feeling: depression because of the gloomy nature of the person, and on the other hand there is a feeling of sympathy for one so unfortunately constituted. It is worse than a disease. If you can not radiate sunshine for heavens sake don't distribute gloom. Always look for the beauty of every picture, don't look behind the picture—there is nothing there to be seen but the dull back and often much dust. Try, under all circumstances to be hopeful. See beauty, and give out cheer to your neighbors and friends. Many talk just to hear their voices, and few have the art of choosing agreeable subjects when assembled for pleasure or business.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

MONEY WINS

The senate campaign fund committee was told by Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick that she spent $252,500 out of her own purse in her successful campaign against the Illinois Republican candidate, Senator Deneen. Senator Deneen spent $24,493 in financing his campaign which is a neat little fortune for any one at this era of history. But, if we had $252,500 we would not want any public office at any price, but remain quietly on the farm that is so successfully operated by Mrs. McCormick. It is evident that when Mrs. McCormick went after the nomination she meant to win. Money talks at all times.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

The way to keep peace within is to always keep in mind a cheerful view of divine things. Dwell on your mercies, instead of brooding over your ills and the little spites of the world. Forget them. Look for the bright side more than you do for the dark side. Do not cherish gloomy thoughts. Melancholy is no friend to devotion. It hinders the usefulness of many. It falls upon a contented life like a drop of ink on white paper—a stain which carries no meaning with it. Let your soul rove through the truths of Scripture as the happy herds through the green pastures.

—o—

One thing in favor of welcoming that new planet is that they are not taking a straw vote on prohibition, and making ado over a constitutional amendment which is already one of the laws of the land, and the people should be more enthusiastic in obeying the laws.

—o—

The Prince of Wales may not be a howling success when it comes to sitting on a horse, but those who have watched his career can't escape the belief he will present a far different picture when it comes to sitting on a throne.

—o—

What this country needs is more permanent wives and less permanent waves, which are not, in reality, permanent.

—o—

The children of the present day who want to hide behind their mother's skirts will have to get on a chair to do so.

—o—

The strongest attachment in this world, it may be observed, is a man or a woman in love with himself or herself. It caps the climax in love affairs.

—o—

A writer in one of the newspapers says, "The best way to stop a woman's mouth is cover it with kisses." I would like to know where is the man who would be willing to spend his entire life in kissing. As the poet said, "Spring would be but gloomy weather if we had nothing else but spring."

—o—

Some men are willing to pray for their enemies, but they want their enemies to get the worst of it.

—o—

A bath tub is an essential necessity, and it is a beautiful adjunct to cleanliness, but it is more or less tricky in its mute conduciveness to a healthy and well ordained bath. It is quite a surprise to a fellow, after he has laved himself to his heart's content, and is perfectly satisfied with his abultion, and is on the eve of emerging from the confines of the tub, the rounded edges of the bottom get in their work, and Mr. Bather is suddenly flopped down, perhaps flat upon his back, quicker than he can wink; or his head is brought in contact with the edges of the tub too sudden to be comfortable, and he is put out of sorts in a twinkling. He wants to kick the

tub, but the tub had already kicked him. A bath-tub needs watching—when you get in and especially when you get out. You may not get out without a good knock down. Haven't you had 'em?

—o—

A hubby can always tell when wifey is taking a deep interest in him for when she goes out she lists him a lot of instructions it is well for him to follow, to keep peace in the family. She tells him if he goes out while she is gone to be sure to let the windows down; brush off his coat; see that his tie is property tied; dust off his hat; and be sure to shut the door. Just little things like these "keep the home fires burning," and compliance makes love shine the brighter.

—o—

Now that all our noses have been counted and the chambers of commerce have had opportunity to line up their complaints, proving how much bigger their cities really should be if everybody had been included, we can proceed to forget all about it and go ahead about our business for another ten years. Just how much our population has gained nobody knows as yet, but it has probably been a' plenty. Just how many of us own radios and how many of us are content to crab because our neighbors own them, has been carefully recorded. Likewise it is now a matter of record how many of us own our own homes and how many pay rent, and whether we pay too much or too little; how old we are and what we are doing, all of which is not going to bring any grist to our mill. One thing that will be shown postively is that we, as a people, enjoy more luxuires than any other peoples the world has ever known. We own more electrical contraptions; drive more automobiles; play more golf and do more fishing than any other nation in the world. And some people still talk about "hard times."

—o—

A Durham battery firm asked the public, "Is your car pigeon-toed?" I hadn't noticed that phase of an automobile, but I have seen a good many towed in.

Charles and William Mayo, the famous surgeons, are reported to have accumulated $13,000,000, all of which will be given to carry on the work of their great institution at Rochester, Minn. Have any other men of this generation contributed so largely to human welfare as these two brothers who are famous the world around because of their contributions to science and surgery—N. C. Christian Advocate.

CAN YOU PROVE A GOOD CHARACTER IN COURT

(By C. W. Hunt

The proving of a good character in court is as old as courts. Seldom is any one subjected to any question as to why one knows another's character is good, unless the party doing the swearing has a bad character or reputation himself. Year after year men have summoned witnesses to swear their characters were good and no questions were asked; both sides using that means as a way of putting credibility into what each side had attempted to prove. Such a course has gone without dispute until it was easy for most any rascal to prove a good character. But this matter of swearing one's character is good took a new turn in Mecklenburg county civil court last week. A young lawyer was being tried for soliciting business, and one of his main defenses was to prove a good character. More than 100 men were summoned to court to testify to the good character of the lawyer who was finally convicted of soliciting business that he might make a living, which it seems is unlawful in our good state. Man after man went on the stand to swear that the young man was a man of good character, but each of them were cross examined and asked to tell what they based the good character upon? The reply would often be: "His character is good, I know it is good." But, came back the question: "Who did you ever hear say his character is good?" And the witness would have to acknowledge that he based the good character he had sworn to on his own acquaintance and confidence in the man on trial. The presiding Judge would turn to the witness and tell him it is not what you think of a man, but what is his standing, general standing, in the eyes of the public: what estimate does the public place upon him.

The matter became embarrassing for the lawyers employed, rather requested to prosecute the case refused to allow the simple swearing that a man's character is good, to pass a par; but each was asked how he knew, who had ever said in their presence that the party on trial had a good character. What especially interested this writer was the fact that under the strict ruling placed upon the swearing that one's character is good, no one, except some old time saint who has lived and been general talk of the community could prove a character, good or bad; for a young man, be he ever so good, who had lived but a few years of a busy life in a community could prove a good character by those of his friends who happened to know him. To say his character, to me, is good, does not cover what is intended in the matter being discussed here. "What is his character in the section where he lives? Is it good or is it bad?" You say it is good, you say it is bad, but how do you know? You say: "I have lived by him for twenty years, have dealt with him, have always found

him to be a gentleman,'' but if you have never heard any one else say his character is good, you are, according to this late ruling, unfit to prove that the character of your friend is good. You know it is good. You know he is honest and upright, but unless you have heard it said many times that this man or that man felt that the gentleman in question was of good character, your testimony that it was good would put you in an embarrassing position.

Can you prove a good character? The neighborhood knows that your standing is good, but it seems they must have heard some one else say it was good. As was said, time after time by the presiding Judge to witnesses on the stand to swear to the good character of the defendant: ''You may think his character is good, I may think it is bad; it is not what you think of the man nor what I think of the man, but how does he stand in the community.'' And as this writer sees it any witness will be embarrassed on proving character if you are cross examined. In this particular case four old and experienced lawyers set out to beat the defendant by making it difficult for him to set up a record of right living in the community. In the eyes of the public, any man who could find a hundred men who swore his character was good, but never heard any one else say so, would have proved as good a character as was possible for any one to prove. This writer takes a positive stand that he does not have to talk with other folk to know any man's character is good, if he lives by you for a term of years, passes and repasses and sees your upright living day after day. Yet to be legally and technically correct you must have heard others say your friend's character is good.

A BUSINESS MAN'S PRAYER

''The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds, weary and content, and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.''—Robert Louis Stevenson.

INVEST YOURSELF

(The News-Letter)

Invest yourself, in your job, and in the life of your community. Keep on studying. Be a person; use your knowledge for pleasure as well as work. You may be a writer; you may be a follower. Both are essential. You will need to achieve in the world of work; you will need to achieve in the world of thought and feeling. One of the best definitions of culture I know of is Edward Graham's, "achievement, touched by a fine feeling."

Get into the institutional life of your community—the school, the church, the political life of the state. Be a school-board man. Stand for education. Criticise your local schools, but support them. Make them better than they were in your school days. Teach Sunday-school classes, accept work on church boards. Get into local politics. These things need you. Bet on the institutions. They do the work of civilization; they will survive.

Democracy gave you your chance. How do you feel about giving the other fellow the same chance? I know of no greater call to service than exists today in this business of democratic society. We need straight social thinking; we need more beauty and dignity in life, more individual character. We are a plain people in North Carolina. Our history is a magnificent example of what plain folks can do through democratic processes. The salt of the earth is just plain, ordinary folks, just as Jesus indicated when in addressing a crowd of them he said: "Ye are the salt of the earth." One has merely to turn the pages of history to see that this is true. Plain, ordinary folks are the creative power of history. They make kings, potentates, and powers; they continue them in power or they pull them down. As Jesus indicated, the salt can lose its savor. The salt of the earth begins to lose its savor when people begin to lose faith in themselves and to look to something else for safety. The secret of American life is this: Just at the time when the plain man had fought himself free from feudalism the illimitable expanse of America opened up to him a better chance. American history has been a glorious assertion of the common man against any power in nature or man that would exploit him. Its process has been awkward, but democratic. Nothing has stopped the plain man from working through his difficulties—so long as he has kept faith with himself.

We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.

—John Ruskin.

COUNTY HOME COSTS

(Lexington Dispatch)

Davidson county in 1929 had 23 inmates of its county home and it was costing the taxpayers $24.16 apiece each month to keep them there. And Davidson stood fortieth from the top cost per capita among the sixty-five counties reporting to the Department of Rural Social Economics of the University of North Carolina, which conducted a survey of the county home system.

The figures would indicate that the outlay in cash for maintenance is given, with the products of the farm not counted in the cost of operation. And it is not likely that any of the counties figured in interest on the investment in land and buldings as part of the per capita cost.

Clay had only one inmate, yet was maintaining a regular county home and spending $61.66 a month to support that inmate. Harnett had twenty and was spending $58.18 a month. Buncombe was paying $53.18 a month for each of its forty inmates. Durham had the largest number of inmates, sixty-eight, and was spending $49.38 each per month.

Davidson, despite the low per capita monthly cost as compared to many counties, does not pay to any of the "outside poor" as large a sum per month as it costs to maintain the county home. Nor, we daresay, do any of the thirty-nine counties spending more per capita on county homes.

Of these sixty-six reporting counties only thirty had more than twenty county home inmates and thirty three had less than twenty. Twenty-three counties did not report, most of which are small in population and have perhaps less than twenty inmates each. Ten counties reporting had less than ten inmates and one, Davie, had exactly ten.

The State Department of Welfare is favorable to the abolition of county homes, with supervised poor relief through welfare agencies. It holds that aged and infirm poor would be happier with relatives or friends than in county homes. However, Dr. S. H. Hobbs, who writes the commentary on the survey, says that this plan would require very careful welfare supervision and adds:

"If the county home system is to be retained, it is manifestly absurd for every county to attempt to provide a separate home. One-half of the county homes have twenty or fewer inmates. The small counties should take advantage of the law which authorizes two or more counties to build and maintain county-group houses for the poor. A few counties are paying sister counties to care for their inmates, but so far no two counties have been able to agree on the county-group home idea, for the obvious reason that each county wants the home located within its borders."

The reason landlords are richer than renters is because they pay for a house just once, and then quit.—Exchange.

OUR UPS AND DOWNS

(The North Carolina Scholar)

North Carolina has seen many ups and downs, as of course has America as a whole. Only a few months ago we were having an awfully good time patting ourselves on the back about our prosperity. Today we are having almost as good a time bewailing our misfortunes, and hunting for the villains that are doing us wrong. Popular imagination conjures up every type of menace that must be dealt with—from heresy in thought and conduct to political, social and economic spectres. Of course there are lions in our path; there always have been. There is nothing new in this situation. I suppose the only real villain is our own stupidity and ignorance. In agriculture we have not advanced beyond the rudimentary appropriative stage. We simply take what nature has grown; we create nothing of our own. The economy of our crops is the economy of the gamble. We bet against nature for a crop and against the market for a price, and lose three times out of four and then cry for help. Is it surprising that no help comes? We have gaily exploited the finest natural forests in the world. One-third of our so-called farming land ought to be in public forests. We are simply repeating the routine of industrialization, learning little, doing little that is new. We have always been a sort of economic province to the dominant financial powers of the north.

But since these things are so and always have been so, have we any basic problem other than to hold our ground and fight through for a better chance for all? We have got to quit expecting some miracle, some panacea, some genius to lead us out. We have the resources in the character and intelligence of our people.

Of all our resources, the greatest is folks—intelligent, democratic folks. It is in such a life that I urge you to invest yourself as North Carolina scholars.

FOR EVENING

Lord, send me sleep that I may live;
The wrong I've done this day forgive;
Bless every deed and thought and word
I've rightly done, or said, or heard;
Bless relatives and friends alway;
Teach all the world to watch and pray;
My thanks for all my blessings take.
And hear my prayer for Jesus' sake.—Amen.

DISCONTENTMENT

(Stanly News-Herald)

W. O. Saunders, Elizabeth City editor, says that he is tired of being made discontented. And perhaps the Eastern Carolina editor has touched the sore spot. In fact, we are certain that he has touched a sore spot with a lot of folks. Saunders says that he bought an old style phonograph, and before he got it paid for they had made him discontented with it, and sold him one with a motor. Then they made him dissatisfied with his phonograph and sold him a radio. They made him hate the tracks of the ice man, and he bought an electric refrigerator. However, they convinced him in a short time that the one he bought was too small and not the right make. His four-cylinder car made way for a six, and the six was swapped for an eight. Now they are trying to sell him a 16-cylinder outfit. He was accustomed to a tin tub for baths during his youth. Now they tell him that every man should have two bath rooms, and each in a different color scheme. And Saunders says that he is good and tired of being made dissatisfied and discontented.

What Saunders says is true, but whether we want to abolish discontentment is another matter. Every man strives to attain something bigger and better. The majority of men are ready to die when they have reached the height of achievement. Man's arms are ever stretched before him, grasping at something just ahead. When he is satisfied to let his arms hang at his sides, the right to live is no longer his.

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER

Ever close to Thee,
Keep us, gentle Shepherd,
Ever happy-hearted,
Care and trouble-free.
Though we're growing taller,
Like the summer flow'rs,
Keep us always children
In these hearts of ours.

Keep us pure from evil
In Thy holy sight;
Like the snowy roses,
Like the lily white.
Keep us ever trusting
In our Lord and King;
Keep us ever praising,
Like the birds that sing.—Selected.

THE OLD 'DEESTRICT' SCHOOL DESCRIBED BY D. P. MACDONALD

(Selected)

The old "deestrict" school, with its hard-worked teacher, her hair "combed straight back from her forehead and twisted into a knot at the back of her head;" its huge log chimney; its benches of poplar or juniper, and with all its true atmosphere has been accurately described by D. P. MacDonald, in The Harnett County School News, according to state educational officials.

The story on the schools of 50 years ago, attended by so many North Carolinians that lived in rural sections and small towns, is as follows:

"The command was given by the teacher of the 'deestrict' school (and a d—strict school it was, too,) as she stood in the doorway of the schoolhouse, one November morning in the year of our Lord 1872, and in the year of our independence 100 minus three, and the thirtieth year of our state educational system. The sun was directly over the crooked pine down the road, which showed it was time to begin school.

"Her hair was combed straight back from her forehead and twisted into a knot at the back of her head. She wore a white collar, a basque waist with buttons down the front, and a plain skirt with a wide ruffle at the bottom.

"The children rushed in pell-mell, each trying to get in first and occupy the best seat in the house which was the one next to the fireplace. The house was a type of all the community school houses at that time. It was built of logs and the spaces between the logs were stopped with boards on the outside. On the inside these spaces were used by pupils to put their books in when not in use. A huge log chimney lined with clay took up nearly one end of the building. A log was sawed out of the other end, a convenient height from the floor, to afford light for a 'writing board,' which was a plank resting on pegs, driven in the log below it. A cover was arranged for this opening, made by hinging the edge of another plank to the log above, keeping the plank raised in fair weather, and letting it down when it was rainy. The house was covered with boards and while some had lofts in them, others had none; and the pupils soon learned to tell the time of day by the place on the floor on which a ray of sunlight rested as it streamed through a knothole of a board in the roof. The seats were benches of poplar or juniper logs, split open, and the flat part smoothly hewn to an even surface. Legs were driven into holes bored at the proper angle on the broadside.

Spelling Came First

"When the pupils were all seated around the broad fireplace, and the teacher had taken her place in the corner (in a split bottomed chair, borrowed of a neighbor,) the business of the day began. The first lessons were in spelling, and Webster's blue-

back was dissected from a-b, ab to incomprehensibility. Sometimes, a single book served for several pupils. The old fashioned way of having a pupil 'study out loud' had been discarded, and the children sat on the benches, without anything to rest their backs against, and with nothing to rest their books upon; and holding them between their thumbs and fingers on a level with their eyes, they 'went over and over' the lessons in a whisper.

"A pupil could be heard spelling 'a-m-i-t-y' followed by another near him pronouncing 'horseback.' It soon became a monotonous chant. One boy, whose mother had shown him how her teacher required her to study the 'elementaries' when she was a girl could be heard repeating 'b-la-, bla, b-l-e, ble, b-l-i, bli, to my ble, bla, bly. C-l-a, cla, c-l-e, cle, c-l-i, cli, to my slo, clu, cly. (Note: Those who are not acquainted with the first pages of Webster's spelling book will not understand, but there are greyheaded boys and girls who will be carried back to other days by this.) A class comes up and fluently spells: cessation, libation, foundation, and as the next word was given out a commotion was heard in the corner—

"'If yer don't give me my thumb paper, I'll tell teacher.'

"'Shan't nuther, 'tain't yourn.'

"'Tis, too,' snatches at it.

"'It hain't. I found it on the floor.'

"'I drapt it,' snatches.

"'Finding's owning.'

"''Tain't, nuther,' snatches.

"''Tis with thumb papers.'

"The teacher stopped in the middle of 'tarnation' and sternly demanded: 'D. P., what are you and Frank fussing about?'

"Instantly everything was quiet. Both boys looked towards the east corner of the room. A tall broom made of old field sage grass stood in it. Then they looked towards the corner behind the teacher, and there it stood, a hickory switch about three feet long. With a feeble voice the pupil addressed replied:

"'Frank's got my thumb paper. Swallows.

"'Picked it up off the floor.'

"'It's mine. Ma 'cut it out of the almanac and folded it for me. It had the pictur uv a cow on it.' Swallows.

"With a voice as sharp as a two-edged sword the teacher continued:

Whacks on Back

"'Give it to me,' and without waiting for the culprit to bring it to her, she crossed over to the boys. The switch was in her hand, and delivering three rousing whacks on the back of each boy, she confiscated the disputed property. The pupils all began studying as if their very lives depended on it, and the teacher calmly went back to her place and gave out the next word, 'damnation.' (Note: A thumb paper was not only a bookmark, but was also held under the thumb during study hours to keep the thumb from soiling the page and wearing it out by continual rubbing, as there was nothing for the book to rest upon and the pupil held it in his hand while studying. Even the teacher had no desk.)

"After the spelling lessons came reading, and the younger pupils grave-

ly read: 'She fed the old hen.' 'The old hen fed her.' The old ones used the North Carolina Reader, a reading book gotten up by O. H. Wiley, the first state superintendent of public instruction. The first lesson was read by a big girl who attacked it with a vengeance, for she knew it 'by heart' and she told in a falsetto voice pitched in the key of C how:

"'Thuh made 'er grave too cool an' dam'
Fur a 'eart suh warrum an' true.
She's gawn tuh the lake uv thev dismal swam'
W'ere ol night long 'ith 'er flier-fly lemp
She paddles 'er w'ite canoe.'

"The children were now watching the edge of the sunlight shining through the knot as it neared the 12 o'clock across the floor, and when it was parallel this mark, the teacher announced: 'Intermission.' The children rushed to their baskets where they get a piece of corn pone and a rasher o' bacon and hurried to the playgrounds, eating as they went.

Would Stop Playing

"When the dreadful, awful, terrible word 'Books' was again called by the teacher from the doorway, the big boys left their three-handed game of 'cat,' the big girls and small boys quit their game of prison base, while the little girls hid their rag dolls under some convenient log, where no mischievous boy would be likely to to find them, and they all hurried in to begin their lessons in arithmetic and get more intimately acquainted with figures. (The beginners could not help associating them somehow with 'niggers.') Emerson's 'mental' and 'written' was studied in turn while one or two who were unable to get an up-to-date book used Pike's or Smith's. An advanced pupil or two also recited a lesson in Montieth's geography. After the regular lessons were over, all the pupils were allowed a short time to study the 'spelling'—the last recitation of the day. When the teacher called the class to take their places on the floor, all in the school who were in the least proficient in this study stood up behind a chalk mark across the floor with their toes on the mark, learning to 'toe the mark' in future years, and as each word was pronounced by the teacher it was spelled by the pupils from the head to the foot of the class. After this lesson was over school was dismissed, and the children went home to do the evening chores, eat a frugal supper and go to sleep and dream that a long row of hard words with dunce caps on them were demanding to be spelled, or that the multiplication table, standing on very wobbly legs, was insisting that the dreamer repeat it.

"Before casting a sneer at the efforts of the people of this period to attain a higher development of character by education we must remember that these were reconstruction days when the state government was controlled by 'carpet-baggers' and negroes. The school funds were all squandered and not one penny was appropriated for the cause of education. The south had been devastated by four years of terrible war, follow-

ed by the most damnable oppression that was ever inflicted on a helpless people. There was no money to buy the necessities of life or pay the burdensome tax that was imposed on them. Many of the children were orphans whose fathers had been killed in the war, and their widowed mothers worked in the field day after day to feed them, and the sound of the spinning wheel or the loom could be heard in the late hours of the night as they made the cloth that later would be made into clothes to keep them warm.

Place Among Immortals

"And that tired, conscientious teacher, working so faithfully at a salary of 'we promise to pay $30 per month,' which promise the patrons were utterly unable to fulfill, surely her place is among the immortals. Sometimes an order was given her on the public treasurer by a local school committee for her services when it was certain that there were no funds for the payment of teachers and it was uncertain when there would be any. She was lucky if she could find anyone who had the money and faith enough in the future credit of the county to discount her order for her. The first obligation of Harnet county, known as the 'Lilly debt' was largely composed of school vouchers which were bought for three-fourths of their face value.

"And, from these schools of limited opportunities went men of character, able to withstand the terrible temptations on every hand; men of intelligence, striving to bring about better conditions and a higher plane of living; men of ability who were able to build on the ashes of desolation, the new south, great in intellectual achievements, which is our heritage today."

THE PASSION-FLOWER

The passion-flower is a native of the Americas, growing wild as far north as Virginia. The commonest variety in this country is a low-creeping plant with three lobed leaves, bearing a beautiful blue-and-white blossom and an ovoid fruit as large as an egg, which is edible. In some parts of South America the fruit grows to a large size, sometimes weighing eight pounds.

The passion-flower was no named by the Spanish priests who accompanied the first conquerors. In it they saw a miraculous revelation of the Crucifixion. The five anthers symbolize the wounds and the three stigmas, the nails. There are five petals and five sepals, making ten, the number of the apostles present when Christ first appeared after the Crucifixion, according to Saint John. The fringe-like corona suggests the crown of thorns; the lobed leaves are the hands of the persecutors, while the tendrils are the scourges.—The Girls' World.

A HOUSE OF CORRECTION

What North Carolina Should do For Youthful Criminals. Will the Legislature Legislate? Separation of Old and Youthful Offenders—The Jail and Penitentiary No Reformers—The Subject Ought to be Agitated. —Taken From The Concord Daily Standard, December 9, 1890.

The people of North Carolina are humane, certainly they are. The man who represented them in legal and legislative bodies should by their acts and efforts reflect in no small way the great and ennobling characteristics of a great people

While we have reason to feel proud of North Carolina, as she is what her people have made her, yet there is an important matter that has been neglected— too long neglected—That this matter has not been agitated by the press, that the people have not sought to study and that our legislatures have not provided a remedy for the existing evil, may be due to the absorbing interest manifested in other matters which were thought to be of more vital importance to the State and our people.

Youthful Lawbreakers.

What about them? Why concern ourselves about them? Let us see. Visit the State penitentiary and a story is revealed in all its light and force. Even a visit to your own jail might show you a very sad picture of a young life, going by degrees to complete ruin, due to the unwholesome influence of a degraded wretch, old in meanness, aged in his vice and eternally wedded to his gods of filth, rascality, and immorality and heaven hating.

The question is: "Shall the State, by the lack of needed legislation, permit youthful persons, guilty of an offense against the law and dignity of the State, to be caged up in a common jail or the State penitentiary with those who are set in crime and wedded to ungodly ways? It is this, then, that concerns us. At first thought, the importance of the subject may not dawn upon us. But it deserves attention and earnest thought.

The Youthful Violators

It has been said that wickedness and general meanness is a disease. That may be true, or it may not, we are certain that it is abroad in the land and does not respect age, and we are assured, from numerous writings on the subject, that nine tenths of all the devilment, wickedness and crime, on record, can be traced directly or indirectly back to the influence of bad and wicked associations—these are contagious.

Here is a case: A youth's father dies; his mother, poor and needy, "hires him out;" he is thrown with any and all kinds of morals; he's led astray; he commits an offense against the law; a magistrate tries him, binds him over to court; the boy fails to give bond (everybody is afraid of him); he's lodged in jail; his roommate is a hardened old ex-convict, the jail is filthy; the occupants of adjoining rooms are foul mouthed, wicked and mean; he's tried by a jury and sentenced by the judge either to re-

main in jail or the penitentiary for a term of years.

Now What are his Surroundings?

He goes among a wretched class of wretched men; he has no mother there to care for him, no father to advise him, no special friends to encourage him in good deeds; he feels that all have ceased to care for him; he loses all sense of honor; he sees nothing beautiful, grand, lovely or sweet about him—the only charm for him is dirt, wickedness and corruption around him. His term expires, he returns to the section of his birth, perhaps; he's shunned; his former associates stand aloof; the Sunday school does not find him; the pastor does not hear of him, and, charity, so peculiar at times, does not adjust to the boy's make-up. The boy, he's first hurt, he loses all pride, and then, by a false idea of self-defense, he falls into a I-don't-care-feeling. You see then the ruined life of a boy in whom there might have been the elements that promised a true, useful, noble man. But the wrecked, discouraged of that miserable boy fades into all that is low and degraded. This has occurred many a time in this county; it has occurred in every county; and you have seen it. It is not that boy alone that is lost—his life bears fruit in other quarters.

Again, we know of boys who became so disobedient and law breaking that they were positive terrors. From a hope that they might reform, and shunning the scandal of legal action, the matter was "covered up", you understand. In a little time, age, abundance of accumulated bad blood and evil influences asserted themselves—a commotion, a sorrowful public and a life had gone down to where but a faint hope could be entertained for its reformation.

Today there is a boy on the chain gang that ought not to be there (we feel like using names.) He had no opportunities; he stole; he laughed about it. (Pardon the digression. This writer visited him in the jail; he was reading several leaves that had been torn from Scribner's magazine, and he was locked up with a vile whoremonger; he had been there one day, and said in a jolly way; "I don't mind this, but I believe I have read more here than I ever did in my life.") He was sentenced to the chain gang for three years, and every morning he marches side by side in chains with a colored man. Do you think his morals are being improved by his service in such quarters? The poor fellow may be doing the public road some good, but the boy's prospects for reformation are nothing. When his term expires, he'll repeat his theft as sure as the sun shines, for the boy does not realize the true object of life. Knowing his life as this writer does, that boy is not wholly responsible for his condition. This case, and it has a parallel in every county, suggests that the

State Has A Duty

to perform right here. The State provides a system of public schools, but it failed to provide measures to secure the attendance of many a boy. The young boy, almost totally uneducated, finds himself a convict. Send him to the State penitentiary and associate him with hardened thieves, whoremongers and murderers! Do you expect any reform from that as-

sociation? Surely not. The sentences are not to gratify the ill will of jury or judge; they are not to inflict punishment for punishment's sake but with a view of causing reformation. The jail is not for a reformer, neither is the penitentiary, this much all observing men and statisticians admit,

Is it right, then, for the State to be a party to a practice that is almost sure to result in the complete crushing of the young offender's pride and hopes for a better life?

It would be better, a thousand times better, for the State and the offender, were he turned "scot-free," for his chances for reformation would be better.

What's to be done with the fifteen year old boy that threatens his father's safety and makes a little hell around home? What's to be done with a fifteen-year-old boy who is known to be transgressing the law, and yet from sympathy or other causes he's permitted to go on from bad to worse? Are you going to continue housing young boys and young girls (how sad), whose honor and virtue are doubtful, in common jails and common penitentiaries with filth and the very scum of the earth?

It appears that the circumstances demand and that the humane sentiment of our God-fearing and charitable people demands that a

Reformatory School

be instituted by the State. Call it Reformatory School, Home of Refuge or anything, except a name that would suggest shame and have a tendency to make young offenders feel like criminals, and thus thwart the aims of such an institution. One who has studied criminals statistics, or visited our county jails, or even seen the chain-gang pass by, cannot fail to see the necessity for such an institution. The Legislature can do an incalculable service to the State, for the people, and for youthful offenders by provdiing the means and law for an institution where the young offenders can be trained up to work, be taught a trade, be instructed in the English branches, and at the same time have removed from them the bad and damaging influences of a common penitentiary. Send all such as are hopelessly depraved to the penitentiary, and the youthful offenders, who were influenced into wrong not by self depravity but by outside influences, to the House of Correction.

Let the law and system that govern the said institution be plain, clear and practical. Every little offense committed by a youth, for which the common law holds him accountable, could be regulated by a magistrate without having it go to the court and there tried before the idle curiosity of a curious public. The scenes in a court room depress the prisoner, which results in hardening him in his evil ways. The Standard does not pretend to outline a system for such an institution, but only to bring the matter up for discsusion. That the organization of such an institution is possible, and that humanity demands it, the Standard earnestly believes.

We write for the sake of hundreds of boys whose lives are being ruined by the lack of such an institution. That many apparent difficulties will present themselves in the erection of a Reformatory School, the Standard does not doubt; but this hurr edly

written article, without the aid of any positive statistics, is offered with the hopes of precipitating a discussion of the question by the State papers before the Legislature convenes; and with the hopes of calling our legislators to the necessity of such an institution in the great State which we love so much.

Gov. Daniel G. Fowle, In His Message, January 15th, 1891, Recommended A Reform School for Boys.

In his message His Excellency, Governor Daniel G. Fowle, had this to say about a Reformatory Department:

The demand for a reformatory department for young convicts is becoming very great. One of the most distinguished jurists said to me that when he was on the Superior Court bench the hardest duty he had to perform was to sentence young boys and girls to the penitentiary. The thought that those young law breakers were to be consigned to fellowship with old hardened offenders, by which the very last germ of wit in them would be destroyed, was enough to grieve a good man.

One of our distinguished State officers described to me a scene which he witnessed on one of the railroads, where two fair faced and amiable looking boys were chained, each of them to reuulsive, degraded looking convicts, typical house breakers, in appearance, and were being conveyed with them to the penitentiary.

Gentlemen of the General Assembly, what hope for referendum is there, with such associates for those young persons?

Humanity, to say nothing of Christianity, demands that arrangements be made whereby these unfortunates shall be kept separate from the old offenders and given a chance at least for the future.—The Concord Daily Standard.

The Oxford Daily, Oct. 29th, 1891, Declares The Concord Standard Foremost In Advocating A Reform School

There is no doubt that there is a need in this State for a Reformatory for youthful criminals. The establishing of such an institution was urged by the press during the last session of the Legislature, but, as the Concord Standard (which was foremost and active in advocating it) puts it, the solons thought themselves confronted with mightier matters. —Oxford Daily.

The schoolmaster wrote on the back of a boy's monthly report: "A good worker but he talks too much."

The card was returned the next day with the following inscription in the father's handwriting: "You should meet his mother."

ADRIFT ON AN ICEBERG

By Theodore Zimmerman

Crash! Bang! There was a snapping and cracking of the ice, followed by a sudden lurch that sent Ahnook, the Eskimo youth and his faithful dog, Cubs, sprawling in the snow. The lad wasted no time in regaining his feet for well he knew the meaning of the sudden commotion. The ice was breaking up! He was adrift in the Arctic!

Spring had come in the far North as it usually comes in that region of perpetual ice and snow, bringing with it not the birds and buds as in other climes, but only the melting rays of a hot sun. For several days now the effects of the sun's rays had become quite noticeable. Open water once more greeted the Eskimo with its welcome abundance of fresh fish. Great chunks of ice had broken off from the mainland and, as icebergs, had begun their silent march to the southern seas. Polar bears had but recently awakened from their winter's sleep and were foraging about in search of something to satisfy the pangs of hunger from which they were now suffering. Ahnook had spent the afternoon watching several fish-lines that his father, Hanak, and other members of the tribe had planted that morning at regular intervals along the shore line. At that particular point the sea was of great depth and Ahnook had had little success with his lines.

But now his lines were forgotten. There were things of far more importance right at that moment. The Eskimo boy's life was at stake! He must rescue himself before it was too late.

"Come, Cubs. We've got to hurry," he told his dog as he leaped forward over the snow. By this time the piece of broken ice upon which he stood had tipped considerably and settled into the water. What few fish he had secured together with the fish-lines floated away on the water that rose above the place where the Eskimo had been sitting. He could no longer look back across a level stretch of snowfields now for the other end of the floating ice had slowly raised its head high in the air, following the break. The iceberg was adjusting itself for its sea voyage to the tropics.

Ahnook ran as quickly as his feet would carry him but the going was slow, for he had a long and slippery slope to ascend. He must gain that peak and then it would be only a few steps down to the water's edge. Would the chasm between the iceberg and the shore be too wide for him to jump? He wondered. He could feel a slight rocking movement as he made his way up the hill. He knew now that he was no longer on the mainland but a part of that moving mass of broken chunks of ice that was making its way to the open sea. What would happen to him if he could not reach the mainland? He dared not think. Breathless, he reached the peak.

For a split second he hesitated there at the top. He wished to take note of the width of the chasm. Almost immediately, a sigh of relief escaped from his lips. He saw a certain

point below him where a three-foot jump would land him in safety on the other side. But the open channel between the two shores was gradually widening inch by inch, and there was no time to linger now.

Half stumbling and half sliding along, he worked his way down the steep slope as rapidly as possible. Part way down it became necessary, owing to the steepness, for the lad to sit down and push himself on with his hands. Finally he reached the water's edge.

He was about to leap across the open water that separated him from the mainland, it being no more than four feet wide by now, when he suddenly thought of his dog. In his great hurry to reach safety, Ahnook had forgotten all about Cubs.

"Cubs, come Cubs," he called out loudly, holding both hands to his mouth in order that his voice might carry as far as possible. But the dog was nowhere to be found. Ahnook became alarmed. He whistled as only an Eskimo can whistle when he is calling his dogs to the harness, but still there was no response. Cubs failed to put in an appearance. Meanwhile, wider and wider became the channel before him. Inch by inch the iceberg moved seaward. The Eskimo continued to whistle and scream for his dog but no dog showed up. It was so much wasted effort.

The boy once more glanced at that everwidening chasm as though he were silently measuring it with his eyes. He had already spent too much time there. Almost five feet now separated the two shores. He thought fast and hard. Should he forget his dog and save only himself or should he risk losing his own life in the effort to save the dog? Reason told him to forget the dog. No dog is worth the risk of a human life. But Ahnook had a big heart—Cubs and he had been inseparable, almost, since the dog was a mere puppy and a mutual attachment had sprung up between them. Ahnook's father had wished to kill the dog when the winter just past had threatened them with starvation because Cubs was useless to them, yet ate as much as their sled dogs, but his son had protested. Secretly Ahnook had set about to train the dog in order to make him useful and thereby worthy to live. He had spent many hours and days at the task when the other lads of the village were enjoying their winter sports. It was a difficult job, owing to the dog being undersized and weak in the legs. But his love of the pup had kept him at the task and then the day came when Cubs proved himself as worthy to Hanak. It seemed to him that Cubs had almost human intelligence sometimes. And his dog acknowledged no master but Ahnook.

It is, therefore, not surprising to find that Ahnook in the crisis that now confronted him thought of the safety of his dog before his own. It was not a wise thing for him to do, but he could not help it. His heart ruled his head. Not seeing Cubs appear at his call, he turned his back on that ever-widening chasm and falling to his knees climbed frantically up the steep and icy slope toward the peak. No Eskimo ever crawled faster than this boy in search of his dog. Perhaps the dog had not heard his whistle or shout, thought Ahnook.

He never for a minute doubted but what he would see him on the other side as soon as he had reached the summit of that grade. Once or twice he slipped on his way up but each time caught himself immediately afterwards. With less luck he would have slid on down the icy slope and into the deep, cold Arctic sea. Thereafter he exercised more caution by climbing a little slower and picking out his steps.

Reaching the top, he sprang to his feet. Quickly but carefully his eyes scanned every foot of the floating piece of ice upon which he was marooned. Cubs, being black, would show up clearly in contrast to the glistening white snow background. But the dog was nowhere to be found! Ahnook was broken-hearted.

Just then clearly and distinctly through the silence came a dog's bark. "Cubs" shouted the lad, joyfully, as he looked across the water to the mainland from whence the bark had come. There was his dog, safely on the other side, standing at the water's edge and barking ferociously. It was now only a question of saving himself. Could he yet jump the chasm? For the first time since gaining the summit of the iceberg Ahnook turned his gaze toward the gap between himself and the mainland. He gasped as he saw it was now too late! While he had been climbing, the ice-floe had cheated him. Twenty-five feet or more of water separated the broken chunk from the mainland now. Why hadn't he been wise and jumped before? He could easily have leaped across the chasm then and both he and his dog would have been safe. Now it was too late! He was marooned for sure! He must stay with the iceberg.

He sat down there on the peak to think things over. There was little hope of the iceberg in its journey down the coast-line coming close enough to the shore for him to leap across to safety. If only he could swim like Cubs had, but it is rare that Eskimo boys ever learn to swim, for Arctic waters are always too icy-cold to permit such a thing. Perhaps some explorer's ship might rescue him or farther south some trans-Atlantic steamer send out a lifeboat to his aid. The chance of rescue was an extremely slim one—a mere hope to cling to. He had heard from the lips of white men who sometimes visited his village that these mammoth icebergs floated southward until they reached the tropcis where under the intense heat of the sun they melted quickly into the ocean that had borne them on its waves so far. When the ice upon which he now rode melted, he would drown. So that was to be his end? And what a lonesome ride it would be—countless days and nights without even his dog along. Days and days without food with "Old Man Starvation" waiting his call. Brave as he was, Ahnook could hardly keep back the tears that filled his eyes as he thought of the unescapable predicament he was now in and of his inevitable fate.

He looked once more across that everwidening chasm of icy water to the spot where he had last seen Cubs on the mainland shore. But the dog had disappeared. His eyes followed the shore-line in both directions as

far as he could see and then back across the vast snowfields beyond, but his dog was nowhere to be seen. Cubs had gone.

Already the sun had dropped below the horizon and dusk was settling down upon the Arctic. Ahnook dreaded the long, cold night before him. Stillness was only broken intermittently by the splashing of the sea and the sharp crackling of the ice upon which he rode so reluctantly. He pulled his furs closer about him to keep his ears and nose from freezing and walked about on his ship of ice in order that his warm blood might reach every part of his body and heat it. Thus, he covered every foot of the iceberg that extended above the surface of the water and as he jumped or slid about, his eyes searched the snow and ice for anything that might be useful to him either as food, fuel, shelter or tools with which to work. But he found not a single thing. His fish-lines which might have helped in the days to come to stave off starvation had dropped back into the sea together with the few fish he had already caught. He had hoped to find some kind of animal present with him on the iceberg that he might kill and eat when hungry but there was none. Nor was there any driftwood that he might set fire to either for the heat it might give him or as a signal to others of his peril. No discarded hides were found that he might cover himself with in case of a blizzard or even tear into strips and tie together to make a rope with which to effect an escape should an opportunity to do so present itself. He had nothing except the furs he now wore as an aid to escape from the situation he now found himself in or as a protection against the rigors of the Arctic.

Except for the moonlight that dimly lit up his surroundings, darkness now covered the Northland. And with the coming of the night, as is often the case in that part of the world, strong cold winds began to blow with a violence that seemed to pierce the heavy furs Ahnook wore. He must provide a shelter from these winds or freeze to death. With his hands he began to dig in the snow at his feet. In a surprisingly short time he had dug a hole deep enough to hide inside. But a roof was needed in order to shelter him completely from the Arctic blasts. Climbing out of his hole in the snow at the very peak of the iceberg, the Eskimo lad, after first gatherinig together in his hands a small quantity of snow and packing it solidly into a snowball, rolled it about on the surface of the berg until it assumed mammoth proportions with a diameter of several feet. This huge snowball he then rolled over the top of his cave. It completely covered the opening except for a small space just large enough for Ahnook to squeeze himself through and enter his snowhouse. Inside he was out of reach of the wind and as warm as he would have been at home.

For some time he sat motionless in his newly-made cave and while he rested from his labors his thoughts wandered to the little Eskimo village he had left that day and the home he would perhaps see no more. How he wished he could return and once more listen to his mother's songs and sit

at his father's knee while he told stories of adventures that happened in the years gone by. He was quite hungry by this time and longed to eat once more of the many appetizing foods his mother would prepare for supper that night. He could almost smell the frying walrus meat and his mouth watered at the thought of rich fats he might be eating were he at home. But such thoughts, he realized, only made him sad and so he decided to erase them from his mind by crawling outside.

Standing once more on the crest of the iceberg, Ahnook gazed about him. He discovered he was now almost a quarter of a mile from the shore-line which he could dimly make out to his left. The rays of the moon cast a glimmer upon several other icebergs both in front and to the rear of his own that were floating like his silently on in the open sea. He wondered if any of those other mountains of ice carried a human life as did this one.

Suddenly his face lit up. Hope sprang into his heart. A ship lay at anchor not far to his right. Boats that far north were almost a curiosity. Nearly always they were those of some exploration party but occasionally a trader would find his way into that region to buy furs from the natives —sealskins, bearskins, walrus-hides and the furs of smaller animals that roamed about over the Arctic snow-fields. For a moment or so Ahnook stood quietly observing the ship. Seeing its decks piled with hides and furs he concluded it was the vessel of some Arctic trading company. The lights from its cabins shone brighly through the port-holes, lighting up the decks. The Eskimo lad, watching from the crest of the iceberg, could quite distinctly make out two men walking about on its decks, evidently inspecting and counting its cargo of furs, with the aid of lanterns which they carried about with them. Here was Ahnook's big chance to be rescued from his peril.

Forming a megaphone with his hands, he shouted as loud as he could but the men failed to hear him. Again and again he shouted, but in vain. The men continued with their work wholly unaware of his presence on the passing iceberg. Although the distance was not too great for his voice to carry across the water to them, they were so much engrossed with their work they were paying no attention to disturbing noises from the outside. He must try another method to attract their attention. The iceberg had meanwhile passed them and the distance between it and the ship was increasing every minute. His one opportunity to save himself was about to pass away. He was desperate. All at once, glancing at his feet, the idea of throwing snowballs at them came into his head. Instantly, almost, he began making little snowballs, packing them hard between his fingers so that they would carry. Then the bombardment commenced. The first snowball went wild, then one came close to the ship, but the third one he threw landed directly at the men's feet. Startled, they both looked up but after a few glances about them, quickly dismissed the incident and once more took up their interesting work. It angered Ahnook a bit to think they would not investigate long enough to discover whence the snow-

ball had come. Perhaps they had decided some member of the ship's crew was only playing a prank upon them or that the snow had blown off the ship's mast. Try as hard as he could, Ahnook could not throw another snowball on the vessell. The distance was now a great deal farther—too far for his strength to compass. All his snowballs fell one by one into the water between the iceberg and the ship. Finally in desperation and discouragement the boy quit throwing. The boat was quite some distance behind him and the only thing that now might attract attention from them was a fire. This was out of the question for Ahnook had neither matches nor timber. Discouraged, he crawled back into his cave in the ice and after a time he fell asleep.

Several hours must have elapsed before he again opened his eyes for it was then daylight. He was surprised to discover that his dog, Cubs, stood over him, affectionately licking his cheeks. For a moment he could not think where he was. Then it dawned on him all of a sudden. He was still on the iceberg but somehow his dog had come back to him. Quickly he crawled out of his cave and stood looking towards the shore which now seemed closer than the night before. A boat was making its way towards the iceberg and at the paddle was none other than his father. On the shore he plainly discerned the figures of the people from his village. So Cubs had returned to the Eskimo village and given the alarm and then had led the rescue party to him. Ahnook with a heart full of gratitude hugged the faithful Cubs while the wise little dog that had saved his life barked with joy at being with him again.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. W. W. Johnson, school principal, was absent several days last week.

Mr. C. B. Barber, our accountant, spent last Saturday and Sunday with his parents at Kings Mountain.

Some of the boys on the barn force have been plowing our peach orchard for several days past.

Our poultryman sent about 120 young chickens to the cottages last Saturday and our entire family of nearly 600 enjoyed a fried chicken dinner the following day.

"The Submarine," featuring Jack Holt, was the title of our motion picture show last week. It was the best picture shown here for several months and all the boys enjoyed it.

Edgar Rochester, formerly a member of our printing office force, visited the school last Sunday. Since leaving here several months ago Edgar has been working in a print shop in Charlotte and is getting along nicely.

Rev. T. W. Fogleman, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the regular service in

the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Appropriate to the day, Rev Fogleman made a very interesting talk on "The True Greatness of Mothers."

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Presson, members of our staff, were called to Tryon last week on account of the death of the latter's father. The deepest sympathy of their many friends here at the school is tendered herewith in their sad hour.

Instead of the regular Sunday classes last Sunday morning, we assembled in the auditorium, where an appropriate Mothers' Day program was rendered. As the lines filed we noticed that every one of our 500 boys wore a red or white rose. After the singing of "The Mothers of Our Land," a group of eight of our smaller boys took their places on the platform and recited Biblical quotations concerning a mother's love. Then followed the singing of "Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me." Superintendent Boger then introduced the speaker of the day, our old friend, Mr. Charles F. Ritchie, one of Concord's leading business men. Anyone within the sound of his voice could easily tell that the speaker was a great friend of boys, and in the the course of his remarks, Mr. Ritchie gave the youngsters some very good advice as to how they should endeavor to conduct their lives in a manner that would bring joy to their mother's hearts. Mr. Ritchie's talk was thoroughly enjoyed by all present and we hope his future visits to the school will be more frequent than they have been in the past. After singing that good old hymn, "Tell Mother I'll Be There," we were dismissed with a prayer by Mr. Ritchie.

The Kerr Bleachery team visited the local diamond last Saturday afternoon and were defeated by the score of 6 to 5. The game being delayed more than an hour because of rain, it was agreed to play but seven innings. Hartsell started on the mound for the school boys but failed to survive the first inning, the visitors landing on his delivery for six hits and four runs. Andrews then took up the hurling duties and held the bleachery outfit to four hits and two runs. With one on in the local half of the first frame, Poole socked a triple to right field. In the fourth inning the local sluggers chased Holland, the visiting pitcher, from the firing line. Levy led off with a home run wallop to right; Easley followed with a triple to left; then Capps, Poole and Atkins drove out singles, and when the smoke had cleared away four runs had crossed the platter and the score was tied. In the next inning Hobby singled and Poole connected for his second triple, scoring one run, giving the local lads the lead. In the seventh the visitors tied the score, a passed ball and three singles permitting one runner to cross the plate. In the local half of the same inning, Levy singled, took second on a passed ball and chalked up the winning tally when the visiting shortstop permitted Capps' hard grounder to go through his leggs and roll into left field.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

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24 May 30 N. C.

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N[illegible]AY 24, 1930. No. 18

OUT IN THE FIELDS

The little cares that fretted me,
  I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
  Among the winds at play;

Among the lowing of the herds,
  The rustling of the trees;
Among the singing of the birds,
  The humming of the bees.

The foolish fear of what may come,
  I cast it all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
  Among the new-mown hay;

Among the husking of the corn,
  Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born
  Out in the fields with God!
    —Elizabeth Barret Browning.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE HOME

The home should be recognized as a divine institution, ordained of God's love as the institution for which all others—State, church, workshop, school—exist. We are in sad danger, it seems to me, of turning things upside down, of making that the chief thing in life which is only secondary and auxiliary. We talk about a life-work, life-task, life-missions, with easy flippancy, gliding unconsciously away from the chief task which God has laid upon the most of us, the perfection of human society in and through the power of the home.

For the true measure of civilization—and Christianity is only a celestial civilization slowly working itself out upon the earth—the true measure of any civilivation is found, not in its legislation, nor in its architecture, not in its poetry, nor in its politics, not in its industry and its commerce, nor even in its schools and churches, but in the extent to which all of them are made to contribute to the perfection of the family and the glory of the home.

—Rev. Charles J. Little, D.D., LL.D.

NATURAL GAS

The piping of natural gas in the South is one of the most remarkable movements that indicate great progress—thrift, because it is cheaper and requires less manual labor to operate in carrying on the household affairs. The value of natural gas is one of the richest resources of the South, and lately the movement to extend its use has gained great impetus—the piping of the same

has gone by leaps and bounds. As an example of the magnitude of the project a pipe 930 miles long, costing about $40,000,000 is laid from Amirillo Texas to central Indiana. This piping of natural gas is for industrial purposes due to the fact it is one of the world's cheapest and most valuable fuels. Each day we see instances of "impossibilities becoming possibilities"—this is proven when we understand that the natural gas of Lousiana is piped and sold in Illinois. This is a prospective development that North Carolina is looking forward to—and in the course of a few years this hope—piping natural gas in North Carolina and South Carolina will be realized. The question has already been discussed in our leading papers. One of the best informed men engaged in the gas business in the state says without the shadow of a doubt North Carolina in the course of a few years will be using natural gas.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The census report shows that in 1920 North Carolina had no city with a population of 55,000, but in the present census it is shown we have five cities, Durham, Raleigh, Greensboro, Winston-Salem, and Charlotte, besides there are other cities that reveal a remarkable growth. High Point shows a population for the ten years period 22,406, or about 156 per cent, with some extension of the corporate limit. This is one of the most outstanding increases in population of any city in the State. The Guilford county urban population is as reported 90,130, wherein in 1920 it was 34,161—making a 164 per cent gain. The census figures show that the cities have made gains and the smaller towns recording losses since 1920 census. This perhaps is due to industrial interest Some looking for employment in larger cities, also many have returned to the agricultural life, and another reason for the increase of population in cities is the coming of immigrants. They generally locate in cities. Finally the small towns and rural population makes up the biggest part of the country and will continue as in the past, to be the real heart of the nation.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

WHY?

More overalls used, states the Mooresville Enterprise. Things do seem inconsistent. Who is wearing the overalls if so many are unemployed? If the unemployed were working the demand for overalls would be greater than the source of supply. An overall factory would be a busting business if

there were not so many people without work. It may be though overalls are worn to save the good clothes.

"One of the biggest manufacturers of work clothes in the country reports that sales this year are 20 per cent greater than for the same period in 1929. What this means is a question. They may be due to a desire to protect more expensive clothing, or to a greater turning to the soil and to the tasks of life that demand work clothes. But to the average man the increased sale of overalls—the blue uniform of labor—can only mean that more men are now working with their hands than ever before. It may be the first sign of a rejuvenation that will benefit the whole nation, a new determaniation on the part of Americans to work for their living instead of letting someone else earn it for them. At any rate, we are told that more overalls are being sold this year than ever before, and that is certainly not a bad sign in a country where overalls are still a highly-respected article of clothing."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A REAL HONEST FELLOW

What is the correct definition of a right down-to goodness honest fellow? Some think all that is required of a citizen is to pay debts, and that requisite gives you a pasport to a class of fine citizenship. Maybe so, but we argue different. There is but one rule to follow and that is to observe the Golden Rule. Unless you do there are scars made that never heal and you never enjoy the sweet confidence of friends as formerly. Give me friends first and foremost—because after shuffling off this "mortal coil" the accumulated wealth of a life time is discussed and often forgotten, but your manhood or womanhood if wisely and charitably spent is cherished to the end of time, and time magnifies the acts of a just and honest character—one who would do to others as wish to be done by. But, our high sense of justice is pushed asdie, conscience severed often for the sake of supposed prosperity.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE GOLD STAR MOTHERS

The Gold Star mothers were accorded a great ovation when embarking to visit the battlefields of France where their sons made the supreme sacrifice "for the sake of democracy" The objective of the trip is to see the mounds in the cemeteries where the bodies of these soldier boys rest in peace. These women who are stooped from the accumulation of years, and in many

instances tired and weary from hard work, are on this occasion the guests of the government. Perhaps it is the first time that many have been a stone's throw from home and there will be a varied experience and much to see that will divert the minds of these dear souls from the cares and burdens borne many years. It would indeed be an interesting sight to see this group of war-mothers assembled, talking over the experiences of the past and telling of the anticipated pleasures of the trip. There is a vision of sadness too for it may be in the field of Flanders lies the only son of a widowed mother, who was the only support and comfort of her who has led a hard life of unending labor. There is some comfort though to the aching heart in viewing the spot that holds all that is dear, so it is a fine thing that the trip is available for those who suffered only as mother can suffer for her child. Upon the return trip there is not a doubt there will be much to talk about as well as the satisfaction of seeing the mound that holds sweet memories of the past.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

DON'T FOOL YOURSELF

There is no such thing as a self-made man, thinks the Reidsville Review. We are all products of environment and the opportunities presented. Life is in reality a team work. If you think you are self-made just review your past for a few moments and visualize those who reached out a helping hand when uncertain conditions surrounded you. Read:

> Now and then you hear a man boast that he is a self-made man. Generally he sticks his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and swells up to the limit of his chest expansion when he makes the statement.
>
> Any man who takes such an egotistical position does so without any understanding of our relations with others and the inter-dependency that must necessarily result.
>
> We heard of a man who thought he was self-made. He thinks so because when he was five years old his parents died and he was placed in an orphan asylum. He had only a common school education and today he is the president of a railroad.
>
> He thinks he is a self-made man, but what about the orphan asylum that took care of him and sheltered him and gave him a chance? What about the family that adopted him out of the asylum and gave him a chance? What about the chief clerk in the railroad office who took him in as office boy and gave him a chance? What about the various officials in the railroad company who took a liking to him who gave him chance after

chance, moving him up, step by step? What about the directors of the company that elected him to the presidency?

There is no such thing as a self-made man. Just because a fellow goes out and works diligently and is accordingly helped by kindly people who appreciate him—just because he was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth—does not mean that he is self-made.

We are all dependent on each other absolutely dependent on each other. It makes no difference who you are or what you are, you cannot rise and you cannot stay up except through the aid of those around you. The fact that you make yourself worthy of confidence and support does not at all lessen the fact that you are supported. You should be worthy.

It matters not how smart a man is, he cannot rise without opportunities. These opportunities have to be supplied by those with whom he comes in contact. High and low, great and small, they all have their part in lifting and pulling a man upward, no matter who he is nor how great his capabilities.

A man may be deserving of the help of the world—yes; but self-made, independent of it—no.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

Now that home brew supply sales of corks, kegs, bottles, hops, and other aids in beer brewing have been declared illegal by the supreme court, when clearly intended to promote the manufacture of illegal beverages, another step towards dryness has been taken.

—o—

A French soldier who has undergone fifty-five operations, and had his arms and legs cut off little by little, beginning with his fingers and toes and has undergone great suffering for twenty years from a baffling tropical disease, is reported in the news as being "'cheerful.'' The spirit of man is his most marvelous possession.

—o—

A newspaper remarks that the placing of radio sets in motor cars is not likely to decrease the hazards of driving. There are few men who can think of two things at a time, especially when a man's wife is doing the directing from the rear seat. Women may think of two or three things at once, and talk at the same time, but men have not that kind of mental equipment.

—o—

The rejection of Judge John J. Parker for supreme court justice by the Senate of the United States, is not as bad as it might at first appear. He yet has a soft woolsack to sit on for life. He is still a district court judge.

—o—

In some places baseball clubs have started playing games by electric lights. And in many places Tom Thumb golf is being played nightly by the use of electricity. My! My! With this and riding automobiles nearly all night, when are the American people going to get some sleep?

—o—

Some people boast of their independent stamina in saying what they please when they please, and such a disposition does not draw the greatest number of friends. The softening aptitude of mind is in saying things that please other people

—o—

Next to biting a green persimmon is seeing a woman who can't trying to whistle.

—o—

Anent the McCormick primary, a seat in the United States Senate may perhaps be worth $252,000 to a candidate, but it is certain that the average candidate isn't worth that much to the seat.

—o—

The French are charging that the A. E. F. took the potato bug to France. Considering what they got in exchange it would hardly seem to have been a fair swap.

—o—

Since the beginning of the twentieth century the 48 states have enacted a total of more than 250,000 laws for the people to observe or violate, according to their several desires. Just how many the various cities and communities have enacted in the same

time is not of record, but the total would probably make the aggregate adopted by the states look like small change. Then, on top of that, the federal government has contributed nobly to the grand total by adding a vast collection of new laws that have gone farther towards overflowing the prisons than all passed during the preceeding century. All told, it is probable that we have somewhere between half a million and three-quarters of a million new laws to obey, with the equal probability that whenever we are obeying one we are breaking one or more others. America, the land of the free, and the home of the brave, is fast becoming the law-ridden and tax-ridden land of the incarcerated and home of the prison guard.

—o—

In view of the decrease reported in soce sections by the census in rural populations, the question might appear to be whether the farmers are moving into the cities or into the filling stations and hot dog stands.

—o—

The census definitely records the decline of village life in America Men now living who experienced in boyhood or young manhood the village life of fifty, or sixty, years ago had something their grand-children will never know. The old village "atmosphere" is departing. The villages that now exist with declining populations, are quite unlike those immediately before and for twenty years after the beginning of the Civil War, when villages contained small diversified industries that gave their inhabitants employment. The cities have sucked their vigorous life away to their own use. In a very few years now all who knew the old village life will have passed on, and nobody who knew it will be on earth. Goldsmith wrote the English classic on village life in his poem, "The Deserted Village." The American classic may soon be written. Village boys who are grandfathers now, find many lines in Goldsmith's poem that apply to our own deserted villages when they were in full flower. The village was the "happy land" in my boyhood, now replaced by splendid cities. And what a part the village church played in the content and happiness of life, along with the preachers. The Sunday school bells of the village ring in my ears as clearly now as they did when I was 7 years old, waiting on the front porch for their summons, and to be taken by father's hand and led to church. Indeed, American life is losing a tender, sweet and noble influence through the decay of our villages!

I am going your way, so let me go hand in hand. You help me and I'll help you. We shall not be here very long, for soon Death, the kind old nurse, will come and rock us all to sleep. Let us help one another while we may.—William Morris

"GETTING THE SOCKS KNOCKED OFF"

By C. W. Hunt

Such an expression, in the abstract, as that at the top of this would be called rough, but I know of no phrase that so completely tells the tale of getting "layed out," for the socks are about the last thing that come off the man who has been slain, crippled or found dead.

At the risk of not being fully understood or appearing as a humorist, the last thing I would be, I am about to say there are many ways of getting "The socks knocked off," when no harm has come to any one save the pride of he or she having been lowered. A fellow who has long been well, whose friends talk about how well he stays and whose pride wells up when he is reminded of how big and strong he is and how long it has been since he was sick, suddenly finds himself "Hors-de-combat;" he is going through the process of what I call having the "Socks knocked off" of him.

I wrote a history and an appreciation of a great and grand old hymn for a newspaper friend, Rock Of Ages, and told in the story how near akin it was to Nearer My God To Thee, and that I never heard this latter sung that I did not think of the fifteen hundred souls standing on the decks of the fast sinking Titanic, and sung this hymn as none ever sang it before. I thought I had done a kindly deed; had sent out to a bunch of readers perhaps a new view of something old to all of them. The lynotyper sat it up correctly, the proof reader passed it, but along came the make-up man and dropped out two lines and made it read: "I never hear ———————— ing decks of the Titanic as it went down in the icy waters etc." My intentions were good, but look what one careless move can do! Had undone all the sentiment I meant to express.

I was physically unable to manipulate a typewriter, the machine that records this and many other things that you have been bored with, laughed at or really enjoyed; so I asked a high school graduate, who had not yet quite "lit" to mother earth again after having gone through the ceremony of graduating out of an accredited High School, to come and write in long hand on typewriter as I dictated from my bed. I was careful, spoke plainly, spelled words, punctuated. When I was handed the sheets I found the commonest words misspelled, she had balled up my grammar. In the writing there had been a letter, in which I dictated these words: "I have always liked you as a man and an official." Imagine my chagrin when I came to read and sign the letter and found the following: "I have always liked you as a man an a aficial." I was tempted to cuss. "Socks all knocked off" again. Here I had watched something grow from childhood to young womanhood, had encouraged, helped hoping there would come a woman with a grip in her hand, and a clean clear eye and the ability to correctly

write ordinary English that was dictated in long hand, but alas! All I had was; "I have always liked you as a man an a aficial." "Socks knocked off."

I lay flat on my back and dictated a story of how sick I had been, of how I had driven 100 miles with a temperature of (103) one hundred and three degrees. It was carefully read, it went to the printer who set it up: "the doctor found I a temperature of one hundred degrees." He possibly did not know what constituted fever. The proof reader read it with no thought of how it appeared, for it read with grammatical sense, from one point of view. Result: I was placed in the position of having told a "cock and bull" story of how sick I had been, when by my own pen I had made myself say, not in that many words that it was all a joke, I was not sick at all, for 100 degrees of temperature is small, and for those readers who know anything about the human body, I had much ado about nothing. And off came all the "socks" again. These are just a few of how the "Socks are knocked off." Everybody with any ambition and pride finds them not only being knocked off but being torn off, day by day if we go in other than beaten paths.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S CHURCH

For the first time in its history our country now has a Quaker President, and much interest has been shown in the little church, almost unknown until last year, which President Hoover attends in Washington. It is located at the corner of Irving and Thirteenth Streets, and is now crowded every Sunday—for the most part by tourists and visitors who are eager to be present at the services attended by the head of the nation. Because of the Quaker custom allowing any one to speak in the services who feels so disposed, it was realized that propagandists and cranks might take advantage of their opportunity to harangue or otherwise embarass the President, and it was thought best to secure a pastor and to follow a more formal order than had been the custom. The pastor, who was called and who is now in charge, is Dr. Augustus T. Murray, and old friend and former schoolmate of President Hoover, and former professor of Greek at Leland Stanford University, the President's alma mater. The church has no pulpit, organ or choir, and the entire service is made up of alternate prayers and talks, with an occasional song. The prayers are silent prayers. Only about four hundred worshipers can be accomodated with comfort in the little church, and this is possible only after the opening of the partitions between the auditorium and the church school rooms.—Exchange.

SOME FACTS ABOUT FORMER RESIDENTS OF CONCORD

By Henry Denny

One evening in the blooming month of May I went out to view the beauties of Concord. Strolling down lovely Spring Street I entered the Presbyterian cemetery whose grounds are ornamental with daises, honeysuckles, butter cups, golden rods, box roses, red and white, cedars and oaks among whose branches thousands of gay birds warble their sweet melodies. Beneath the cool shade of these venerable trees one feels as if he were in the garden of Gethsemane where he may spend the time in prayer and meditation.

We come first to the memorials erected by Gen. Rufus Barringer to his first two wives. Eugenia his first wife was a daughter of Dr. Robert Hall Morrison, first president of Davidson College. Dr. Morrison had a nice quartette of fine girls who became the wives of Generals Rufus Barringer, Daniel Harvey Hill, Stonewall Jackson and Judge Avery. Gen. Barringer's second wife was Rosalie Augusta Chunn who was reared amid the delectable mountain scenery of Western North Carolina.

As we pass through the grounds we notice German names suggestive of flowers, birds, music and rest—such as Blume (blossom), Fink (finch), Pfeifer (Fifer); Swink (swing). English and Scotch names are in evidence such as White, Parker, Foard, Yorke, Eagle, Harvey, Goodsen, Fitzgerald, McNinch, McKinnon and Harris. Harris is strictly a Hebrew name signifying an engraver. It may be found three times in the Hebrew scriptures. Numbers of that name adorn our beautiful Piedmont region.

On a stone we observe the name of a fine old gentleman, A. W. Allison —a name denoting strength and courage. He raised a nice family, one son became a minister of the gospel and another, John P. a man of great enterprises. He owned Red Hill or Phifer's Hill once the home of Col. John Phifer signer of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

Further on we see a row of five marble slabs bearing the beautiful name Henderson, derived from the Greek word Aner a man. Poets, florists, physicians, statesmen, historians and ladies of charming personality adorn the name Henderson.

Passing toward the north we come to a plain cedar beneath whose shade stand two marble slabs which prompt us to compose the following verses.

In a Concord cemetery
Where a plain cedar casts its shade;
A kind brother and a sister,
Beneath the verdant sod are laid.

These words—She was always cheerful,
Appear upon that sister's stone.
Oh what a tribute beautiful
Is paid to that beloved one.

Could we all be ever cheerful,

And keep our hearts filled with God's
love;
This earth would be far more joyous,
Like unto that bright world above.

Adjoining this cemetery stands a nice old brick building now used as the office of The Concord Observer. What hallowed associations cluster about it. In days prior to the War Between the States the Presbyterians used it as a place of worship. Christians from the surrounding country gathered here on the Sabbath day to to sing htose good old songs, and spread their dinners upon the ground beneath the trees. On one occasion the celebrated evangelist, Daniel Baker, conducted a powerful revival at this place. Every service opening with the hymn "Blow Ye the Trumpet Blow" set to that grand old tune "Lennox,"—the effects of that meeting were felt for years.

A LITTLE CHILD'S THANKS

Can a little child like me
Thank the Father fittingly?
Yes, oh, yes, be good and true,
Patient, kind, in all you do;
Love the Lord, and do your part;
Learn to say with all your heart,
"Father in heaven, we thank Thee!"

For the fruit upon the tree,
For the birds that sing of Thee,
For the earth in beauty dressed,
Father, mother, and the rest,
For Thy precious, loving care,
For Thy bounty everywhere,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

For our comrades and our plays,
And our happy holidays,
For the joyful work and true
That a little child may do,
For our lives but just begun,
For the great gift of Thy Son,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

—Mary Maes Dodge.

A CARILLON OF BELLS FOR DUKE UNIVERSITY

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

A carillon of bells donated to Duke is of striking significance for the future. This carillon of most modern type, to be installed in the tower of the new chapel of Duke University at an approximate cost of seventy thousand dollars is the latest outstanding gift to this constantly expanding institution. The joint donors are George G. Allen and William R. Perkins of New York, long associated with the late James B. Duke.

This carillon will be, according to President W. P. Few, a significant and unique addition to the cultural and spiritual resources of the university, as well as a loving tribute to the man whose broad-visioned business statesmanship, rugged strength and character and largehearted humanitarian ideals the donors have chosen to honor in this way. No two men knew the benefactor of Duke University better, nor were more closely associated with him, than were these business associates and intimate friends.

Mr. Allen, a native of North Carolina, who formerly lived in Warren county, is chairman of the board of trustees of the Duke Endowment. He is president of the Duke Power Company and the British-American Tobacco Company, and is prominently identified with other large business enterprises. Mr. Perkins is attorney for the various Duke interests. He was Mr. Duke's counsel and intimate friend and drew the indenture of trust by which the Duke Endowment was created. He is a trustee of the endowment and of the Duke University. A native of Virginia, he has been for years associated in a legal capacity with many large New York business organizations.

Messrs. Allen and Perkins are executors of the James B. Duke estate. Both have shown constant interest in many ways in Duke University.

The building committee of Duke University is authorized to purchase the carillon which will be quite in harmony with the magnificent chapel now in process of erection. That chapel, with a tower 210 feet high, will dominate the entire Duke University campus and will be a constant reminder of the supremacy of spiritual ideals. Its illuminated tower will be visible for many miles and the surpassing beauty of its architecture will make it one of the most imposing structures in America.

The gift of Messrs Allen and Perkins directs attention to the fact that, while the first use of this unique musical device was in the fifteenth century in Holland, Belgium and North Germany, the development of carillon music in England and America has been comparatively recent. Frequently, a carillon includes forty or more large bells of extended range, the largest carillon peals being in Bruges, Malines, Ghent and Louvain. Distinguished from chimes by the fact that the bells of a carillon are fixed

instead of swinging to and fro, the instrument, which is struck by a clapper on the outside of the bells, can be heard great distances. The most modern carillons have electrical controls with a keyboard similar to that of an immense organ. Many special compositions have been written for this unique form of musical instrument. In America the outstanding carillon development to this time has been that of the Bok Singing Tower in Florida, made possible by the beneficence of the late Edward W. Bok.

The gift of the carillon to Duke, while naturally of real consequence as an addition to the resources of the university, will have added significance as a community asset, the range of the carillon making the beauty of its musical tones accessible for miles around.

THE BUSY MAN

If you want to get a favor done
By some obliging friend,
And want a promise, safe and sure,
On which you may depend,
Don't go to him who always has
Much leisure time to plan;
But if you want your favor done,
Just ask the busy man.
The man with leisure never has
A moment he can spare,
He's always "putting off" until
His friends are is despair.
But he whose every waking hour
Is crowded full of work,
Forgets the art of wasting time,
He cannot stop to shirk.
So when you want a favor done
And want it right away,
Go to the man who constantly
Works twenty hours a day.
He'll find a moment sure, somewhere,
That has no other use,
And fix you while the idle man
Is framing an excuse.—N. Y. Ledger.

THE BILTMORE HOUSE

(Rutherford News)

The writer had the privilege of visiting the Vanderbilt Mansion near Asheville recently, better known as the Biltmore House. It is one of the most elaborte homes in the world and is worth going many miles to see. It is reported to have cost seven million dollars and has a total of 365 rooms. If one enjoys seeing the art treasures and relics of Europe and Asia they will find the Biltmore House most interesting. The Palm Court with a fountain in the center greets the eye as one enters this magnificent building. It is a thing of real beauty.

The Oak Drawing Room, panelled in Norwegian oak contains many engravings and things of historic interest. The Banquet Hall has many flags of historic interest while the dining room walls are in Spanish leather and red marble. The print room is one of the most interesting parts of the mansion, also the tapestry gallery, while the library is panelled in walnut and is one of the most elaborate libraries in the country. It has twenty thousand volumes. The bedroom of Louis the sixteenth is most unusual and brilliant, while the South bedroom contains furniture of Spanish, Italian and Portuguese of the early eighteenth century.

The oak sitting room was formerly used by Mr. and Mrs. George Vanderbilt and is elaborately and comfortably furnished.

The flower gardens are worth going miles to see. Money has not been spared to make the mansion, grounds and estate attractive. As we left the mansion we noted six cars from four different states parked. People from all over the country and even from foreign countries are visiting this "Show Place of North Carolina."

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE

A traveler seeing three farmers working in a field, walked up to the first man and put this question: "What are you doing?"

"I'm breaking my back in this beastly field—working thirteen hours a day," he complained.

So the traveler asked the second farmer: "What are you doing?"

And this time the answer was: "I am earning five dollars a day."

Then to the third farmer he put the same question.

"Why," replied the tiller of the soil, "I am turning this barren valley into a garden of production."

—Selected.

THE COST OF WAR

(Christian Century)

For the benefit of our readers' scrapbooks we give the figures on the cost of the World War to the United States as made public by the Treasury Department on the thirteenth anniversary of America's entrance into that conflict. The total expenditure to date, for the war and its aftermath, is stated by the government to have been approximately $51,400,000,000. During the present year the interest on the public debt and provision for its gradual retirement, upkeep of the Veterans' Bureau, war risk insurance and compensation, and the settlement of property claims will cost the government about $1,162,000,000. During the last fiscal year, which ended June 30, 1929, about sixty-six per cent of all government income, $2,361,000,000, went to pay war costs and to keep up the army and navy. This annual war bill is going up, for the costs of operating the Veterans' Bureau and of maintaining the war and navy departments are constantly increasing. So far, interest payments on the war debt have totaled $6,749,088,000. This item will gradually grow smaller, as the principal of the debt is reduced, but it will absorb a large part of the federal income for at least another twenty years. The care of disabled veterans has cost, so far, $3,524,564,000. Of this huge sum, only $255,463,000 has gone to provide hospital facilities. Between 1917 and 1921 the war department spent more than $16,000,000,000, the navy department more than $3,000,000,000, and the Emergency Fleet Corporation more than $3,000,000,000. All these figures are beyond adequate comprehension. But they should not be forgotten.

HARD WORK

It's hard to keep smiling when troubles are piling their weight on your neck till it's sprained; it's hard to keep grinning when others are winning the prizes for which you have strained. It's hard to be cheery on days wet and dreary, when everything near you looks drowned; it's hard to be sunny when all of your money is sunk in a hole in the ground. It's hard to keep laughing when wearily quaffing the flagon of grief to the dregs; it's harder to frolic when you have the colic, or the gout in the end of your legs. But how will it aid you, when woe has waylaid you, to rumble and grumble and swear? There's nothing that's healing in kicking the ceiling, or biting the rungs from the chair. It's hard to look pleasant when anguish is present, and yet it is strictly worth while; not all of your scowling and fussing and growling can show off your grit like a smile.

—Walt Mason.

SEALED BIDS

By Lillian E. Andrews

"At last!"

As Mattie Merrill hung up the receiver and turned around after answering the telephone call that had brought her from the kitchenette a few moments before, she uttered the two words with such dramatic fervor that the Merrills, as a family, were instantly apprised that something out of the ordinary had happened.

"At last I have a real honest-to-goodness position!" she exclaimed jubilantly. "No longer will I have to stay at home and bewail my jobless condition while the rest of you go proudly to work each morning. After this I'll go, too."

Ned Merrill rose and solemnly put out his hand. "Congratulations," he observed with elaborate politeness. He grasped Mattie's hand and proceeded to work it up and down with pump-handle sweeps that speedily brought retribution upon him, for Mattie soundly boxed his ears with her free hand.

"But you haven't told us where you are going to work," said Elena, a quiet brown-haired young woman, who had for some time held a good position as welfare worker in a large factory. "Suppose you and Ned stop squabbling long enough to tell the Merrill family what you are going to do."

"Yes, do," urged Searle, the oldest of the four Merrills. "Can't you see we're actually overcome with curiosity?"

Mattie swept Searle a low bow. "Allow me to introduce Caswell & Adams' newly hired stenographer," she announced, "and a candidate for a secretaryship, if there is any," she added comically.

Ned gave a long whistle, a whistle so expressive of doubt and amusement that Mattie whirled upon him at once. "What do you mean by such an uncomplimentary sound as that?" she demanded. "Don't you think I'm capable of taking dictation after all the months I spent in business college?"

Ned's answer was a provoking grin. Elena's smooth brow showed a worry wrinkle, as she noticed the grin. "Is there anything unsuitable about Mattie's working for Caswell & Adams?" she inquired.

Searle chuckled. "Caswell & Adams is one of the best firms in the city," he hastened to assure Elena, "and—ahem!—one of the oldest. I suspect that is what Ned's thinking of."

"It is," admitted Ned frankly. "In fact, I'm surprised to think that Caswell & Adams should venture to introduce such an innovation as a stenographer into their offices. I thought probably they still wrote their letters in longhand and sealed them with a dab of wax."

"Not quite so bad as that, I guess," laughed Searle, "but they certainly are sticklers for keeping to old customs and ways. They are contractors and builders, and I've met Mr. Caswell several times when he came to our office to order lumber. He carries a gold-headed cane and wears side whiskers, but his eyes are like a

hawk's. Nothing escapes him. He knows what he wants, and he insists upon having it. The houses that Caswell & Adams put up are built upon honor. No cheap stuff goes into them, no covering up defects with paint and putty. I've heard a good many business men say they could build up an enormous business if they would only be a little more aggressive about advertising. As it is, they've been moderately successful and have been getting along pretty well without blowing their own horn at all. But they still keep their old offices down on Maitland Street."

"Perhaps they feel at home down there," suggested Mattie.

"They ought to," said Ned teasingly. "They've been there for something like half a century. You just wait until you see those two old cubby holes they call offices, and you'll throw up your job, or I'll miss my guess."

"You'll miss it," retorted Mattie with a flash of indignation. "You just wait and see how soon I give up my position. It won't be right off Ned Merrill! I've waited ages, it seems to me, to have my own pay envelope, and you can just depend upon it that I shan't do much whining and complaining now I have a chance."

But, secretly, Mattie could not help being a trifle dismayed at the thought of going down to Maitland Street every day for years, perhaps. Old fashioned and narrow, paved with cobblestones and lined with shabby, unpainted buildings, Maitland Street had once been a busy thoroughfare, but was now shunned by motorists and pedestrains alike and seldom used, except as a short-cut to the wharves. In imagination Mattie could hear already the pitying remarks that would be made by her classmates when they learned she was working there

"But I'm not going to find fault," Mattie told herself sensibly. "I'm lucky to get a place this year, business has been so dull. There are worse places in the world than Maitland Street, if it is narrow and old fashioned. And, anyway, I'll be getting experience."

It was with this thought in mind that Mattie went to work the next morning. The three other members of the family had already gone, and Mattie felt a delightful little thrill of independence as she locked the door of the cozy flat and followed them. The ride downtown had never seemed shorter and even the general dinginess of Maitland Street and its surroundings failed to depress her as she tripped lightly along the uneven sidewalk.

Recommended to Caswell & Adams by the principal of the business college she had attended, Mattie had never seen either one of her employers or their place of business; and in spite of her determination to look only on the bright side of Maitland Street, a little of her gayety vanished as she caught her first glimpse of the dark none-too-clean stairway that led to Caswell & Adams' offices. She knew the stairs would squeak even beefore she stepped on them, and her expectations were fully realized.

"Such vociferous stairs I never saw in all my life, or rather heard," she thought humorously. "How they would delight a ghost who wanted to

announce its presence by a series of blood-chilling squeaks!"

At the end of a narrow, winding corridor Mattie came to a door bearing in tarnished gilt letters the name of the firm she was looking for. The lower part of the door was of paneled wood, but through the upper part, which was of plain glass, Mattie could see a little, dark low-ceiled room opening into another almost equally small and dark.

Mattie's first thankful impression was that, at least, Caswell & Adams' offices appeared to be clean, but no amount of scrubbing could conceal the warped floors or make up for the lack of more windows. An old man with straight, clearcut features and white side whiskers was seated at a battered desk in the outer office, and beyond him in the inner room Mattie could see another old man with a thatch of snowy hair rising above a plump red-cheeked, good-natured countenance, seated at another desk. There was a second desk in the outer office on which was a brilliantly new and shining typewriter, and Mattie decided that this must be for the stenographer.

There was no bell, but her rather timid rap was answered at once by the old man with the side whiskers. As she met his gaze, Mattie was instantly reminded of what Searle had said about Mr. Caswell's eyes being like those of a hawk. Gray and keen, they held a frosty glitter that, Mattie learned later, could and did frequently soften into an amused twinkle.

"Miss Merrill?" he asked courteously. "Come right in. We were expecting you."

Mattie wondered, as she took off her hat and coat, if she could be the first stenographer Caswell & Adams had hired, but she soon found out that this was not the case.

"We've had only ten or eleven girls," said Mr. Adams humorously. "One of them stayed a week, a whole week," he added solemnly.

"How long did the others stay?" inquired Mattie.

Mr. Adams shook his head. "I can't remember postively," he answered, "but I think they averaged about a day apiece. They didn't complain about the work, but they couldn't exist on Maitland Street, they said. Perhaps you can't, either."

Into Mattie's blue eyes flashed the same determined glint that had been there when Ned had teased her. "Perhaps not," she commented, "but I'm going to try pretty hard."

Mr. Caswell looked at her approvingly. "I guess you'll do," he decided. "You look different from most of the girls we've had, too. Somehow, their toilet never seemed quite finished. They were always powdering their noses or brushing out their hair or arranging their apparel somewhere, but you seem to be all dressed and ready for business."

Mattie colored appreciatively as she recognized the compliment implied in the old man's quiet drollery. Then, as she briskly removed the cover from the typewriter and took her pad and pencil, Mr. Caswell became again the curt, decisive man of business. His dictation was crisp and precise, and as Searle had told Mattie the night before he knew what he wanted and what he did not want.

Mattie discovered that Mr. Caswell generally attended to the correspondence, to the buying of materials, and to the actual construction of all buildings erected by Caswell & Adams, while Mr. Adams prepared the plans and blueprints and acted as general advisor to the many customers who came to consult the firm about work to be done.

Home building and home making had always possessed a peculiar fascination for Mattie, and now she found herself listening eagerly to the many details she could not help overhearing. As the days passed and she became more familiar with her work she pored over the plans and the many books on different phases of construction, books that represented the concentrated thought of the master builders of the ages past.

"'We never build flimsy structures of any kind,'' Mr. Caswell informed her one day when he chanced to notice how she was employing her leisure moments. ''We can't afford to. Last week the Dover Company finished a new tenement block on Mill Street, and it's a regular death trap, a menace to the entire community. If it should catch fire at night, it is doubtful if a single person could be got out alive. We had an opportunity to take the contract, but as soon as we learned what sort of material we should be expected to use, we flatly refused to have anything to do with it.''

''I'd feel like a murderer if we had taken that contract,'' interpolated Mr. Adams, who had entered in time to hear the last of the conversation. ''I want to be reasonably sure that a building will endure long enough to pay construction costs at least and will stand up under anything short of a tornado.''

It was this high sense of honor that gave Mattie a deep and abiding respect for her employers and that made her more and more interested in their success and prosperity. She could even understand something of the sturdy independence that made them cling to the two little offices on Maitland Street. There they had begun their work and there they had carried it on for many years, and the fact that the business sections of the city had gradually grown away from them seemed of little importance to the old pioneers. They were interested in erecting substantial houses rather han in elaborate, modern offices and expensive furnishings.

Mattie had been at work for Caswell & Adams about three months when the voters of the city authorized the city officials to build a new municipal building to replace the obsolete old brick structure that had once been large enough to house the city offices and the needed force of clerks, but which was now enirely inadequate. Mattie saw the announcement first in the daily paper. All bids were to be sealed and sent in by a certain date. The lowest bid, commensurate with good work, would be accpeted.

Mattie was conscious of a quick thrill of excitement as she read the notice. Would Caswell & Adams enter a bid? She did not dare to ask outright, but the next morning, when she saw a copy of the daily paper on Mr. Caswell's desk and became aware of the intangible atmosphere of exciement and expectation that seem-

ed to pervade the office, she was sure that the firm intended to make an effort to obtain the contract.

Mr. Caswell smiled as he saw the direction of Mattie's gaze. "I'm sure we can trust your discretion, Miss Merrill," he said, as he laid a thin hand on the paper with its important announcement "and I'm glad to tell you that we are going to do our best to get the contract for the new municipal building. I don't want to boast, but I believe we can do as good work as any firm in this part of the country. And both Mr. Adams and I would like to have the contract, not only because of what we can make on it, but because it will be really a sort of memorial to its builders," he added with a touch of wistfulness

"I hope we'll get it!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Caswell smiled at her fervent "we." "I hope so too," he admitted frankly. "We'll make the lowest possible bid consistent with good work. A number of firms will bid against us, but there's only one that I think may underbid us, and that's the Dover Company."

Mattie's eyes sparkled with interest. "How can the Dover Company buy lumber and hire workmen any cheaper than we can?" she asked.

"They can't and do it honestly," said Mr. Caswell. "They depend on substituting cheaper materials and getting what they call a 'rake-off.' We never bother with anything like that. If we can't make a good profit honestly, we'll go out of business."

The day before the one set as a final date Mattie was at work tabulating some accounts when the door opened and a young man entered. There was nothing unusual about his appearance, and Mattie scarcely gave him a second thought as she asked him to sit down. In the inner office she could see the partners bending over some part of the plans for the new municipal building and hear the low murmur of their voices

"Mr. Caswell will see you in a moment," she told the visitor as she gave him a chair and turned back to her work. She had almost forgotten the man when she was startled by a queer little unexpected ray of light that crept stealthily across the keys of the typewriter. Glancing quickly upward, she saw a small, bright circle of light that was gone in an instant. What had made that circle, she asked herself. There was no mirror in the room.

It was not until the man had requested Mr. Adams to prepare plans for a new bungalow and gone that Mattie's puzzled thoughts suddenly focused into a clearcut conviction, and seating herself in the chair the visitor had occupied, she looked about her inquiringly.

"If I had a small pocket mirror and held it like this," she thought, "I could see what was going on in the inner office, and it would cast just such a queer little round spot of light on the ceiling. But what motive can anyone have in spying on Mr. Caswell and Mr. Adams?"

It took Mr. Adams until long after his customary lunch hour the next day to put the finishing touches to the plan for the new municipal building. Mr. Caswell wsa out overseeing one of the construction jobs the firm

had under way; and Mattie, who had gradually fallen into the habit of attending to much of the less important correspondence without dictation, was clicking away at her typewriter when Mr. Adams came hurriedly out, looking anxious and disturbed.

"Will you please give this to the mail carrier when he comes in this afternoon, Miss Merrill?" he asked hastily, handing her an envelope. "My wife has been taken suddenly ill, and I must go home a otnce."

It seemed but a moment to Mattie before she was alone with the important looking envelope lying on the desk before her. Somehow, it looked altogether too conspicuous as it lay there, white against the dark wood. Laughing at her own fidgetiness, Mattie suddenly picked it up and thrust it into the desk, she hardly knew why.

She was clicking away again, briskly typing a letter, when some strange sense of impending danger made her turn quickly about. Two men stood behind her, one of them the young fellow who had come the day before, the other an older man, broad-shouldered and roughly dressed.

"No hollerin'," he warned her. "Just hand over them plans old Adams has been at work on."

"Why, certainly," she said smilingly, as she thrust her hand into the

As she spoke she drew out the drawer in front of her.

plans for the bungalow and laid them on the desk.

"Them ain't the ones we want," snapped the older man. "We want the ones Adams made for the new municipal building."

Mattie stared at him blankly. "Mr. Caswell took one set of plans with him," she said truthfully, as she fumbled in the drawer again, "but all the other plans Mr. Adams has made lately are right here in the office. Shall I get them for you?" Suddenly she made a motion to rise.

"No," grunted the man, "we'll do our own lookin'. You set right there and don't holler or run."

Mattie's heart beat fast as she watched the two men ransack all three desks, pulling out the drawers and unceremoniously dumping the contents on the floor. A shrill whistle from the direction of the street ended the search with startling suddenness as both men bolted for the door. Looking out of the window, Mattie saw Mr. Adams hurrying back toward the office at a most undignified gait.

"What in the world has been going on here?" he demanded.

"The rasclas!" he ejaculated as Mattie told of the coming of the two men. "I was sure something was wrong. I had only got part way home when I met my wife coming up town on a shopping trip and found she hadn't telephoned to me at all and wasn't ill. You can imagine I made quick time getting back here, but I wasn't quite quick enough to save the plans, it seems. And I can't possibly prepare a new set in time to send them in."

Mattie laughed a little hysterically. "I thing the original set is quite undisturbed, Mr. Adams," she replied. "They may be a trifle dusty, but that's all. I poked the envelope through a crack in the back of my desk, and I think it's right there between the desk and the wall."

BORROWING TROUBLE

By A. C. Ward, D. D.

Life is too short for men and women to waste in borrowing trouble. The old adage, "Never cross a bridge until you reach it," is good advice. Most of our troubles are only of an imaginary kind. Real troubles nearly always come without warning, and they are usually met with a promptness and power that enables us to easily overcome them. The troubles we anticipate are the ones which give us pain and make our lives miserable. It is the worry of anticipation of trouble that causes the crows'-feet and wrinkles to form on our faces. If one is looking for trouble he can nearly always find it. I would not for one moment be understood as saying, there is no trouble. This old world is full of it, and man that is born of woman is prone to find plenty of the article. It is a part of our life—the unpleasant part, and, I may add, a large part at that. But it is, many times, only borrowed. It would be, oftentime, just as easy to borrow pleasure as trouble.

In deciding our course in life, we rarely plan to see only the bright side of things, as they happen to us. When misfortune overtakes us we naturally see the dark side of the trouble. If we believe that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and if as we declare "Our faith is in God," surely we can trust Him when He leads us through the dark places of life. The "silver lining" may have to be sought for, but it is always there, and the mere searching for it takes our mind from the darker to the brighter side.

This fact is true, as to the good and the bad we see in others. No one is perfect, and in every one there is much of good if only sought out. The happy man or woman is the one who strives to find only what is good and true and beautiful in others. It is no real pleasure to think evil of others, nor is there any happiness in always looking at and discussing the bad in any one. Mind seeks like-mindedness, and if we permit our minds to brood over our troubles we will always find plenty of trouble on hand to consider. The world does not want to associate with people who are always in trouble. Laugh, and the world laughs with you. Most folks would rather laugh than cry, and if we go about always telling our troubles we will soon find ourselves without a listener.

The cultivation of a happy, joyous disposition is one of the most important elements of success. It evinces a reserve power. We all like to meet a good, jolly companion, and it is one of the greatest misfortunes not to be able to contribute our part to the happiness and enjoyment of others. As a rule, we are all inclined to be too sensitive and too suspicious. We imagine we have been slighted, or we put the wrong construction upon what has been said or done. Not long ago a brother came to me and said: "Bro. ———— said a very unkind thing about me." Upon going to the brother and asking why he had thus spoken unkindly, he was amazed

that what he said had been misconstrued. He was actually endeavoring to shield the brother by what he had said. Going to the offended brother, he very earnestly, and in a loving manner, told him he was so sorry he had been misrepresented to him. Of course, the trouble was removed, but not until after nearly three weeks of hard feeling had been indulged in by the offended one. And yet all this time the offender was ignorant of having done anything wrong. Our friends, as a rule, do not desire to hurt us. They love us about as much as we love them, and it is seldom seen that one deliberately injures his friend.

One of the prime objects of Christianity is to "promote peace and harmony," and every true child of God is duty bound to do all he can to brighten the pathway of others. Occasionally differences may, and do, arise, but the remedy is not to go off and be miserable about it. If a wrong has been perpetrated, a little effort will right the wrong. If any injury, real or imaginary, has been done, there is nothing to be gained by nursing it. A little girl came home from school one day, and said: "Mamma, everytime I press my finger nail, it hurts real bad. What shall I do?" The mother wisely answered: "Don't press it;" and so our troubles. Do not press them, and, if possible, let them alone. Addison said: "Silence is sometimes more significant and sublime than the most noble and the most expressive eloquence, and is on many occasions the indication of a great mind." So of trouble; it is the indication of a happy disposition not to borrow or keep company with it.

DOGWOOD HAS COMMERCIAL VALUE.

Nature lovers welcome the dogwood season, when these "angels of the forests" make their appearance in the midst of budding foliage, transforming dull roadsides into beautiful landscapes, but few realize that the dogwood has a commercial value. It is true, however, that this lovely flowering tree supplies the wood from which shuttles are made for use in weaving cotton, silk or rayon, and no practical substitute for this wood has been found. When the landowners realize the commercial value of these trees, perhaps they will protect them from destruction by persons who ruthlessly break them. Trees less than five inches in diameter are not marketable, which would mean that for a number of years their beauty would grace the forests before the trees would be cut. It is said when one tree is cut, several take its place, since it seeds freely and reproduces from sprouts and suckers. In this way there would be always plenty of dogwood.

—Exchange.

FOUR "WELLS"

(The Lutheran)

"Well-bred, well-fed, well-led and well-wed is what I want my child to be." Thus the father of a married daughter recently expressed his attitude toward parentage. He was the kind of person who has achieved a modest degree of success in business, the amount that accrues, when a man starts with only the inheritance of physical health, good ideals and willingness to work hard. He had views on current political movements, the present depression in business and the prevalent "confusion of morals." He was en route to speak at a brotherhood meeting, and probably gave us the essence of what he had prepared for a group of men who are trying to interpret duty as Christians should.

Perhaps his four term formula was not original with him: at least it was new to us and we deem it worth passing on. It is complete, if you get his interprepation of it. He explained that he and his wife were fit to be parents when they married. In addition to an average equipment of physical vigor, they possessed moral and mental ideas and ideals that guided them upward to that level of human existence where the entirety of matrimony is seen with encouraging clearness. They kept themselves "healthy," and their child was "well-bred."

By well-fed, he meant attention to nutrition. "My wife knows how to prepare meals that nourish the family. We have not gone in for fancy dishes and there was a rather fixed domestic routine. But we did more than think of the body's requirements: we gave attention to books and conversation, to spiritual exercises and worship. We realized that our child must be trained to think and to commune with God. We tried, not unsuccessfully, to feed her soul and her intellect as well as her body.

"And she was well-led. She and her mother in some spheres, she and I in other spheres, were in each others confidence. We advised her and gave her the benefit of our experiences." He continued—"My boss is probably a millionaire: he is certainly far richer than I am. But he cannot talk intimately with his two sons, although he can and does scold them. They frequently need rebukes and they are a source of constant anxiety to their parents. In my judgement, my boss neglected his children when they were young. He was so busy getting rich that they were unguided when his leadership would have been of the greatest service to them. Now they have evil habits, they despise labor, and they conceal their acts and motives from their parents. Unless they change, they will be unfit to inherit the wealth their sire has acquired. That means he has been a failure, despite his apparent success.

"Our son-in-law is all right," he continued. "Our daughter fell in love with him with our knowledge and approval. We miss her in our home, but we feel that her marriage and the establishment of a new home are the fruition of our deepest and most cherished hopes. No career we could

bestow upon her can exceed the opportunities that lie in a proper marriage, so far as happiness is concerned. Nothing she could do can be the the equivalent of true wife and motherhood. It is also probable that she will be a greater influence in her community by complementing her domestic duties with other engagements that will be offered.''

''Well-bred, well-fed, well-led and well-wed. These four "wells'' have depths and diameters that are beyond computation. The relations of breeding, feeding, leading and marrying to parentage are much simpler than many writers would have us believe. They are the original, divinely given obligations and duties, and are reasonably performable when rightly thought about and made into parental objectives. They may not confer complete happiness, but they are more likely to produce it than any formula prescribed for us. We commend them to widespread consideration.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

He is not very popular who advocates the multiplication of special days and seasons, particularly when they conflict with those of long and honored standing. Even so we make bold to announce that the ''Be Kind to Animals'' Anniversary will be observed this year, during the week of April 21-26, and closing with Humane Sunday, April 27th. The ''Be Kind to Animals'' movement is favorably known to all of us under one name or another, and is sponsored and promoted by a number of organizations, whose activities spread all over our country. Jesus spoke of His Father clothing the flowers of the field and feeding the birds of the heaven. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without notice of Him who sees all thngs. We ought to be knd and merciful to the animals God made. It is said of St. Francis of Assisi that it was his habit to address the birds and domestic animals as his ''little brothers and sisters.'' We know what wonderful lessons of trust Luther learned from the birds. He taught all Europe, and the world, and was himself taught of the feathered family.

I am sure all of us know what kindness can come into the heart of a child and youth through close association with animals. We do not need be convinced of the oft-observed truth that deep feelings of sympathy are stimulated in the human heart by the presence of a dumb animal in the home. He who has learned to be kind toward the ''animals of low degree'' will often be unkind to human beings.

Any desired information may be secured from The American Humane Association, 80 Howard Street, Albany, N. Y.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Now that the days are getting longer, the boys are enjoying the privilege of playing out on the lawns after supper.

Mr. Presson and his group of Receiving Cottage boys have greatly improved the appearance of the campus by trimming the hedges.

Large quantities of poppies may be seen blooming in various sections of the campus, those on the hillside near the chapel, across the highway being especially pretty.

A group of boys under the supervision of Mr. Talbert, have been mowing the lawns and cleaning up the campus for the past few days.

Thomas Bryan, one of our youngsters, was permitted to go to his home at Roseboro last week, to attend the funeral of his grandmother.

Several hundred pairs of winter shoes have been collected and are being repaired for the use of the farm boys during the summer months.

Mr. A. E. Hawke, of Detroit, Michigan, visited the institution last Monday afternoon, spending some time in going through the various departments.

Elwood Forbis, of Guilford Cottage and Roy Henderson, of Durham Cottage, were paroled by Superintendent Boger last week. Our best wishes for success go with them.

With the coming of hot weather the barn boys have been clipping the horses and mules, thus making them more comfortable as they are called upon to perform their heavy tasks out in the fields.

A number of the roads over the school grounds have been improved by a fresh coat of gravel, and a new road built near the garages in the rear of the Cannon Memorial Building.

The boys on the outside forces have been kept busy since the rain last week, some thinning corn, others replanting cotton, while the greater number have been cultivating the various crops in our farms and gardens.

One day last week, Mr. Frederick Jackson, of Charlotte, delivered a number of magazines at the school. These magazines were donated by members of St. Martin's Episcopal Church, Charlotte, and we wish to tender herewith our thanks for their kindness in providing good reading material for our boys.

Dr. D. G. Caldwell, Cabarrus County Physician, assisted by a nurse from the County Health Department and Miss Edna Oliver, of the State Board of Health, administered typhoid vaccination to 220 of our boys last Tuesday afternoon. This preventive treatment is administered in three doses, the remaining two will be given at weekly intervals.

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His talk on the "Influence of One Life Upon Another," was both helpful and interesting. Rev. Baumgarner said that each one of us has some influence, either good or bad, over another, and it behooves us to live so that in going through this world, whatever influence we may have over our fellow man may be for good only.

Last Wednesday afternoon a group of about thirty-five delegates who were attending the annual sessions of the Grand Bodies of York Rite Masons of North Carolina, held in Concord on May 13, 14 and 15, visited the Training School. After being escorted through the various departments by Superintendent C. E. Boger, they assembled at the Latham Pavilion, where Dr. W. C. Wicker, of Elon College and Dr. J. L. Peacock, president of Shaw University, Raleigh, addressed a group of our boys. Both of these gentlemen are able speakers, and made earnest appeals to the boys to embrace their opportunities and endeavor to attain the highest possible degree of citizenship. We were glad to have these delegates visit us and trust they enjoyed their brief stay at the school.

The Hartsell Mill baseball team made its second appearance of the season on the local diamond last Saturday afternoon, and was defeated by the score of 6 to 5, evening the series at one game each. Weaver, our young southpaw pitcher, hurled a good game, holding the visitors to five hits. Although errors were largely responsible for the Hartsell boys' runs, the local lads also came through with some very good fielding, twice cutting off rallies with fast double plays. The visitors also made two double plays. Rain halted the game in the seventh inning but play was resumed in a few minutes. In our half of the first frame Hobby was safe on an error, went to second on Levy's short single and scored on Easley's hit to center. The Hartsell boys tied the count in the second when Poole misjudged Hunsucker's line drive to left and it rolled over the embankment for a home run. Two more markers were chalked up for the Training School in the third, when Easley singled and scored on Poole's three-base hit, the latter scoring on Capps' sacrifice fly to center. An error and two hits permitted the visitors to put over one run in the fifth. In the same inning we scored twice, Easley was safe on an error, scoring ahead of Poole who blasted a four-base blow to right field. Hart-

sell tied the count at five each in the seventh, two hits, one of them a double, coupled with three errors, allowing three runs to cross the plate. In the same inning the home team scored the winning tally when Poole walked, stole second and scored when Capps looped a short single to right field. In the fifth inning, Sifford, the visiting hurler, was driven from the mound. He was replaced by "Snake" Lefler who held the local batters to one hit during the remainder of the game.

THE THINGS THAT HAVEN'T BEEN DONE BEFORE

The things that haven't been done before,
Those are the things to try;
Columbus dreamed of an unknown shore
At the rim of the far-flung sky,
And his heart was bold and his faith was strong
As he ventured in dangers new,
And he paid no heed to the jeering throng
Or the fears of his doubting crew.

The many will follow the beaten track
With guide-posts on the way,
They live and have lived for ages back
With a chart for every day.
Someone has told them it's safe to go
On the road he has traveled o'er,
And all that they ever strive to know
Are the things that were known before.

A few strike out, without map or chart,
Where never a man has been,
From the beaten paths they drew apart
To see what no man has seen.
There are deeds they hunger alone to do;
Though battered and bruised and sore,
They blaze the path for the many who
Do nothing not done before.

The things that haven't been done before
Are the tasks worth while today;
Are you one of the flock that follows, or
Are you one that shall lead the way?
Are you one of the timid souls that quail
At the jeers of a doubting crew,
Or dare you, whether you win or fail,
Strike out for a goal that's new?

—By Edgar Guest

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., MAY, 1930. No. 19

KEEP MOVING

Life you will find is a tough old grind,
And success doesn't come in a day;
If you are out to win, you'll have to pitch in,
And hustle to make your way.

You may be "knocked" and your way be blocked
But don't stop at the stump in the road,
Just blast it out, and when clear's the route
Go jogging along with your load.

There's no time to stop, if you'd reach the top,
And never depend on fate;
For true success and happiness
Never come if you sit and wait.

—By C. C. C.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

AS A MAN THINKETH

If a man thinks everyone is against him, he will soon begin to treat them so they will be. If he thinks everyone is his friend, he will treat them right, unconsciously, and they will soon be his friends. The man who lives his daily life according to this formula has in his makeup a spark of sound and true philosophy that will make his life brighter. If we put into all the relations with our fellows a full measure of friendliness and good will, we are pretty sure to get it back, full and overflowing. On the other hand, if a man is suspicious of everybody, everybody will be suspicious of him. The man who goes about looking for a fight, is sure to get licked some day.

True friendliness is founded on sincerity. And sincerity is about the only thing in this world that can't be counterfeited. The impulse toward friendliness springs from the very soul of a man.

The world needs friendliness, and kindness, and good will. Not Sundays only, but every day in the week, and every hour of every day. Think friendly thoughts. If you've got a soul, don't be ashamed of it. Bring it into the office with you. For the soul is the source and the fountain-head of every good and worthy impulse. Put your faith in men. Believe they are your friends, and they will be.—Earnshaw.

ROADSIDE BEAUTY PROTECTED BY STATE LAW

This is the season of the year when the attention of the general public is called to the protection of flowers, shrubs and undergrowth on the highway.

There is not that general slaughter, so to speak, of the natural beauties of the roadside as formerly. It was not an unusual sight to see automobiles come in loaded with flowers and small shrubs after a trip to the rural districts. We are much inclined to believe that the state law enforced by the Highway Patrol has had a decided effect, so there is hope of preserving the natural beauties of these roads of travel for the enjoyment of all people. Considerable attention has been crystalized in this direction by the many civic organizations of the state, also the press gives great emphasis to the value of beautiful highways. The law provides "that any person, who within a hundred yards of any state highway or public road, wilfully damages or injures any tree, wood, underwood, timber, garden, crops, vegetables, plants, lands, springs, or any other matter or thing, or who breaks, cuts, injures, or removes any tree plant, or flower within such limits be guilty of a misdemeanor and, upon conviction shall be subject to a fine of $50 or imprisonment not to exceed thirty days." People now show a greater concern for natural scenery, so in the course of time we will have beautiful highways bordered by shade trees and flowering shrubs.

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JUST A THOUGHT

We read with great interest the appeal made for money to finance, or help maintain a Salvation Army Post in Concord for the humanitarian work that can not be managed by the Welfare office, because of crowded conditions. Neither can other local organizations do the work, and sad, but true to quote the writer "the churches never touch these cases" ministered to by the Salvation Army people. We dare not discuss the attitude of the churches towards such cases. We leave that for the Ministerial Association to think about. We are going to make a statement at the risk of an argument: if, that $3,000 were added to the budget of the Welfare Office, a helper employed in the office, we wager to say the Welfare Office would function very much more effectively. Please permit the writer to say we have no "axe to grind," neither hold any grudge against any body of christian workers, but do not believe in starting another work at a time when it is imperative to close the Y. M. C. A., besides knowing the welfare office needs greater funds to make it function properly. The writer knows by experience the volume of local christian welfare work and the necessary funds to carry on.

"One thing at a time and that done well is a very good rule as many can tell." There is no discrediting the work of the Salvation Army band. We know they always do splendid work.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

KNOW YOUR OWN COUNTRY

The editorial, "Know Your Own Country," is really worth the time of any one to read. It is true that there are many who go abroad under sacrificing conditions, and the strictest economy on the return trip has to be practiced to make up the deficit. Then it is that we hear tight times for the next twelve months. If the same number of people from abroad would come to this country on an extended tour there would be considerable money put in circulation that no doubt would have a tendency to loosen up conditions and make the future look brighter. It is not the rich man alone who goes abroad. It is the small salaried fellow who swells the army of tourists. Read the attitude Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, as taken from the King's Mountain Herald. He thinks that if the amount spent abroad by our Americans were put in circulation in this country it would swell considerably the volume of retail trade at home:

All North Carolina ought to be interested in the "Know Your Own Country" program launched by Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce. Dr. Klein is urging Americans to keep their vacation money at home rather than spend it in Europe, as has been the custom—and truly, it is time for Americans to know their own country.

Dr. Klein undertakes to give the people an idea of the vastness of tourist travel. Each year faring forth in search of scenic loveliness and interesting new experiences is an army of more than 40,000,000 of our people— an army twice as large as were the armies on both sides at any time during the World War. And this army is growing every year.

Dr. Klein says that in some of the resort regions the average expenditure per day person is about $8, while in others it runs to $15 and $20 per day. The general average would appear to be about $10 per day. Investigators estimate that 30,000,000 to 40 million of our people each year, spend a long enough time in various resort places to swell the volume of retail business. So its figured by certain statisticians that something like 3 billion a year is expended by our migrating American population within our own country.

Is it not up to the South and up to North Carolina to get its part of this tourist industry?

North Carolina has as fine sea coast and mountain resorts as there are to be found in the nation, and of particular attraction will be the Smoky Mountain National Park once we turn the attention of the tourists that way. In fact, we believe the mountains and valleys of western North Carolina, southwestern Virginia, and eastern Tennessee comprise one of the most beautiful parts of America.

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NECESSARY TO MAKE A CUT

It seems imperative that heads of departments and institutions according to the ultimatum of our Governor is to "cut their expenses." Expense of an institution and the departments includes salaries, maintenance and so on. The question is who does the shaving at the institution and departments. There are times when it is hard to fit the pattern to the goods, and in the adjustment it will take a wise fellow or we might prove "penny wise and dollar foolish." The occasion of the cut is the shrinkage in the revenue, with no hope of the shrinkage diminishing, we so learn. During the period of great prosperity we have become so accustomed to spending lavishly for schools and good roads with the tax money till it is almost impossible to get adjusted, and return to the strictest economy in administering the affairs of the State. In making the 20 percent cut recommended by the Governor, we trust that there will be nothing but a just cut in everything that the word "expense" includes. The shoe then will pinch no one, and there will be no favoritism. It is quite true that many recognize the fact that economy is a virtue, but not many practice it unless they have to do it. The Governor's instructions will not meet with universal approval for the reason all departments think more money is essential instead of less.

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A GREAT NEED

Gleaning from a report of the president of the Agricultural Association, Illinois, "that taxes have become so high in many sections they eat up the entire valuation of the property. It is getting hard to induce any one to buy property because the taxes they will have to pay afterwards will amount to more than they can get in return for it." The same conditions in Illinois are true in other states. Government statistics show that less than 45 per cent of farm land, of this country, is operated by the owners, and less than 37 per cent of people in cities own homes. The Reidsville Review thinks our

present need, more than any thing else, to assure a safe and contented peoples: a system of taxation which will, as it did in the old days, encourage the natural ambition of every man to own his own home, his bit of land. Here, and here alone, rests the true foundation of this government and on it the future happiness and prosperity of the people as a whole depends. There seems to be no good reason for spending millions of dollars a year to protect our property from outside invasion if taxes are going to be so high that our people cannot afford to own the property they are called on to protect.

MY SWAMP ROBIN SONGSTER

My bedroom window opens out upon the open forest. Close by is a nesting pair of swamp robins, one of which delights to regale me with her sweet silvery note at the very first rays of morning light. She sits upon some open limb of a tree and sings a song all her own; not even the mocking bird nesting a few yards away ever attempts to try to imitate her sweet and ringing notes and clear as the morning light itself. A visitor from a large city sat by my sick bedside not long ago and said as the twilight came: "Listen to that mocking bird!" "Not so," I said "that is my swamp robin." "It must be a mocker" he said. "No," said I, "no mocker ever tries to imitate that song that comes with the first rays of open light and again as the sun sinks behind the western hill." I cannot write a single note. I cannot do it justice in any part. There are but four or five tones, but my, how they sound like silver threads!

What is a swamp robin? I do not know her when I see her? She belongs to the thrush family, but unlike her speckle breasted sister, the big brown thrush, which leaves us at the first breath of cold, the swamp robin spends the winters in this climate, preferring the deep woods, where it lives on berries and whatever it can find, and is as silent as as the proverbial church mouse until nesting time in the spring. Many confuse her with the brown thrush on account of the speckled breast, but the swamp robin is smaller, is a beautiful bronze on the back and wings, with a short tail, while the thrush has an unusually long tail and bill, and is really brown on the back and wings. The brown thrush sings also, under favorable circumstances and you would likely take her for the well known mocking bird.—C. W. Hunt.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

There is seldom found a census report of a city that gives absolute satisfaction. Every one seems to know that the population would have been larger if the enumerator had done his whole duty and seen every one in person. People are strange. We are never satisfied even when the going is good.

—o—

Will the people lose their voice? When all the newspapers, or the influential one made so by individual effort, mingled with a progressive home-loving enthusiasm and independence, get under control of a chain enterprise, where will the people look for an expression representative of their interests? The general public will get just what the big interests desire them to have and no more.

—o—

Hatred in the heart is the canker that eats out contentment and happiness. To hate is to feel such an enmity as desire the injury, destruction, or the removal of the person hated. It always injures the person who hates, in health, in happiness and in social service, and perverts the mind to evil thoughts. One may hate, righteously, the evil things wicked people do, but to hate people themselves is un-Christian. When a man of any religion gets hate in his heart, he himself is hurt by it. The first epistle of John contains one of the finest texts in the New Testament. It is: "Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God; and every one that loveth, is born of God, and knoweth God.... for God is love."

—o—

The dentists predict that Americans will have smaller jaws in a few generations, because diet now does not build jaw-bones, because of a lack of calcium and phosphorus. Had not thought that possible from looking over the land and seeing the large per cent chewing gum, one would think that the jaws would get sufficient exercise to increase their size.

—o—

It is the fashion to lament that there are no more opportunities left for the adventurous young men. That has always been the fashion. Every generation has its quota of youngsters who believe that in the "good old days" all a man had to do to gain fame or fortune was to fare forth into the world and take his pick of the golden opportunities which were lying around loose for the first comer to utilize. But in every generation, fortunately, there is a goodly percentage of young men who realize what has always been true, that we make our own opportunities and if we have the spirit, the intelligence and the driving will to succeed there are as many opportunities now as there ever were.

—o—

The thrifty housewife does a great amount of "cutting-up" in her kitchenette. She uses her best efforts to "turnup" salad; she squashes vegetables; mashes potatoes; beats eggs; pounds steak; shells peas; strings

beans; fist-fights dough,; squeezes lemons; peels apples; knocks mince meats into pie; weeps over onions and rejoices over the small fry. It is interesting to watch the housewife tempt the appetite. And it is equally as interesting to feast on the product of her culinary art.

—o—

They tell us that the tariff bill has squeezed through finally and is about ready for enactment. The greatest imposition that has ever been forced on this country, the land of the free! and the home of the slave. It is to be hoped that the duty on whitewash is lower. We're using so much of it in this country right now, one way and another, that any lessening of the supply would be quite a calamity.

—o—

The supposition is, that everybody is waiting to find out whether Lindy is going to come out wet for his pa-in-law or declare for the drys. I opine that Col. Lindberg will say as follows—to-wit, namely, turn rule and quote: "Aeroplane navigation is not hampered by mud, unsafe bridges, or grade crossings at railroads."

Trees are good citizens. They rarely disturb the peace of city streets, such as there is. They offer shade and decency against the violence of the great town. At best a modern city street is harsh, unbalanced, crazy. Only the trees reclaim it from its alienation and make it livable. People care for things like trees, flowers and grass. Where they cannot find them naturally they set them out in little squares, behind fences, to remind them of serene realities beyond the city's border. They smuggle nature in. The row of elms are green beside the surge and drive of motor cars and men along the road. Trees and flowers are good citizens, along with those who plant them.

—o—

Things must be getting duller and duller in the news line with newspapers. The other day the two most prominent front page stories, in our favorite newspaper were about a woman stepping on a cat's tail in Cleveland and suing the cat's owner because the meow-meow bit her: and about a contest at the University of Chicago where the senior class has started a mustache race. Ho hum!

THE NOISELESS TYPE

With a jolt the car came to a sudden stop in the middle of a busy street. The self starter refused to act, and the driver was forced to dismount and endeavor to crank up the engine with the aid of the starting handle. For five minutes he twirled the handle furiously, while a small crowd collected, and then at length an old lady stepped forward and pressed a penny into the prespiring motorist's hand. "My good man," she said gently, "I wish all grind organs were as quiet as yours."

THE GOLD STAR MOTHERS

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

A beautiful day in early September nine years ago, we strolled through Ballou Wood, with its scarred and broken timbers, painfully aware of the blood and death of those terrible days. At the northern end of the slope, we entered the cemetery with its long rows of white crosses where sleep the boys "row on row."

Calm and peaceful were the fields, crystal clear the sky and most refreshing the air of this day in autumn following the rain of the night before. A farmer was in the field hard by and little birds flitted here and there. Peace was on all the land. But this lone wanderer in that field of death was not one with the peaceful scene. The unbidden tears from streaming eyes blurred the vision as we walked among the dead. We saw the pale anxious faces of mothers with breaking hearts scattered about the countryside beyond the seas—mothers who longed and prayed and watched for their boys; but they never came back.

Last week the Associated Press accounts, with so many touching incidents, as the Gold Star Mothers were setting sail for the fields of France brought before us afresh the pathos of it all. We can only pray that the presence of the White Comrade may be near and comfort these mothers as they wander about Flanders Field where the poppies grow and that there they may register afresh the vow to do all possible to bring in the reign of the Prince of Peace so that the unspeakable folly of war may cease.

Would it not be well for these women who have made such a costly offering on the altar of Mars to associate themselves together in behalf of peace and the victories of peace? This would be far more in keeping with the heart of motherhood than the efforts of certain women in America who, in one way and another, are associated with the military establishment of this country and who are doing their utmost to foster war and the war spirit in the name of national defense. Let the war mothers and every mother-heart that may suffer the woes of human slaughter set themselves against the unspeakable folly of war—let them labor to enthrone the Prince of Peace. The little white crosses on every field of France call on every lover of peace in America to register the vow, "Never again."

CHARACTERISTIC OF SUCCESS

To be able to carry money without spending it.
To be able to bear an injustice without retaliating.
To be able to do one's duty even when one is not watched.
To be able to keep at the job until it is finished.
To be able to make use of criticism without letting it whip you.

—The City Builder.

IN THE MAY 25TH CONTEST

Imogene Boldt (14), St. Paul, Minn., sent the winning paper about Decoration Day

Don't you thrill when you hear the shooting of guns over the graves of soldiers and a far-off bugle play "Taps"? Just to think of those men who gave their lives for this and other generations to come makes one resolve that he too will some day do something great and noble for his country.

Memorial Day, probably better known as Decoration Day, first originated in the Southern States. It was John A. Logan, then Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, who issued an order in 1868 that May 30th should be observed as a day for commemorating the soldiers who fell in the Civil War and decorating their graves, Other States have copied this idea and today every State in the American Union, with the exception of Texas and Idaho, observe Memorial Day as a legal holiday.

To the South, spring comes with all its blossoms earlier than to the North, so April 29th is Memorial Day to some Southern States. This National Day has so grown that today honor and glory is not only given to Civil War heroes but World War heroes also. Memorial Day belongs to them, for all the glory and honor is bestowed on these, who gave their lives for a greater and better nation. The day when these men live again in the hearts of men comes at a beautiful time of the year. It is spring time and Mother Nature looks her best.

Honorable Mention is made of the paper sent by Anna Englehart (13), Riverdale, Ill., who with her account of Memorial Day included these rhymes:

What tribute can we to the dead soldiers give—
The men who died that we in freedom might live?
We must honor and remember them in some way
So we have set aside a day called Decoration Day,
On which to decorate each soldier's grave—
The soldiers who have been so patriotic and brave,
And on the graves many flags wave,
The same flag which they died to save.
Only this we do in memory of the men
Who thought of their country to the end,
Who left their homes, children and all,
To answer their well-beloved country's call.

COORDINATED EFFORTS IN WELFARE WORK EMPHASIZED

Address by Rev. S. B. Stroupe—Hickory

"Welfare workers are faced with many difficult situations which it is their duty to bring into conjunction with the more stable element of society, We need a waking up to organize effort to look after and care for the unfortunate ones who are now being forced upon the charity of interested persons. I hope to see a county-wide organization of men and women whose purpose it is to give attention to solving the human problem.

It is a wonderful thing to straighten out a life tangle and to do this is a common problem of the people of Catawba county. I hope to see Newton and Hickory have nurses working under an organization prepared to answer the call of the needy. There is much wastefulness in separate organizations.

"To carry a few pounds of meal and a piece of meat to a needy family and forget them for weeks is not sufficient. Lack of system is pauperizing trifling people. The aim is to revive their life and there is a wonderful piece of work to be done through systematic efforts.

"We are just learning to live to become mutually helpful. The business of relieving the needy is not the task of one or two but the share of all. The task of helping some one is making a contribution to community life."

"The work is practical Christianity'," he said. "It is not sufficient to give advice and encouragement. We must give help to restore our unfortunate fellows to self-support. We must help to make the best of what we've got through coordained efforts."

WHAT TO DO

If you're feelin' tired and blue,
And you don't know what to do,
Do nothin'

If you can't see far ahead,
And just wish that you were dead,
Stop wishin'

If your nerves are all askew,
There is one good thing to do,
Go walkin'.

—Grenville Kleiser.

ENTITLED TO KNOW WHERE TAX MONEY GOES

(Newton Enterprise)

It is doubtful if the average man has more than a mere conception, which is too vague to be of any real worth, when it comes to a matter of expenditures of tax money. About the only thing he knows is that as soon as taxes for one year are paid that it is necessary to begin saving up to meet the demands of the government for the coming year, and unless this is done, each spring will find his property facing the hammer to be sold under foreclosure.

Taxes often referred to as a privilege, too often become a burden, but there are very few people who are unwilling to pay necessary money for the support of law and order, but these people have a right to know how and for what their hard earned money is being disbursed. If it is for the purpose of supporting our public schools, maintaining law and order and other essentials necessary to the proper functioning of a good government then there can be no room for cussing high taxes, but on the other hand if the public funds are used to promote special interests and causes not pertinent to good government then it is time to call a halt.

Some counties in the State have already forseen the necessity of furnishing the people with an annual statement of the expenditures of their money and if other counties would fall in line and furnish the tax-payers with such a statement in the opinion of the News-Enterprise there would be less cussing about taxes and people would at least be able to put their finger on the things that the public money is being spent for and make adjustments where necessary.

A CHEERFUL NOTE

A recent issue of the Elkin Tribune says that the pay roll of the industries in that town runs from $17,000 to $18,000 a week. This means about $3,000 for each working day of the week. It seems that some 1200 persons are employed in the factories of Elkin. The Tribune says that considerable building is in progress and that the outlook for the year is good. It is pleasing to hear a cheerful note like this when so many people are talking hard times. We believe that before the year is out that conditions all over the country will be much improved. Perhaps this hard times talk has been exaggerated any way.

—Beaufort News.

SOCIAL SERVICE CONFERENCE HISTORY IS TRACED BY VICE-CHAIRMAN MCALISTER

(Public Welfare Progress)

The following is condensed from the address of Mr. A. W. McAllister, Vice-chairman of the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare, at the North Carolina Conference for Social Service, which met in Charlotte in April.

In the words of Dr. Clarence Poe, to whom belongs the superlative honor of starting this tremendous agency for good, "The Conference for Social Service concerns itself with human life in North Carolina. To have the population of the state the best equipped, and to insure here and now an environment of physical, mental, and moral healthfulness that will prevent human waste and make for the fullest development of every individual within its borders—this is its aim. And in working towards this result, it will seek to unite all the now scattered forces of social service upon this threefold program."

The spirit and purpose of this Conference are also immortally expressed in its history, in its record of accomplishment. The present public welfare plan of our state with its unique county-unit feature; our juvenile delinquency machinery; the institution of North Carolina's Mothers' Aid program which has been cited as one of the best in the country by the Children's Bureau at Washington and the National Conference of Social Work and has up to date assisted 855 struggling mothers to hold their homes and their children together; the training and rehabilitation of delinquent girls white and colored, and of white and colored delinquent boys; the abolition of the lash from our state prisons and the adoption of the indeterminate sentence and other prison reforms, have all had their inception in and have been the projection of the spirit and purpose of this Conference. Much of the progress that has been achieved in public education, public health, public recreation and child welfare have been inspired by this Conference.

The spirit and purpose of the Conference have been to appraise the social needs for the well being and progress of the society which we call the state and translate these needs into such practical accomplishment as the foregoing record represents. The spirit and purpose are to develop and conserve the human values of society. Review the history of civilization and it will be found that the only values which have survived are human values. They represent the travail of milleniums of experiment and training and self control and constitute the "hoarded culture" which is the resultant wealth of the race. The conquests of Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon are forgotten. The riches of the Pharaohs, of Croesus, of the Spaniards are no more.

Materialism lacks the staying quality. Matter does not persist. Even the pyramids are unable to resist the ravaging of desert sand and time and tourist, but the inheritance of human values in the culture of Egypt and Israel endures in priceless possession. The Parthenon is a ruin but the Greek ideal of man's physical perfection will live forever.

In the beginning a thing had value or not according as it supplied human need, and all commerce consisted in the exchange of articles of human necessity such as flocks, grain and weapons of defense. Money was originally a mere convenient medium for the exchange of these commodities of human need. It has no real value beyond its ability to supply human needs. Commerce cannot thrive if the farmer is impoverished. Industry can make permanent progress only through the progressive well being of those who carry it on. Human values are therefore the supreme concern of a successful state, and must be the basis of any economic system that makes the grade. It is my deliberate judgement that the acid test of the soundness and permanence of our present economic system will be its willingness or unwillingness to make human values the determining factor in all its decisions.

THE LITTLE PATCHED TROUSERS

How dear to my heart are the pants of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The pants that I wore in the deep tangled wilwood,
And likewise the groves where the crab-apples grew.
The wide-spreading seat with its little square patches,
The patches that bulged with my luncheon for noon,
And also with marbles and fishworms and matches,
And gum-drops and kite-strings from March until June.

The little patched trousers, the made-over trausers,
The high-water trousers that fit me too soon.

No pantaloons ever performed greater service.
In filling the hearts of us youngsters with joy;
They made the descent from Adelphus to Jervis.
Right down through a family of ten little boys.
Through no fault of mine known to me or to others.
I'm the tenderest branch on our big family tree.
And having done service for nine older brothers,
They came down to me slightly bagged at the knee.

The little patched trousers, the second-hand trousers,
The old family trousers that bagged at the knee.

—Z. B. Vance.

CHARLESTON CELEBRATION OF HISTORIC EVENT

(The Congressional Record)

The Celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the Huguenots in the province of Carolina was observed in Charleston, S. C., on April 10 to 13, 1930. The first important settlement of Huguenots in the province of Carolina was made in 1680. As early as 1562 there had been an expedition under Jean Ribaut which resulted in the establishment of Charles Fort on Paris Island, S. C. Later there was another expedition under Laudonierre which made a settlement at the mouth of the St. John's River in Florida, and established Fort Carolina. Both of these settlements were destroyed, the Spanish Admiral Menendez being instrumental in their destruction. The settlement in the province of Carolina in 1680 was the largest and most important of the period. It was the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of this historic event that was observed.

In connection with the Huguenot celebration, the city of Charleston, S. C., also celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its removal from the old location to the present site. Old Charles Town was settled in 1670 and located about ten miles up the river, north of the present site of the city. In 1680 the settlement was moved to the present location, so that the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the location of the city on its present site was coincident with the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the Huguenots.

The celebration was both a civil and religious one. In connection with the celebration there were pageants depicting the original settlement of the city, and also the landing of the Huguenots. In connection with the city celebration, the Congress of the United States sent a delegation from Congress, consisting of Hon. Tasker L. Oddie, Senator from Nevada; and Hon. Bertrand H. Snell, of New York; Hon. Carroll L. Beedy, of Maine; and Hon. H. St. George Tucker, of Virginia, from the House of Representatives. In addition, the Government sent the battleship Florida, with Captain Sayle in command. It so happened that Captain Sayle is a direct descendant of the Captain Sayle who brought the first Huguenots to Carolina. A large detachment of marines was sent from Paris Island. The German Ambassador, accompanied by members of the Legation, was present, and the German Government sent the battleship Emden with a large company of marines aboard. Representatives were present from the French Government, the Belgian Government, the Netherlands Government, and the South African Republic. The parade in which these various governments were represented was very impressive.

The service on Sunday was held

in the Huguenot Church, which is the only Huguenot Church in America. The sermon was preached by the Rev. James H. Taylor, D.D., pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church of Washington.

Through the courtesy of the Congressional Committee, the address made by Doctor Taylor was published in the Congressional Record.

DECORATION DAY

Decoration Day!
It never meant as much to me before;
  It was the symbol of a time gone by—
Of heroes white of hair and dim of eye,
Who marched in honor of a long-past war.....
It meant the sound of bugles, sweetly high,
And nothing more.

But oh, last night,
There in the candle light,
You came to tell me that you, too, must go—
It seemeed as if my heartbeats faltered slow
(As slow and weary as a muffled drum).
And though I tried to smile, the tears would come;
And through them, blurred, I saw the flag you wore

Upon your coat—
The very flag those white-haired heroes bore
When they were young, like you, and marched away.
I tried to say
That I was proud and glad to know that you
  Would help to keep the country clean, and true
To high ideals—but, oh, the very words
Caught in my throat!

And so, when I see white-haired heroes come—
Old men with empty sleeves and halting tread;
Old men who take a tribute to their dead,
Whose tired pulses quicken as the drum
Throbs out its call—
I'll know the deepest meaning of it all,
The meaning that goes back across the years
To heartaches, and to partings, and to tears.

—Margaret E. Sangster, Boy Life.

TEACHERS COLLEGE AT BOONE BESTOWS FIRST B. S. DEGREE

By Miss Cora Harris in Charlotte Observer

Dr. B. B. Daugherty, president of the Appalachian State Teachers college at Boone, has as his aim in life that of building character and being of service in the world. What nobler aspiration could a man have? He has heroically carried this aim into the Appalachian State Teachers college which for the first time in its history bestowed the degree of bachelor of science on its graduates last week. This great college is now a standard four year college and gives those graduating the same certificates as other colleges bestow.

This achievement is the realization of Dr. Daugherty's life-long dream and its rapid culmination is the result of this outstanding educator's foresight and keen vision. From a little school, called Watauga college, founded in 1899 by Dr. Dolfin Disco Daugherty and President Daugherty, on land which was purchased for $10 an acre, this college has grown into 25 buildings on land valued at $1,490,000 and has an enrollment of 618 students who are from 62 counties and many other states.

Another marvelous feature is that this college constructed and owns the New River Light and Power company plant, the profits from which are returned to the college and loaned to students to assist them in obtaining an education. This, however, is only one instance of the wisdom of its farsighted and magnanimous president.

As we read the glowing history of this college we must constantly bear in mind its uphill pull and the scores of obstacles which its founders overcame. When one thinks of Boone he immediately thinks of greatness, perseverance and courage and in a period of 30 years Boone has proven worthy of its namesake, and President Daugherty has further shown that he possesses those sterling qualities akin to one of the world's most famous pioneers —Daniel Boone.

When I think of Dr. Daugherty I think of what Emerson said: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinions; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude." And again I think of this man who shouldered almost impossible responsibilities when I read what Harriet Beecher Stowe said: "When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems as though you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide will turn"—and the tide did turn because of the fortitude of the two Daugherty brothers, D. D. and B. B. The former died several years ago. He served the school as treasurer and business manager until his death. It

is not often that the world finds two men with such a record as these. They have never been known to possess any of the worldly habits and they are excellent examples for young men and young women to follow. These men bear out Arthur W. Newcombe's theory: "Show me the leader and I will know his men. Show me the men and I will know their leader."

Having taught in this college and knowing Dr. Daugherty personally I can truthfully say that no more honest, no fairer, nor more brilliant man has ever lived in North Carolina than he. He is a thinker and therefore works thoughtfully and quietly and is not craving the publicity of the press, but I dare say that his name will linger among his people and wherever he is known for many, many generations. Dr. Daugherty has been a member of the state board of equalization for 25 years. He is president of the Wautauga bank, at Boone, and a director of the First National bank at Lenoir. Moreover, he is an honorary member of the Boone Civitan club and holds the degrees of B. S., Ph.D., D. Lit.

Another man who worked faithfully in bringing this college out of obscurity into the rank of great institutions was Captain E. F. Lovill who for many years served as chairman of the board of trustees. His efforts were always progressive and his influence always uplifting and idealistic.

In the beginning when this magnificent college was called Watauga academy, Dr. and Mrs. D. D. Daugherty taught school at a combined salary of $25 per month while Dr. B. B. Daugherty acted as county superintendent. Just a little later splendid citizens of that community donated a site for a building which was eventually completed and it was then that B. B. Daugherty was added to the faculty and the teacher training center of educational development for the "Lost Provinces" was launched at Boone. In the legislature of 1903 Hon. W. C. Newland, beloved citizen of Lenoir, then a member of the state legislature, introduced a bill to make the school a state institution, with an appropriation of $2,000 annually for maintenance, and $1,500 for building when a like amount was raised by the citizens. By the aid of prominent men the bill became a law and the Appalachian Training school was established in 1903.

The school grew and developed rapidly under the above name until 1925 when the legislature changed the name to the Appalachian State Normal school. At that time the appropriation for maintenance was materially increased with increased appropriation for permanent improvement.

Then the legislature of 1929 changed the name to the Appalachian State Teachers College, increased the appropriation again for maintenance and gave the institution power to confer degrees. The college now compares with like institutions anywhere in the country. The plant and property are worth $1,000,000 and its faculty number about 30, its student body around

six hundred during the regular term and one thousand during the summer terms.

The purpose of this college is primarily and exclusively to train teachers for the elementary and high schools of the state. It turns out young men and women fired with ambition and determined to serve a useful and noble life. Each student seems to capture a vision and the high ideals of its president and his carefully selected faculty which follows the students of this college through life. There, in the peace and quiet of the Blue Ridge mountains, one man is constantly thinking in the solitude of his office just how he can help make the world a better place in which to live and only to this glorious end is he working.

Boone was once a hidden town, inaccesible and unknown. To day it is a thriving, hustling little village. Awake to every phase of progressiveness and eager to grow with the changing times. Now it has a population of 2,000 people. It is the county seat of Watauga. It has a delightful climate with an altitude of about 3,333 feet and is located on the famous Boone trail highway with wide concrete streets and highways.

HOW TO MEET BEREAVEMENT

A lady who recently mourned the loss of her husband found no solace until she resolved to devote herself at some service in behalf of others, which she counted her mission in life. She found a field of service and, in her endeavor to serve others in her modest calling, she has found a real joy that has come to her as a healing balm to her wounded soul. She has learned that only the Christian who seeks to serve others can be truly happy. A love that goes out to others is sure to bring a reward which money cannot buy.

A similar instance came to our knowledge. A woman of considerable wealth lost an only daughter, and a few months later a beloved and faithful husband. She was so completely broken in spirit that her pastor, with passage after passage of Scripture to heal her wounded heart, failed to make an impression. She had passed beyond the point where words could soothe. The pastor suddenly resolved that she must be given a vison of real misery, and took her to a shack in the neighborhood where a mother with a large family of young children lay on a sick-bed, thin, emanciated and in a half-starving condition. She looked at the sight in painful amazement. Her heart was warmed to sympathy. She at once became a good samaritan to not only that afflicted family, but to others in need of such merciful ministration. A new purpose and affection took possession of her. She lost the keenness of her own sorrow in ministering to the sorrows of others. The trials and sorrows of life lose their sting and pain when a way to loving service in behalf of others is found.—Selected.

NEW COMMISSIONER SPEAKS BEFORE WELFARE OFFICERS

(Public Welfare Progress)

"It seems to me that this group of County Superintendents of Welfare and County Boards of Public Welfare holds in its hand the greatest power for good of any similar group in North Carolina and with infinite possibilities for service," declared Mrs. W. T. Bost in addressing the Association of Superintendents of Public Welfare. Mrs. Bost made her first official appearance as Commissioner of Public Welfare before a group of social workers when she addressed the superintendents at the N. C. Conference for Social Service.

"The day will come," she said, "and almost before we know it when the State will be completely organized with public welfare workers in each of its one hundred counties, reaching from mountain to coast for county commisioners are coming to realize both the human and economic salvage in the community where there is an experienced social worker. When that comes to pass, no Committee of One Hundred will ever have been vested with such responsibility!

"The increasing size of our cities, the industrial growth, the State's development, educationally, socially, and otherwise make the need for continuing and expanding our program all the greater. The complexity of our modern life but increases the social problems. And too, at this time of economic depression there is a corresponding increase in the calls and demands for relief upon this body of workers as never before. Demands for Mothers' Aid, for instance, are on the increase, and although there is no provision made in our department for handling the unemployment situation we, as county workers, are constantly being confronted with this serious problem. And above all, are we called upon to dig down under that we may try to find and remedy the thing that causes this condition.

"There are common problems in the county work and we can in like manner call together in our counties a similar group like that represented in this State Conference, and with the County Welfare Superintendent to head up these community organizations, all agencies co-ordinating their program to the same end, sit down around the table and come to a common agreement. We're beginning more and more to appreciate the value of coordinating activities within the community."

Rastus—"Yes sah, ah's a great singah."
Sambo—"Wheah did you all learn to sing?"
Rastus—"Ah graduated from a correspondence school."
Sambo—"Boy! yo' shuah lost lots of yo' mail."

PARENT'S DAY

(Reidsville Review)

Within a few years the observance of Mother's Day developed such attitude toward parents, that the national movement to include father in the observance and designate the day as Parents' Day, has been generally adopted. This answers the purpose of fixing another day in remembrance of "Dad".

The greatest loss we have suffered through the diminishing home life of our time has been emotional. The estrangement of parents from their children is not their own fault. It is the result of the terrifying complexity of modern life.

It might be a great deal better to transform the day from an orgy of sentimentality to some sensible consideration of real problems confronting modern parents, for after all it is a strange sort of a person who needs a special day in the year to remind him to love his mother and father. If the feeling is not natural and daily, one special celebration will not do very much good. It is a different thing entirely from the religious holidays which are conducted with great eclat and whose messages are thereafter honored more in the breach than in the observance. Mother love is instinctive, it can not be taught. Respect and love for "Dad" is too often a mere matter of indifferent form—except when his pocket book is sought. Filial love is a part of the child's feeling of dependence. Unless this ripens in maturity into deep mellow affection, it is hard to see how any formal day is going to do more than make for a ritual. The observance of Parent's Day should not be permitted to become the one day of the year for an expression of filial affection on the part of sons and daughters for those who sacrificed their lives to make life a little easier for their offspring. Remember that your turn will soon come to be the object of this expression.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
  Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
  Let this petition rise.

Give me a calm and thankful heart
  From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
  And make me live in Thee.

—Anne Steele.

THE GUARDED BUNDLE

By Ruby Holmes Martin

Ben had helped John Drake rescue several red hens and a rooster they had seen floating downstream on the roof of the coop which had housed them during the winter. Having secured the poultry, the two lads watched up-rooted trees, and snags, and fragments of buildings, borne along on the oily water of the flood: they were eager to see something they would want to pull into the boat they had tied to a post of the meadow fence. The water had risen until it covered the meadow beside the river, and the boat was tethered to reach the edge of the swirling current.

"Here comes a dog on a raft!" shouted Ben from his place in the bow of the boat.

"Then if we can get him you'll have a dog for yourself!" cried John, balancing on a thwart to see better. "He's a young young airedale!"

Ben tried to wait patiently for the raft to approach. This was just the sort of a dog he desired to possess. He gripped the bamboo pole ready in his hand. A strong hook was lashed to the tip end of the pole to enable him to catch hold of what flotsam came within his reach.

At one moment it seemed likely to Ben that the raft would be borne near enough for him to catch with his hook over a plank. Then the current of the flood drew it toward the opposite shore. The dog saw the lads and stood up to bark at them. Beside him lay a bundle wrapped in water-soaked burlap.

"Come on, boy! Swim for it!" whistled Ben hopefully as the raft was again swept toward him by the current. He had hastily taken the meat from one of his sandwiches, and flung it onto the raft. The dog gulped it greedily.

"He's desperately hungry!" cried John, slowly swinging the looped rope in his right hand.

Ben held up another piece of meat, and talked to the dog before he flung it into the water within his scent. Longingly the dog watched it disappear in the turbid stream.

"His master told him to guard that bundle, and he won't budge!" guessed John.

"That's just the kind of a dog I want!" cried Ben, throwing another piece of meat into the water. And he called insistently to the dog, for the raft was nearly abreast now, and would drift rapidly away when it had passed the boat.

"Can't you reach the raft with your hook, Ben?" asked John in an eager voice.

Leaning over the bow, Bob extended his long arms, but still the hook lashed to the end of the bamboo pole fell a few inches short of the raft, and he could see that the gap between them was already widening. He looked at the roily water swirling down the swollen stream.

"Duck your head!" cried John.

As Ben ducked he heard John swinging his rope, and the swish of it sang as he slung it through the air. Ben

looked up and shouted when he saw the noose catch and tighten over a plank of the raft. He waited breathlessly, ready to use his hook when John could draw the raft near enough for him to reach it. The dog ran about barking sharply, and the lad heard the rope strain as his brother pulled it taut.

At last the frail craft felt the pressure of John's pull on the rope, and began to swing around. The current yield stubbornly. Ben caught his hook on the edge of a plank, and felt as if the force of the current would yank his strong arms from their sockets.

The raft had been hurriedly constructed, and had already tossed for hours at the mercy of the flooded stream. Under the strain to which it was subjected a brace gave way, and the raft broke up so unexpectedly that both boys lost their balance. John tumbled into the bottom of the boat, with Ben atop still grasping the handle of the bamboo pole. When Ben scrambled up in the dangerously rocking boat, he saw the dog clinging to a board that was racing away downstream. The other boards were strewn around the surface of the water, bumping and tumbling against each other. His hook held fast to one, and John's rope to another.

"You've got the one with the bundle, John!" he shouted, holding to the rail to keep his balance while John struggled to his knees. The burlap wrapped bundle was pecariously balanced on the board held by that noose.

"Get your hook into it, man!" exclaimed John!

It took Ben some minutes to release his hook from one board that he might secure a hold upon the other.

"It's slipping off," cried John.

Ben fumbled, trying to hurry. He felt that they must rescue the mysterious bundle.

"Keep that board steady!" he muttered, struggling to get his hook under a corner. He knew that a jerk would tumble the bundle into the water. And the boat was rocking so that it was difficult to keep his hand steady. John drew the board toward them inch by inch. The loose boards disentangled themselves and floated away. At last Ben felt his hook graze and catch in tht water-soaked wood. "Pull steady now!" he added breathlessly.

A false move would have thrown the bundle into the water. The boys could see it creep and sidle toward the edge of the board.

"I meant for you to hook into the burlap!" mumbled John.

It was too late for that regret. Ben leaned over the rail and reached out for the sodden burlap just as it slid from the edge of the board. He clutched it with a cry, startled at the weigth that was likely to pull him to the bottom with it.

"It weighs a ton!" he grasped.

John came to his assistance, and together they managed to life the bundle over the gunwale, and dropped it on the bottom of the boat.

"Lead's the name for that," cried John. "I wonder what in the world we've landed!" Ben touched it with his foot.

"Feels like rock salt."

Streams of water were draining from the burlap, and the smell of its drenched fibers rose from the dankness. The gathered neck of the bundle was nugly tied with inch rope. Ben tried to untie the knot but it was too water soaked to yield to his efforts. John whipped out his pocket knife, and cut the sodden strands. The burlap fell stiffily open. And inside the boys saw a cloth flower bag, the color originally printed on it shading the whole with fantastic splotches.

"Seems to have as many skins as an onion," laughed John. He poked with his finger, and Ben saw the bunchy indentation. "Feels like chewed rocks to me!"

Ben cut the smaller string that held the neck of the flour bag, and peered in. John knocked his forehead getting a look, too, through the opening. Then Ben put in his hand and drew forth several small objects that gleamed and glimmered in the sunshine.

"I know what those are!" cried John. "They're clam tricks! They grow in some clams that live way up the river where I went to stay with grandfather when you had the measles! And they're worth real money!"

Ben let the handful of baroque pearls run through his fingers, their soft colors shimmering as the sunshine caught and held in the laminated surfaces. The marvellous beauty of them held him breathless.

"Who do you suppose they belong to?" he asked finally.

"They sure belong to us just now! I tell you, they're worth a fortune. I don't see how the man that chucked them on that raft can hope to pick them up again. Perhaps he fell off and was drowned himself!"

Ben continued to finger the pearls. Here was a lovely yellow pearl; there was a pink flower beside a fleecy knurl. They held him spellbound.

"The man must have told the dog to guard them," added John. "I suppose if whoever they belong to comes along and claims them we'll have to give them up."

"Couldn't we put them in the shed loft for now?" asked Ben. "They'll be safe enough there until we can take them to the bank when the bridge is repaired so we can cross the river safely."

"The bank won't take pearls!" objected John.

"It will take care of them for us," said Ben. "And tell us what to do with them."

The bamboo pole had floated away downstream, forgotten by its owner in the excitement of opening the bundle. John loosened his rope from the board, and they pulled the boat to the meadow fence post, and through a gap in the fence, before they untied the painter by which it was tethered to the post. In the quieter water of the flooded meadow they could push ashore, and when they reached higher land they took the burlap bag and carried it to the shed loft where they meant to keep it hidden until the flood went down and the bridge of the town road was repaired.

It was hard for Ben to keep the secret of the guarded bundle. He and John had put the pearls in a clean bag gloating as they handled them, and

he could not rest without running up to the loft to make sure that the pearls were safe. The other boys they saw boasted about things they had salvaged from the turbid river, but he couldn't say a word about his treasure trove! He tried to help his brother make the red poultry comfortable, and all night long he dreamed that robbers were after the pearls they had hidden. When he opened his eyes in the morning, he jumped out and run to the shed loft. Half way up the loft steps, he heard a threatening growl that stopped him in his tracks.

"John! John!" he called. "Here's that dog!"

His brother came running at the cry.

"It's the very same dog!" declared John in amazement, looking up at the airedale braced at the top of the stairs. "He must have got ashore downstream and found his way back here to stand guard over his master's treasure."

"I'll not try to call him off, either," said Ben, stoutly. "I'll get him something to eat. He can eat while he stands guard."

"I don't believe you could call him off," added John.

Ben ran to fetch some food, and the dog let him mount the loft stairs with the plate of savory bones. But the instant Ben tried to step into the loft itself he left his food to stand guard with a threatening growl.

"Say, you Drake kids, where's my dog?" boomed a gruff voice out in the farmyard.

"That's Clint Ryder," whispered John.

A raw-boned fellow stepped into the shed.

"He isn't your dog," contradicted Ben flatly. "You can't bluff me like that if you have got long pants on, Clint Ryder!"

The dog stood with his head cocked over the stair well, listening intently. He seemed to know that Ben was defending him. Ben was thinking, too of the bag of barque pearls over which the dog stood guard. It would never, never do to let Clint Ryder know about those precious clam tricks they had taken from the river lest he broadcast the information to every tramp loitering along the debris-strewn banks of the receding river.

"I pulled the dog out of the water," rumbled Clint. "I heard John telling how smart he was to get some hens that way!"

"But you can't call the dog down from that loft!" flashed John.

"Like ducks I cant!" scorned Clint rushing up the stairs, and stopping short upon them with angry suddenness when the dog growled at him a mighty growl. He threatened and he coaxed, but the dog kept him utterly at bay. Ben snickered, and Clint turned on him with horrid threats. But the dog stood fast upon his guard. Clint thundered and shouted frantically at them all.

Ben could see that his brother was weakening under the taunts. If he told Clint about those precious clam tricks they were endangered. But Clint was too blindly blustering to take the advantage of giving John the chance to speak. At last he rush-

ed away, wild with chagrin.

"He'll come back and take my hens away!" cried John.

"He can't do that, I'm sure," said Ben.

Before the day was over several boys came to look at the airedale, and to talk over Clint's story about some mysterious power which the Drake boys held over the strange dog. Before another twenty-four hours pased they began to whisper that the animal was mad and must be killed. Ben fed and watered the airedale regularly, but he would make no friendly advances in return for the kindness. Clint Ryder came again, and made another violent, threatening scene, trying to carry him off. The flood waters had commenced to recede, and he said that when the bridge was repaired he would fetch the sheriff from the village to recover his property.

The quarrel was at its height, with the airedale growling down at the boys from his stand at the top of the shed stairs, when the dog gave a sudden leap that carried him fairly over Ben's startled shoulder, and, landing on his feet, made a rush from the building. Ben turned to the open door through which the dog had disappeared. A bedraggled boy was emerging from the woods above the meadow, and he stopped to hug the tawny dog that flung upon him with joyous yelps. John and Clint crowded to see what had happened.

"There's something doing!" muttered John.

The stranger lad came up the farm yard slope with the dog at his heels. His ill-fitting clothes were mud stained and torn. He was gauntly thin, and his eyes burned with the intensity of desperate adventure and eager search.

"I guess that's your dog, all right," grinned Ben, going out to meet him.

"I'm thankful to see him!" cried the stranger. "Meet my friends, Tramp!"

The dog wagged his stub of a tail and ran to offer a paw to Ben. The lad grinned when he had shaken it and the dog ran to shake with John. Clint was rapidly disappearing around the corner of the shed!

"Glad to have Tramp on speaking terms," laughed John.

The strange boy flushed.

"I told him to guard something of mine," he explained. "Tramp is a tiger for standing guard".

"That's what Clint thought!" laughed Ben. "Say was that your stuff tied up in burlap?"

"With a flour bag inside!" cried the boy eagerly. "I made a raft when the water began to rise up river where I had been camping. I left Tramp to guard my bundle on the raft while I went back to the shanty for some grub, but the water came up so fast it was floated off before I could get back!"

"Tramp stood guard all right, and we fished your stuff out of the water when the raft broke up!" cried Ben. He saw the lad's slender throat choke and swell. He glimpsed something of his terrific struggle down stream on the breast of the flood: he felt something of the days and the nights this determined boy had spent gather-

ing the valuable clam tricks from the solitary river shallows.

"You'll stay here with us, neighbor," added John. "As soon as the bridge is repaired we'll tote those pearls to the village bank where they'll be safe until you conclude what to do with them."

"I gathered them to pay for the education I mean to have," returned Keith softly. "But I want you both to take plenty for yourselves before I use what's left!"

ABUNDANCE

The beauty of a spacious home, with great fields stretching wide,
With crops that cover many a mile of verdant countryside;
Rich clothes to wear, and motor cars, and jewels that flash and glow;
Oh, do these give the great content that happy hearts would know?

The power of a gilded crown, a sceptre's royal sway—
Do these things make the soul declare a blessed holiday?
Oh, pomp may last so short a time, and glitter swift may fade—
These never are the things of which the heart's real peace is made!

Abundance? It is but a word unless it surely stands
For more than wealth, than silken clothes, than fame and spreading lands.
The keen delight in loveliness, the blessed boon of prayer,
A fellowship with God—these make the whole of life more fair!

A fellowship with God, this thought holds all life's prayer and praise,
It holds the dream of peaceful nights, of precious glowing days—
It holds the wonder of the dawn, the sunset's afterglow,
And all the fullness of the earth, that happy hearts may know.

And so it goes .... If you possess what many folk call gain,
You sometimes fail to know content—you sometimes dwell with pain.
But if you own those other things so far from worldly strife,
Your heart will know, abundantly, the satisfying life!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Some new equipment for our bee hives was purchased recently and is now being put into use.

Some of the members of the outside forces have been mowing oats and hauling hay for the past few days.

The flower beds near the printing office have been worked over and several hundred dahlia and gladiolus bulbs planted.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Yates, of Porterville, Calif., visited the school last Tuesday. Mr. Yates was a member of the Training School staff a number of years ago.

Mr. Walker and his group of boys have been working in the flower beds across the highway for the past few days. A number of them are blooming now, greatly improving the appearance of the grounds, especially the section near the water tank.

Mr. T. L. Grier and his force of boys are harvesting clover seed. In other sections of this community this crop is reported as being very scarce, but we are proud to say that the clover crop at the school is very good this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard B. Tuft, of Pinehurst, made a brief call at the school last Monday en route to Asheville. Mr. Tuft, a widely known cattleman and successful breeder of Ayreshire cattle, was especially pleased with our fine herd of cattle and modern dairy equipment. Both Mr. and Mrs. Tuft expressed themselves as being pleased with the institution and the manner in which the work is carried on here.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the regular afternoon service in the auditorium last Sunday. He was accompanied by Dr. Gammon, pastor of Myers Park Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, and Mr. E. H. Bell and daughter, Miss Sarah, also of Charlotte. Dr. Gammon's talk on "Making Your Choice," was both helpful and entertaining. He gave the boys some very good advice as to how to decide what course to follow as they make their way through life. Mr. Bell, one of Charlotte's popular singers, rendered two vocal selections. He was accompanied at the piano by Miss Bell, who also played a group of stirring marches as the boys filed into the auditorium.

The Harrisburg team visited the local diamond last Saturday afternoon and walked away with an easy victory by the score of 27 to 6. The visiting sluggers seemed to find it easy to solve the offerings of the Training School pitchers, collecting twen-

ty-six hits, including four home runs and three triples, off the deliveries of Andrews, Lisk, Russell and Weaver. Although hit freely, our pitchers did not hurl so badly as the score would indicate, as our defense went to pieces, making no less than twelve errors. Most of the visitors' runs were scored after the side should have been retired on easy chances. The local lads found Alexander's delivery for nine hits, including a home run by Levy, a triple by Russell and a double by Poole. It was necessary to call the game at the end of the eighth inning to allow the boys to go to their cottages in time for supper.

Mr. Henry Miller, superintendent of State Test Farms; Dr. A. J. Peters, of Washington, D. C., senior governmental agronomist; Messrs E. A. Hollowell and Roland McKee, assistant agronomists, and R. D. Goodman, county farm demonstration agent, visited the Training School last Tuesday morning. After inspecting the experimental lespedeza plots on our farm they declared them to be in excellent condition. These State experts were unstinted in their praise of the fine results being obtained by the school's agricultural forces, and it was their opinion that several of the lespedeza plots here were the best they had seen this year. Through the co-operation of the State, we receive the seed free of charge and derive the benefits from the sale of the product—the only requirement being that an experimental station be conducted along lines suggested by the authorities of the State Test Farms.

THE WRONG BUTTON

"Dear me," said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and it makes all the rest go wrong," and she tugged and fretted as if the poor button was at fault for her trouble.

"Patience, patience, my dear," said mamma. "The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right. And," added mamma, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow."

Janet remembered how one day, not so long ago, she had struck the baby, Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she had denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong just because one was wrong.—Picture World.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

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U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 7, 1929 No. 20

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PASSING IT ON

Do you know that when your face wears a smile other people smile, too, without knowing why, or when you look cross or downcast other faces become shadowed? It is a fine thing to pass your lightness of heart along; but how about the opposite? If we are feeling sad or out of sorts, let us try to keep it to ourselves, and not, by an overcast face, pass it on to someone else.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

IT IS REAL EDUCATION THAT COUNTS

We boast of high schools at almost every cross roads. We spend thousands of dollars each year, hauling children to these big schools, all very important in their place. Important as they are to those who make the proper use of them, they are less important than the grammar grade and elementary schools, closer home. No person, young, very young or old, is truly educated who have not fixed in them six fundamentals of knowledge: The ability to read correctly, at a glance ordinary plain English; the ability to spell correctly all words used in every day life; to write a legible hand; to construct a grammatical sentence and know it is correct; to know the common rules of arithmetic with the ability to prove a problem correctly solved; to have a general knowledge of plant and bird and animal life about us. These accomplishments are secured in the grammar and elementary schools; for when boys and girls pass on to the high school, these things are supposed to have been mastered, and if they have not been, then the pupil becomes a "Copy-cat" getting through by hooks and crooks. Do you, as educated fathers and mothers, ever take the time and trouble to test yours out on these important things? It must be a secret how some get through and are issued a certificate of graduation, but they get through with little knowledge of the essentials named above. It is not passing the exams that tell your real ability, but the power to write and spell and make grammatical sentences If you do not possess these, you will feel like a fool the first time you come in contact with the realities of educated life.—C. W. Hunt.

FEWER IN NUMBERS—BUT THE SAME SPIRIT

We are of the opinion of others in discounting the report that comes out from Biloxi, Miss., that the annual Confederate reunion to be held in that

city this June will be the last one. In this report we do not have the least bit of faith, knowing the mettle of the old men of the southern confederacy. "'Give up'' is not in their make up. As long as life continues and a reunion is arranged for them there will be some who will attend if they have to be tenderly taken by kind friends. It was suggested last year in Charlotte at the reunion that it was high time to discontinue these Confederate gatherings. The statement brought forth many counter statements from the old fellows, showing that in spirit they thought themselves physically able to keep up with the crowd. In reply to the suggestion one old white haired fellow, attending the Charlotte reunion, said: ''they say I'm liable to pass out from too much excitement during the Reunion, but I'm telling you now, son, if I'm going to die, I want to die happy. I won't be happy nowhere else except right here. I'm going so long as the Lord is willing.'' This is the sentiment of all old veterans and no one need to come forth with the idea of discontinuing the annnual Confederate reunions. The gray line grows thinner but the spirit and love of the cause is as strong today as at any previous date. They thoroughly enjoy these Reunions—in fact the occasion has a tendency to rejuvenate them.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

''WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT?''

During the next few weeks all of the institutions of learning throughout the land will be sending back to their homes thousands of boys and girls who have had mental instruction in different branches of learning. Their privileges have been many, moral discipline as well as association with men and women whose lives are worthy of emulation. The question asked by the president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs in an address to a graduating class lately was, ''what will you do with all of it?'' That is a serious and sober question. Just a few days ago we were in company with a worthy mother who had not enjoyed the advantages of an education, and had to make her living keeping boarders and roomers. She spoke of her daughter who had graduated with splendid honors in one of the colleges of our state. ''Impossible,'' said the mother, ''for my girl to get work, and naturally she ranks, on account of her education, above the work I do.'' The mother looked sad, as she continued, ''it seems that we over educate.'' This remark came from a humble woman who had managed to make an honorable living without an education, and it seemed in this big world there was no

place for her daughter with the advantages of a higher education. It would be well to remember that to be mentally fitted is one thing, but the most important essential of a truly educated person is to know how to apply that which has been acquired in school. If unable to make use of an education, it is of no avail, and the case is similar to a carpenter who has a fine chest of tools and does not know how to use them. Education is all right, but the chief objective of every institution should be to send out useful citizens who can add dignity to every position in life—to see through the problems that confront them and arise to any emergency. In an editorial taken from an exchange this statement was made:

> "If a man lacks the ability to bring order out of disorder, to separate essentials from non-essentials, he has an untrained, undisciplined mind and his college education has been wasted except as he may have made influential friends and acquired a polished manner."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"HELLO CENTRAL" PREFERRED BY SENATORS

The United States Senate, according to press reports, has unanimously voted to have some telephone company remove the dial telephone from the Senate building. When Senator Carter Glass of Virginia introduced a resolution to that effect (having the dial system removed) it was considered a joke, but it ceased to be a jest when the senate adopted the resolution and ordered the system removed within less than thirty days. Our North Carolina Representative, Abernethy, agreed with Senator Glass in plain words, "that the telephone companies are putting in dials, automatic devices, for the specific purpose of doing away with operators thereby tending to increase unemployment." There are "tricks in all trades" and we guess the trick in this automatic arrangement is to cut down over head expense. Again this is an instance of accepting changes without considering cause and effect. Dial telephones are no pleasure to Governor Gardner so the ban on this system of phones by the Senate has the full sympathy of our Governor. The governor has a dial telephone, a part of the state office 'phone system, on his desk and uses it for "incoming calls."

But when it comes to making an outgoing call—that's a different matter. The state executive will call two operators rather than use the dial telephone.

Will Rogers estimate of the United States Senate is expressed in the following, and we give it in its entirety for the pleasure of those who always

appreciate Will's philosophy or diagnosis of any case:

"We finally got the real low down on the intelligence of the Senate. The Capitol building put in dial telephones and out of 96 members, only two knew enough to work 'em. And both these members were men who had been defeated at the last election, showing they knew entirely too much to be in there.

"Carter Glass thought it was a rat trap and baited his with cheese, so they are going to have them taken out. There is nobody to put the blame on but yourself if you get the wrong number. They want nothing connected with the Senate in any way where the responsibility can't be shifted."

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TAKE CARE TO AVERT FOREST FIREST FIRES

Much has been said by the press about the forest fires, especially throughout 20 counties in the state of Virginia. These forest fires have come just a little bit earlier than usual. Thousands of acres of timber have already been consumed which show that too much care cannot be taken in flitting about cigarette stubs, burning matches besides every precaution taken in putting out camp fires. Carelessness is frequently the cause of disastrous fires that destroy valuable timber, and at times homes are destroyed because of the impossibility to get under control a forest fire after getting much headway. This is the season of a flood of motorists—all are pleasure bound and the first thought is a camp fire to add to the thrill of the occasion—and not too much emphasis can be laid on the importance of extinguishing every spark before the party departs after an evening of pleasure. There are times when parties are indifferent about extinguishing camp fires, but we are charitable enough to think that many do not realize the danger of a spark among dry leaves and dead timber, therefore, the press all through the country should give much publicity as to the causes of forest fires, and the value of taking every precaution.

GRAND OLD HYMNS THAT HAVE MADE IMPRESSIONS

By C. W. Hunt

No. V—"Come Humble Sinners, In Whose Breast."

Of this old hymn Dr. Wilbur F. Tillett in his book "Our Hymns and Their Authors" says that during the first 100 years of Methodist revivals, which swept this and other countries, no hymn, written, by any one has been the means of direting as many convicted sinner to Christ in the forgiveness of their sins as has this hymn by Edmund Jones, and the only hymn by him in that edition. Jones was a Baptist minister, the son of a Baptist minister and was born in 1722 and died in 1765. He was pastor at Exeter, England for many years, at a period when the Batpist were opposed to the service of song in worship, and Dr. Tillet says there is small wonder that such a writer of hymns produced a complete revulsion to this part of public worship.

Those familiar with the scripture will see at a glance that it is based upon the book of Esther, 4th chapter, 16th verse: "And so I will go in unto the King, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish."

Come humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,——
Come with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve.

I'll go to Jesus, though my sin,
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in
Whatever may oppose.

Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

I can but perish, if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
I must forever die.

But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought)
As sinner never died.

—Edmund Jones.

This song seems to have been set to the music of two popular tunes, Fairfield and Tennessee. The first edition of the Methodist hymnal carried both these tunes, but in the second edition Tennessee went to the scrap heap, as it belonged to a then

different age. Fairfield is a well known hymn, Tennessee is a peculiar hymn with a touch in it that is almost obsolete.

As stated before, my father was a great Methodist circuit rider, who spent about three months each year, July, August and September in revival meetings, continuously. In times like this he became so filled with the Holy Ghost of Pentecost that there was no preaching and preparation of the church for a revival; for he went from one country church to another and a revival was already there. A low estimate placed the number of those brought into a new light under his ministry at about 4000 souls, who came not from a back seat to shake hands, but from the old fashioned mourners bench, shouting the praises of God. He sang with telling effect this tune Tennessee.

The first time I ever heard it was late one night when father had driven to late hours that he might reach home after weeks of abscence, and I was awakened by the singing of this hymn, as he only could sing and feel it. I never heard more angelic music. I fear I am wasting material to mention such to the present generation. But I tell no secret when I say that such would seem out of place in many modern city churches I am publishing this here that those interested may read those words again and hear its history.

"IF"

If your heart is open to beauty
You are not poor, my lad.
If you love the hillsides, trees and flowers,
There's surely a reason to make you glad.

If you try to understand
And help your fellowman,
Your heart is open to love, and then,
It's closing up on sin.

If you seek a larger knowledge
You will more broad-minded be;
For to long and seek for learning
Is a part of it, you see.

If you will open all the doors
That have closed your aching heart,
And live, and grow in spiritual grace,
You will have done your part.

—Dora Thorne

CHARLOTTESVILLE "THE HEART OF VIRGINIA"

By Verbon E. Kemp, Secretary, Chamber of Commerce

Charlottesville, the County Seat of Albemarle County, it poetically known as the "Heart of Virginia." This designation is literally and romantically true.

Situated in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, midway between Washington, D. C., on the northern boundary of Virginia, and Danville to the south and midway between Old Point Comfort on the Atlantic to the east and the West Virginia State line, Charlottesville is the center of the historic Old Dominion. It is served from these directions by the main lines of the Southern and C. & O. railroads which intersect at Charlottesville, and by improved State highways from every compass point.

Historically, Charlottesville and Albemarle County may also lay claim to being the pulsatory center of Virginia. The county was organized in 1745 and named in honor of the Earle of Albemarle, then Governor-General of the colony of Virginia. Charlottesville was made the county seat in 1762 and was named in honor of Queen Charlotte, consort of George III.

On the peak of a nearby hill Thomas Jefferson built his home, Monticello, "Little Mountain," to which he brought his bride in 1781. Planned and executed in every detail by Jeferson and erected under his personal supervision, Monticello is today a model of architecture and marvel to that horde of visitors who daily view Jefferson's grave at Monticello and pay tribute to his versatile genius.

Here at Charlottesville also is the University of Virginia, conceived by Jefferson and erected in accord with his plans in 1816. Jefferson, Monroe and Madison served as members of the Board of Visitors during the University's initial years. The Marquis de LaFayette was twice formally entertained at the University by the distinguished group which composed its faculty and administrative personnel. The Salle Lafayette has been dedicated there to the memory of the distinguished French soldier and statesman. Edgar Allen Poe attended the University, as did Woodrow Wilson and a host of other distinguished graduates in later years. Today the University accomodates 2,450 students during the winter session and 2,300 during the summer term. Here also has been inaugurated the Institute of Public Affairs, famed open forum on subjects of national import to which are drawn mature students of national affairs from every section of the country for ten days each summer.

Native to Albemarle County were the explorers, William Clark, Merriweather Lewis and George Rogers Clark, memories of whom are perpetuated in lasting bronze along Charlottesville's parkways. Famous among modern products of the county is the Albemarle Pippin and kindred apple varieties which are known throughout

the world for their quality and flavor. Fruit production in Albemarle County in 1929 was valued at $1,750,000, while other crops, poultry, livestock and lumber produced bring the total value of agricultural production in the county to over four million dollars.

Within the city are eight major and seventeen minor industries with an annual payroll in excess of one million dollars. Two silk mills and one drapery factory produces crepes, satins, other broad silks and draperies valued at over $5,000,000 annually. The woolen mills supply the leading military schools, the U. S. Army and uniform factories with military cloth. The nationally advertised Rockinchair underwear for men is manufactured exclusively in Charlottesville. Here also is the largest and oldest law book publishing house in the South, which employs over one hundred printers, binders and law specialists. Here are manufactured all of the wooden telephone insulating pins used throughout the Southeast.

Monticello, the home of Jefferson, has been completely restored by the Monticello Foundation and opened to the public. Sixty-three thousand visitors registered there last year. Between Charlottseville and Monticello is the historic Michie Tavern, once the home of Patrick Henry, which now houses the most complete and authentic collection of early American furniture in America. Beyond Monticello is Ashlawn, for twenty-six years the home of James Monroe, which has recently been restored and opened to the public.

Farmington, one of the many famous old colonial estates adjoining Charlottesville, has been converted into a magnificent country club and equipped with facilities of all outdoor sports. Its eighteen-hole golf course is rapidly achieving a national reputation and its steeplechase course is the scene of many hunt and race meetings.

Four hotels, three quaint and homelike inns and a number of private lodging houses provide the visitors with every variety of acommodations. The most modern hotel was built in 1925 and contains 165 rooms. It is the center of numerous conventions which are being held in Charlottesville.

The city is governed under the city manager council plan, which has proven most efficient. Municipal gas and water plants provide adequate and outstanding services. Thirty miles of paved streets and one electric street car line provide transportation facilities. Three modern grammar schools and one high school are thoroughly equipped to serve the secondray educational needs of the white population and one grammar school and a high school are provided for colored children There are fourteen churches representing eight different denominations. Two public parks graced by magnificent bronzes of Lee and Jackson, respectively, ornament the down-town residential section.

The city churches, including the Charlottesville Presbyterian Church, are largely grouped about Lee Park Adjacent to the park or within one block of the statue of Lee are situated the First Methodist, First Baptist, Charlottesville Christian, Christ Episcopal, the Catholic and the Jewish

churches. All these churches have offered their buildings and their equipment for the use of the Assembly, and without their help it would hardly be possible for us to dare to entertain a body with such large and numerous committees.

THE CYNIC

By Henry Ward Beecher

The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never sees noble game.

The Cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—openly bad, and secretly bad. All virtue, and generosity, and disinterestedness are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose.

His criticisms and innuedoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon the flowers. If Mr. A is pronounced a religious man, he will reply: yes, on Sundays. Mr. B has just joined the church: certainly; the elections are coming on. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: it is his trade. Such a man is generous: of other men's money. This man is obliging: to lull suspicion and cheat you. That man is upright: because he is green.

Thus his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a reparation for fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism. The livelong day he will cooly sit with sneering lip, transfixing every character that is presented.

It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow-men, without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our feelings.

A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison, and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief, and whose errand is death.

He who hunts for flowers will find flowers; and he who loves weeds may find weeds.

Let it be remembered that no man, who is not himself morally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. Reject, then, the mortal ambition of the cynic, or cease to call yourself a man.

THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

(Lutheran Young Folks)

The Five Power Naval Conference, so far as its formal sessions are concerned, is a matter of history. It met in London. The delegates from the five nations represented have worked unremittingly. Where they have differed they have done so conscientiously. Each group has had its own point of view, though none has been blind to the point of view of the others. They have worked hard to come to an agreement on matters for which the Conference had been called. An unusual degree of harmony and sympathy has prevailed throughout. Perhaps no national group has gotten all it had hoped for; but that is always the case where so many world-wide interests are involved. We think the entire question is a simple one when viewed from our own angle. But we are no longer supposing that our own interests are the only ones to be considered. The highest welfare of all will in the end mean the highest welfare of each.

It will be the conviction of the vast majority of our people that the Conference has taken a long step toward outlawing war. It has added to an increasing belief among the people of all nations that resort to arms for the settlement of disputes is no longer desirable or respectable. The recent discovery of forces and the combination of forces for the destruction of life and property make it quite improbable that civilization could survive another world war.

There are those in our country who will repudiate the suggestion that the Naval Conference accomplished anything. That was expected from the start. Nothing is good or sound or strong that they do not have a hand in. But something has been accomplished with regard to the limitation and reduction of submarine and naval craft; and subsequent negotiations will bring about agreement on remaining points in question. More than that the Conference has served to effect the crystallization of an overwhelming sentiment in favor of peace. We are moving in the right direction, which is away from war and toward the realization of the brotherhood of the race. If we can not cut down a tree with one blow of the axe we shall add blow to blow until the work is accomplished.

A CREED

We believe in the child, repository of the future of the Nation and the human race. We believe that every child has a God-given heritage of life, health, happiness, and opportunity to fill its chosen place in the world. We believe in the right of every child to an education of head and heart and hand. We believe that man owes no higher duty to God and society than the duty of service to childhood.

—James J. Davis, United States Secretary of Labor.

OLD LIE ABOUT CAPTURE OF DAVIS LIVES

By David Rankin Barbee

A daily newspaper published in Western North Carolina, in an issue three years ago, published on its front page the cut of Henry W. Miller of Greensburg, Ind., and underneath it these lines: "He is the last survivor of the band of 50 scouts who captured Jefferson Davis near Ocilla, Ga., after the fall of the Confederacy. Davis was attired as a woman when the capture was made."

This hoary lie, now more than 60 years of age, persists in the "histories" and in other so-called historical matter prepared at the North by Northern men; and it is proof simple as Holy Writ that a lie can never be overtaken. This cut and the caption under it were prepared in the offices of the Newspaper Enterprise Association at Cleveland, O., and as this is part of the Scripps-Howard Association, which owns many newspapers in the South and supplies many more with its wire services and features, it is astounding that it should be so ignorantly edited; and more astounding that our Southern newspapers are so ignorantly edited that they would let such an infamous charge against such a pure man as Jefferson Davis get in their columns and on the front page at that. Are the Southern people to be insulted over and over again by such malicious lies and no protest made?

It will be recalled by those who read the interesting correspondence between the late Senator Beveridge of Indiana and the Managing Editor of The Citizen, that Beveridge for the first time in his life learned the truth about the capture of Mr. Davis from a book, Horton's History of the Civil War, which I loaned him. He expressed amazement that Horton should, in 1867, (the year his book was published) have denounced this accusation against Mr. Davis as a lie. In the postscript to his letter of April 7, he wrote me:

"I am more interested than in anything else that I have discovered, by the statements (p. 382) in Horton's History, that the story of Mr. Davis' attempted escape in woman's clothes is a falsehood. Here in the North, all of us have been told that story from infancy, and all of us have believed it. Certainly I did until now.

"But it has given me a great deal of trouble because it did not fit the character of Mr. Davis as revealed in everything he ever said and did throughout his whole life. So the fact that it was a falsehood is of first importance.

"But, unfortunately, Horton does not give the source for his statement, but contents himself with saying merely that it was a lie. You realize that is not enough. So can you give me any original source material on this most important matter? I shall be greatly obliged to you if you can furnish that data."

In his last letter to me Senator

Beveridge returned to this lie about Mr. Davis. He wrote me, April 13: "I repeat that the refutation of what Horton says is the "falsehood' about Davis' having escaped in woman's clothes, is of first importance. Since that story has become so imbedded in the Northern mind and in 'history,' you will see that the denial must be first hand and absolutely overwhelming testimony."

Beveridge says, in the postscript quoted above, last paragraph: "Unfortunately, Horton does not give the source of his statement." Which shows what a careless reader so accurate and painstaking a writer as Beveridge was; for Horton plainly states on the very page Beveridge cites, that "the report of the Federal officer making the capture," is the authority on which he bases his denunciation of the lie being circulated by the "Abolitionists" of the North. It seemed strange to me that Beveridge had not consulted the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate armies" to find out what the officer making the arrest had reported to his government at Washington.

At his request I consulted all the available authorities here and wrote to State Archivists at Raleigh, Montgomery, Jackson, Miss., and Nashville for further inforamtion. I gathered a wealth of original "source material," which I copied and sent to Beveridge. Among these was the report of Col. B. D. Pritchard, the Union officer, who with a regiment of Michigan soldiers and not "fifty scouts," effected the capture in a most brutal manner; the personal account of Mr. Davis, which will be found in the biography written by his wife, the account written by Gen. John H. Reagan of Texas, Postmaster General of the Confederacy; that written by Col. William Preston Johnston, son of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson, and after the war President of Tulane University; that written by Burton N. Harrison, Mr. Davis' private secretary; and that written by James H. Jones, colored, of Raleigh, Mr. Davis' valet; all of whom were present at the capture. These several accounts do not vary one iota. From all of these accounts it doth appear that Mr. Davis bore himself like the brave, chivalrous, honorable gentleman he always was.

Reward of $100,000

A reward of $100,000 for the capture of Jefferson Davis, dead or alive, had been offered by the Washington administration, charging him with inciting the murder of Lincoln, and two commands of Federal cavalry were hot on his scent. Mr. Davis had left Charlotte, after a conference with Gov. Zeb Vance, and was making his way to Mexico where he expected to carry on until he could extort better terms of surrender from Washington than at the moment seemed possible. He was accompanied by a few faithful friends and not by a cavalry troop of 5,000 men as was untruthfully stated by the Northern press. These men were with him to the end, and they all bore testimony to his courage and honor and chivalry in the most trying moments of his life.

Learning that his wife and chil-

dren and their servants, whom he had sent forward from Richmnod under small guard, were in danger from marauding bands of Union and Confederate soldiers, Mr. Davis deviated from his well defined plan of going to Mexico and set out after them. Finding them he traveled a day or two with them. On the night of the capture, camp was made and all were asleep with only a sentry or two on duty to guard them. Early in the morning, an hour or two before daybreak, the rain falling steadily, the camp was aroused by gunfire in their immdeiate vicinity. Mr. Davis had to be wakened, he slept so soundly. He was in his own clothes, and being hurriedly aroused, he snatched up a rain coat which he thought was his own. This he threw around his shoulders. It proved to be Mrs. Davis', which he had mistaken in the darkness for his own.

The firing was caused by a pitched battle between the two commands of Union soldiers, who each thought the other was the escort of Mr. Davis. This incident was the occasion of a courtmartial and much bitterness in the Northern Army, two men being killed and an officer wounded. These facts are taken from the official report of Col. Pritchard and the courtmartial.

Here is the inventory of men women, children, etc., captured by the Union regiment of calvary under Col. Pritchard: "Jeff. Davis and family (a wife and four children); John H. Reagan, his postmaster general Colonels Harrison (Johnston) and Lubbook, aides-de-camp to Davis; Burton N. Harrison, his private secretary; Major Maurin, Captain Moody, Leintenant Hathaway, Jeff. D. Howell, midshipman in the rebel navy and 12 private soldiers; Miss Maggie Howell, sister of Mrs. Davis; 2 waiting maids, 1 white and 1 colored; and several servants. We also captured 5 wagons, 3 ambulances, about 15 horses, and from 25 to 30 mules." pp. 536-7.

Quoting further from Col. Pritchard's report, (p.537): "Upon returning to camp, (the Davis camp) I was accosted by Davis from among the prisoners, who asked if I was the officer in command; and upon my answering him that I was and asking whom I was to call him, he replied that I might call him what or whom I pleased; when I replied to him that I would call him Davis, and after a moment's hesitation he said that was his name; when he suddenly drew himself up in true royal dignity and exclaimed: 'I suppose that you consider it bravery to charge a train of defenseless women and children, but it is theft—it is vandalism."

Finding The Disguise

There is not one word in this report about Mr. Davis trying to escape in woman's clothes. That lie was an aftermath. The capture was made at Irwinville, Ga., on May 10th, 1865. Thirteen days later, after Mr. Davis had been incarcerated in Fortress Monroe and subjected to all the foul indignities placed upon basest felons, irons being forged on his ankles, the War Department ordered Col. Pritchard to search Mrs. Davis' personal effects for the alleged disguise. That lie that branded Mr. Davis as a cowardly poltroon had

been set in motion and had to be substantiated with the "proof". On page 537 of the Official Records from which Col Pritchard's report has been extracted will be found this further report from Col. Pritchard:

"On the afternoon on the 23rd (May, 1865) I received orders from the War Department, through Gen-Miles, directing me to procure the disguise worn by Davis at the time of his capture, and proceed to Washington and report to the Secretary of War. Accordingly I went to the steamer Clyde and received from Mr. Davis a lady's waterproof cloak or robe and which, Mrs. Davis said was worn by Davis as a disguise at the time of his capture and which was idenified by the men who saw it on him at the time. On the morning following the balance of the disguise was procured, which consisted of a shawl which was Identified and admitted to be the one by Mrs. Davis. These articles I brought to Washington and turned them over to the Secretary of War."

Mrs. Davis indignantly denied the statement attributed to her by Colonel Pritchard that Mr. Davis was using the raglan and shawl "as a disguise".

Mr. Davis' Account

Mr. Davis wrote a very graphic account of his capture, and it will not be out of place to quote it in full, as found on p. 635-640 of the Life of Jefferson Davis by his wife:

"When I left Washington, Ga., my object was to go to the South far enough to pass points occupied by Federal troops, and then turn to the West, cross the Chattahoochie, and meet the forces still supposed to be in the field in Alabama. If there should be no prospect of a successful resistance east of the Mississippi, I intended to cross to the trans-Mississippi Department, where I believed Generals E. K. Smith and Magruder would continue to uphold our cause.

"After leaving Washington I overtook a commissary and quartermaster's train, having public paper of value in charge, and finding that they had no experienced woodmen with it, I gave them four of the men of my party, and went with the rest. On the second or third day after leaving Washington I heard that a band of marauders, supposed to be stragglers and deserters, from both armies, were in pursuit of my family, whom I had not seen since they left Richmond, but who, I heard in Washington, had gone with my private secretary and seven paroled men, who generously offered their services as an escort, to the Florida coast. I immediately changed direction and rode rapidly east across the country to overtake them.

"About nightfall the horses of my escort gave out, but I pressed on with Secretary Reagan and my personal staff. It was a bright moonlight night; and just before day, as the moon was sinking below the tree tops, I met a party of men in the road, who answered my questions by saying they belonged to an Alabama regiment; that they were coming from a village not far off, on their way homeward. Upon inquiry being made they told me they had passed an encampment of wagons, with women

and children, and asked me if we belonged to that party. Upon being answered in the affirmative, they took their leave.

Reaches His Family

"After a short time, I was hailed by a voice which I recognized as that of my private secretary, Burton N. Harrison, who informed me that the marauders had been hanging around the camp, and that he and others were on post around it, and were expecting an assault as soon as the moon went down. A silly story had got abroad that it was a treasure train, and that the auri sacra fames had probably instigated these marauders, as it subsequently stimulated General J. H. Wilson to send out large cavalry force to capture the same train. I travelled with my family two or three days, when, believing that they were out of the region of marauders, I determined to leave their encampment at nightfall to execute my original purpose. My horse and those of my party were saddled preparatory to a start, when one of my staff, who had ridden into the neighboring village, returned and told me that he had heard that a marauding party intended to attack the camp that night. This decided me to wait long enough to see whether there was any truth in the rumor, which I supposed would be ascertained in a few hours. My horse remained saddled and my pistols in the holsters, and I lay down fully dressed to rest. Nothing occurred to arouse me until just before dawn, when my coachman, a free colored man who clung to our fortunes, came and told me there was firing over the north branch, just behind our encampment. I stepped out of my wife's tent and saw some horsemen, whom I immediately recognized as cavalry, deploying around the encampment. I turned back and told my wife these were not the expected marauders, but regular troopers. She implored me to leave her at once. I hesitated, from unwillingness to do so, and lost a few precious moments before yielding to her importunity.

Cut Off From Escape

"My horse and arms were near the road on which I expected to leave, and down which the cavalry approached; it was therefore impracticable for me to reach them. As it was quite dark in the tent, I picked up what was supposed to be my 'raglan,' a waterproof, light overcoat, without sleeves; it was subsequently found to be my wife's so very like my own as to be mistaken for it; as I started, my wife thoughtfully threw over my head and shoulders a shawl. I had gone perhaps fifteen or twenty yards when a trooper galloped up and ordered me to halt and surrender, to which I gave a defiant answer, and, dropping the shawl and raglan from my shoulders, advanced toward him; he leveled his carbine at me, but I expected, if he fired, he would miss me, and my intention was in that event to put my hand under his foot, tumble him off on the other side, spring into his saddle, and attempt to escape. My wife, who had been watching, when she saw the soldier aim his carbine at me, ran forward and threw her arms around me. Success depended upon instantaneous action, and recognizing that the op-

portunity had been lost, I turned back, and, the morning being damp and chilly, passed to a fire beyond the tent.

"Our pursuers had taken different roads, and approached our camp from opposite directions; they encountered each other and commenced firing, both supposing that they met our armed escort, and some casualties resulted from their conflict with an imaginary body of Confederate troops. During the confusion, while attention was concentrated upon myself, except by those who were engaged in pillage, one of my aides, Colonel J. Taylor Wood, with Lieutenant Barnwell, walked off unobserved. His daring on the sea made him an object of special hospitality to the Federal government and he properly availed himself to the possible means of escape. Colonel Pritchard went over to their battlefield, and I did not see him for a long time, surely more than an hour after my capture. He subsequently claimed credit, in a conversation with me, for the forbearance shown by his men in not shooting me when I refused to surrender.

"Many falsehoods have been uttered in regard to my capture which have been exposed in publication by persons present—by secretary Reagan, by the members of my personal staff, and by the colored coachman, Jim Jones, which must have been convincing to all who desired to know the truth. We were, when prisoners subject to petty pillage, as described in the publications referred to, and in others; and to annoyances such as military gentlemen (Mr. Davis underscores this word) never commit or permit."

Mrs. Davis continues the narrative from this point and tells of her personal baggage being robbed by a federal soldier, who shot his hand off while engaged in that work; and out of that trunk was dragged a brand new hoopskirt never worn, "but which they purported to have removed from Mr. Davis' person." This was the basis for the ancient lie that Jefferson Davis was captured in his wife's clothes.

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

—Thomas Moore.

CLOVER

By Lena C. Ahlers

There is music at your feet
On the clover, honey sweet.
—Walter Thornbury.

There are over three hundred varieties of clover known, some of them being among the most useful of plants grown while others are mere weeds, been even obnoxious. The red clover is the State emblem of Vermont, and New England poets, as well as many others, have paid numerous tributes to this plant. It is the national flower emblem of Ireland, though there is considerable controversy whether it is white clover or wood-sorrel which is the original shamrock of the Emerald Isle, but many think it is clover. The story goes that early in the days when St. Patrick was preaching he found it difficult to explain one of his doctrines about three in one, but stooping, he picked a clover leaf and holding it up explained his subject so clearly everyone understood.

The fairy folk appropriated the clover as their own special plant and though there is no legend about the birth of the plant, the ancients always reverenced it. The Greeks used it for garlands and decorations for festivals. It was introduced into Greece from Media. In ancient times the superstitious believed that clover had a charm against snakes and witches. On going into battle the soldiers would tie sprigs on their arms or on the handles of their blades. It is the hallelujah of Spain and Italy, because the clover blossoms when the great Hallelujah is sung at Easter. The Welsh call it fairy bells and the Scotts hearts and gowk's meat and in the British Isles it is often spoken of as cuckoo sorrel, because it apears when the cuckoo begins to sing.

The leaves of nearly all the clovers undergo a change with the approach of night, going to sleep like good children by folding the side leaves down together and the center one bends over them like a guardian. Because the leaves so often contract at the approach of a storm in many places the plant is known as husbandman's barometer. For ages clover has been thought of as a mystic plant and all sorts of bad and good luck are supposed to attend the finding of clover with a variation of leaves, of later years the number being four usually. Most peasants in Europe think that to dream of clover foretells for them a long and prosperous life. Bees and butterflies are unusually fond of clover.

Perhaps the best known of the clovers is the common red, purple, meadow or honeysuckle clover, a native of America and most parts of Europe and now cultivated in many other countries. It grows in fields, meadows and along roadsides throughout the country and Canada, growing from six inches to two feet tall. It is branching and covered with hairs and is either erect or prostrate, the leaves being borne on long petioles and are usually make up of three parts, but sometimes four or even eleven, oblong leaflets marked with a white crescent and often dark-spotted near the center. The pretty mag-

enta, pink or rarely whitish, sweet-scented flowers appear from April to November and are visited by thousands of bees and butterflies.

There are few country people who are not acquainted with white sweet clover, bokhara or tree clover, white melilot, honey locust or cabal clover as it is called in some places. Its good qualities are many and it is very commonly found growing around towns, or in waste places, or along the roadside. It grows from three to ten feet tall, having branching stems that are mostly smooth, and compounded leaves made up of three saw-edged, oblong leaflets. It is a very fragrant plant, especially when dry, and often cattle refuse to eat its hay until they become used to it.The small white fragrant flowers are borne in long, one-sided, slender racemes from June to November. Every country boy in the United States, Europe and Asia, except in the far north, doubtless knows this clover, though it is a native of Central Asia and came to us from Mediterranean Europe.

The white or Dutch clover is a plant with creeping branches that is found in cultivated ground in this country, Europe and Asia. Its foliage is a favorite food for caterpillars, but grazing cattle like it equally well. The white or pinkish flowers are borne on erect stems from May to December. Alsike or Sweedish clover is nearly like the white clover but has straighter, stouter and more juicy stems. It prefers to grow in cold, moist, stiff soil, and is the only clover that can be grown under irrigation. The crimson or Italian clover is used as a cover crop frequently for orchards, and florists grow it for its dainty, numerous flowers. Bush clover grows in dry, sterile soil in pastures, meadows and woods from New England to Minnesota and south to Florida. It grows from one to two feet tall and has voilet-purple flowers.

Alfilaria or filaree is known as pin clover, pin grass, pin weed and stork's or heron's bill. Its tufted reddish stems grow from six inches to a foot in height and it thrives best in dry soil in fields and waste places. Children living from Nova Scotia to Oregon and southward, and along the Pacific coast, find it in abundance and are attracted by its umbellate clusters of pink or light purple flowers, borne from April till September.

The dense silky white, or pinkish, flowers of the rabbit-foot clover are always attractive. The plants usually grow and thrive in sandy soil, where scarcely anything else will grow, and reach a height of from six inches to a foot and being branching and excessively hairy, cover up unsightly places. It likes to grow in meadows pastures, grain fields in waste places and along the roadsides, and is found throughout eastern United States. In some places it is called stone clover, in others old-field pussy or hare-foot clover.

Clammyweed, known as clammy or stinking clover, is really a unpleasant weed found growing in sandy and gravelly soils. Pink cleome is also known as stinking clover and Rocky Mountain bee plant. It has an erect smooth stem two to three feet high with terminal racemes of showy rose-

colored, sometimes nearly white, flowers.

Cat's clover is an emmigrant from Europe, but its long deep roots have made it become firmly established in waste places in New Brunswick and in seaport towns in the Eastern and Middle States. The plant throws up slender, hairy stems, some erect and some prostrate, from the root, growing from four inches to two feet tall. From June to November its bright yellow flowers with blotches of red delight the children, who in some places know it as bird's foot trefoil or bloom-fell, sheep-foot, crow-toes or ground honeysuckle.

Bur clover, toothed or winter medick, can best be distinguished by its bright yellow flowers appearing from May to July. It grows from six inches to two feet tall and is quite branching, having finely-toothed, wedge-shaped rounded leaflets. In some places it is rather troublesome in cultivated crops and grain fields, in other places it grows in meadows and waste lands. Boys living in Nova Scotia southward to Florida and along the Pacific coast are acquainted with this clover.

Black medick, or black-seed hop clover, yellow trefoil, hop medick or none-such is another yellow-flowering clover, bearing its blossoms in small oblong dense spikes from March till December. It is known in temperature regions throughout the world where it delights in growing in fields, meadows and waste places.

The yellow or hop clover, also known as yellow melilot, hart's or king's clover and balsam flower, is a familiar biennial plant along the roadsides, in meadows and in waste places and around towns throughout North America, except in the far North. Its smooth, slender, branching stems grow from two to five feet tall and almost every country boy can tell you that its growing twigs are covered with fine hairs. Its light green leaves are born on short petioles. The fragrant, bright-yellow flowers are borne in small, oblong, densely- crowded, one sided racemes. Bees are especially fond of this clover.

A peasant with a troubled conscience went to a monk for advice. He said he had circulated a vile story about a friend, only to learn afterwards that the story was not true. "If you want to make peace with your conscience," said the monk, "you must fill a bag with chicken down, go to every dooryard in the village and drop in each one of them one fluffy feather." The peasant did as he was told. Then he came back to the monk and announced he had done penance for his folly. "Not yet," replied the monk. "Take your bag, go the rounds again, and gather up every feather you have dropped." "But the wind must have blown them all away," said the peasant. "Yes, my son," said the monk, "and so it is with gossip. Words are easily dropped, but no matter how hard you may try, you can never get them back again."

—Albany Knickerbocker Press.

WE ALL HAVE TROUBLES

(Exchange),

If you sometimes get blue and feel that your lot is worse than other people's, just read the following experience of a fellow being and know that others, too, have their troubles:

"I wish to inform you that the present shattered condition of my bank account makes it impossible for me to send you a check in response to your request," writes an unnamed business man who is quoted by the Brownsville, Oregon, Times.

"My present financial condition is due to the effect of federal laws, state laws, county laws, corporation laws, by-laws, brothers-in-laws, mother-in-law, and out-laws, that have been foisted upon an unsuspecting public. Through these various laws, I have been held down, held up, walked on, sat on, flatened and squeezed until I do not know where I am, what I am, or why I am.

"These laws compel me to pay a merchant's tax, capital stock tax, excess tax, income tax, real estate tax, property tax, auto tax, gas tax, water tax, light tax, cigar tax, street tax, school tax, syntax, and carpet tax.

"In addition to these taxes I am requested and required to contribute to every society and organization that the inventive mind of man can organize. To the society of St. John the Baptist, the Woman's Relief, Navy League, the Children's Home, the Policeman's Benefit, the Dorcas Society, the Y. M. C. A., the Boy Scouts, the Jewish Relief, the Near East, the Gold Diggers' Home, also every hospital and charitable institution in town. The Red Cross, the Black Cross, the White Cross, the Purple Cross, the Double Cross.

"The government has so governed my business that I do not know who owns it. I am suspected, expected, inspected, disrespected, examined, reexamined, informed, required, commanded and compelled until all I know is that I am supposed to provide an inexhaustable supply of money for every known need, desire, or hope of the human race and because I refuse to donate to all and go out and beg, borrow and steal money to give away, I am cussed and discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, held down and robbed until I am nearly ruined, so the only reason I am clinging to life is to see what is coming next."

It is not what men eat but what they digest that makes them strong; not what we gain, but what we save that makes rich; not what we read, but what we remember that makes us learned; and not what we preach, but what we practice that makes us Christians. These are great but common truths, often forgotten by the glutton, the spendthrift, the bookworm and the hypocrite.—Bacon.

DISCOVERED—A TALENT

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

"Such gorgeous roses and did you ever see such long-stemmed sweet peas —I am simply overcome with their fragrance."

"But what on earth are we to do with them?" Ray MacTaggart broke in upon Annette Drew's exclamations of rapture as together they opened the huge boxes that the florist's delivery man had deposited on the church platform.

"They should be put in water immediately," added Ray. "But we are due in ten minutes at the Cranford's for rehearsal and we should be leaving the church now—"

"You are talking, Ray, and the fleet of motors awaits the crowd desiring transportation," Grover Holly shouted from the doorway of the church.

There was a scramble on the part of the young folk gathered around the organ and as they started toward the door, Annette sighed miserably, "We can't let these lovely blossoms die for want of water and they should be properly arranged tonight, for no one will feel in the humor to come here early Sunday morning. But we are all anxious to be present at the rehearsal and try our our talents. Rose wants to enter her contralto in the contest and I don't want to miss a chance of perhaps being invited to use my humble soprano."

Ray's glance with swift scrutiny passed over the group of young folk, members of the Loyalty Class, who had been invited by Homer Cranford, the distinguished organist and choir director supplying the church, who was organizing a musicale to be given in the church in the autumn, to meet at his home for the trial rehearsal. Curiously enough the majority of the young men and women were in possession of some musical gift—either vocal or instrumental—that they desired to have tried out this evening. Two of the members had brought their violins and Chester Cox his saxaphone.

Annette's eyes were fixed on a girl, who stood on the outskirts of the little group, a little apart as if she were a stranger. There was an old fashioned note in her dress and coat that accentuated their shabbiness. Although Marcia Day had been attending the Loyalty Class for several weeks, she was very much of a stranger and the members had found difficulty in making her intimate acquaintance. Annette regarded Marcia Day as a girl without a talent. She had never heard her raise her voice in song and she did not appear to be intensely interested in music. Marcia looked up and as her eyes fell upon the mass of flowers, they sparkled with curious lights. She moved forward, eagerness in her manner.

"Did I hear you say you wanted some one to arrange those lovely things tonight?" she questioned. "Suppose I stay behind and put them in water while the rest of you go on to rehearsal. I have no talent to try out. Just tell me where I'll find some jars and vases—."

"Why, that would be awfully good

of you,'' broke in Annette. ''Each organization of the church takes its turn providing flowers for the Sunday services and it was the turn of the Loyalty class this week. One of our members approached Mr. Holliday of Holliday & Speers, florists, and this is the answer to a request for a few flowers for decorations''.

''They are marvelous and so fragrant," enthused Marcia. "Now run along to rehearsal. I see the sexton is in the lobby and he will help me find the jars.''

With a muttered ''thank you—it is a shame to load you up like this,'' Annette hurried down the aisle of the church to the door, joining the members of the class bundling into the motor cars waiting to carry them to the home of the choir director. Three quarters of an hour later as Marcia Day slipped into a pew to survey her handiwork, the door of the church opened and a masculine voice called out:

"Hello, still here—I was afraid you might be gone. Say, but you've made a great job of fixing those posies!'' and Ray MacTaggart halted midway up the aisle to express his appreciation of the decorated platform and pulpit.

Marcia's pulses throbbed with joy at this expression of appreciation. The note of simplicity yet artistry displayed in the arrangement of the flowers had made their appeal.

''I hope the congregation likes them— really it was a wonderful donation—I can't quite understand Holliday & Speers lavishing such a generous gift of flowers on the church —those roses and sweet peas must cost a pretty penny. Are either members of the firm especially interested in the church or the Loyaty Class?''

''Never saw either Mr. Holliday or Mr. Speers inside the church,'' admitted Ray MacTaggart. ''One of the fellows slipped in the store yesterday and asked if there were any left-overs or seconds among the flowers this evening if we could have them for the church decoration.''

''I've had a wonderful time this evening, trying to arrange them to show to their best advantage—the music will have to strike a high pitch tomorrow during the services to reach the sublime note struck by the flowers,'' suggested Marcia.

''That reminds me that I came back to the church to rescue you, Miss Day,'' spoke up Ray MacTaggart. ''They are going to serve refreshments in a little while and it was so jolly good of you to stay behind to fix the flowers that it seemed a shame for you to miss all the party. Hustle into your coat and hat—my car is at the door and we'll be over at Mr. Cranford's in time for the eats.''

"Thanks, I'm really hungry after my work,'' laughed Marcia, surveying again the mass of fragrant flowers.

''Funny, I never thought before that Marcia Day was the least bit interesting,'' decided Ray MacFaggart, as he opened the door of the motor car. ''But standing there before those flowers with the shining light in her black eyes I clean forgot her dress was old fashioned and she was as interesting as Annette when she is singing a soprano solo part in an anthem."

But, unfortunately for Marcia, the momentary vivacity was lost as she found a shadowed nook in the drawing room of the Cranford home. She was again as a stranger among them and took little part in the conversation.

"Wait till you see the flowers tomorrow morning, folks", Ray MacTaggart suggested as he helped himself to a big slice of layer cake, liberally iced with chocolate. "You're going to get a surprise, believe me. Miss Day has converted the church into a fairyland."

"It sounds interesting," admitted Annette. "I never can arrange flowers artistically. Thanks so much for taking the job off our hands."

Marcia Day felt the warm color flood her cheeks Sunday morning as the glances of an appreciative congregation lingered on the mass of flowers. "Everybody seems to be liking the way you fixed the flowers, my dear," whispered Aunt Hetty, with whom Marcia made her home since she had come to the town.

At the close of the service Marcia found herself surrounded by a group of members belonging to the Loyalty Class, all voicing their appreciation of her arrangement of the flowers.

"You are a wizard. Marcia, to create anything as beautiful as that decoration," declared Annette.

"By the way, did you see who was in the congregation this morning?" questioned Chester Cox. "David Holliday, of Holliday & Speers, the florists who sent us the generous donation, was sitting in the back of the church. Never saw him there before —wonder what brought him out this morning."

"Just a moment, please, here's someone who wants to meet the interior decorator," Ray MacTaggart broke in, a strange man following him up the aisle. "Mr. Holliday wants to meet the girl who arranged these flowers on the pulpit and the platform. Miss Day, meet Mr. Holliday."

"I just want to congratulate Miss Day on her very artsitic arrangement of the flowers," said Mr. Holliday with sincerity. "You have done the thing with a cleverness that shows a decided gift. I suppose you have had some experience in working with flowers."

Marcia Day flushed with embarrassment. "We had lovely flowers in our gardens and in the little conservatory at home," explained Marcia. "I loved picking great bunches and decorating the village church and arranging bouquets to be sent to the hospitals. I would rather work with flowers than to do fancy work or any other task I know of."

"Looks as though you had a real talent for this sort of thing, Miss Day," broke in Grover Holly.

Annette echoed the thought expressed by Grover and the light of impulse flashed into her brown eyes. Drawing several members aside as they walked away from the church, she carried on a whispered consultation. That afternoon a challenge was laid before the class.

"You all know the result of this morning's decoration of the church," began Ray MacTaggart, the president. "And you all know how the task of decorating the church or providing

flowers each Sunday is tossed from class to class and organization to organization with the result that the situation is far from happy. Some Sundays there is a scaggy bunch of half wilted posies on the pulpit, while another Snuday there may be a basket of beautiful greenhouse blossoms decorating the platform. For sometime we have been seeking some worthwhile service to render the church. Some of our members have suggested that the Loyalty Class might undertake the task of providing flowers for the church every Sunday the whole year around. That would mean that every three months a new committee would be appointed to procure an abundance of flowers. What do you think of the idea?"

"Splendid!" spoke up Annette Drew. "I approve of the scheme on one condition that Marcia Day be appointed convenor and have absolute charge of arranging of the flowers. We cannot let a talent like hers be wasted."

The motion carried and Grover Holly and Annette Drew were appointed a committee to interview Holliday & Speers to ascertain how large a donation they might expect weekly.

"I cannot promise you the lavish donation you received last Sunday," and Mr. Holliday chuckled mysteriously. "But if you promise that Miss Day will arrange them you shall have at least a box of flowers every Saturday evening."

"I am still puzzled to know why Holliday & Speers would send us so generous and elaborate a donation of such expensive flowers last weekend," mused Annette.

Throughout the weeks that followed the church blossomed with the glory of a June garden as Marcia Day skillfully arranged the blossoms collected by members of the Loyalty Class from various conservatories. She lost much of her strangeness and became an interesting member of the class. Her knowledge of flowers, particularly wild flowers and their conservation, had been responsible for a request that she give an informal talk at the weekly meeting of the class. But Marcia Day, her cheeks crimson with confusion, hesitated, and promised her answer later.

Then one afternoon Ray MacTaggart, happening to visit the florists' store of Holliday & Peers, caught a glimpse of Marcia Day seated in the private office in consultation with David Holliday. Catching sight of Ray, Mr. Holliday beckoned him inside the office, to make the following explanation:

"I want you to meet the new member of my staff. Miss Day has consented to undertake a department we are organizing—that of providing and arranging flowers for banquets, church and fraternal organizations, weddings and luncheons. You know she has a rare talent and it will be of value in our business. Her duties will not encroach entirely upon her time and she will still be a companion for the aunt she cannot leave alone."

"But I shall be earning a regular income which I certainly am in need of," spoke up Marcia. "Aunt Hetty's income provides a narrow margin for our wants and there is nothing for left over. The dear soul could not be left alone and so it seemd to be my

duty to offer to share her home. I am glad to find an opportunity to earn a small salary on the side."

The following Sunday Marcia Day accepted the invitation to give a little talk on wild flower conservation and the development of wild flowers in the home garden before the class members. "Make the date two weeks' hence," she pleaded. "The dressmaker says my new frock will be finished then."

"I am glad Marcia is having some new clothes, but oh, I wish she had consulted us before she decided on their design," whispered Annette.

The evening that Marcia Day stood before the class and talked of the flowers she loved so intensely luminous lights glowed in her eyes. Annette gave vent to a little cry of ecstasy as she followed the lines of the frock of Spanish wine georgette with the silver flower on the shoulder.

"I might have known that anyone who could work miracles in arranging flowers would be able to design her own frocks if she were given the wherewithal, muttered Annette.

"She makes me think of the poppies blowing in the garden in July," commented Grover Holly.

There was a little stir in the rear of the classroom and to the amazement of the Loyalty members Mr. Holliday settled himself in a rear seat. At the close of the meeting when the class made him welcome, he apologized for inviting himself to the lecture.

"We florists like to learn all we can about flowers," he admitted laughingly. "So when I heard that Miss Day was going to talk to you about the conservation and transplanting of wild flowers, I decided to drop in. Besides I want personally to thank the Loyalty Class for finding such a treasure as Miss Day whom we are glad to employ in our firm. I suppose I am right when I remark that I can best say it with flowers every week-end to decorate the church. By the way, I don't suppose you ever guessed how it chanced that you received so lavish a donation of our fanciest roses and sweet peas that first Sunday, did you?"

A shake of Ray MacTaggart's head assured Mr. Holliday of the ignorance of the class. "Well, there was some mix-up in delivering the order and the messenger boy left an assignment intended for Carroll's Banquetting Parlors, Glen Castle, at the church, and the paltry box of leftover blossoms, intended for the church, with them. I was notified of the blunder next morning and was suspicious of the mistake made. Dropped into the church to find out and discovered the fascinating arrangement of the flowers on the platform and pulpit. But I discovered something else that Sunday morning—and that was beauty and blessing in the sermon and the music—it was so long siince I had attended church, for business had occupied me entirely. I have determined that every Sunday, God willing, will find me in church, so you see I have a very special interest in the flowers that will decorate the pulpit and a very special interest in the Loyalty Class."

"Thank God for Marcia's discovered talent," murmured Ray MacTaggart.

HONOR ROLL FOR MAY

Room No. 1

—A—

Fern Dunlap, Clyde Small, Howard Atkins and Russell Capps.

—B—

Lynwood Dorman, Malcolm Moore, Thomas McKee, Charles Rogers, Vance Springer, Milton Mashburn and Talmadge Wade.

Room No. 2.

—A—

Graham Bost, Hubert Josey, Myron Tomasian, Richard Bailey, Robert Glasgow, Howard Keenan and Joseph Myrick.

—B—

Bennie Moore, Emory Shields, Emmett Levy and Joseph Wilson.

Room No. 3.

—A—

Otis Floyd, Jeston Britt, Joe Baughcum, James Wedlin and Melvin Cathron.

—B—

Guy Priest, Willie Thomas, Robert Capel and Robert Truelove.

Room No. 4.

—A—

Carl Story, Jim Kellam, Hiram Boughman and Harvey Causey.

—B—

Horace Gardner, Ruby Marshburn, William Wade, Francis Trexler and Cecil Farr.

Room No. 5

—A—

James Battle, Newsome Caloway Ernest Farr, Belmont Flynn, Lennis Hicks, Clyde Kivett, Lester Wall, and Johnnie Wilkens.

—B—

James Bundy, James Rivenbark, and Percy Wiggins.

Room No. 6

—A—

Frank Overby and Henry Chester.

—B—

Russell Ferris, Boyce Green, Gerald Nixon, James Chappell, Woodrow Maner, John Flannery and Herman Barrett.

Room No. 7

—A—

Ed Bruce, Anderson Trull, Irlee Hinson, Lawrence Dorsett, Russell Dorsett, Jim Allison, Will Allison, Morrison Smith, J. P. Williamson, Lloyd Pleasant, G. W. Goodman and Tom McCausley.

"Mother," said Lucy, who had found an unfamiliar word in her reading, "what does hypnotize mean?" "It means," answered her mother, "to get some one so much under your control that he is not able to do anything except what you want him to do." Then the observant little seven-year-old Lucy after a pause said, "Mother, you have daddy hypnotized, don't you?"—N. C. Christian Advocate.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. W. W. Johnson, principal of our school, has returned from a week's vacation.

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKimmon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon.

Our canning machine has been sent to the factory in Roanoke, Va., for repairs, and will soon be in readiness for the canning season.

Mr. W. M. Crook, one of our teachers, is enjoying a vacation. During his absence the boys of his grade will spend most of their time working on the farm and in the gardens.

Miss Aupha Wrenn, matron in charge of Rockingham Cottage, is enjoying a vacation. During her absence Mrs. D. M. Teague is acting as matron.

Twelve new boys have been received since June 1st and have been placed in the Receiving Cottage. The old boys in this cottage were assigned to the various cottages.

Dr. and Mrs. Elliott, of Charlotte, visited the institution last Sunday afternoon. Dr. Elliott is a skin specialist and has been treating a couple of our boys for some time.

Dr. D. G. Caldwell, Cabarrus County Health Officer, and his assistants visited the school last Tuesday when they administered the third and last dose of typhoid vaccine to more than 220 boys.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Black, of Shelby, former members of our staff, visited friends at the Training School last Saturday and Sunday. Mr. Black is now employed at the post-office at Shelby.

String beans and squash were gathered from our gardens for the first time this season, last Tuesday and issued to the various cottages. These vegetables were gathered a little earlier than last season.

The Roberta Mill team furnished the opposition for the local ball tossers last Saturday afternoon, and were defeated by the score of 12 to to 10. Weaver, young southpaw pitcher starting for the Training School, was blasted from the mound in the second inning, after the Roberta boys had made six hits, one of them a homer, and scored six runs. Lisk then assumed the pitching burden and with the exception of one bad inning, when the visitors added four more runs,

twirled a nice game. The Training School lads bombarded Lefler, the Roberta pitcher, for twenty hits, including a home run and a double. Whitaker, our young catcher, led the attack with four hits. Poole and Levy getting three each. Easley poled out a home run in the fourth frame with two men on bases. Charles Boger played right field for the locals. While he failed to get any fielding chances, he connected for one safe hit in two trips to the plate.

Mrs. Ada Gorman, Mrs. Peggy Lowe, Mrs. Leslie Correll and Miss Margaret Hartsell, all of Concord, came out to the school last Friday night, and entertained the boys with a very interesting program. Mrs. Gorman, who has entertained us on several previous occasions, and has traveled extensively in this and foreign countries, described in a very interesting manner, a trip to California and other Pacific coast states. Mrs. Lowe, a talented young singer, rendered several selections in a most pleasing manner; she was accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Correll and Miss Hartsell. This program was thoroughly enjoyed by all present and we hope these good friends will visit us again at an early date.

TWO SEEDS

"I hid a selfish little thought,
  To think and think about,
I did not know it would be caught,
  Or even be found out,
But it was like a little seed,
  The wind had blown about;
It grew into a little weed,
  And blossomed in a pout.

"I hid another little thought,
  'Twas pleasant, sweet and kind,
So, if this time it should be caught,
  I knew I shouldn't mind.
I thought about it, hour by hour,
  'Twas growing all the while,
It blossomed in a lovely flower,
  A happy little smile!"

—Selected.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 14, 1930. No. 21

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

LAUGHTER

Laughter! 'Tis the poor man's plaster,
Covering up each sad disaster.
Laughin', he forgets his troubles,
Which, though real, seem but bubbles.
Laughter! 'Tis a seal of Nature
Stamped upon the human creature.
Laughter! whether loud or mute,
Tells the human from brute.
Laughter! 'Tis Hope's living voice
Bidding us to make our choice,
And to cull from thorny bowers,
Leaving thorns and taking flowers.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL
TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A GARDEN OF GROWTH

Home is not merely a place to indulge appetites, rear children, and to establish economic security. It is a community of enterprise, understanding, fellowship, and happiness—a garden of growth. It cannot be these things in the highest sense without periods of common life, of talking together, reading together, meditating together. Upon the perfection of this little community the well-being of the larger communities depend. We need always to remember that the purpose of education is life, that the purpose of industry is life, that the purpose of religion is life, that the purpose of government is life, and that in the home, life reaches its finest growth. Let us teach the children, let us ourselves learn to use the extra hours of tomorrow for the improvement of the basic institution of civilization.

—*Journal of National Education Association.*

NOTHING MORE IMPORTANT

There is nothing that shows the great heart of a people in any community more than a united interest in the welfare of its people. We may have wealth wherewith we can build magnificent homes, churches modern and beautiful, schools equipped up-to-date, parks as places of retreat for those of leisure, roads and drives that divert the minds of the business class from

the duties of a large business, but without health not any of these things can be enjoyed. So it is the duty of all to combine efforts to have a people with strong and healthy bodies. It should not only appeal as a duty, but should on the other hand be a pleasure to contribute to all causes that aid in making the future generations physically strong enough to combat with the battles of life. This, we think was done, in Cabarrus county after realizing that the various organizations and schools stood behind Dr. D. G. Caldwell, health officer of the county, in raising nine hundred dollars to extend the dental clinic for the benefit of all the children of the County. This was a fine cooperative piece of work. When we do something for the health of a child the value can not be measured by dollars.

The News Letter issued weekly by the State Board of Health in the following manner recognizes the splendid work done through the Cabarrus County Health Office with the aid of various organizations and schools of the county:

"It is a matter of interest to other organizations and people in other counties to know how this money was raised. The local chapter of the King's Daughters, so Dr. Caldwell informs the State Board of Health, started the movement by donating the sum of $100. In quick succession the County Board of Education appropriated $200; the Concord Woman's Club, $100; the City of Concord $150; the Harrisburg school, $100; the Winecoff school, $50; and the Kannapolis Y. M. C. A. completed the fund with an appropriation of $200.

Doctor Caldwell and his department and the people of Cabarrus County are to be sincerely congratulated for their enterprise in arranging for this additional work by a competent dentist to school children of that county. It is work of the most practical value, and work that now for more than twelve years has justified its extension and continuation."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

RIGHT KIND OF ECONOMY DOES NOT SACRIFICE EFFICIENCY

The most discussed question of today is "economy." It is either economy in the home, economy in the affairs of the community, or economy in the affairs of State or Nation. It is the question uppermost in the minds of the rich or poor alike whether practiced or not. The weather at one time was a topic of universal discussion, but at every gathering today "economy"

holds first place on the program where there is a gathering of people. The word "deficit" has been broadcasted till the very thought makes the cold shivers creep down our spine. There are many who are feeling the pinch of tight times, and these hear the economic questions discussed in such mournful tones till every spark of moral courage to venture in a new business is crushed. The deficit confrontng the State is only a continued story—nothing new. We have a larger deficit for the reason we have had a larger revenue to spend for things that cost big money—schools and roads. Captain Nathan O'Berry, state treasurer, in his comments thinks there are many ways to economize in spending the public funds. He contends that material reduction could be made in the annual expenditures of public offices and still not sacrifice the efficiency of the office. Read:

"Take the matter of roads," said Captain O'Berry. "In my own county of Wayne, the commissioners last year spent about $150,000 building new roads that really were not needed, although they are nice to have. But the county could have gotten along all right without them. I dare say the same is true in most of the other counties. I do not think it extravagant to say that the counties can reduce their expenditures for county roads next year at least $1,000,000 without causing any discomfort whatever.

"In the counties where there are large cities, as the county seats they could get along with one man for treasurer for both city and county, with one tax collecting agency, with one tax listing agency and one accounting agency, and thus lop off a tremendous amount of expense that now exists through duplication.

"In fact, there are scores of ways in which the counties may save money. They could establish district jails or prison farms, instead of maintaining the present expensive jails in each county. They could establish district county homes for the care of the poor instead of the present elaborate establishments. They can start to see how much money they can save and how many things they can do without, instead of how much money they can spend and how many things they can have, as has been the case in the past.

"The money can be saved and taxes can be reduced if the county and city officials want to do it and if the people will co-operate with them in doing it, and stop making so many demands upon them."

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ASSEMBLING PLOTS FOR LITTLE FOLKS

It is nothing unusual to hear the remark from strangers that "Union

Street'' in Concord is the most beautiful. This is due to the fact that this street has beautiful trees, lawns with shrubbery and each lawn splendidly kept. Neatness always attracts. An old house can be made liveable and inviting if surroundings are well kept. Now there are other streets in Concord that could be made equally as attractive, but an occasional lawn grown up in weeds, and littered with scraps of paper detracts from any neighborhood. It gives the whole community a ''pulled-down, don't care look.'' Within a stone's throw of our Court House and Post Office there are beautiful lots, that with a little interest and work, could be turned into splendid assembling grounds for nurses and babies during the summer months. Nothing to do but cut the weeds, pick up the scattered trash and place an occasional bench under the shade trees. This would be far better than having the nurses with babies lounging on the curbing of some corner in the broiling sun. We give this as a thought to some civic organization, or to the mothers who have little children who are sent out and ''no place to go.'' All of these vacant lots converted into small parks would certainly add to the attractiveness of our city, as well as add joy to the youngsters. This seems a little thing, but try it out, and you will realize the whole project would be money wisely spent.

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A LITTLE LOWER TAX RATE PREFERRED

This editorial from the Mecklenburg Times is timely, especially since there is so much in the papers all over the state about adjusting deficits in the financing of the public school system. The truth of the whole matter is our public school system has grown by leaps and bounds till the financing of the same has assumed enormous proportions, and nothing short of an expert financier can manage the business end of the proposition even in the smaller systems of small towns. But, the following editorial taken from the Mecklenburg Times advocates a lower tax rate but not lower priced teachers:

> It is gratifying to the school teachers of the county as well as the citizens and patrons to know that the salaries are not to be cut for next year. This is true for the teachers who are re-elected to their position, and is made possible by the new schedule of salaries as arranged by Superintendent Frank A. Edmonson and adopted by the Board.
>
> Such a schedule will be an inducement for the teacher to do his or her best to be re-elected and make themselves indespensible to their school. The new schedule starts new teachers at $100 per month for the first

year and increases each year until $140 is reached for the fifth year.

With this change the school budget has been cut about $65,000 and will make possible at least a two cent cut in the tax rate. And a little lower tax rate is what the people want and not lower priced school teachers.

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SUCH A LIFE

"What is the news?" was the question asked one young girl of another, and both were clerks in large department stores. "Nothing much," was the reply, "business is slow."

"But," she continued, "if we were to believe all that some of our customers say we would be so blue till life would not be tolerable." "What do you mean," was the question. "I simply mean this: a woman of wealth came in to make a fifty cent purchase, and after spending one half hour in deciding the question she finally concluded by saying times were so hard she would not buy the article." "I followed that same lady to the door very courteously, the chauffer opened the door of her Cadillac and she drove home about two blocks." This seemed a little inconsistent to the agreeable young clerks as they discussed the conditions,—realizing how many bought the luxuries and skimped when it came to buying the real necessities.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

It is estimated that there are 26,000,000 automobiles in this country. And every merchant will almost be willing to swear that most of them stand parked in front of his store every day.

—o—

We have heard from time immemorial that America was the land of promise. Certainly it is—and you can tell that this is so by the activity of the installment collectors.

—o—

We have found out what is wrong with the country. Graduating days have come and gone. You have heard of "Succses in Life and How It May be Assured." Follow the advice given, and grab the jobs as they pass in procession. If you are bemoaning your fate on the stock market, and wondering how much longer you have to put up margins, take the graduates admonition, "Cheer up, Sad Heart, the Sun's Still Smiling." That will help some. If you think the country is going to the denition bowwows at the rate of a mile a minute, listen to the young speaker on the subject of "Friendship, Be it But an Idle Word." That will help some, too. If you've got a cold in head, or rheumatism in the joints, the theme "Our Todays and Yesterdays are the Blocks with which We build," are a solace to one's distressed feelings. It is really some comfort to know that the younger generation has grasped the idea of what is the matter with this country and has told what to do.

The perils of partaking of pie were demonstrated recently in a Providence, Rhode Island, court when a young woman was awarded $100 damages. While eating a piece of pie she had been stung by a bee which had concealed itself under the crust. Seems to me that old Mother Goose rhyme should be changed to "When the Pie was Opened, the Bee Began to Sting."

—o—

William Feather says "None of us is competent to tell the exact truth about himself." Nor is anybody competent to tell the exact truth about anybody else.

—o—

A year on the new planet, they say, lasts 330 times as long as ours. Just think how many months fellows up there have to push lawn-mowers without getting a break.

—o—

The peace commissioners may have been sincere enough in their endeavor to have peace, but it is noted that they had a military escort when they landed in New York. Guess they were of the idea that we must have peace if we have to fight for it.

—o—

Not so long ago the Yo Yo—that toy, a top on a string—took the country by storm. It raged everywhere among old as well as young. Now it seems to be only a memory. But a funny incident has cropped out about it. Several boys were playing on a vacant lot when one of their number began screaming at the top of his

voice. Women ran from their kitchens to learn what had happened, but the boy continued to scream. Finally in a gasping tone he told that a snake had crawled into his trousers and was biting him. Upon close investigation the snake turned out to be a Yo Yo which had slipped through the hole in his pocket and was pinching him.

—o—

It is not in order for every man to hold out his hat when he sits down. A Durham citizen, who has been getting around on a crutch, sat down on the postoffice steps. He took off his hat and was holding it in his hand when a kind-faced stranger came along and dropped a quarter in the hat and passed on, much to the surprise of the citizen, who is a well-to-do man.

—o—

People may continue to talk "hard times," and run down business, but America has always been the land of Opportunity. It is still the land of Opportunity and, please God, it will always be the land of Opportunity for every man who is intelligent enough to recognize Opportunity when he sees it and industrious enough to work out his own destiny.

—o—

Rev. Z. T. Phillips, the chaplain of the United States Senate, on the 28th of May offered the following prayer at the opening of the Senate session and is one of the most beautiful invocations I ever remember to have heard:

"O Thou who but yesternight didst enfold the slumbering world in rayless majesty that again Thou mightest bring forth the day in which Thou hast decked Thyself with light as with a garment, we thank Thee for which nature is clothed—that we may and the joy of doing with all our might whatsoever Thou commandest, divinely surprised by the beautiful thoughts Thou thinkest in us. Refresh us with the precious things of earth and the fullness thereof—the lengthening daylight, the pulsings of spring, the new robe of verdure with which nature is clothed—that we may be happy as children while striving as men, knowing that we're armed without if innocent within. Keep our hearts pure, our thinking straight, our spirits humble, that from all seeming evil we may still educe the good and find on duty's highway that holy shrine where buds the promise of celestial worth. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

An aim in life is the only fortune worth finding; and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

REVIEW OF 1929–30 SCHOOL YEAR CONCORD HIGH SCHOOL

Prof J. Eris Cassell

Although the session of 1929-30 has been one of reorganization for Concord High School, it is felt that the past year has been a successful one. The administration has been thoroughly revamped, the curriculum revised, the standards of scholarship and citizenship elevated, the building cleaned and beautified, and the grounds landscaped. All of this has been done in preparation to achieving the objective that the school has set for itself; namely, the development of good citizenship through the maintenance of the proper standards of Christian character, made strong by the inculcation of true knowledge, essential skills, and sound habits of work and industry, all these being animated by those attitudes and appreciations that call for the best in one's nature.

In the brief scope of this article it will be impossible to go into detail concerning the work of the past session. For this reason facts will be given very briefly.

The school is now operating on a five class period schedule with each period being one hour long in order that the pupil may have the benefit of supervised and directed study under his own teachers. In addition to these periods there is the Activity Period at ten-forty each morning given over to general assemblies, literary societies, club activities, class meetings, community singing, etc. This period has meant much to the morale of the school.

The beautification of the building and grounds has been one of the main objectives for the past year. By means of two Cleanup Weeks the pupils have come to take a real pride in their building and grounds, with the result that the school plant is now neat and clean, while beautiful pictures for the classrooms have been added, and magnificent window draperies to match the stage curtain have been installed through the cooperative efforts of the students, faculty, and Parent-Teacher Association. The grounds too have been landscaped, with the walks and curbing being put in by the City authorities and the Parent-Teacher Association planting the grass and shrubs. The improvement since last June has been marvelous, and the high school is on its way to becoming a community center that is attractive and beautiful. All of this will have a decided bearing on the morale of both the pupils and the patrons of the school.

No school can be efficient unless it has punctuality and good attendance. Both of these have been constantly stressed with the pupils, with the result that tardies have been cut in half, while the attendance for May showed 99.4 per cent. There will be no decrease in the emphasis along this line for the coming year.

A crying need of Concord High is a broader program of studies. Every effort is being bent in answering this

need, so that when school opens for the 1930-31 session there will have been added six new courses of study: Music Theory, Fine Art (freehand drawing), Second and Third Year Home Economics, English History, and Industrial Arts for boys. In addition to these, Commercial Arithmetic and Economics, formerly half courses, now being offered as full courses. Because of the reorganization all of these have been added without employing an additional teacher. The elimination of mid-term promotions is enabling the teaching load also to be increased, thus reducing the per pupil cost of instruction.

Next year there will be offered class work in the band and the orchestra instruments at the nominal fee of fifty cents a month, this money being used to cover the cost of music and upkeep of the school instruments that are to be rented. In view of this, it should not be long before Concord High has some fine musical organizations.

A teacher has been secured for the coming year to give training at a very reasonable rate in expression, public speaking and dramatics. This is an opportunity that not many schools offer, and some thirty or forty pupils have already signified their intentions of taking this training.

For the past year very little attention has been given to physical education for the boys. Although physical educational work has been required of all girls, the boys have had to content themselves with the major sports only, and the result has been that the boys who really needed physical development have not received any attention. Next year two men will devote every afternoon to work with the boys not out for the major sports and in this way many boys will be reached who really need to be physically developed.

As stated in the beginning it is felt that the past year has been a good one, and that the ground work has been laid for an excellent 1930-31 session. The cooperation of the student-body, and the remarkable work of the Parent-Teacher Association have been outstanding, and with a continuation of this spirit together with the faculty that has been lined up, everything points to a bright future for Concord High.

NOT SO "HANDY"

"Rastus, how is it you have given up going to church?" asked Pastor Brown.

"Well, sah," replied Rastus, "its dis way. I likes to take an active part an' I used to pass de collection basket, but dey's give de job to Brothah Green, who jest returned from Ovah Thaiah."

"In recognition of his heroic service, I presume?"

"No sah, Ah reckon he got de job in recognition of his havin' lost one ob his hands."—Safety and Service.

LIFE OF SERVICE IS URGED ON DUKE UNIVERSITY SENIORS

(Exchange)

Urging them to realize that in a universe that is completely law controlled those who serve find most in life, Dr. Homer J. Councilor, of Calvary Baptist Church, Washington, D. C., was heard in the baccalaureate address by graduates of Duke university last week. The services formally began Duke's 78th commencement, which will continue through Wednesday when degrees were conferred following the address by Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, secretary of the interior.

Unfailing among all laws, said Dr. Councilor, and as definite, definable, and accurate are the spiritual laws which men, ostrich-like seems to ignore. One law among them that is especially sovereign, said the speaker, is that "He who would be greatest among you must be the servant of all."

As a scriptural basis of his address, Dr. Councilor read Joshua 1:19, and spoke in part as follows:

"You and I live in a law controlled universe. Very early in life we become conscious of this, for no sooner did we begin to pile red and blue and yellow blocks one upon the other on the nursery floor than the law of gravity made itself known. As the days run away into years and our storehouse of knowledge grew accordingly, we recognized that we were dominated by physical and mental laws—inexorable, unchanging, unfailing laws.

"In one way or another we have experienced manifestations until we have come to recognize without question the anxiomatic sovereignty in the physical and mental worlds. But, tonight as the basis of our thinking, I wish to remind you of a fact which at times we forget, or, ostrich like, seem to ignore, namely, that primarily you and I are spiritual creatures in the image of God and as such we are living and striving in a realm dominated by the equally absolute sovereignty of definite, clearly definable, accurate and unfailing spiritual laws.

"My purpose is to declare that the days of promised land experiences have not passed. The most promising pioneer days the world has ever known are just ahead. There has never been an outlook as alluring and challenging as that beckoning.

"There are worlds to conquer; continents to be discovered; gorgons to be slain; untamed and unused forces to be mastered. The call for fearless men, undaunted by hardships and disappointments never rang clearer than at this hour. Look where you will, north, south, east, or west —the world is full of adventures; choose what profession you may, in it you will find opportunity to ride with Sir Launcelot, to battle beside Pereus, or to companion with Columbus.

"Although it is impossible for me to even hint at the multitudinous opportunities for the investment of time and talent I am impelled to

remind you of the call of the battle against disease, and death. The battle line is far reaching, from the sick room and the operating table to the laboratory and research library. It is a glorious conflict—one with indescribable thrills and overwhelming rewards. With such allies as the microscope, the test tube, the Roentgen and other rays, any who enter the field may be assured of the joys of a discoverer and explorer.

"There is a promised land of world understanding and universal peace. Heroic will be the man who dares to blaze the way and lead the sons of men to its realization. Would that I might be certain I were speaking to him at this moment!

"A thousand other fields equally noble and inviting bid for yor interest. After all, it matters little where you invest your time and talents, but it is of supreme importance how you invest them. The spirit in which you labor is of greater importance than the choice of the field of labor. 'He who would be greatest among you must be servant of all.' Do not forget the tides of life, the laws of living. Self centered concepts narrow and belittle; selfishness blights and paralyzes. Service broadens and enriches. 'He who seeks to serve another best serves himself.''

FIGURE THIS ONE OUT

A man was one day visiting a lunatic asylum, and while walking in the grounds he met a patient to whom he said: "How did you get here?"

The man replied: "Well, sir, you see, I married a widow with a grown-up daughter, and then my father married my wife's daughter. That made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law, and my father became my step-son. Then my step-mother, the daughter of my wife, had a son, and that boy, of course, was my brother, because he was my father's own son, and he was also my wife's step-son, and therefore, her grandson, and that made me the grandfather of my step-brother. Then my wife had a son, so my mother-in-law, the step-sister of my son, is also his grandmother, because his step-sister in his wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the son of my step-grandmother. I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, and my son is my father's nephew, and I am my own grandfather. That's one reason why I'm here, sir."—Selected.

ALMSHOUSE TO HOSPITAL

By Lucy Lay in the Survey

Seven years ago a county home which was a typical "poorhouse" with no more than twenty inmates cost Vance county, North Carolina, $7,000 a year. The outside pauper list increased the cost of poor relief to a total of $8,800. Today, a modern 22-bed county hospital serving annually more than 200 individuals, a tuberculosis hospital with a capacity of 14, the care of indigent negro patients in the local negro hospital, and the poor relief list, cost the county a sum which is no larger. The Aladdinlike transformation is the result of one woman's ability to analyze a situation and put it through with the cooperation of the whole county.

When Mrs. W. B. Waddill was made county superintendent of public welfare, ni 1921, she had a conviction that although much can be done for the relief of the kind of persons who usually are found in county homes, there is little opportunity for constructive work with them. She wanted her county to use bricks and mortar in the way which would benefit the greatest part of the population and especially the younger part. She was in favor of cutting the corners on palliation and she had a vast enthusiasm for preventing the need for continued relief, through constructive help in time of accident and sickness.

Mrs. Waddill convinced the county officials that the inmates in the old county home could not receive proper care there. She made a study of relief cases and found that the important factor was practically always a health problem. On the basis of her arguments and findings the officials decided that Vance county should have a new county home, not an elaborate plant, but simple in design, construction and furnishing and so designed that with only a few changes Mrs. Waddill could accomplish her ultimate aim of turning the institution into a county hospital.

When the new county hospital (for so it was called from the start) opened its doors there were twenty-five inmates. Today there are only two "chronics" in the special ward. They are really in need of hospital care. The rest of the building is devoted to hospital patients of all ages in need of temporary care.

Vance county is a small rural county. Mrs. Waddill reduced the group of inmates in the institution lorgly by discovering resources within their families. In some cases relatives were located who were perfectly willing to accept their responsibility. In other cases, the former inmates were placed in private homes, and a small sum was given for their support. Under this system the amount spent for poor relief has steadily decreased. In 1921 it was $1,800; in 1928, $750, while the number of beneficiaries declined from 50 to 15. More and more the giving of outside relief is looked upon as a temporary measure, to be utilized for emergencies.

Working in close cooperation with the county health department, Mrs. Waddill has found many opportunities for the hospital to be of value to the community. It has been used for clinics for crippled children, for tonsil and adenoid work, for a tuberculosis clinic, and for general medical care. When the county experimented a serious epidemic the hospital proved of great help.

By centralizing the free medical service of the county, the small staff of the hospital can do effective work. About two hundred persons were given care during the year at the hospital, more than one-fourth of them children. Forty-five major operations and five minor operations were performed. In addition the staff provided 375 outside services through out-patient work.

The per capita cost of the county hospital is $2.17 a day. For the last several years it has received help from the Duke Endowment from which it draws one dollar a day for indigent cases. However, before the Duke Endowment gave this help, it was found that the cost of operating the new institution was just one-half that of operating the old home.

The little county hospital is the nucleus for a group of county buildings which now includes a county tu-

The successful conduct of the county hospital led a Vance county citizen to give the county a tuberculosis hospital with a capacity of fourteen patients. This was built on an adjoining tract of land given by the county according to plans laid out by the architect for the county hospital after a study of the most modern tuberculosis hospitals. It fills a great need in the county, as the state tuberculosis sanatorium is taxed to capacity. The nursing force in this building is especially trained in tuberculosis work.

berculosis hospital and the county prison camp. The honor prisoners from the camp serve as orderlies and do much of the work at the two hospitals.

etao etao eta tao tao tao tao tao tao

"Our experience teaches us that the aged are far happier if they are not forced to spend their last days in an institution; that it is economical to care for the indigent sick in an efficient way; and that with our new program, it seems that the pauper class in our county is decreasing," Mrs. Waddill declares in summing up the change.

While he was a United States Senator from North Carolina, Zebulon Baird Vance and Mrs. Vance planned and built 'Gromboon,' a three-story, 13 room house on an eminence of the North Fork of the Swannanoa River, one of the most beautiful and picturesque sections of Western North Carolina. The interior of the house is of native hardwoods. The City Commissioners of Asheville have decided that "Gombroon' must be removed because it is on the City's watershed. Plans have been launched to remove the house to Asheville and have it serve as a nucleus for an historical center.

FAMOUS HYMNS AND HYMN WRITERS

Annie Creelman

One day—it was a week day—while waiting in a church for a service to begin I picked up a book. There was a long list of names—two hundred, perhaps, of those who contributed to its make pu. They were from various countries—England, America, Germany, France, Italy—and represented different sects and creeds and some of them had engaged in bitter denominational strife. But here were their productions grouped together in a friendly way and often being used in the same service, giving comfort and solace to sorrowing hearts and new strength and inspiration to the spiritually minded.

Yes, I am speaking of a church hymnal, and both hymns and their writers furnish a subject for study that gives us a new vision of the things "that are unseen and eternal."

The historic setting of some of the old hymns has a deep interest for us, and for thoughtful, devout minds adds to their spiritual value. Every student of history knows something of the trials and perplexities of Martin Luther when he wrote his celebrated "Ein feste burg" based on the forty-sixth Psalm, which has had many translations, but the version best known in America is probably that of Dr. Hedge, beginning, "A mighty fortress is our God." We may easily imagine Luther looking back to the time spent in the Wartburg, a German fortress, where he was sent for safety by his friends. Luther wrote thirty-seven hymns in all, but this is probably the best known. A Jesuit remarked that "He slew more souls by his hymns than by his all his books and sermons."

How many of our readers know that the Doxology, beginning "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," was written by Bishop Ken, a good old man of poetic taste and devout nature, who lived in the seventeenth century? The Doxology occurs at the close of a morning hymn, beginning:

"Awake my soul and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run."

It is also found at the close of his beautiful evening hymn. The latter consists of twelve stanzas and we beg for space to include the first five:

All praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light,
Keep me, oh, keep me king of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day!

Oh, may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleeping lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply!
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

The author of these lines lived at a time when there was much "spiritual wickedness in high places." He served as chaplain at the court of William of Orange in Holland and Charles II in England, and was one of the seven bishops that resisted the irregular measures of James the Second, and with the others, was tried and acquitted.

The life history of the author of Rock of Ages gives an added interest to that well known hymn. Augustus M. Toplady was a preacher and hymn writer of the seventeenth century, a contemporary of the Wesleys. He was tenderly reared by a loving mother, but it was in a service in a barn, when on a visit to Ireland that he was converted under the preaching of an uncultivated layman. He afterwards observed, "Strange that I who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought nigh unto God in an obscure part of Ireland amidst a handful of God's people, met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name. Surely, it is the Lord's doing and marvelous. The excellence of such power must be of God and cannot be of man." In his theology he differed from John Wesley and it is surprising to learn that he uttered harsh and bitter words in controversy with other hymn writers of the day. As a certain writer puts its: "When these poetic spirits sang, they were in perfect harmony; but when they dogmatized there was intemperate discord.... The last utterance of the two were singularly alike. Blessed spirits! They have met in a clearer light, and now see eye to eye."

Charles Wesley was the author of more than 7,000 hymns. As he went about in his evangelistic tours he was peculiarly sensitive to "wayside inspiration." It is said he kept a supply of small cards in his pocket and as he jogged along on his little pony he would be seen jotting down a stanza. Probably his best known hymn is "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and various accounts have been given of the origin of this hymn, but we cannot say whether any one of them is authentic. It was Wesley that wrote the child's hymn beginning:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee."

But the best known in hymnology to English-speaking children is that of Isaac Watts, a name "never to be pronounced without reverence by any lover of pure Christianity, or by any well-wisher of mankind." How well we remember in our childish days the lines in "Hush, my dear, lie still and

slumber," and How doth the little busy bee'' and "Let dogs delight to bark and bite.'' They have become somewhat trite and parodists delight to use them for humorous productions. But Watts, as well as Wasley wrote many hymns for use in public worship. He was just eighteen when he wrote his first hymn. He complained to his father, a deacon in the Independent Church at Southampton, of the inferior quality of hymns used in church. ''Give us something better, young man,'' said the father, and Isaac wrote the hymn:

Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

Dr. Watts entered the ministry, but his delicate health would not permit him to continue the work of a pastor. Resigning his charge, he was received into the home of a wealthy gentleman of his neighborhood. Here he lived for thirty-six years; he ''had everything which could contribute to the enjoyment of life, and favor the pursuit of his studies.'' He wrote sermons and books of theology, but he is best known by his hymns. Some of the most familiar are: ''There is a land of pure delight'' and the well known communion hymn, ''When I survey the wondrous cross.''

The ''Rocking Hymn,'' not so well known in America, was written by George Wither. He wrote it for the use of nurses who, he remarked quaintly, ''usually sung their children to sleep and often make use of unprofitable songs, and this would acquaint them with the loving care and kindness of their heavenly Father.'' The first stanza runs thus:

Sleep, baby sleep, what ails, my dear.
What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.

Charlotte Elliott, the author of ''Just as I am'' and ''Thy will be done,'' is characterized as a lover of nature, a lover of souls and a lover of Christ.

The famous missionary hymn, From Greenland's Icy Mountains, was written by Bishop Heber. He afterwrads went as a missionary to ''India's coral strand.''

The Christmas Hymn, "'Hark, the herald angels sing,'' written by Charles Wesley in 1739. Perhaps there is no Christmas hymn more loved and sung than "Silent Night.'' It was once attributed to Hayden; but recent investigation informs us that it was written in Germany in 1818. The poem was written by Joseph Mohr and the melody by Franz Gruber, a schoolmaster. The writer remembers hearing it for the first time sung by a male quartette, in one of the churches of New York City and its cadences lingered in the memory for many days, seeming to our earthy hearing like echoes from the ''Heavenly hosts.''

It is a far cry from the love and joy of the Christmas season to the gloom and solitude of the prison. But even from a cell in the historic Tower of London comes a song written, it is thought, in the time of Elizabeth, by ''F. B. P.'' It has been preserved in the British Museum, but bits of it have found their way into thousands of hearts in the Old World

and in the New. It begins:

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

Many versions of this prisoner's hymn have found their way into different parts of Europe. It is especially popular in Scotland. A story is told of a young Scotchman dying in New Orleans. He was visited by a Presbyterian minister, but made no response to the good man's efforts. Turning away the visitor began to sing to himself, "Jerusalem, my happy home." It touched a tender chord. The young man burst into tears as he said, "My dear mother used to sing that hymn." His spirit was softened and he accepted the message of love and died in peace.

Frances Ridley Havergal was an English hymn writer, who died in 1879. Her best known hymn was, "Take my life and let it be," etc.

In the last half century a new class of hymns has been brought into the church. They owe their origin largely to the evangelistic movement of Moody and Sankey, and are entirely different from those of any other movement. Many of these were not of a high order—in fact, one writer declares that some were a disgrace to the church. But there were a large number that have no doubt been instrumental in winning souls for the kingdom and deepening the spiritual lives of young Christians. Fanny Crosby was the most prolific writer of this class of hymns. Some of the best known are: "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour" and "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

One of the most popular of the Moody and Sankey hymns was: "The ninety and nine',', so closely associated with the name of Ira D. Sankey. It was in the privilege of the writer to hear Mr. Sankey tell the story of this hymn, when addressing a religious meeting in Boston. When riding on a train in England with Mr. Moody, Mr. Sankey found a poem by Elizabeth C. Clephane in an English Magazine, which he thought would make an excellent hymn. He read it to Mr. Moody, but the latter, being occupied with letters from home, gave little heed to it. That night, however, after Mr. Moody had preached on the Good Shepherd, he asked Mr. Sankey to sing an appropriate hymn. Mr. Sankey thought of the poem in his pocket—a hymn withot music. He placed the words before him and sending up a prayer for help, improvised a tune—the one that has been sung in many parts of the English-speaking world by Mr. Sankey himself. Shortly after he received a note from a sister of the author, thanking him for singing her dead sister's hymn. Mr. Sankey used to say that it should have been named The Lost Sheep, but that Mr. Moody always persisted in calling it The Ninety and Nine, as suggested by the first line.

It seems a pity that this hymn, so suggestive of human need and the Father's tender love, should fall into disuse. It is still found in some of the hymn-books, but we seldom hear it sung. Perhaps no other modern hymn sounds more clearly the deep note of evangelical truth, or emphasizes more strongly the value of the human soul.

TOO MANY COUNTIES

(Lexington Dispatch)

Operation of too many counties is causing a needless expense to the taxpayers, says the commissioner of finance of the state of Missouri. He speaks particularly of Missouri, but his argument is just as applicable to North Carolina. Missouri has 115 counties and North Carolina has 100, but the western state is larger in area than North Carolina in more than this proportion. About a half of the population of Missouri is in two cities. That of North Carolina is much better distributed.

The Missouri official points out that the reason for makinig so many counties exists no more. Lack of good roads, and the horse, buggy and wagon furnishing transportation for most of the people created necessity for counties not too large. Now the good road and the automobile have changed all this, but the multiplicity of American counties remains. We have never heard of counties being consolidated, though it is of record that adjoining cities have come together under one government.

In North Carolina there were reasons other than geography and transportation for the creation of so many counties. There was sectional rivalry under which the east, first in the field of county making, created a plenty. The west retaliated in an effort to even up in legislative representation. Even this reason now has little power.

If the hundred counties in North Carolina could be reduced to fifty we daresay there would be no loss in efficiency of administration of public enterprises and objects. The expense would not be cut half in two, but the number of chief officials would be reduced by half and these could be replaced by an equal or smaller number of clerks, at not more than half the salary cost as at present.

It would be a terrific job to undertake to consolidate North Carolina counties, and there are few spirits bold enough to undertake it. But, after all, would it perhaps not be a beneficial thing to do?

And this is but another instance proving that it is easier to find troubles than it is to remedy them.

A London newspaper awarded its prize to the fellowship, as the best definition of "Money:" "Money is an article which may be used as a universal passport to everywhere except heaven and buy anything except happiness."—Exchange.

THE FLOWER INDUSTRY

By Edwin Tarrissee

It is estimated that there are about 65,000,000 or 70,000,000 square feet of glass devoted to the growing of flowers and plants in the United States. Assuming that the average pane of glass is one foot square, the panes used in this work, if placed end to end would make a continuous line more than 12,000 miles long. All this glass is used in the construction of greenhouses, wherein perpetual spring reigns, although blizzards may rage, snow drift, and winter in all its grimness hold sway.

The best flowers are grown in this artificial way, where the winter months are steadily cold. Conditions with a greenhouse can be controlled better where the temperature outside is steadily freezing than where spring-like days intervene and nature is vacillating. It must be understood, however, that temperature is only one of the important factors in this work. Success cannot be had unless sunshine prevails, and other things being equal, the more sunshiny days in winter the more likely is success to follow. The business of growing flowers is a modern industry, developed with the increasing wealth of the country and the demand for something more than the mere necessities of life.

As in other industries, there has been a process of evolution. With much labor, the gardener of former years constructed a heavy building, partly of glass, but mainly of brick or wood, in which the necessary temperature was maintained by means of brick or metal flues, through which hot air and smoke from a furnace were made to pass. It was the common practice of these earlier days to grow all kinds of plants in the same house, the varying temperature requirements being crudely met by selecting warm and cool places as might be determined from time to time by experience.

The introduction of hot water as a heating medium gave an impetus to the industry, making it practicable to greatly enlarge the possibilities of glass houses, extend their length and effect more uniform temperature conditions. Later, steam was brought into use, and this further advanced the work by reducing the cost of installation of simplifying the management.

As the country grew and the demand for flowers and plants increased, there was a differentiation of the work so that gradually the growing of flowers alone became a special business. At first many kinds of flowers were grown together, but experience taught that plants, like animals, do not thrive so well under such conditions. Further specialization, therefore, followed.

Of the thousands of plants grown out of season for their flowers, the rose leads, both as to number and value of the product. She is queen in this respect, as well as in many others. The carnation, with its manifold colors and fine keeping qualities, follows next with the modest, sweet and dainty violet as the third crop. The chrysanthemum comes like a

burst of sunshine, but it is only for a short time, hence it must take fourth place from a commercial point of view.

In these days we hear so much about the exhaustion of our land and the approach of a time when the farmer will not be able to supply the food to meet our growing population. The potential power in a foot of soil is not realized or appreciated until we come to consider it in connection with such intensive crops as the grower of flowers handles as a matter of everyday business.

There are upward of forty-three thousand square feet in an acre, and yet a good rose or carnation grower would hardly consider that he was doing justice to his soil if he did not make each fifteen or twenty square feet bring in as much money as the average farmer secures from an acre.

To do this requires knowledge and skill of the highest sort. There can be no wavering or doubtful proceedings. Like the painting of a picture, the growing of a rose or carnation is a work of art; but the florist, instead of mixing colors and applying them to bring out the desired effects, imprisons the sun's rays and makes them do his will. He combines water, soil, and heat from his coal, and with the sun as his dynamo, a plant is made to grow and bring forth results far surpassing anything that the painter can produce. If you should ask the man how he does these things, he could not tell you, for he himself does not know. He knows that he can do it, and if he is wise, he knows that he will do many things next year differently from this year, and yet get the same results.

Herein is the charm and fascination of growing plants, especially in this intensive way, for there is never a day or an hour that some new point does not come up—a point that must be settled at once, for the growing plant never waits. The man with the sky for his roof and the clouds to furnish rain can excuse himself if his crops fail, for droughts, floods, insects, and other troubles are not always controllable. Not so with the grower of plants under glass, for he has within his power possibilities of controlling conditions to which the man without a greenhouse is a stranger. How, then, is this work conducted in order to get such results?

There is a beginning to all things, and the successful carnation grower —whom we shall take as our type— begins to prepare for his crop a year, and sometimes more than a year, in advance.

He has his houses built, and they are models of compactness and convenience. Every advantage has been taken of the slope of the land and other surroundings, in order to utilize to the fullest extent the power of the sun's rays during the short winter days. Light is vital and a prerequisite to success.

Observe the construction of the houses—a minimum of iron and wood as supporting material and a maximum of glass, each house is fifty feet in width and three hundred feet long. There are many smaller houses and some larger than this, but the most progressive growers nowadays are using the larger types.

Inside the house the light is virtually as strong as it is outdoors, a striking contrast to the old method

of construction when more than half the light was lost on account of the heavy wood supports which were thought necessary to maintain the roof. By means of special appliances, an entire section of the roof and part of the sides may be quickly lifted, for air is as necessary for the life and the growth of a plant as it is for the life and the growth of an animal.

There are provisions also for heating, steam or hot water pipes being carried round the building in such a way as to distribute the heat just where it is needed. An abundance of water is piped through the building, and in connection there are special provisions made for feeding the plants with solid foods. Benches are provided upon which the plants are to be grown, and between the benches are walks that enable the grower to reach all his plants. Everything is done with a view to saving time. There is no waste room anywhere about the premises. Every square foot is utilized, in order to realize on the investment involved.

The plants for filling such a house must be started early in the spring. Small cuttings are taken from other plants which are known to be vigorous, and these cuttings must be rooted in sand. Only the very best ones are selected and some growers follow the practice of taking cuttings only from plants that are known to be prolific in flower yield.

Like begets like in carnations as well as in other living things, and the grower is fully aware of this important fact. He is careful, therefore, in preparing his youngsters for the future crop, to avoid all plants that show evidences of disease. After the cuttings are rooted, they may be transferred from the sand into small pots of soil, where they are allowed to grow for several weeks, or until time for planting outdoors.

Two methods are followed in the growing of the plants for flowers the following winter. The old method was to put the small plants outdoors where they could be grown and watched through the summer; then they could be taken up in the later part of August and moved on to the benches in the house. The new method is to hold the plants in pots until the benches are vacated by the existing crop in May or early June. Then they are set out and grown under glass all summer. This method is meeting with favor for the reason that the plants never go outdoors, and are, therefore, under the full control of the grower.

The soil for the benches is an important matter and receives most careful thought. The soil must be changed every year, for there is usually only four or five inches on the benches, barely enough, in fact, for the mere mechanical support of the plants.

It is not the aim of the successful grower to secure very rich soil. A good sod loam in which there is considerable turf is preferred. Such land is plowed several months before it is needed, and the turf is allowed to rot. Good, well-rotted manure is mixed in such soil in the proportion of about one part manure to three of soil, and this is thoroughly handled in order to effect complete mixing. This mixture is then spread out on

the benches, and the plants are ready to be put in.

In a house fifty feet wide and three hundred feet long, with walks two and one-half feet wide, there is sufficient bench room for fifteen thousand plants, the plants being set approximately nine or eleven inches apart. From the day the plants are put out, they are under the watchful eye of the grower. Insects must be kept away, diseases avoided, and proper watering and airing attended to both day and night. Under such watchful care the plants thrive, and by the first of October they will begin to make flowers.

From that time is the harvest and as the season advances and the cold weather develops, greater and greater care must be exercised in the management of the plants. There will come a time when the grower must apply food. Here his judgement only can be followed. Some growers use ordinary liquid manure, applied to the soil through pipes, while others follow the practice of applying dissolved chemicals of just such kinds as the plants may need.

Thus, if the stems become weak, phosphoric acid is given. Phosphorus develops stiffness of stem, and the grower learns by experience just how much to apply and when to apply it. Later, if there appears to be a lack of vigor and a general holding back of the plant, nitrogen is applied.

Thus the work progresses during the winter months; and every day, or as often as may be necessary, the flowers are gathered and properly handled for forwarding to the nearby market. It is found to be an advantage to hold the flowers for a time after they are cut. By proper handling they are stiffened, and when they reach the market, they will stand much better than if shipped direct from the greenhouses. A carnation grower may retail the flowers or he may dispose of his crop to the stores in the city or to the wholsale commission merchants.

Well-conducted flower stores are an important factor in the handling and distribution of cut flowers, and their system of management has developed rapidly in the past few years. Arrangements for the disposal of the crops are made between the grower and the retail stores—arrangements, too, which are mutually advantageous. Usually the store pays the grower about half the prevailing retail price, unless some special arrangements are made.

In the growing of roses much the same general practice is followed as has been described for carnations. Of course, the rose, being a different plant, is propagated and handled differently. Many of the roses now grown for flowers are grafted; that is, the rose which is to bloom is not grown on its own roots, but a special root is secured, and upon this the variety to be planted is grafted. This grafted stock is planted in solid beds as a rule, and the same detailed methods of avoiding insects and of proper feeding and watering are followed as in the case of the carnation The rose, however, is a crop more amenable to special treatment than the carnation; hence there is a greater specialization of the work and more attention is given to individual varieties.

The best growers follow the practice

of having one variety in a house, and as a rule keep one man on this variety in order that he may learn all its peculiarities and become an expert in growing it. The American Beauty, one of our most popular roses, is a variety which requires this special treatment, and we have "beauty" specialists who devote their entire time to the growing of this crop alone.

The violet is a crop which can be grown with less capital than any of the others. Its requirements, so far as heat is concerned, are modest, and this item of expense, which is a considerable one in the growing of any flower during the winter season, will not amount to half that of the carnation or the rose. Violets, however, constitute a precarious crop, for they are subject to a number of serious diseases, and have a way of behaving that is oftentimes bewildering even to the most expert growers.

As a business for young men or young women flower-growing offers many advantages. In the first place, there is a steady demand for good stock, and this demand is likely to continue as long as our cities grow and our people get farther and farther away from life in the country. The business, therefore, is eminently one for the cities and towns; that is, the necessary patronage is to be found in these places, while the actual work can be carried on at considerable distances in the country.

A GOOD FRIEND

To have a good friend is one of the highest delights of life; to be a good friend is one of the noblest and most difficult undertakings. Friendship depends not upon fancy, imagination or sentiment, but upon character. There is no man so poor that he is not rich if he has a friend; there is no man so rich that he is not poor without a friend. But friendship is a word made to cover many kindly, impermanent relationships. Real friendship is abiding. Like charity, it suffereth long and is kind. Like love, it vaunteth not itself, but pursues the even tenor of its way, unaffrighted by ill-report, loyal in adversity, the solvent of infelicity, the shining jewel of happy days. Friendship has not the iridescent joys of love, though it is closer than is often known to the highest, truest love. Its heights are ever serene, its valleys know few clouds. To aspire to friendship one must cultivate a capacity for faithful affection, a beautiful disinterestedness, a clear discernment.

—Atmos.

BETTY LOOKS BACK

By Ellen Mary Stewart

Betty Grahm took one long, lingering look at the red-figured calendar on the wall, and bowed her head.

Betty had been doing this same thing year after year, but always heretofore, when the figures on the calendar pointed to Memorial Day, Betty had bowed her head to weep over her loss. Betty had always considered the death of her brother the greatest possible loss, even though his body had come home from the war decorated with the Croix de Guerre. Betty had ever refused to think of his death as anything but a personal injury to her. Through all the years she had harbored this feeling.

Perhaps Betty had more reason than the ordinary sister for feeling this way, because Bob had been a whole family to this younger sister for two years before the great World War called him to service, and, because of Betty, Bob Grahm wasn't among the first to enlist when Uncle Sam called for volunteers back in 1917; but he was a thoroughbred American, and the call to arms sent the patriotic blood surging through his veins and started a restless attitude in his heart that nothing but a soldier's uniform could still, and finally, regardless of Betty, he enlisted—and what a brave soldier he had been!

Betty had watched him march away as bravely as any mother could have watched her son go, but Betty wasn't remembering these things as she sat by the window with her head bowed in her arms; oh, no indeed; Betty was remembering the cruel war had claimed her brother as one of its victims and left her alone in the world.

But somehow, as Betty sat thinking of herself so keenly, she suddenly realized that her eyes were dry—the tears that had always flowed so freely on this Memorial Day refused to come—and a strange sensation spread through her soul.

"I know what this means," she declared presently as she hopped out of the chair; "at last I can hate a world that would rob me of my brother—hate it so much that I can't cry over it—that's it, Betty," she repeated stoutly, "you've learned to hate—and, with hate in your heart, grief cannot enter."

A strange, harsh laugh followed this and the next moment Betty sat staring at a sunny creature in the doorway.

"Top o' the morning to you, Betty," exclaimed Janice Brownson, the vision of loveliness that Betty had seen in her own door.

"Good morning yourself,"' returned Betty. "What brings you out so early?"

"You should know what's bringing me," replied Janice. "I'm out begging flowers for the decoration committee. We haven't enough to go around this year, and I thought—"

"You thought," interrputed Betty, "that I'd share what I have with you—but you're all wrong—I won't have a flower to spare. I could use even more than I have."

"But surely, Betty," urged Janice, "you won't use all you have for Bob's grave."

"All I have," returned Betty, "and that won't be half enough to show my love for him."

"But, Betty," reasoned Janice, "your garden is full of lovely blossoms, and even a pall for Bob would not take half of them."

"Maybe not," returned Betty, "but the only reason I grow them is for this very purpose, and I make it a practice of using all I grow for Bob's grave."

"Then, of course," returned Janice, "you wouldn't think of breaking that selfish rule and helping us add flowers to every grave?"

"No, no," retorted Betty, "I wouldn't withhold a single blossom from my brother's grave for anybody else. I couldn't think of it."

"Well, all I can say to such selfishness as that," exclaimed Janice, indignantly, "is that it's foreign to anything Bob would have done. Bob was the soul of generosity, and lived to make the world brighter—he even gave his life to save a friend," went on Janice, "and now—you won't even divide a few flowers for the comrades who, like him, gave their lives for their country, and you know, Betty, there are many of them sleeping side by side in the cemetery."

"I should know that better than anybody else," declared Betty, "for if it hadn't been for Dan Lathrop, Bob in all probability would have come back home a live soldier."

"But he loved Dan Lathrop," returned Janice, "and they were fighting for the same cause."

"I know all that," answered Betty, "but Bob was all I had, and it wasn't right nor just that he should lose his life."

"You talk like a piker, Betty," exclaimed Janice, "and really you must be a very selfish human being at heart or you wouldn't sit in this dark, old house nursing your grief and drying up in uselessness, when there's so much you could be doing."

"Why, Janice Browson," cried Betty in surprise. "How can you talk to me in such a manner, when you know I'm still grieving for my brother as though his death occurred yesterday?"

"And in doing that," responded Janice, "you have closed your eyes to the really truly fine things of life; you've let grief blind you to the worth-whileness of things. Self-pity has turned your cheery disposition into utter selfishness, and your song of joy into a funeral dirge that echoes through every day in the year—you're a plain case of misery personified—and I here and now wash my hands of making another effort to comfort you. If you'd rather sit at home and nurse your grief than to step out and make the effort to spread comfort to others who, like yourself lost their all in the war, then you're going to do so unaided by me!" And, before the astonished Betty could make reply, Janice slipped through the big door and disappeared around the corner of the house.

For a moment Betty sat staring at the door through which her friend Janice had vanished, and then the tears that had refused to come earlier in the morning flooded her eyes

and relieved the tenseness about her heart.

"Selfish, thoughtless, unappreciative, unsympathetic, singing a funeral dirge the year round—that's what she said about me!" wailed Betty, springing to her feet and rushing into her bedroom. Then suddenly the anger died within her soul, for accidentally she caught a vision of herself in the big mirror on the opposite wall, and there she stood for a full minute eyeing herself, and, as she watched the reflection in the glass, she was forced to admit the lines on the brow lessened, the corners of her turned-down mouth took on an upward slant, the dull eyes began to brighten.

"Janice was right," Betty Grahm declared solemnly to the image in the glass; "you have been all of these things—nursing a personal grievance against the world for three long years, remembering not your neighbors who suffered perhaps as keenly as you have suffered."

And then, once having given memory a chance, Betty began looking backward with a new love in her soul towards a few people in her own neighborhood—people, she now realized, whose loss equaled her own.

Slowly the frail little form of the Widow Jones took form in her mind; the war had claimed two sons of Mrs. Jones, and she was old, yet Betty was forced to remember in this instance that this little, old woman hadn't closed her doors against life, but had bravely faced her misfortune and gone right along for others.

Little Mrs. Travers, a lovely young woman who lived only two doors away,, had lost her husband in the great war, and yet, Betty remembered, she had gone out into the business world to earn a living and was educating her two fine children.

One by one Betty went over the list of those who, like herself, had suffered the loss of a loved one in the conflict, and then a strange nausea enveloped her soul. Out of the list she suddenly discovered that she alone had proven a weakling, she alone had closed her doors to the worth-while things of life, to live in solitude and grief, while her neighbors had shown the same fighting spirit of their beloved dead.

Taking in the surroundings of the room, Betty's eyes rested on a tissue-covered box—a dainty thing it was—and well enough did Betty know it contained the material for a new mourning gown to be worn outside the home. Betty, under orders of her old physician, had never worn black indoors, but never once since Bob's death had she stepped outside the house without being heavily garbed in mourning, and the new material was for another garment of grief.

Stepping across the room, Betty untied the box and stood for a minute fingering the lovely piece of goods, and then her eyes turned towards the flowers in the center of the table where she kept them the year round in memory of her brother for whom she continued to lay a place across the table from her. Because she had allowed herself this hallucination, Betty had always eaten her meals in silence in the big dining room, and even though the old aunt had come to live in the house as a protection for

her, Betty rarely invited her to eat at Bob's table.

Betty couldn't understand at that moment, but somehow the sight of the flowers seemed to reprove her, and then presently a new joy was filling her soul.

"Betty—Betty"— she murmured brokenly—"you've been a slacker—but—"

For a moment she paused in deep meditation, and then, snatching the box of black material from the table, she went running up the stairs to the room occupied by her aged aunt, and, bursting in, she dropped the box in her lap.

"Here, Aunt Ruth," she exclaimed softly, "is the last piece of material I bought for mourning; you may have it to make yourself a Sunday dress out of."

"Why—why, Betty," stammered the old lady, "do you mean you—you—"

"I'm stepping out of mourning," exclaimed Betty, "stepping out of selfish grief at last; at last, Aunt Ruth," she cried in a happy tone of voice, "I've waked up—I'm going out and try to undo some of the thoughtless things I have done."

Two hours later, radiant with joy, Betty again stood before her relative.

"I don't understand how my friends could forgive me, Aunt Ruth," she said softly, "but they did, and, to show my appreciation of their love, I—I am going to share Bob's flowers with them; there shan't be a slighted grave in the soldiers' resting place today—not only the boys that gave their lives in the last war, but every soldier that sleeps in the cemetery shall be remembered with flowers."

And, true to her word, Betty, once having opened her eyes to her own selfishness, went about undoing the mistakes she had made, as swiftly as possible. Every year since she has grown her flowers with no selfish motive back of them, and somehow her garden seems to produce the brightest blossoms that nod above the soldiers sleeping in Myrtle Hill Cemetery on Decoration Day.

"Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do.
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true!
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts be clean and high!
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy."

—Amos John Traver.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are painting the gutters on our cottage roofs.

Rev. T. W. Fogleman, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His talk on "Honoring Our Parents," was very interesting and instructive.

Dr. J. Arthur Bullard and Miss Dewitt, of Montrose, Pa., visited the school one afternoon last week. Dr. Bullard, a reired physician, is a keen student of geology and was very much interested in the peculiar rock formation on our grounds.

Last Saturday afternoon marked the first apearance of the Franklin Mill boys on the Training School diamond and they finished on the short end of a 12 to 1 score. Russell, veteran southpaw slab artist, was on the ffring line for the local lads and barely missed hurling a no-hit, no run game. Pitching with all of his old time skill, he allowed but one hit, which did not occur until the eighth inning. His assortment of curves completely baffled the visiting batters, fourteen of them going out on strikes and he did not issue a single base on balls. It was the best pitching seen here for several years and he would have scored a shut-out but for two errors in the eighth inning, followed by a two-base hit by Mauldin, who registered the visitors' lone hit. Sol Morgan started on the pitching mound for the Franklin Boys, but retired in the second frame, being succeeded by "Snake" Lefler, who was accorded rough treatment by the Training School hitters. They pounded out twelve healthy swats off his delivery and scored as many runs. Two bases on balls, a sacrifice fly and a hit by Levy produced two runs in the third inning. In the next two more runs were added on a base on balls, two errors and a single. The local lads landed on Lefler quite vigorously in the sixth. Capps, pinch-hitting for Watson, started the attack with a single; this was followed by doubles by Atkins and Whitaker; a single and a couple of errors filled the bases, when Capps, pinch-hitting for the second time in this inning, poled out another hit; Russell also contributed hs share by scoring a couple of markers with a solid smash to center. In this big inning the school lads put seven runs across. The last run was produced in the eighth when Poole doubled, advanced to third on a passed ball and scored on Atkins' single. Poole, Whitaker, Capps and Russell led with the stick, getting two hits each.

Not to be occupied and not to exist amount to the same thing. All people are good except those who are idle.—Voltaire.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL XVIII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 21, 1930. No. 22

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THE TASK

I had a little task to do,
The longer I waited the bigger it grew.
In a week or so it came to be
A spectre always haunting me.

It took my morning's joy away.
It shut the sunshine from my day,
It sat by me at eventide,
A presence not to be denied.

I faced it manfully at length,
And found to my surprise the strength
Whose absence had been my excuse
Had all the while been mine to use.

—H. T. J. Coleman.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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LOOK OUT FOR THE ROCKS

A gentleman crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their ship. But a sudden flapping of the sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately" said the looker on, "when only a half point is so much thought of."

"Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks." he said.

So it is in life. Half point from strict truthfulness strands us above the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, even an evasion, a half smothered statement, a statement that is made two sided to lead one believe other than intended so as to gain a certain end, are dangerous and we are steering right for the rocks that mean destruction. The first step can easily be corrected, but if we continue to keep one half point from the paths of rectitude finally the life of such a person will be crushed upon the rocks of crime—the past will be a regret and the future will be dismal.

—Selected.

TRUE TO THE CAUSE

It is quite evident that the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic do not have the least conception of the reverence in which the men of the South-

ern Confederacy hold their flag, or the suggestion that the Confederate Flag be furled and placed in some museum, prior to a reunion of the two armies under the Star and Stripes. If so, you may rest assured that the veterans of the North would have never had the nerve to make such a proposition. However, the idea was spurned in a resolution as it should have been. The Stars and Bars symbolize an ideal, and the old fellows who followed Lee and Jackson are feeble in body, but, loyal to the cause they so manfully fought for during the War Between the States. There is not a doubt that the sons and daughters of these brave heroes of the South will arise to any emergency and see that their flag is always properly placed and respected when these veterans are no longer here to defend the emblem of their cause. A flag is a symbol, it is more than a many colored fabric. Therein is written a history, and it carries a sentiment we cannot see, but inspires a depth of feeling for a righteous cause. This, the Confederate veterans expressed in the resolution unanimously adopted, at the 40th annual Reunion at Biloxi, in reply to the very thought of not unfurling their flag at a public reunion: "When the association in time has passed away, we will place to the care and keeping of our daughters and sons, our beloved Confederate flag, emblematic of all that is good and holy—that has never been polluted by the touch of German hirelings, Italian dagoes, European wharf rats of African slavery but, always raised for the purpose of the freedom and liberty and love of our beautiful southland.

"Such a meeting does not meet our approbation and no good can come of such a joint meeting."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

PRESIDENT FRANK PORTER GRAHAM

The election of a new president of the University of North Carolina was of vital interest and great concern, because this great institution, that the people of the State love so dearly, has filled an honorable place in the making of history for the Old North State. President Frank Graham, unanimously chosen by the trustees, comes from a family of noted educators, so by his innate adaptability, his varied experiences, extensive study and research work make him a ripe scholar,—most splendidly qualified to meet every demand of the responsible position. He did not seek the honor, the honor was his without seeking, but on the other hand he urged the election of one of his colleagues. After the notification of his election he in a manner becoming

the big man he is accepted the honor reluctantly and with humility. In his acceptance speech he pledged his loyalty and cooperation with a hope to measure up to all expectations during his administration. He said: "As President Chase lays down his office, magnified by a great administration, I take it up and as I look into the faces of the men who have chosen to express through me their loyalty and happiness, I come to this hour with faith and courage".

"The faith you have in me gives me the faith and courage to meet this new responsibility".

Referring to the financial depression and the spirit of pessimism that stalks in certain quarters, President Graham declared that it was no time to retreat in educational advancement. "We've just got here and we're not going backwards."

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SIT STEADY

It is the spirit of the times to broadcast a calamity wail. If a person is nervous, why make him more so by telling hard luck stories? We hear nothing but deficits, small dividends, a lull in business till there are times the whole story merged into one great big thought seems like a "big bug-a-boo." If we have to fight a battle it is absolutely necessary to have good nerve, for if our spirit is plucked by the thought of hard luck tales, it is impossible to put up a winning fight.

We read this morning that the Giant Furniture Factory of High Point would immediately put into effect a 55 hour week schedule giving full time employment to its force. This is gratifying news and we wish to aid in broadcasting the same for the benefit of many who seem to have lost hope.

Just abide the time and have a similar faith in the textile industries of our county. You may rest assured that the managers of these big business concerns have the interest of their people at heart and are quietly working and praying for a better and quick adjustment. We have faith and great hope that things will work out to the satisfaction of all concerned. It is necessary now to sit steady with a profound faith in our men who are managing a business that means much to the larger per cent of Cabarrus County.

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Down in Rocky Mount a negro preacher has appealed to the city aldermen

to take some action and put a ban on minature golf playing during his church hour. The preacher states he sees a decided "falling off" in the collection plate. This is a sign of the times—too much money during the hard times spent for things that should be used for the real essentials of life. The owners of the golf courts volunteered to have the game so it would not conflict with devotional services. We do not think this adjustment of the case will swell the amount of collection in the church, because those who intend to play will drop the nickel in the collection plate and save the quarter or more, for golf. It seems that the city aldermen of Rocky Mount had a fine opportunity to cooperate with the negro preacher and teach Sabbath observance. Since there are so many unemployed it is hardly necessary to use the Sabbath for a day of recreation. This is the usual excuse throughout the country, so the over worked business man can indulge in a fine game of golf Sunday afternoons because he is too busy duringthe week for recreation.

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The members of the county board of education and local boards of schools of Johnston county do not agree as to the advisability of employing home teachers. There is no law to prohibit one from having a viewpoint and expressing the same in a manner that will aid to make conditions better. The county board of education recommends that county teachers be employed in preference to outside teachers, all things being equal. The local board recommends that local teachers be not employed as a rule for the reason (according to the local board) local teachers do better work in other localaties than their home district. Now, there you are. Could this question be decided by a vote? Never. But, from a personal experience we agree "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in his own house."

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According to statistics as given out by the president of the American Federation of Labor the total of the nation's unemployment was 3,609,000. The president of the labor federation thinks it "inconceivable" that Congress should adjourn without a "gesture" for relief. There are many unemployed that could get some kind of work if there was the disposition to work But, previously small returns in labor have been given for a large

compensation, and it is going to take a long time to get conditions adjusted. Many express the willingness to work but demand war prices and short hours.

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Many were quite sure about the result of the primary the day previous, and after hearing the reports from the many precincts the general expression was "I am a little bit surprised." There is no way of measuring the mind of man either in a political or business way. There is a mental reservation, a loop hole, a way to back water, in case one is not on the winning side. We heard a very worthy citizen once say, "there are few brave men." This was hard to believe till we rubbed up against the public in a business way.

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A large percent of the forest fires, so states the press, are caused by smokers. Smokers are held the greatest single factor responsible for the unprecedented number of forest fires in the east this Spring—all of this is due to a careless disposal of burning tobacco in wooded areas.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

Some of these "economic experts" make me tired—in fact, almost put me to sleep. They lay great stress on what you should do with your money after you have spent it for something else.

—o—

There used to be an old-fashioned way of saying a man carried water on both shoulders. That's changed now, like changes in most everything else. The fashion now-a-days is carry water on one shoulder and booze on the other—or in his pocket.

—o—

She had done everything wrong. She had disregarded the signal lights, then stalled in the middle of the street, and before starting had taken out her powder puff and started to apply it to her face. An irate cop rushed up and remarked, "'Say, lady, do you know anything about traffic rules?'' She replied, "Why, yes. What is it you want to know?'' That's nerve for you.

—o—

"Remember,'' says a fruit company in a recent advertisement, "You can always buy bananas." This is the official seal of denial on the faint echo of that once famous canard, "Yes, we have no bananas.''

—o—

Friends and business associates often criticised the late John H. Patterson, founder and president of the National Register Company, for spending money to create and maintain light, clean working conditions for his employees. His only answer to their criticism was "It pays." Many other industries have since realized the truth of this statement, but there are still many others who feel that the cost of maintaining a clean plant is an expense, whereas it is really an investment that yields a highly profitable return. Cleanliness is profitable if you consider only its effect on production. Dirty working conditions always encourage laziness and slipshod methods. When the management exhibits such an obvious lack of interest in employees as to make no effort to give them clean working condition,s it is just human nature that the employees, likewise, will not give their best to the management. Cleanliness is always associated with bigness and efficiency.

—o—

Every section of the country annually appropriates large sums for the sole purpose of bringing an ever-increasing number of motor tourists to their respective sections. What is the South doing? What is North Carolina doing? This State is richer in scenic and historic interest than the general run of States, and no section has more interesting places to visit—and with thousands of miles of hard surfaced highways, and many others in course of construction—there is no real reason why North Carolina should not attract large numbers of tourists the year round. Yes, siree! North Carolina is the garden spot and the play ground of these United States!

How long since you heard a man say business was good? Check back ten years and see if you can remember. Then, if you are a betting man, go out and place a bet with your nearest neighbor that he can't name offhand and without considerable thought, a single man who has been heard to make such a remark since 1920. You will win. For some reason or other we seem to be making a fetich of bad business. We appear to have developed a superstitious belief that should we once inadvertently admit business is good, or even not very bad, it will immediately become so. Even though a man is making profits left and right, mention the state of business to him and hear him whine. Unquestionably business is not always as good as it might be. Presumably its present state is far less robust than it might be desired, but there have been times within the last ten years when it has been much worse. Yet the whines and howls being emitted today are as bad as they were when business was at worst, and no less pronounced than they were when business was at its highest peak. In short, we yell with equal gusto whether business is good, less good or downright rotten. It's a complaining habit people have gotten into, and it does more harm to business than anything else could do. Get out of this habit and boost business, whatever its condition.

—o—

Henry Ford says "The intelligence of the world has been increased by the automobile." No doubt about that. They make people hustle to keep out of the way of being run over. Autos make people mobile.

—o—

There was a time back yonder in the distince when whiskers were the fashionable mode for men. When a boy in my early teens I thought I never would be a man until I sprouted a beard—and now having to shave every day or two, I wish there was no such thing as face whiskers. Their mowing is onerous. But once I cultivated whiskers for a year. They were of an advanced twilight hue and were anything but an adornment. They aroused violent protests from a young wife, who threatened all sorts of reprisals if I did not do away with them. I had them amputated, and it was a real sacrifice. Looking now at an old photograph I know she was right in her contention. They were truly a horror, those whiskers.

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to gain virtues. Do not think of your faults; still less of other's faults. In every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; and as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.—John Ruskin.

MY NESTING BIRD FRIENDS

By C. W. Hunt

Spring and summer are always interesting times to me with my bird friends, who come year after year to nest around my house in the edge of the woods. Some of them are the same birds year after year, no doubt, some may be new ones, coming to visit me for the first time; which ever they are they are welcome, even the jay in spite of the fact that the North Carolina Audubon laws puts him in the robber and brigand class. I have never caught them doing either; not even fighting other birds. Right now, as this is written I hear a pair feeding large young birds they have reared right over my front porch in a post oak. This pair or another have reared their young year after year almost in reach of my front door.

Those birds that can always be depended upon to be here, some in winter, all in summer are these: the cardinal (red bird) mocking bird, swamp robin, robin red breast, thrush, cat bird, shrike, blue jay song sparrow, flicker (yellow-hammer) and, this year, a new pair that I am not familiar with, the male being beautifully marked and may be the Baltimore oriole, but am not sure. These nested in a pear tree, building a nest almost like the yellow throated warbler, but not so well fashioned nor so securely hung, but in similar position. I found the nest built of fresh cut grass, which they cut, with two eggs. I left it alone for some weeks, and when I went to see what they had, a young one flew from the nest to the next tree.

These bird friends begin with the mocker, which remains with us all winter and begins to look for a nest as soon as the leaves come out, often before in the climbing roses along the fence, which remain green all winter. Here they generally build, but if broken up by a cat or nest-robbing-boy, they generally seek an apple tree in the orchard. The next to begin nesting is the cardinal in some low cluster of bushes or briars. Remaining here all winter these found a fine feeding place in a neighbor's back yard, where the dogs were fed. This pair joined the English sparrows in feeding on the crumbs the dogs left, in winter, and then, for the first time this year have kept up these visits to this back yard for food to feed their young; and both the male and the female work carrying food. They have to fly from back of my house, past it to the back yard, and all spring and even now they may be seen flying back to the woods with a chunk of bread in the mouth, to feed the young. Finding such a place to feed, when they have formerly searched the woods and fields for food, I am wondering if there would be any bad effect on the young from being fed a starchy food? or do they know how to balance the ration with worms and bugs and grubs?

The first migrant to come is the brown thrush, and seems always in a

hurry to begin nest building in some low bushes, some times making the nest ahead of the leaves. These generally raise four young, and take care of them for a long time after they leave the nest by feeding and looking out for cats and other enemies, for these young thrush are not wild. The cat bird follows the thrush about two to three weeks later, and when the cat bird comes it is safe to plant most any crop. These are peaceable birds and always nest within a hundred feet of the house, in a leafy place where you will not likely find the nest. I can always tell when a stray cat or squirrel or a snake is near the nest, by the cat calls they make. They get terribly distressed when anything likely to rob their nest comes near. Old Robin red breast forsook me for some years; I don't know why, but for three years past she has nested close by the front door. (This year she is some place back of the house) Red breast sings a funny little song sometimes, when she is happy.

The flicker or yellow hammer has the hardest job of all my bird friends, for she insists on digging a hole in a dead tree for a nest. They have almost no nest, just dig out a hole large enough for it to get in and sit on the eggs. Sometimes they have the bad luck of striking a hard place, after they have dug half enough for a nest and have to start all over again. Within fifty feet of where I write is a flicker nest in a dead top of a live poplar tree. I have heard her pecking away at that hole for hours at a time. Finally the knocking quit, and by that I know nesting is going on.

The shrike is a little known bird. See it flying you might take it for a mocking bird, but it has what seems to be a hawk bill. For many years it has been nesting in a peach orchard. Last winter I had these trees pulled out and the land put in cultivation, and the shrikes quit me; for I have not seen one this season. I wrote a few weeks ago about "My Swamp Robin Songster," and how it sings. Well all the time I have been writing she has regaled me with that silvery note no other bird knows.

And the little house wren has just reminded me, with its song, that I have left it out of this bird story. These never fail me; and though stray cats get their young from the box nest in the garage, they never seem discouraged, but come year after year to build again in the same box on the wall.

The only harm these bird friends do me is to eat my cherries, not willing to even divide with me. I would miss them if they quit me, and they are never harmed.

Man proposes, but God disposes.

SYMPATHY NEEDED

(Excerpt from address of Dr. Laughinghouse delivered to graduating nurses From the Sanatorium Training School for Nurses)

It is just sympathy that you need, reinforced by knowledge and poise. These three ingredients are the most prominent part in forming the gentlewoman and the capable nurse. No nurse is great who does not possess sympathy plus, and the greatness of woman can safely be guaged by their sympathies. Sympathy and imagination are twin sisters. Your heart must go out to all men—high, low, rich, poor, learned, unlearned, good, bad, wise, foolish. You must be one with them all, else you can never comprehend them. Sympathy is the touchstone to every secret, the key to all knowledge, the open sesame of all hearts. Put yourself in your patient's place and then you will know why your patient thinks certain thoughts and does certain deeds. Put yourself in your patient's place and your blame will dissolve into pity, and your tears will wipe out the record of your patient's misdeeds. The saviors of the world have simply been people with wondrous sympathy.

But knowledge must go with sympathy, else the emotions will become maudlin and pity will be wasted on a poodle instead of a patient, or a field mouse instead of a human soul. Knowledge in use is wisdom, and implies a sense of values—you know a big thing from a little one, a valuable fact from a trivial one. Tragedy and comedy are simply questions of value: a little misfit in life makes us laugh, a great one is a tragedy.

Poise is the strength of body and strength of mind to control your sympathy and your knowledge. Unless you control your emotions they run over you and you stand knee-deep in the slop. Sympathy must not run riot, or it is valueless and betokens weakness instead of strength. In every hospital for nervous disorders are to be found many instances of this loss of control. The individual has sympathy, but not poise, and therefore her life is worthless to herself and the world. Such a person symbols inefficiency, not helpfulness Bear in mind that poise reveals itself more in voice than words: more in thought than action; more in atmosphere than conscious life. It is a spiritual quality, and is felt more than it is seen. It is not a matter of size, nor bodily attitude, nor attire, nor personal comeliness; it is an outward sign of an inward grace, and a knowledge of the realization that your cause is just.

So, in the cultivation of poise, it is well to begin away back in your building. Keep your self-respect, so that you can always cast out fear. Get rid of all secrets; have nothing in your heart to conceal; be gentle, generous, kind—do not bother to forgive your enemies; it is better to forget them, and cease conjuring them forth from your inner consciousness. The idea that you have enemies is egotism gone to seed. I would urge you to get knowledge by coming close to nature; listen to her heartbeats; study her ways; and let your heart

go out to humanity in its desire to serve. Because she is greatest who best serves her kind. Sympathy and knowledge are for use. You acquire that you may give out; you accumulate that you may bestow. And, as God has given you the sublime blessings of sympathy and knowledge, there will come to you the wish to reveal your gratitude by giving them out again, for the wise person knows that we retain spiritual qualities only as we give them away. Let your light shine. To him that hath shall be given. The exercise of wisdom brings wisdom; and at the last the infinitesimal quality of knowledge compared with the Infinite, and the meagerness of sympathy when compared with the source from which ours is absorbed, will evolve an abnegation and a humility that will lend a perfect poise.

THE MINISTRY OF TIME

Under the above caption the Laurinburg Exchange preaches a little sermon that is so far ahead of heated political arguments that we take pleasure in presenting it to our readers at this time:

There are few wounds that time will not heal. Life is little more than a succession of violences—we call them ups and downs. Attachments are served, grief comes into our hearts; disappointment is the common lot of men. But whatever shock accompanies these experiences as time goes on we forget. Solace takes place of sorrow and life is enriched and made sweeter. The ministry of time is evident in all Nature. The grass grows over the new-made grave. Hillsides that are scarred with battle and man's neglect are clothed with verdure green. The personal injury we fancied was done us last year and which we magnified out of all proportion to its real significance, is minimized as it recedes in the distance. Public sentiment, outraged at some heinous crime, demands swift and vindictive punishment. But as time goes on indignation subsides and maybe the author of the crime gets a pardon.

There is just one place where this sweet ministry of time does not operate to full advantage always. That is in the heart of man. Too often we cherish ill will and harbor in our hearts enmity and hate. We magnify our personal grievances and attach too much importance to them. We remember many times when we would best forget. Old grudges, old hates, old feuds should be relegated to the limbo of the past. Let the dead past bury its dead. Let time heal the sore spots in our hearts. Let there be no room there for enmity, jealousy, prejudice and hatred.

"OLD IRONSIDES" REBUILT

(The Pathfinder)

There is no longer any question about it. "Old Ironsides" will again sail the seas. The famous Constitution has once more defied the tooth of time and will share the waves with the latest oil-burning, electrically driven liners. This was assured when President Hoover signed the bill appropriating $300,000 to finish the restoration.

It was in 1925 that Congress authorized the Navy Department to restore the Constitution again. But no money was appropriated for it. The navy was merely authorized to accept money if and when it was offered. Rear Admiral Andrew, commandant of the Boston Navy Yard, took the lead in collection. He got the aid of the Elks, through whom some 5,000,000 school children turned in $175,000 in penny contributions. Sale of colored reproductions of the picture of the famous old fighting ship brought in another $160,000, while souvenirs made from the original metal and timber of the boat netted about the same amount. There were also contributions by individuals. In all, the collection amounted to $645,000, which with the $300,000 appropriation brings the total to $945,000. The original cost 133 years ago was $302,718.

It may seem a simple thing for a modern navy yard to take an old ship of this sort and recondition it, or rebuild it. But the task was anything but simple. All our navy yards are equipped to deal with steel ships only. There were neither materials nor tools for the work, nor did the navy yard at Boston have any workmen with the least experience along this line. The hull was in such a state of decay that it could not be put in a regular dry dock. Here is the way this problem was solved, as related in the House of Representatives by Mr. Underhill of Massachusetts:

A special docking plan was prepared at the Boston Navy Yard, showing a method of internal shoring. The ship having an excess weight over bouyancy at the two ends, approximately 150 tons of ballast was placed in the fore hold. A pyramid of timbers was built on the spar deck 12 feet high, over which heavy steel cables were passed, leading through the starboard and port hawse pipes, over the top of the pyramid, and extending aft to heavy cross timbers located below the line of the gun deck. These cables were hove taut by the use of unusually large turnbuckles, as the vessel settled over the blocks, in order to support the ends of the ship. Additional cables were passed entirely around the ship at the line of the gun deck gun ports, being also hove up by the use of turnbuckles. Numerous transverse steel cables crossed the gun deck to the main cable that passed around the ship, the object being to prevent spreading of the ship as it landed on the blocks.

An especially designed cribwork, 80 feet long and 9 feet high, was built into the bottom of the dock and counterweighted by metal bal-

last. Upon this cribwork there were installed 13 transverse launch ways. Upon this was built a continuous cradle 78 feet long on each side of the ship, which was calculated to represent the final shape of the hull, 14 feet 6 inches off the center, at a location known as a buttock line. The sliding ways, which carried the cradles, were greased, and at the ends of the cradle a longitudinal adjustable block was fitted that would work in a fore-and-aft plane to cover any discrepancies which would occur due to any slight error of the cradle properly adjusting itself to the underside of the ship.

Many sections of the country contributed material. They got live oak from Flroida; white-oak planking from Southern Ohio and West Virginia; more than 400 white oak knees were obtained from Delaware; Douglas fir for deck beams, masts and spars from Washington and Oregon; yellow pine for spar deck planking from Georgia, while other sections furnished iron, copper, hemp, oakum and so forth.

Whether or not the old ship will be as staunch as she was when turned out by the early builders remains to be seen. She got her nickname, "Ironsides" during the fight with the Guerriere when the sailors noticed a shot from the enemy vessel strike her side and then fall back into the water and sink.

It was 100 years ago—in 1830—that the Constitution was condemned as unseaworthy by the naval commissioners and ordered broken up. At that time she was saved by a young poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose poem, "Old Ironsides" will continue to gladden the hearts and stir the pride of all patriotic Americans who have the good fortune to be able to see it.

"COMPLAINING A HABIT!"

"Nothing is easier than to complain, yet in almost every community are to be found some who have a conspicuous genius for complaining. We have heard of no one, however, who would take the prize for this over a woman whose pastor asked after her health, to which she replied dolefully, "I feel very well, but I always feel bad when I feel well because I know I am going to feel worse afterwards."—Exchange.

The above brings to mind the reply a faithful servant gave when asked as to the health of his wife. "Well, John how is your wife?" John replied, "About the same I guess, she continues to complain. If she did not complain I would think her sick."

FLAG DAY

(Lutheran Young Folks)

The flag of the United States was one hundred and fifty-three years old on June fourteenth. In commemoration of its adoption as the flag of the nation, June 14, 1777, there is an annual Flag Day. In every state of the union the Stars and Stripes are profusely displayed on this day. The eyes of the nation behold it and hearts of millions beat patriotically for what to them is:

"The one flag—the great flag—
The flag for me and you;
Glorified all else beside,
The red, and white and blue."

The history of the nation is symbolized by its flag. The flag is more than a piece of variously colored fabric. Its design means more than an artistic attempt to create a bit of colorful atractiveness. Its size is not the determinant of its thrilling effectiveness; it may be measured in yards and be unfurled from great shafts; it may be measured in inches and be carried in the pocket; its value and significance is not a matter of size. It may be the cheapest bunting, or the costliest silk; the accident of textile material does not add to or take from the meaning of the flag. Its stars, its stripes, its colors, of themselves, do not constitute its potency. All these take on vitalizing power for patriotism, for good citizenship, because a nation has declared that wherever this flag is, the honor and the power of the nation are present—an honor to uphold and the power to uphold it.

The flag is the citizen's assurance of national honor and a visable appeal to him to honor his citizenship. It is the guarantee of protection of his individual rights and a challenge to him to protect the national rights for which it stands. Above all, the flag is a prophecy of the perpetuation of the principles of liberty and justice to all—the principles which have made it an honorable flag.

It is a sad mistake to regard the flag as being more closely related to military than to every-day concerns. It does lead in war times; it likewise leads when peace reigns. It will be a great advance for the world when the flags of all nations will be in the van of peoples bent on peaceful pursuits.

"When all our flags shall blend in one,
And all our wars shall cease,
'Neath the new flag, the true flag,
The rainbow flag of peace."

The first and best victory is to conquer self; to be conquered by self is of all things the most shameful and vile—Plato.

WHITSUNDAY

(Lutheran Young Folks)

It is important that we shall have correct views of the Holy Spirit, just as it is important that we shall have correct views of Jesus. There is a doctrine of the person and work of the Holy Spirit just as there is a doctrine of the person and work of Jesus. If we shall be saved from falling into error here it is imperative that we keep very close to the Bible. But it is not our purpose at this time to enter into any dogmatical statement as to who the Holy Spirit is, or what He does. That task must be referred to the classroom and its more formal instruction.

The Feast of the Passover preceded the Feast of Pentecost by fifty days. Nineteen hundred years ago Jesus died as the Lamb of God to take away the sin of the world at the time of the Passover, and fifty days later in the same year the Holy Spirit descended on the waiting disciples. It may be said that that year was the greatest since the creation of the world. Before the ascension of our Lord He told the apostles that when He returned to the Father from whom He had come He would send the Holy Spirit upon them. He frankly said that they would be helpless without this other Comforter who would more than fill the place He had held in their lives. Pentecost, or Whitsunday, is the festival of the Christian Church commemorating the descent of the Holy Spirit.

How shall we worthily commemorate this day? First, by reminding ourselves that He came once for all time. We do not pray for Him to be poured out as He was on the day of Pentecost. He is here. He is in His Church. Would it not have been strange if the disciples had prayed to God to send the Messiah into their midst when He was already among them? And it would be just as strange for us to pray for the coming of His Spirit. Second, by reminding ourselves that He operates through the Word and sacraments. It is by them that He convicts of sin, calls, enlightens and sanctifies us and all men. If there are exceptions to that rule it is none of our concern. We are dependent upon the Spirit, working through the means of grace, for our salvation. Third, that He dwells in the hearts of all believers. He missed none on Pentecost. A tongue of flame rested on the head of each one. Jesus lived and died for all, and the Spirit comforts and strengthens all.

"Whatever weakens your reason, whatever impairs your tenderness of conscience, whatever obscures your sense of God, whatever increases the the strength of your body over your mind that thing to you is wrong, however innocent it may be in itself"—Susanna Wesley

BIRDS

(By A Small Boy, Twelve Years Old)

Birds seem to be the happiest creatures alive. They do not have houses to live in. or tables to eat from, because they eat where they find their food, and sleep where they are, or at their nests.

Men study dead birds, and can tell the name of every feather, and bone; but the most important thing to know is their habits and the way they live. When you begin to study them that way, you will not want to kill any more birds.

In the north where food gets covered with snow and becomes scarce, the birds start south where they can get food in the winter time. In some of the states the birds stay all winter, but most of them go south.

In the spring you will hear a robin, blackbird, or some other kind of bird, start to singing, and you know summer is near.

As soon as birds come they look for a place to build a nest, and then build it. After they build the nest, the mother bird lays the egg and hatches the young.

Each kind of bird has a way to build its nest, but they always try to hide them.

While the mother bird is hatching the young birds, the father sings and brings food to her.

When the young ones have hatched out, the old ones go and get them food. Some birds bring enough food for all the young ones, but others bring only enough for one young bird.

Birds rarely ever use a nest more than once, but some of them do.

When anybody tries to rob a nest, the mother bird tries to drive them away.

Some people say that the old birds drive their young out of the nest when old enough to fly. This is not so; they teach them how to fly, and if they will not fly, they will tempt them to do it.

Birds that live in the nests do not have feathers at first, but those that live on the ground do. They have small quills that hold the feathers before they come out. Birds that live up in the air and in the tops of trees have very showy suits of feathers, but those that live on the ground have dull suits.

Birds do not shed all of their feathers at once, but shed them one at a time so that no one will notice it.

Some birds have two suits. They have different colors at the end of their feathers, and when they change suits, they break off the ends and come out in another suit.

Birds take good care of their feathers, and when a white one comes where it does not belong, they pull it out as fast as it comes.

When young birds are in the nests, they are not very pretty, but when they are about to take their first flight, they are lovely to look at. At this age they are not afraid of people, and if you are quiet, you can get a good look at them.

When young the birds have to be educated to do a great many things.

They have to be taught to keep away from traps and men with guns. They can be taught very esaily, and in proof of this, I will tell you a story.

Not many years ago there was a boy, whose father was dead, and he had to support the family. He caught some birds and tamed them. He also had a cat, which he taught to leave the birds alone. He taught the birds many tricks and then took them to a fair and made them do their tricks, and in this way made a lot of money. He had a pet partridge that loved him very much. When he died all the birds flew about him, but the partridge showed her love by staying about his grave, after they had buried him, until she died.

Birds have to learn what to eat. Many old birds teach their young ones what to eat by taking them to a bush full of berries and feeding them some berries. After that she flies away, and the young one gets hungry. He calls for food, and at last thinks of the berries and eats some. In this way they learn what to eat.

All of the birds of the same kind do not have the same notes in their songs. It is seldom you hear birds use the same notes. If you put two or more birds in a cage, you will hear little chirps and twitters that ar not at all like their song, but if you have just one in the cage he will rarely ever twitter but will sing.

Besides their own songs, birds can copy the songs of other birds, and some of them can sing the song better than the owner can. Some birds can imitate the file on a saw. Some birds quit singing as soon as the young ones are hatched and hardly ever sing again until next spring.

The birds eat all the little insects and worms. The hawks and owls eat mice and ground squirrels. Some birds eat a little fruit, but for every cherry a bird eats, he eats thousands of worms and insects that the farmers have to fight all the time.

When you see a hawk sitting on a fence or in a tree, you must not think that he is looking for a bird or chicken for most of the time he is looking for mice. There is but one kind of owl and two kinds of hawks that will eat chickens. They are the Cooper's hawk and sharp shinned hawk and the great horned or hoot owl.

Most of the birds take their food that they cannot use and hide it for other times. They have many curious hiding places.

Most of the birds sleep on their feet, and some have their head buried in the feathers above their wing, but they never put their head under their wing, as some people say they do. Sometimes they sleep on one foot with the other one drawn up to their breast, but most of them sleep on both feet.

Some birds sleep in trees up close to the trunk of the tree, and others sleep in bushes covered with snow in winter.

Water birds sleep on the water and float about using one foot to paddle a little with to keep from going ashore.

The partridge and his family sleep in a circle with their heads out to keep from being caught.

The woodpecker and chimney swift sleep hanging, using their stiff tail

to brace them up.

Most birds take two long journeys a year—one to the south in the fall and one back north in the spring. They always go south in flocks. Some people say the reason birds go south is because it is so cold. This is not so; the birds go to get the food they cannot get here.

The bobolink is the first bird to leave us. Then comes the insect eaters, warblers and other birds.

Some birds travel by night. These are the wood birds and birds that do not care to be seen. The bolder and stronger birds always travel by day.

The birds always fly a day and then stop a day or two for food and rest. They always have a path that they take and follow until they reach the south. One of these paths is over the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. Most of the time the birds fly too high to mind the statue, but on foggy days when they fly lower many fly against it and are killed.

All of the birds do not go south. Those that can live on berries and seeds do not go south, but stay up north all year. Even when it snows the birds can find food, because it hardly ever snows deep enough to cover the weeds and vines.

If you want to watch the birds, you can spread a board or counter with food and put it out of reach of the cats, then watch them when they come to it. In return for this kindness they will sing for you.

Many people think that as soon as the young birds are old enough to fly the family is separated. This is not true, and even when the old ones have two broods, one of the old ones comes to see how the young ones that are together are getting along. When the second brood is old enough to fly, they unite and fly away.

Some birds hatch their young in trees, while others hatch their young on the sand or rocks.

When birds get in trouble, the birds that are near come to help them drive the trouble away. When a man or boy robs a nest, the birds come together and try to help the birds that are robbed.

When one of the young birds is weak or cannot get food, his brothers and sisters get food for him.

Old birds love their young ones so well that they will die, or save their life. Chimney swifts have been known to fly into a chimney that had caught fire and try to get their young one out, and if they could not, would die with their young ones. Robins have been known to freeze to death when they could have saved themselves, rather than let their young ones suffer.

Some birds that have been caught and tamed have gotten to love their masters so well they will suffer anything to stay with them.

Birds have very much intelligence and show it in many ways. One time a robin could not get enough mud to make a nest and was puzzled as to how she could get it. At last she thought of a way. She jumped into a bathing dish for birds that was near and tramped about in the dust until she had a good coat of mud on her legs, aid went to the nest. She did this until she had enough to make a nest. Birds also show their intelligence in the way they draw peo-

ple away from their nest by acting as if they were lame and easy to catch.

Birds are made so they can fly in the air without being held back. They are made so that their necks are sharp like a boat, and can cut the air. They draw up their legs or let them trail behind them when flying. All of the feathers lay backward.

We could not go through the air as fast as they do because we are not made for it. Birds can even sing while flying, and it is hard for a man to sing while running up a small hill.

Birds necks are like a hinge, and they can dress every feather on their body. Their bones are hollow and filled with air to make them light. Birds that have to wade have long legs, and birds that have to swim have webbed feet to use as paddles.

Birds do not have teeth but they can eat hard seeds. To break these up they have a gizzard which serves as a grinding mill.

It is a wonder how the birds can fly so high. They can fly higher and breathe better than a man in a balloon.

Birds can even fly under water with ease. When they are hunted, they stay under water with nothing out but their beaks.

The beak takes the place of the hand. The bird has to get food, take care of his feathers, build nests and fight with it.

Orioles use their beaks to make nests. Woodpeckers use their beaks to make holes and nests. Nut hatches use their beaks to crack nuts with. Some birds use their beaks to dig holes in the ground, and carry mud and plaster for nests. Birds have to use their beaks a great deal to keep them from growing too long. Birds in cages have beaks to grow so long that they can hardly pick up food.

The shape of the beak will tell how a bird lives. The strong hooked bill like the hawks tells that he lives on animals. The long, narrow, sharp beak of the heron shows that he spears his prey. The sharp pointed beak of the warbler shows that he picks out insects. The sharp edged bill of a sparrow tells that he breaks open seeds. The curious beak of a crossbill is to pick the seeds out of a pine cone. The ducks wide bill with a strainer at the end is to let out water while they keep food in. A spoon shaped bill is to scoop up food, and a thin flat one is to poke into cracks.

The upper and lower parts of the beak that take the place of the jaws can be moved, while only the lower jaw of man can be moved.

The tongue is used as a finger to pick up insects and worms. The birds use the tongue to take up honey and spear insects.

Birds eyes are very different from ours. They are round and placed on the side of the head so they can look two ways at once. Owls are the only birds that have their eyes turned forward like ours.

Birds eyes are of many colors. Besides our common black, brown, blue, and gray, they have light and dark green, bright red, pale and deep yellow, and orange, and even white.

Birds have two eyelids like we have, but while we close our upper one, they close their lower one. They also have a third eyelid or skin that moves

across the eye.

Birds eyes are so strong that they are like a microscope. A story is told of some birds that were migrating. As they were passing over a garden, they suddenly flew down and began to eat. The owner of the garden shot some of them and found them stuffed with caterpillars. He examined the leaves of the plants and found a great many more. This shows that birds have strong eyes.

The ears of a bird are more useful to him than his eyes because he can hear a great deal better than he can see.

The birds ears are behind his eyes. When a woodpecker peck a tree, he stops to listen, and if he hears a worm move, he pecks it out. If there is a worm there, he is sure to hear it.

The ears are covered with feathers to protect them, and some birds have a skin which they can draw over the ear.

A bird always stands on his toes, and not on his feet. The long, slim part that we call the leg is the bird's foot, and the joint up near its body is the bird's heel.

Most birds have four toes, some have three, and others have only two.

Birds have three kinds of feet. They are the perching foot scratching foot, and swimming foot.

The bones in a bird's wing are the same as those in a man's hand. The birds have a shoulder, elbow, wrist, and fingers, although the fingers cannot be seen for the feathers.

The bird uses his wings to fly, fight with, and as a musical instrument. The shape of the wing tells how the bird flies. The long, narrow wing shows that the bird has an easy, skimming flight; the short, round ones show that the bird has a strong flight for a short distance. The longest wings are seen on water birds.

The tail is formed of an even number of feathers in pairs. They are always the same length. The tail is used as a brake to check speed in alighting, and to express emotion.

In the woodpecker's and swift's tails, hte end of the tail is made of a number of shafts reaching out. They are used to prop the bird against the tree, or chimney, and to help in climbing.

Because birds are so useful to us, we ought to know how to attract them about our homes. We ought to feed them when they need it, and not shoot them. We ought to keep bird hunters and cats away, and the birds will come. We ought to have a bathing dish for them. The best kind is an earthern dish, with pebbles on the bottom to keep them from slipping.

If you want to know more about birds, you could take a note book with you everywhere you went, and look closely at every bird you see. You want to note their size, color, manners, and what they are doing. You ought to find their nest, and look at its make and contents. When you get home you should look in a bird book and find its name.

If you want to study about them, there are a great many cheap and good books that you could get about them.

The bitter cup has one drop of honey.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

By E. X. Simmonds

One of the recognized masterpieces in architecture is the historical "Christ of the Andes," which stands amid snow-capped peaks on the boundary line between Chili and Argentina. It is twenty-six feet high, supported by a gigantic column surrounded by a globe on which the map of the world is outlined. The history of this statue is most interesting.

Less than thirty years ago Chili and Argentina were on the verge of war. An old boundary dispute had broken out anew, intensified by an unsuspected value in the eighty thousand square miles of territory involved. The two nations grew more hostile. Their standing armies were increased to a burdensome size, the navy enlarged by new and expensive ships. The tax for these elaborate preparations amounted to five dollars per capita in the two nations.

To the honor of Christian men in both countries let it be said that these demonstrations were greatly protested. On both sides of the line, clergy as well as representatives of the English government in both countries, labored earnestly and kindly for the averting of so great a disaster. They journeyed back and forth in their respective countries, rousing the people by their pleading for the tangible expression of abiding peace between the nations, in the form of a monument on the boundary line.

It was this movement that gave focus to the peace sentiment. The plan to erect a statue of Christ between the nations rebuked the clamor of war. At last the boundary dispute was referred by agreement to the King of England; and his decision, which awarded to each nation a part of what it had contended for, gave general satisfaction. Then the two nations, gratified by the result, signed a treaty, agreeing that for a term of years all the controversies among them should be submitted to arbitration, and that they should reduce their armies and navies.

The women of the two nations took up the movement for the monument. A young sculptor, Mateo Alonso, modeled the statue of Christ, which was cast in bronze produced from an old cannon. In His left hand the Christ holds a cross, rising five feet above the statue. His right hand is outstretched in blessing. Below are two tablets. One gives the history of the monument and the other says: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than shall the people of Argentina and of Chili break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

On the very summit of the Andes, and on the boundary line settled with mutual satisfaction and without strife, the statue was erected March 13, 1904, a benediction to the nation that erected it, and a lesson to the world for the Spirit of Christ shows the world a better way than war.

NO BIBLE ON BOARD

(Selected

Just the other day I read of a man who died on board ship in mid-ocean There was no Bible on this ship, and the burial service was transmitted, in part, by wireless from another vessel many miles away.

It occured to me that this was a most pathetic and tragic condition. A ship without a copy of the Bible! And a man—the captain, indeed—is dying—and dead! Is it not more than passing strange that not even one on board this ship should have possessed a copy of God's Book? Other things were not lacking there—plenty of food, fuel, clothing for the body—but no provision for the soul! Wireless apparatus for communicating with God!

May we not say that this Bibleless ship is typical of the mad blindness of the age in which we live? In so !many lives the material outweighs the spiritual. Much attention is paid to the little, glittering, noisy things, while the great, silent, essential things receive small consideration. This ship, unfreighted with a Bible shows us what a weary, dangerous way we have drifted from the things that are safe and good.

I find a great pity in my soul for this man—stranger though he was to me—who died on this Bibleless ship out there on the wild, winter sea. Let us hope that he had not always been without God's Book. Let us hope that, as he neared the mystic shore, he remembered some little verse of promise—a verse taught him, perhaps, by a good mother in life's early morning—and that remembering this verse in some way kindled a bright light in a black world of gloom.

And shall not those of us who love the Bible, and use it as a guide in daily living—shall not we, I say, set ourselves to the fine, heroic task of making the thoughts of God so popular that on land or sea, there shall be no man who lives—much less who dies—without a Bible?

CARELESSNESS IS COSTLY

Forty five persons were killed in automobile accidents in North Carolina during the month of April according to the Bureau of Vital Statistics. There were also twenty three homicides and seventeen suicides. Besides this thirty two persons lost their lives by burning and conflagration accidents, five were killed by accidental gunshot wounds and seven were drowned. Not one of these deaths was due to natural causes and perhaps most of them were caused by carelessness.—The Beaufort News.

A LITTLE GIRL WHO BECAME FAMOUS

By Ann Adams Gordon

The little girl is Frances E. Willard, whose birthday, September 28, 1829, is every year remembered by thousands of boys and girls, not only in the United States, but in many other countries.

Frances, her brother Oliver, and sister Mary, had fine times together in their pretty country home near Janesville, Wisconsin. Frances loved every inch of ground about Forest Home, as she named it; the bluffs rising from merry Rock River, the groves of oak and hickory trees, and the stately row of sheltering evergreens which she helped her father plant between the house and the roadway. She loved the pastures and the woods and the wide prairies stretched away mile after mile. With her face hidden in the fragrant moss and violets she would welcome them back again after the snowy winter.

Frances' father and mother loved everything in nature, and during the twelve years at Forest Home, the children learned the habits and songs of many birds; they loved the curious note of the prairie chickens; they studied the wild flowers with their father's botany and microscoe, and pitied people who had to live in cities. In the summer twilight Frances loved to lie in the midst of the tall corn stalks and listen to the rustle of their silky tops. Sometimes she reached her hands up towards the sky, hoping God would touch it.

The children had few toys, but they invented many jolly games and frolics. "Fort City," with make believe streets, was great fun. Two volumes of laws to govern the city, a board of trade, a bank, a post office, a daily paper, a mayor, a tax gatherer, and all the rest, kept the children busy and also taught them how to govern themselves. The first thing they agreed to after naming the city was that it should have no saloons, and no billiard halls and that it would not need a jail.

Frances enjoyed carrying a flag in a Fourth of July procession, for she was a genuine patriot with a great love for her country. She thought the flag a beauty, though made of pillow case and red calico stripes, and with gilt paper stars pinned in the corner.

Fido the dog, Trudge the maltese kitten, Dime the heifer, Sammie the learned lamb, Sukey the pig, Stumpy the poor little lame chicken, Roly-Poly the tame mouse, and Beauty and Brighty the dear little rabbits, were some of the many pets at Forest Home.

The children studied faithfully, first with mother and a teacher at home, and later in a little brown school house that was built in the neighborhood. Their wise mother talked much to her trio of fun loving young folk about manners, gentleness and reverence, telling them that nice, considerate ways were worth far more than money in the race of life. During her girlhood and school life, Frances was

kind and generous, loving and unselfish, ambitious and true. She read good books, was always busy and delighted in being helpful to others.

Though Frances was a shy little girl, she was eager to see new people and do useful things, and she often wondered as she looked out on the waving grass of prairies, if she should ever see the big world outside her happy home.

She became a celebrated and beloved teacher and the founder of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union. During these years her home was at Reed Cottage, Evanston, Illinois. Miss Willard went to her heavenly home February, 1898.

When you visit the Capitol building of this great country at Washington, District of Columbia, you will see in Statuary Hall a beautiful white marble statue of Frances E. Willard, placed there by vote of the Legislature of Illinois. Two thousand boys and girls brought bright flowers to place near the statue the day it was unveiled. These boys and girls knew that Miss Willard loved them and had given her life to make homes happy and safe from the curse of alcoholic drink.

Miss Willard would like to have every boy and girl sign the temperance pledge, as she did when a little girl; and this is another promise she would like you have them keep, "I promise not to do, say, or listen to anything that I cannot tell my mother."

AS I GO MY WAY

My life shall touch a dozen lives before this day is done—
Leave countless marks for good or ill ere sets this evening's sun.
From out each point of contact of my life with others lives
Flows ever that which helps the one who for the summit strives.
Does love through every handclasp flow, in sympathy's caress?
Do those who I have greeted know a new-born hopefulness?
Are tolerance and charity the keynote of my song,
As I go plodding onward with earth's eager, anxious throng?
My life must touch a million lives in some way, ere I go
From this world of struggle to the land I do not know.
So this is the wish I always wish, the prayer I ever pray:
Let my life help the other lives it touches by the way.

—Strickland Gillilan.

TEACHING TIDINESS

By Grace Archbold

"Why, what is the trouble, Ada? Untidy children again?"

"Yes" sighed Mrs. Maydew, as she closed her friend's living room door and dropped wearily into a chair. "Here are you with four children and your house as neat as a new pin. You look bright and rested at two o'clock in the afternoon. I have only three children and my place looks as though a cyclone had been through it. I felt so discouraged I just had to run in and see you for a bit."

You do look tired! What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know. I'm always telling them to put away their things, but it does not seem to do the least good. It took me half an hour to clear up after breakfast. There's always a hunt going on for lost caps or lost books and pencils.

When I should have been preparing dinner, I was washing dishes. I had to leave the beds. It was just the same after dinner. Seems to me I'm never done. As to mending I dare not look at the stocking basket. I often have to cobble up holes at the last minute."

"What time do you have breakfast?"

"Somewhere around half past seven." This morning I had to do some telephoning I forgot last night and that made it late. It was a scramble getting them off to school. It threw out my whole morning. If only John and the children were more tidy, I could have caught up."

"I find if I have my meals regularly it makes things easier. I just insist that everyone be at the table on time unless there is a good reason for tardiness. Everything then falls into place."

"What do you do if they stray in late to table?"

"Well, you see, dad is very particular about being punctual. If he has to be late, he always says, 'Sorry, mother,' and explains. He has taught the childern to do the same. They like to copy him and have learned that is 'bad manners' to mother not to be there if possible. At the end of a meal, each child carries out his own dishes and scrapes them into the chicken's tin or the dog's plate which I stand on a sheet of paper. Bella, my eldest, takes the crumbs off the table and sees that it is left neat. Even the little ones can help by carrying something out. It teaches them to be thoughtful, too. You would be surprised what a difference it makes. If there is a rush and scramble, the naturally tidy ones soon learn to be untidy. At first I often used to be tempted to neglect preparing the meals in good time, but it does not pay. It's bad for the children's habits, not to mention their health.

"But what about their toys and books? And when my children get up in the morning, they throw their night clothes on the floor for me to pick up."

"I had a row of hooks put up in

the closet within easy reach and assigned certain hooks to each child. Once a month I make a special cake for the one who has the best record for tidiness. This is always an important event. They all have the cake for supper but the fortunate one cuts it up as he wishes. If books or playthings are left out, I put them in a big box until the end of the week, when they are allowed to claim them. I have very little trouble now. They have acquired the tidy habit.''

HOW TO USE THE BIBLE

By Prof. Harris Franklin Rall.

When in sorrow, read John 14.

When men fail you, read Psalm 27.

When you have sinned, read Psalm 51.

When you worry, read Matthew 6: 19-34.

Before church service, read Psalm 84.

When you are in danger, read Psalm 91.

When you have the blues, read Psalm 34.

When God seems far away, read Psalm 139.

When you are discouraged, read Isaiah 40.

If you want to be fruitful, read John 15.

When doubts come upon you, try John 7: 17.

When you are lonely or fearful, read Psalm 23.

When you forget your blessings, read Psalm 103.

For Jesus' idea of a Christian, read Matthew 5.

For James' idea of religion, read James 1: 19-27.

When your faith needs stirring, read Hebrews 11.

When you feel down and out, read Romans 8: 31-39.

When you want courage for your task, read Joshua 1.

When the world seems bigger than God, read Psalm 90.

When you want rest and peace, read Matthew 11: 25-30.

When you want Christian assurance, read Romans 8: 1-30.

For Paul's secret of happiness, read Col. 3: 12-17.

When you leave home for labor or travel, read Psalm 121.

When you grow bitter or critical, read I Corinthians 13.

When your prayers grow narrow or selfish, read Psalm 67.

For Paul's idea of Christianity, read II Corinthians 5: 15-19.

For Paul's rules on how to get along with men, read Romans 12.

When you htink of investments and returns, read Mark 10: 17-31.

For a great invitation and a great opportunity, read Isaiah 55.

For Jesus' idea of prayer, read Luke 11: 1-13, Matt. 6: 5-15.

For the prophet's picture of worship that counts, read Isaiah 58: 1-12.

For the prophet's idea of religion, read Isiah 1: 10-18, Micah 6: 6-8.

Why not follow Psalm 119: 11 and hide some of these in your memory?

250 YEARS OF HISTORY

(Selected)

Charleston has just had a birthday, a rare one for American cities. The city has just celebrated the 250th anniversary of its founding. Not many cities can claim the historic interest which attaches to Charleston. Two hundred and fifty years ago this April the first permanent settlement was made just across the Ashley River from the present site of the city, which was a few years later moved to our present location. Charles Town, as it was then known, was one of the first ports in the country, possessing a wonderful natural harbor, and prior to the days of the American Revolution it and its tidewater environs furnished what English travelers claimed to be the most cultured community in America. Its importance as a commercial center in those early years was very great. In fact, somewhere in our archives is to be found an old newspaper published in Charleston which refers to the growth of the port at the mouth of the Hudson, saying, "If the port of New York continues to grow as it has grown in recent months it will soon outstrip the port of Charleston."

The celebration was similar to that staged in any other American city. There were flags and balloons and airplanes and bands and floats and the ever-present marching of army divisions and marines. The landing of the first settlers, the high life of colonial days, the times of the Revolution, the destruction caused by the Civil War and the earthquake, as well as more recent events were all depicted by costumes and floats.

Th Huguenot Society offered one of the most interesting parts of the celebration. Charleston boasts the only Huguenot Church in the United States. Among the first settlers were a number of Huguenots who had come over on the good boat Richmond seeking an asylum from Catholic persecution. The church is as old as the city and although it stands alone in this broad land it still lives, maintains its services and, while small in numbers, holds a large place in the affections of the city.

Hate is a darkening thing. It creates blackness and bitterness in the soul. It hurts the hater far more than the hated. The more love there is in the soul, the more radiance and clearness and strength develop there. Forgiveness is more than a duty—it is a measure of power and light.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Leroy Queen, one of the second cottage boys, was paroled last Thursday by Superintendent Boger. He went to his home in Gastonia.

Part of our agricultural force has been harvesting our oats crop the past few days. Mr. Hudson has been supervising this work.

Mrs. Olivia K. Duckett, a member of our staff, has returned from her vacation and has resumed her duties in the school room.

Five new boys were received this week. They were placed in the Receiving Cottage, where they will spend two weeks before being assigned to the other cottages.

Mr. Hobby and his force of youthful barbers have been kept busy during the past week. Nearly all of our five hundred boys received a haircut, which greatly improves their appearance.

The afternoon service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon was conducted by Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord. His talk on "The Two Roads," was both interesting and helpful, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Stanley Armstrong, who was a member of our printing department force several years ago, visited the Training School last Wednesday. Stanley motored down from Springfield, Mass., where he is employed as a Linotype operator on the staff of the "Springfield Daily Republican."

Last Saturday afternoon the Franklin Mill team was here for the second time and were defeated by a one-sided score, the Training School boys winning by the score of 24 to 1. The game was a long drawn out affair and was called at the end of the sixth inning, it being time for the boys to return to their cottages for supper, Weaver pitched for the local lads and held the visitors to six hits and fanned seven batters. The school boys collected twenty one hits off of five visiting hurlers. They started by scoring eleven runs in the first inning; three more were added in the third, and in the sixth ten more counters were shoved across. Capps and Easley rapped out homers and Poole connected for a double.

All service ranks the same with God—There is no first or last.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

THE UPLIFT

Carolina Collection
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VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 28, 1930. No. 23

A TREE FRIEND

There's nothing that's nicer than telling a tree
The secrets you wouldn't tell even to me.
A tree is so quiet, a tree is so still,
And listens an hour or a day, if you will.

There's something that's better than merely pretend
In having at least one old tree for a friend.
And if you reach up to its arms with your hands
You'll know just how truly a tree understands.

Now every tree knows the loveliest things,
But if you would hear you must wait till it sings.
A whisper of music will open your ears,
And then you must listen, and listen to hear.

You'll hear about fairies and tree toads and bees,
And many more people as charming as these.
Just why the leaves dance when the wind passes by,
And where the birds go in the rain to deep dry.

So if you are lonely and sighing, "Dear me!"
Run out of the house and make friends with a tree.
An old tree will listen to all that you say.
An old tree is wise and an old tree is gay.—Selected

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

SPENDING SUMMER VACATIONS

Thousands of boys and girls are now being turned loose on the public from the schools and colleges throughout the country. For three months these boys and girls will lay aside the work of the class room and turn their attention to other things. Just how they direct their energies during this time will determine in a measure their future. If they are contented to spend their time loafing with no definite aim in view, then one may expect such from them after they have completed high school and college. On the other hand if they can make themselves useful in some way, and can utilize this time by lightening the daily tasks in the home for their parents or by finding employment which will assist them in a financial way to diminish the cost of their education it will be an indication that they have at least learned one of the fundamental principles which every true educated person must know—that of gaining a livelihood and rendering a service to others.

—Exchange.

AN OPPORTUNITY

According to the usual custom of all news paper offices notices as reminders of the date subscriptions are expected to be paid, have to be sent out. This proceedure has been followed in the Uplift office. We are proud to state that many returns have been received accompanied with notes commending the work of the Uplift. We are also glad that many of our readers realize that the training received in this office is just as essential as that re-

ceived in the school room with a teacher splendidly qualified to teach the fundamentals of an education. One is theory and the other is a practical demonstration of all that is acquired in the school room. To be truly educated, we repeat, is to know how to use the knowledge acquired in school—and this is the chief objective of the Jackson Training School. Without a trade and the power to execute one becomes a liability and not an asset. That is why we emphasize that to work, or keep our boys busy simply to keep them out of mischief is not the only purpose of the school,—but to know a trade when leavng this institution so as to become a part and the making of our great country. Work, work means nothing to any one, but to work with a thought of being prepared to make a living spells hope in the life of any young boy.

The capacity of this office is sixteen, working in two shifts, eight in the morning and eight in the afternoon. That is the capacity of the office because of the inadequate equipment and the size of the room. You can readily see how we are handicapped as to our ability to train more boys as printers. We need not repeat that every boy who goes out from this office soon finds himself well established in some big news paper office of the country, and he is splendidly paid. If we had space to enumerate the number of boys holding down positions in printing offices all over the country the information would be astounding. But, to make a long story short we are doing the best we can under circumstances and appreciate the many returns in the way of checks and above all the many commendations as to the appreciation of the Uplift. We are abiding our time when some great benefactor will plact at this institution a trades building wherein the larger number of our boys will have the opportunity of learning a trade, thereby making him a useful citizen. Just work alone does not spell success, but work with an objective is the spirit of this office so there will be no floundering, but a decided purpose in life.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

UNEMPLOYED MAKE FLORIDA CITY BEAUTIFUL

The thought incorporated in an editorial from the Smithfield Herald is so fine we give it in full. There are many vacant lots in the various streets of Concord, if cleaned up and a few benches or swings placed they would add

much to the attractiveness of our city. These little things show to the outside world we believe in our home town. Read as you run:

The past year has seen more unemployment all over the country than in many years before. The situation has been handled in various ways through welfare departments, charity boards, city boards, churches and other organizations. A Florida city—Daytona Beach—furnishes an outstanding example of efficiency in handling the poor relief problem, and credit is given to Mrs. Emmeth Tuttle Cochran, daughter of our townsman, Rev. D. H. Tuttle, for suggesting the plan which has proved so satisfactory. Mrs. Cochran was formerly a member of the staff of the North Carolina State Board of Charities and Public Welfare. The story of her relief program was told recently in Raleigh by a minister of Daytona Beach, who was attending the Southern Christian convention. In the current issue of the Public Welfare Bulleton, the following comment is made:

"Under Mrs. Cochran's leadership, a plan has been worked out so that all applicants for temporary relief are put to work by the city before any aid is granted. They are set to cleaning vacant lots, grounds of the winter homes of temporary residents, municipal property, and office buildings of the city. Their work must be approved by the city sanitary inspector. Then they are given an order of groceries or a small amount of cash. The city has been greatly beautified since so many hands have been given the work of cleaning it up. And no family has been pauperized by gifts for which they made no return, according to Mr. Lincoln.

"The Florida clergyman, who is president of the Family Welfare association, said that the problem was so acute during the past summer, following several bank failures, that the police were needed to keep the streets clear in front of the charity organization's office. It was then that Mrs. Cochran secured the city's cooperation and put the unemployed and hungry to work. Some turned away when assigned a vacant lot to clean, and decided they could manage without charity. However, those who proved to be genuine cases of need were glad to make some contribution in return for the help they were given."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

READING A LOST ART

We are prepared to say that reading is a lost art. It was in the times

when efficiency stood out ahead of standardization (the latter the manner of classifying the teachers of today) that to be truly cultured reading was emphasized as a very essential subject. To be a good reader one must learn to think as he reads, and not read to hear his own voice. This subject should be taught from the first grades. You can not be a splendid, clear impersonator of any subject without becoming a part of the article read. Self consciousness often makes a person who wishes to read an article aloud mumble, and hurry over the article. That in a way is done to cover up the defiency in articulation, modulation and most frequently the pronunciation of words. It is pathetic to see the many high school pupils who are unable to read an article intelligently. The subject "reading," in order to become a good reader, has to be taught on up from the primary grades; and concert reading with a good teacher is one of the finest drills in the world to develop good readers. We are glad to know that an expression teacher is to be employed in the public schools of Concord—but don't think a good reader can be developed in the higher grades if the child has not had the right training from the very beginning. It is like the subject "music" you can not crowd it all in a few years, for a foundation is necessary. Know small words at a glance, know the meaning of the words and then absorb the thought of the article. We know it is possible for a declaimer to put over most admirably a declamation, or a dramatist, by training make a hit in a drama, but that does not spell a good reader.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

R. V. Lucas, editor of the Oelwein, Ia., Register, says "the easiest way to belittle yourself in the eyes of a stranger is to make disparaging remarks about your home town." To tell a stranger "this is a hick town" is to invite his secret contempt.

"Your town is made up of a lot of 'yous' and you are just a fair sample of it," Lucas declares. And who will say that he is not right?"

It is conclusive that the person who does not boost his town, but on the other hand speaks slightingly of it will not prove an asset to any community. The knocker is one who expects much, and gives but little in return—they are drifters and if success is theirs in a financial way they gather up the

drift wood at the expense of the misfortunes of others. A knocker and one who has little faith in human nature are companion pieces—it is wisdom to give them a wide swath, because usually they dwell in an atmosphere of "holier than thou," as well as wise in their own conceit. In nine cases out ten you are to blame for your attitude in your own town if knocking is your choice—you will find yourself standing alone, for there are few who seek the company of knockers. The biggest asset to any community is an optimistic citizenship—those who make business—and not the class who are the beneficiaries of a piece of hard luck. It is well to remember there is an ebb and flow of the fortunes of life as well as the rise and fall of the tides at sea.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

It is stated that a New York explorer is seeking a companion to go away with him 'and forsake the civilized world for 50 years.'' Are not there several Congressmen who could be induced to become interested in this venture?

—o—

America certainly has an enormous sweet tooth. In 1929 there was sold in this country 1,382,243,387 pounds of candy, an increase of 117,000,000 pounds over 1928. How many pounds did you and your sweetie eat?

—o—

Many a man would tell his troubles to some one else if he did not have to wait for the other fellow to get through telling his first.

—o—

It is an old-time saying that ''the world owes man a living.'' The world doesn't owe the average man a cent. But the average man owes the world a lot. One of the reasons he is put here is to pay the debt. Wise is the man who accepts life in terms of opportunity, not obligation. Every one of us has a divine mission to fulfill.

—o—

St. Philip's Episcopal church, Durham, has a unique auxiliary of a congregation of the deaf and dumb, who hold regular services and other church activities, carried on in the sign language. This active body of pious people are now building themselves a neat house of worship. With all the aid they could secure they still lacked $3,000 to complete their building. If any one of my readers feel disposed to help these worthy and handicapped christians, who are striving so manfully, send your contributions to Rev. S. S. Bost, rector of St. Philip's church, Durham, N. C., and get the blessings of happy hearts as well as the Divine Ruler. The building will be a memorial to Bishop Joseph Blount Cheshire, of the diocese of North Carolina.

—o—

I stood for some time the other day watching the players on one of those cunning little corner lot golf courses. Two boys who used to play baseball on the same ground stood by. ''Oh, mercy,'' exclaimed one of the hegolfers as he made a shot, ''how silly! I foozled my approach!'' And one of the baseball players said to the other, "Wot horrid language, Bill; let us hasten quickly away ere we hear more vile words spoken.''

—o—

For the first time in many years all cities and large towns in the United States are in perfect accord with one another on an important subject. Singly and collectively they are all agreed that they have been gypped, swindled and violently maltreated by the census enumerators. Regardless of what their final count may have turned out to be, it falls far short of their hopes and former claims. Just why a city, or more often a chamber of commerce, feels that it must have 200,000 or a million in order to be important, is as difficult to understand as the attitude of a man who would feel inferior unless fat. It is what a city accomplishes and

offers, rather than the size of its population, that counts. A mosquito is nowhere, compared in size alone to a hoptoad, but it attracts a heap more attention. And, incidentally, in considering big things, give heed to the effort of a contemporary which, in referring to a man who had aroused its dislike, mentions schizophronic meglomaniacs and a spasm of schizoidal frenzy. Golly!

—o—

There is too much jingoism in this day and time. People are tired of that strenuous stuff with which we have been pampered these last few years. We have jingoism on the tariff, prohibition, isolation, theology, naval affairs, world peace, and mighty nigh everything else that pertains life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, all of which classes were obsessed with the belief that unless their extreme theories be accepted we would perish. In fact, we have come so near perishing in business affairs, owing to the nefarious activities of these same extremists, that there is no fun in it. In the current news it is stated that their era of domination seems to be about over. People are weary of being driven like cattle, even for their theoretical welfare. Perhaps allowing us more freedom of choice may help a trifle, for human nature seems to have a natural abhorrence of compulsion.

RADIO CHURCHES

A small country church which couldn't afford a pastor, installed a radio and listens every Sunday to a famous Chicago minister, supported by a church which can pay to have high-priced talent in the pulpit.

Is this a forecast of the future for the country church, or is i merely an isolated case?

Is this a makeshift to meet emergency or is it the beginning of a new kind of preaching in country churches?

It may be the solution of a problem that confronts some rural congregations, which have not the means to support a pastor regularly, but no church will ever be able to get the inspiration fro ma radio sermon that it could get from the words of a pastor standing in his own pulpit.

Radios will never suppiant pastors. Given the choice, any rural church would select a resident, or even a circuit pastor in preference to having its pastoral work done by absent treatment.

The rural church pastor does more than preach. He functions where the radio can be of no service. He congratulates the parents when new born arrives and he performs the ceremony when members of his "flock" are married. In times of sickness and trouble, he is a constant source of comfort, and when death stalks in the home, it is he who is the support of flickering faith, and his words hold out hope for the future. His advice on moral issues and civic questions is always sought.

The radio will never dislodge the rural pastor. His mission is too big and his services too much in demand.—Reidsville Review.

FIRE PREVENTION PICTURE SHOWN

By Charles H. Hearn

The Educational Truck sent out by the State Department of Conservation and Development has completed the program laid out for Carteret county. There were five motion picture showings and lectures given with an average attendance of 220 adults and 65 children. Due to the fact that all schools in the county had closed, only one engagement a day could be made, but this was offset by the large attendance at the night showings which more than made up for average attendance.

The presentation to the people of the work carried on by the Department in Forest, Game and Fish Conservation through the medium of motion pictures has been conducted in fifty seven counties of the State. Practically all of the forty-three cooperating counties have been covered and some of the non-cooprating. In no county covered has the spirit of conservation been more ardently expressed nor has the work met with greater response, than in Cartaret county.

This county being a non-cooperating county has been severely stricken with forest fires during the past three months. Thousands of acres of young trees have been literally destroyed, the cover and feeding ground of all wild life has been in a large part destroyed, not to mention the destruction of all kinds of wild life itself. Fortunately, there is yet left better than two hundred thousand acres of forest land on which the growth has not been killed outright, besides game in small quantity.

Considering the geographic location of Cartaret county, the fact that hundreds of sportsmen go into the county each season for water-fowl shooting and vacationsts go in during the summer for its splendid bathing and fishing waters; the entire population should rise up and declare that above everything else no unsightly blot such as is left by a forest fire shall detract from the county's beauty and wealth.

There is a probability that the county will be offered the opportunity of cooperation this next fiscal year, if such is the case, a great crime will have been committed if it is not accepted.

In behalf of the Department, I wish to express appreciation for the work being done by the Cartaret county chapter of the Isaac Walton League in its constructive work in conservation.

The pain of sorrow is readily perceived, but the gain of sorrow is not so easy to recognize. Yet to no experience of our human life do we owe more for the development and the perfecting of our personal character and for the bringing of us into right relations with our fellows and with our God than to the experience of sorrow.—Henry Clay Trumbull.

UNEMPLOYMENT EXAGGERATED

(Asheville Citizen)

Census enumerators, taking the figures for the 1930 census, were instructed to secure statistics as to existing unemployment during the period the enumeration was made. These figures are now being made available to the public and they reveal that in many communities the number of unemployed is very much smaller than previous estimates had indicated.

President William Green of the American Federation of Labor is quoted by the New York Herald Tribune as having declared, after an interview with President Hoover at the White House, that, although the report of the Census Bureau is not yet completed, he is confident that the figures will show that "conditions were never as bad as they were painted" and that "there were not as many men actually looking for work as was estimated."

The fact is that when a condition of this sort exists it naturally lends itself to exaggeration. People who have lived in a relatively small community know how it is when a bank fails. If you believe the talk you hear on the streets you will reach the conclusion that almost every citizen of the town was a heavy depositor in the bank and lost correspondingly. Nor is it different in a larger community. After the stock-market crash in New York last fall the impression was created that every boot-black, every taxicab driver and every hat-check girl had lost tremendously, as well as the brokers and bankers and big business men. In the small town people sift things out before very long and find out that many of the talkers are simply creating an atmosphere which will excuse them from paying their bills. They did not have any money in the bank at all.

This is all the more reason why we should have in the United States facilities for gathering trustworthy statistics dealing with unemployment. Statistics can be analyzed. If they disclose a situation that needs correction measures can be taken intelligently for correcting it. Loose talk is always hard to deal with. It gets out of bounds and does inexcusable harm.

PHONE NUMBERS IN JAPAN

Old superstitions still find occasional and curious expressions in Japan. In the matter of telephone numbers, for instance, certain numbers are considered unlucky, while others are very lucky and people will pay an exrta charge to secure them. In one city the subscriber who holds the number "8", which is regarded as particularly lucky, pays several hundred dollars a year for the privilege! Another lucky number much in demand is "357." On the other hand, "42" and "49" are said to be unlucky and are usually assigned to the police station.—Selected.

SECRETARY WILUR'S FINAL WORDS TO DUKE GRADUATES

(Exchange)

"Those who are to start out to take part in this entertaining, intricate, and rapidly developing world can avoid confusion by maintaining contact with the firm foundations of science. They must weigh facts against opinions; in the long run facts will control. Individuals have value so far as they can see clearly. When they fall back on prejudices they join the crowd. There is no turning back, except to failure, and leadership is forced on university-trained men and women. It is your privilege to join with those already engaged in the great game of life. You will add your part either in pulling or holding back, or perhaps merely sliding along. What you will add will be increased if you can be careful to see that no one puts blinders on you and that you stand ready to fight ignorance in every form.

"You cannot defy human experience. The more you can learn by observation of others the better, but much must come to you from the things that you do, be they right or be they wrong. Do not spend time in excusing yourselves from mistakes; recognize them when you make them. Your satisfaction will come from what you may do, not from what you plan to do. The dreams you all must have had can become realities only through work and more work. Finding a place to work is your task. Your university has taught you what has been done and what can be done. It is now your problem to see that you play a man's part in carrying forward."

THE LONE SENTRY

Previous to the first battle of Manassas, when the troops under Stonewall Jackson had made a forced march, on halting at night they fell on the ground exhausted and faint. The hour arrived for setting the watch for the night. The officer of the day went to the general's tent and said:

"General, the men are all wearied, and there is not one but is asleep. Shall I wake them?"

"No," said Jackson, "let them sleep, and I will watch the camp tonight."

All night long he rode about that lonely camp, the one lone sentinel for that brave but weary and silent body of Virginia heroes; and when glorious morning dawned, the soldiers awoke, fresh and ready for action, all unconscious of the vigils kept over their slumbers."—Selected

PROMINENT CITIZENS

(Chatham Record)

A United States senator, even a congressman, fifty years ago seemed to a farm lad a being to be looked at from afar. Several times the writer heard Vance, but never dared approach him. And now Will Bailey, a youth who sat by our side at a Wake Forest boarding house table and one day sought to destroy our appetite by releasing a garter snake under our elbow, is to be senator, and a greater, we believe, than Vance. And Hancock is a great-grandson of our revered English teacher, the sainted Doctor William Royall, a great nephew of our equally sainted Greek teacher, Dr. William B. Royall, a grandson of our old friend Dr. Hobgood of Oxford, and a nephew of a classmate, Col. Frank Hobgood of Greensboro. The election of those two stalwarts, the one as senator and the other as congressman from the fifth district, is exceedingly gratifying to the editor of the Record. And honors have not been lacking to our own plebeian stock, for this very morning, Tuesday, we read that President E. A. Alderman has been honored by the presentation to the University of Virginia of a bust of himself while living, a bust that is to look down upon future generations along with that of the founder of the University, the immortal Jefferson —a distinguished honor indeed for the grandson of one of the humble lads reared on the old Alderman farm near Moore's Creek battle ground, a hundred years ago. Verily, this is a Democratic country, as well as a Democratic State.

"If I but knew that somehow, somewhere, I
Had dried a tear or lessened sorrow's sigh—
Had slacked the thirst of parching fevered lips,
Or led some soul through trial's dark eclipse,
Then I should feel life's mission had been true,
If I but knew.

"If I but knew some heart this side the tomb
Had by mine act been rescued from the gloom;
Or that one life had grown in noble deeds
Because somewhere I'd sown some worthy seeds,
The thought would drive dark clouds from out life's view—
If I but knew.

—Selected.

FURNITURE INDUSTRY STARTED IN HIGH POINT BACK IN 1888

(Grensboro Daily News)

While dealing out groceries in the village of High Point during the eighties, the idea came to the late John H. Tate that some profit could be realized by making some of the beds, kitchen safes and bureaus which were then being shipped principally from Baltimore. Mr. Tate broached his idea to one of his fellow merchants, T. F. Wrenn, who was in the dry goods business. They took into their confidence E. A. Snow, another pioneer of this section. The idea took root in the formation of a partnership in which each of these men put in $3,000, representing almost their entire capital. A small frame factory located on the present site of the High Point Furniture company factory building on Commerce street was erected and in it these three men started the manufacture of cheap furniture, selling their output almost exclusively in North Carolina.

That was High Point's first furniture factory which started operation in the year 1888. Thus was born an industry which thrived and grew and later so characterized the place located between Greensboro and Salisbury that it now bears generally the title of "The Grand Rapids of the South" and furnishes one of the stoutest vertebrae in the industrial backbone of a city of more than 36,000 people.

Still in Operation

The High Point Furniture company, the city's first such factory, is still in operation. It is now owned by M. J. Wrenn, brother of T. F. Wrenn, who purchased his brother's interest some time after the factory was started and later bought all other stock. That particular factory like many of the others in High Point prospered. Year by year the capital stock was increased and the business enlarged in variety of products and in the amount of the cars of stuff shipped away for the public to purchase.

In the year 1893 J. H. Tate sold out his interest in the High Point Furniture company and with his younger brother, A. E. Tate, who at that time was 27 years old, organized the Tate Furniture company, another firm with a small beginning that has spread until today it occupies an important place in this business in High Point. It is capitalized at $100,000 now, a capital that grew from the original of $16,000

Prior to the time that the Tate Furniture company was organized the Home Furniture company plant was built by Dr. J. J. Cox and William Tate. Captain W. H. Snow's house building material business, the forerunner of the present Snow Lumber company, was another part of the parenthood of High Point's chief source of income. In early years there was also the J. Elwood Cox Furniture company.

From these acorn seeds the city's large group of plants and warehouses stand, the blossom and foliage. When furniture is mentioned there always come to mind many names of

pioneers, who assisted in building this city through their enterprise and daring ventures into what was then an almost unknown field, followed by a group of younger men who too have put their shoulders to the wheel.

Many Pioneers Helped

Among the earlier men in High Point's furniture industry the following stand out: J. P. Welch, who is dead; W. H. Ragan, dead; W. T. Pickett, dead; J. W. Harris, dead; Dr. J. J. Cox, dead; John H. Tate, dead; A. E. Tate, E. A. Snow, Charles Ragan J. P. Ragan, dead; Captain A. M. Rankin, J. H. Millis, dead.

In the latter group stand of course the Tomlinsons, Fred N. Tate, R. B. Terry, O. E. Kearns, G. H. Kearns, the Dennys and many others, a list of which would be a list of the prominent manufacturers of High Point today.

Most of the financiers of the earlier enterprises owned stock in many other of the factories in the city, besides their own. There were young men who wanted to see the city build and prosper and most of them lived to see their wishes materialize.

Up until the time this business was born here the chief source of income was ordinary village trading and a few small enterprises including Seborn Perry's spoke factory.

The lumber that first went into High Point manufactured furniture was hauled from nearby sawmills on wagons and none of it came, as it does today, via the railways. There was an ample supply in the latter part of the last century, so much that one furniture manufacturer declared that he didn't believe that it would ever give out. However men, who thought that have lived to see the timber practically gone and the necessity of bringing lumber from other states.

Sold for Popular Prices

All of the pieces of home equipment manufactured here were made out of solid wood and were cheaply constructed because they had to be sold to people who were not able to buy fine furniture. A bureau commonly sold for $2.75. Bedsteads brought $1.25. To make these almost unbelievably cheap stuff, manufacturers had in the beginning to pay 75c to $1.25 a day for their best labor, labor that has been replaced today generally by much higher priced skilled help. The machinery used to fashion the early pieces was slow moving and all steam driven. Today that kind of machinery is obsolete and has been replaced by electrically driven, heavier, more expensive and fast moving mechanisms.

High Point's market has grown from the comparatively few acres contained in this section of North Carolina to the entire United States and Canada. Sales have mounted and mounted with only temporary lulls since 1888 and those who have faith in the spirit that dared to make furniture in the south, have faith that progress will continue. Naturally the class of furniture has changed. Instead of the old fashioned and more or less obsolete kitchen safe with its pricked tin front, High Point had to make first refrigerators and may yet turn their efforts to mechanical refrigerators. Suggestion has been made recently from an official source that airplane gliders and other aviation equipment may be manufactured

here.

Had No Paved Street

When High Point made its first simple bow to the world of business with that first little frame factory in 1888, there was not a paved street here, there were no sidewalks and the city fathers had taken the precaution to see that stones were placed where foot traffic crossed the muddy highways. There were plenty of shade trees, plenty of grit and native ability. From that came the city of today.

J. H. Tate, who died during the present year, while in the grocery business started the first free delivery service that had ever been tried in this section of Guilford county. Pessimists predicted that he was headed for the rocks; that no grocery business that had to keep up a dray horse, would stand the strain. It did stand the strain. That dray horse made a comfortable living for himself as well as providing a profit for his owner. The man who started the first grocery delivery service also helped to start the first furniture factory. And High Point awaits to find another pioneer who can add to the city's wealth and knowledge and usefulness by opening up another vista of service.

A school teacher once asked her pupils what they regarded as the best and most valuable thing in their community. The children wrinkled their brows, looked perplexed and some of them answered the question, but all of them were far from the mark.

The teacher indicated the answers were wrong as each pupil made his or her supreme effort to find the correct answer to the knotty problem. Finally the teacher, when they were all expectant and very much excited over what really was the best thing in a community, told them that they themselves were the best and most valuable.

It was somewhat of a jolt for little folks, especially those with a keen imagination, who had conjured up many wonderful things. The teacher's answer brought them back to earth, but it gave them a sense of their importance in the world.

It should also give every person living in the community, regardless of whether they have children in the public schools, something to think about, when we think along lines of community development.

For we can not build for the future any better than by making better boys and girls who will become better men and women and make this a better community in the next generation.

We can build, for the future, not alone by teaching children at home how to live right, but by supporting the teacher, the school authorities and the whole public school system to the best of our ability and to the limit of our means.

We can not hope for our community to rise any higher in the future than our public school system.—Selected.

WELFARE WORK IN CONE MILL VILLAGES

By Miss Pearle Wyche

In 1903 Caesar Cone, founder and first president of the Proximity Manufacturing company, was imbued with a desire to assist his employes in living a fuller and happier life. After talking the matter over at length with Dr. C. D. McIver, president of the old state normal now North Carolina College for Women, Mr. Cone employed a graduate of that institution who had had special training in home econmics to come to the mill community and help the people in every way that seemed best.

This marked the beginning of the welfare work both at the Cone mills and in North Carolina.

Welfare Idea Soon Spread

The writer of this article was employed by Mr. Cone for this work and after she had spent several months in Yonkers and New York city observing settlement work and accompaning a public health nurse on her daily rounds she began her career as welfare worker at Proximity and inaugurated a system of social service work. Mr. Cone's idea soon spread and now almost all of the large cotton mills in the south employ one or more social service workers.

The first work at Proximity consisted in fitting up a small cottage and beginning classes in cooking and sewing for the girls, forming a garden club composed of boys and girls who cultivated the garden plot adjoining the house, and in holding socials for the women in the small cottage sitting room.

As the worker became more experienced and had a better perspective of the local situation and as the people became more appreciative of the welfare work and realized that the welfare worker was there to help, the work began to expand and a true type of practical social service began to evolve from the philanthropic idea originally expressed by Mr. Cone when he first considered employing a welfare worker.

As the mills were enlarged and as the management further realized the advantages of healthy and happy employes the welfare work was extended and additional workers were added.

Service is Prime Motive

Service was and is the prime motive of the welfare workers of the Cone mills. Since the first welfare worker entered Proximity mill village, the welfare of the people has ever been the worker's chief consideration. They soon realized that for their work to be most effective they must work with the people rather than too much for them.

The present staff consists of seven social workers and three trained nurses. Each welfare worker specializes in some specific type of work such as food clothing and recreation, but all of them make many social visits in order to keep in personal touch with each family, establishing friendly relations, thus enabling them to render more sympathetic service.

Both the women and girls are

taught the most approved methods of housekeeping through the numerous classes which are held both in the homes and the welfare centers.

Subjects given most attention are cooking and sewing. The cooking classes are taught food values, balanced meals, menu planning, ecomic buying, use of left overs and proper feeding of children. Lessons are given in the preparation and serving of vegetables, fruits, meats, breads and desserts. Canning and preserving are taught during the fruit season.

In the sewing classes the women and girls are taught plain sewing, use and alteration of commercial patterns, the making of house dresses and clothing for infants and children the selection of materials for different garments and determination of styles and colors suitable for various types. House furnishings, millinery, fancy work and basketry are also taught.

The home economics work being done in the three schools is under the supervision of the welfare department.

Nurses Strive to Prevent Sickness

Although the nurses concern themselves with the sick, their chief consideration is preventing sickness and health education. They co-operate with the public health departments. They interest themselves in all the inhabitants of the villages and look after prenatal cases. Last year 12,602 visits were made by these nurses, a large number of which were to homes in which there was no real sickness. Such visits are made for the purpose of rendering advice and other assistance as will help the families to maintain their good health and enjoy the fullness of life. These nurses are at the call of all doctors who practice in the mill communities. The services of the nurses are free and they are subject to call at any time by the residents of the mill communities.

One of the most constructive pieces of work that is being done by the village nurses are the weekly baby clinics. The total attendance at these clinics last year was 2,693.

Social Life Not Overlooked

The social life of the people in the mill communities has not been overlooked by the welfare department.

The welfare staff has at all times encouraged and assisted in promoting the social life in the villages. Many parties at special seasons, such as Hallowe'en, Valentine day, etc., are given. The department sponsors mother and daughter banquets, grandmothers' parties, amateur theatricals, camp suppers, picnics and wiener roasts, etc.

Community Clubs

The welfare department co-operating with some of the leading citizens of mill communities organized a community club in each village, the chief purpose of which is to provide good cheer for the sick and unfortunate and to encourage such activities as will be for the general upbuilding of community life. These organizations have functioned most satisfactorily and are regarded highly by all in any way connected with the mill villages.

Gardens Encouraged

Soon after the mill villages were built, consideration was given to beautifying the individual premises

and the villages as a whole. Seeds, bulbs and plants are distributed annually and garden plots plowed by the company. Recognition for improvement in garden work is made by awarding of cash prizes. These practices have been continued with very gratifying results.

At the annual flower shows held in the villages, rare specimens and collections are displayed. Many of the exhibits compare most favorably with professional prize winning flowers.

The welfare department has been largely responsible for the village beautifying program, awarding of prizes and distribution seeds, plants and bulbs.

A movement is on foot at this time to encourage the conservation of seeds from the most satisfactory plants of each variety. It is believed that the gardners will by next season have a quantity of flower seeds to plant in their own gardens and enough to exchange with their neighbors for other types of flowers.

The company maintains a nursery under the supervision of a landscape gardener who is in charge of the general planting throughout the mill properties and who advises and assists the individuals in their planting projects.

Girl Activities.

All types of girl activities are sponsored by the department. Many socials and various types of classes and clubs composed of girls of different ages are organized. The most recent are the Girl scout groups with one of the welfare workers as scout leader.

Camp Herman, a beautiful camp a few miles north of Greensboro, owned and developed by the company for the benefit of their employes and their families is available to all girls during designated periods. This camp affords splendid recreational advantages and the girls as well as others enjoy it to the fullest extent.

The welfare department co-operates in every respect with the churches, schools and other organizations in the mill communities.

Hard to Measure Social Service Work

The workers strive to direct their efforts at all times for the best interest of the residents of the mill communities. Their work is not an ostentatious work nor can it be measured by enumerated reports, for the nature of true social service work is such that the effects of the work itself can alone give evidence of the accomplishments; therefore any article on welfare work must of necessity fail in its purpose.

Owners Most Co-operative

Throughout the entire history of welfare work in the local mills, the owners have been most co-operative and have been extremely generous in providing adequate facilities for the ever expanding programs.

Every encouragement is given the workers in their endeavor to develop ideal living conditions in the mill communities. Human consideration has been the slogan handed down by the founder of the mills and perpetuated by those who have followed him.

Behind the social service program is the sympathetic interest of the mill executives toward their employes. This interest has been most manifest to the welfare workers.

The spirit of appreciation of the value of social service work in mill villages has increased manifold since its incipiency in the local mill village 27 years ago. Last year a mill executive in another southern state gave the following expression of his appreciation of social service work: "We could probably dispense with the services of some of our superintendents and overseers, but we could not get along without our social service workers."

He conquers who conquers himself.

PENTECOST HYMN BEING PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY FRIES MEMORIAL CIRCLE

(Winston-Salem Journal)

Inspired by a sermon preached by his pastor, Rev. H. B. Johnson, of Fries Memorial Church, H. E. Fries, on the way home from church, wrote the lines of a hymn. This occurred about three weeks ago following a sermon preparatory to the celebration of the 1900th anniversary of Pentecost, observed Sunday, June 8, all over the Christian world.

Mr. Fries walked in to the living room of his home and recited the lines to his wife, who thought they should be set to music. Together they searched the hymn book for a fitting tune and came upon the old favorite, Ellers, that worked beautifully. This hymn was then sung to the familiar tune at the evening service at Fries Memorial.

Not quite satisfied with their effort, Mr. Fries requested Mrs. Fries, who is herself no mean musician, to write some original music which she did, with the result that when it was sent to an established church music publishing house, only two changes were made by the publisher's critics. When this had been approved by the composers, the making of the plate of the musical score was hurried in order that it might be finished by the celebration of Pentecost. This hope was realized and sufficient copies were printed to be used at the morning service at the Fries Church, then it was sung by special request at the union service held Sunday afternoon at Reynolds Memorial Auditorium; then again, by special request, at the evening love feast at the Home Moravian Church.

The appropriateness of the words, together with the sweetness and impressiveness of the music, made the song strike home to the hearts of the people on this soul-searching day of Pentecost. Not only because the

words and music were written by two well-known Winston-Salem people, but because of the real merit of both did this song become so widely known in three short weeks.

Mr. Fries made quite a beautiful gesture at the monthly meeting of the Marguerite Fries Circle, meeting with Mrs. Fries one evening this week. While the circle was discussing plans for raising money, Mr. Fries offered the plate of the musical score and a thousand printed copies of the song to the circle if they desired to sponsor the sale, and use the money. The circle hopes by this means to raise a needed sum of money for the addition of extra rooms in the Sunday School department, which has become crowded. Since the musical circles of the city have become so interested in obtaining copies for use in their choirs, it is expected that the circle will find ready demands for copies.

The words follow:

"COME NOW, O LORD!"

Come now, O Lord, and teach us how to pray
Teach us to ask ourselves, from day to day,
If we are Thine, and Thine alone will be,
Through earthly days, and through eternity.

Come now, O Lord, and search each inmost thought,
Ask if we love, and serve Thee as we ought?
Do we attempt to do Thy holy will?
Does constant love for Thee our bosoms fill?

Come now, O Lord, and from Thy bounteous store,
Teach luke-warm hearts to love Thee more and more,
And many sinners now from Thee astray,
Do Thou convert and strengthen day by day.

Come now, O Lord, and as in days of old,
Do Thou to us, Thy Spirit now unfold,
Pour forth Thy love, and all-abounding grace,
Till we in Spirit see Thee face to face.

It has cost approximately $38,000 to beautify the plaza in front of the City Hall and County Courthouse, and this has been money well spen. The plaza could not have been left in the condition it was in until a few months ago. As it stood it was an unsightly scar. Now it has been graded, paved and planted in shrubbery and flowers and those who have had charge of the work have done a good job.

They have made the plaza a beauty spot which is a credit to Asheville. Fifty varieties of evergreens and trees, eighteen varieties of flowering shrubs and twenty varieties of annual flowers have been planted and the general effect is most attractive. As time passes and the trees and shrubbery grow it will be still more attractive.—Asheville Citizen.

MEMORIES OF CIVIL WAR PERIOD AT RUSHVILLE, OHIO

By George Kalb in Lancaster, (Ohio) Daily Eagle

For many years prior to the Civil War, it was not uncommon in Rushville and vicinity, to have a fugitive slave appear at the kitchen door, with hat off, courteously asking for a morsel of food, or, perchance requesting the privilege of sleeping in the barn. It was seldom that one was turned away without receiving a liberal meal of such substantial food as was to be found in the family larder. The majority of these itinerant negroes were fugitive slaves, coming largely from Virginia and Kentucky. Occasionlly one would hail from states farther south.

The fact that many of the settlers in this locality emigrated from Virginia, the meeting of a colored man from that state was given special attention—a welcome that betokened the pleasure of meeting even a negro from the home state.

Many of these fugitives were very intelligent and bore the earmarks of culture and refinement.

The aiding of a fugitive slave on his way to freedom in Canada was looked upon as an act of humanity. Such were the kindly offices of our citizens until the year 1840, when the slave owners of Virginia and Kentucky were successful in having the Ohio Legislature enact a law imposing a heavy penalty upon any citizen or citizens of the state found guilty of supplying food, shelter, or otherwise giving aid to a fugitive negro.

The enactment of this law was resented heavily by those who looked upon slavery as a moral evil and a disgrace to Christianity.

After this law became effective those who had so often and willingly gave food and shelter to the slaves were deterred from giving assistance through fear of detection and possible prosecution.

The Underground Railway

Ohio, especially the southern part was honeycombed with secret agents in the employ of the slave holders association in the south, who were ever alert to detect and prosecute any violation of the law.

The name, "Underground Railway" arose from the exaggerated use of railway terms in reference to the conduct of the system. Levi Coffin and Robert Purvis of Pennsylvania were the organizers of the underground movement. Various routes were known as "'lines '; stoppings were known as "stations"; those who aided the system were called "conductors"; and the fugitive slaves were referred to as "packages of freight." The system reached from Kentucky and Virginia across Ohio and from Maryland across Pensylvania, New York and New England.

It was with this organization that Bishop Hanby of the United Brethren church, who resided in Rushville, became affiliated, forming a branch of the underground system that extended from the Ohio river through Logan, Rushville, Newark and on to the Canadian border.

Prominent Men Helped Slaves

This local or branch organization was made up of some of the prominent men in the community, there being six or eight in the group, among whom were the late Dr. Simeon Hyde, William B. Coulson, Elijah Kalb, Alpheus Armstrong, Daniel Whitmer and William Reed. Reed and Kalb were former residents of the southland, the parents of each were slave owners.

Bishop Hanby was the guiding genius and was designated as the president and general manager of the organization which position he held up to the time that he left Rushville to take up the duties as publisher of the Religious Telescope at Circleville. It is quite evident that the Bishop affiliated with the "branch railway" that was then operating through Pickaway county.

No organization ever had a better leader than Bishop Hanby, and no leader ever had a more loyal band of co-workers.

Transporting of fugitive slaves from one station to another required the greatest care and safeguarding to avoid being detected by the agents of the opposition.

It is a marvel that the general public was kept in ignorance of such an organization being in existence, and it was not until the slaves of the south were given their freedom that the real workings of the "underground railway" were made known.

The work of the organization was fraught with occasional exciting incidents which required real generalship in transporting the socalled "pacakages of freight."

Slaves Listed As Freight

One of the most valuable members of the group was a Mr. Armstrong, who conducted a wholesale and retail establishment in Rushville for the manufacture of tinware, utensils that were, in that day, considered household necessities. Armstrong's trade extended in all directions for many miles. His large covered wagons, in which he transported his wares, was well known throughout Fairfield, Hocking, Perry and Licking counties and as far north as Mount Vernon, in Knox county. So well known was Armstrong's big wagon that the sight of it, passing over the highways by day or by night was no cause to arouse suspicion.

When a fugitive slave was transported to this station from Logan or beyond, some member of the association would volunteer to deliver the "package of freight" to the station at Newark. At times there would be two or more fugitive slaves brought to the station and in such instances Armstrong and his big wagon would make the trip and the "packages of freight" would be delivered safe to the designated station.

After Bishop Hanby left for Circleville, Armstrong assumed general management and remained at the head of the organization until about the year 1858 when he moved to Logan, where he continued the manufacture of tinware for many years.

With the removal of Armstrong to Logan, the local organization keenly felt the loss, and from then on "the under ground railway" waned in interest and activity and "packages of freoight" were largely routed via Circleville.

AT THE END OF THE TRAIL

By Theodore Zimmerman

Between wooded banks that extended on either side from the river's edge for miles into the unexplored wilderness of the Canadian Northwest, the mighty Mackenzie flowed sublimely towards the Arctic seas. Only the intermittent splash of an Eskimo's paddle as he pushed his kayak upstream could be heard above the monotonous moan of moving waters mingled with the whispering flutter of the wind in the tree-tops. Summer had once more come to the northland—summer with its warmer weather, its melting snows, its open water and its patches of tundra grass.

For weeks now Ahnook had been paddling his seal-skin canoe from his faraway home on the shores of Coronation Gulf through the waters that lie off the Arctic coast, thence up the great "River of the North" until he was within an hour's journey of his destination. Already there began to appear here and there on the river's banks small clearings in the timber which become more numerous as he proceeded. Soon the woods gave way entirely to the open spaces and then Ahnook got his first glimpse of reindeer grazing on the tundra grass at his left. It was a sight that caused him to put in to shore. Literally thousands of these graceful antlered creatures could be seen by him as he stood on the river bank after landing and pulling his kayak up securely on the beach.

So at last he had arrived at his goal—the Lomen Ranch—home of the American reindeer! He walked some little distance before he met anyone and then the man was only one of the herders. He received from him directions, however, as to how to reach headquarters and following these, he very soon found himself in a little one-room cabin that served as an office for the boss of the ranch.

"My people have sent me here to find out why our reindeer didn't come," he stated simply, after he had introduced himself to the manager. The government had purchased a couple of dozen of these animals for this particular tribe of Eskimos the year before, but owing to the early winter had been refused delivery until the following summer. Summer had come and still the herd of reindeer failed to arrive.

"The only reason we haven't sent your reindeer," replied the manager, "is on account of the wolves. It is reported the Colville Lake country is alive with them. There they travel in packs from ten to thirty and if one pack lands a victim the howls of the conquerors may increase the pack to nearly a hundred before daybreak. They are fierce and, owing to the hard winter, so hungry they will tackle anyone."

The Colville Lake country, Ahnook knew, lay directly in the path over which the herd of reindeer would have to be driven home. It was a question, if such, were the circumstances, as to whether or not any of the deer would be alive by the time their new home was reached.

"But we must have them!" protested the Eskimo. The past winter the food shortage had been most

acute, and isolated from the rest of world as they had been, the entire settlement had nearly starved to death. Ever since the white man had come to the Arctic on sealing and whaling expeditions the food supply of the natives, which had always been a hand-to-mouth affair anyway, had been so cut down that the government had introduced the reindeer to several tribes as the solution of their problem. Reindeer, it was found, thrived on the tundra grass during the summer months and lived on the moss and lichen they dug out of the snow in the winter. They furnished the Eskimos with meat and milk for their table and also with hides for their clothing.

"Unless we get the reindeer now," continued Ahnook, by way of explanation, "we will face starvation again next winter. Game is scarce and these reindeer are the only thing that can save us!"

"Can't do a thing for you," declared the reindeer boss; "the wolves would get the deer before they reached Coronation Gulf and besides, there isn't a man here who would risk taking them—it would mean almost certain death, you know."

"But supposing I would attempt the drive myself," spoke Ahnook. "Would you turn them over to me here?"

"Certainly," replied the manager, after a moment's reflection. "That is, provided you release us from all consequences and assume the entire risk of the trip yourself."

"Then I'll take them through myself," said Ahnook. They were the words of a brave man. In a country that fairly bubbled over with adventurous types and himself a man of great courage, the ranch official felt he had never before talked with anyone so utterly fearless as the Eskimo youth that sat across the desk from him. Here, thought he, was a lad who would risk his all in taking a herd of two dozen reindeer across a four-hundred-mile wilderness, where only hungry wolves lived, in order that his people might have enough to eat during the coming months when food was scarce!

Early the next morning the twenty-four animals were rounded up, a halter was put over the horns of the leading buck and Ahnook started his long trek across the northern wilds, alone with his deer. Nothing of any particular moment happened during the first hundred miles, or until they left the Mackenzie River Valley. By leading the buck himself, as he had been instructed to do, he found that the rest of the herd would follow easily without being roped. Several times each day he would stop the march to allow his animals to feed on the tundra grass which grew very plentifully along his route of travel. By hitching the buck deer to a tree trunk at night, or when such were not available to a stake driven into the ground, he was assured of the presence of all the reandeer when he awoke each morning.

The very first night after entering the Colville Lake Country, Ahnook was awakend from sleep by the forlorn and prolonged howl of a timber wolk somewhere back in the woods that bordered the lake.

He remembered the warning he had received at the Lomen Ranch. "I'm in for it now!" he mused. He lay quite still on his bed of tundra grass,

and listened. Further sleep was out of the question. He could not take a chance on being attacked by wolves while asleep.

Towards midnight the solitary wolf on the trail behind had been joined by many of his kin, for the air was full of continual howling. Ahnook could tell by the sound that the pack of wolves was coming closer and closer to his camp. Evidently they had discovered his footprints and those of the deer and would soon be upon them! Already the reindeer were stirring about uneasily.

The Eskimo lad arose. The hours he had lain awake listening had not been wasted. Confronted with such a perilous situation, he had figured out the best plan of protection for both his reindeer and himself and he was determined to act on his plan immediately before it was too late.

The first thing to be done was to turn the reindeer loose. Luckily the wind was not blowing in the direction of the oncoming wolves but exactly opposite. This would greatly assist the Eskimo in his plans. He could send the reindeer on ahead and because the wind would not carry their scent to the wolves, perhaps save them.

Quickly he untied the rope from the buck's halter. Immediately the reindeer led by their buck started away on the run in a north-earterly direction. They were glad enough to escape from the wolves and wasted no time in gaining as much distance as possible under the cover of the darkness.

When the reindeer had entirely disappeared from sight, Ahnook built up a rousing fire. All wild beasts are attracted by fire, and at the same time are afraid to approach it too closely. Thus with the aid of his campfire, the Eskimo would be able to hold the wolves from pursuing the reindeer during the remainder of the night and yet, unless they were terribly starved, be perfectly safe himself from their attacks.

As soon as his fire was going good and he had obtained enough fuel to keep it going the balance of the night, Ahnook loaded his gun and lay down on his bed near the fire. The cries of the wolf pack were now very close and he knew within the very next few minutes they would surround him.

Suddenly their howling ceased. They had discovered him and were quietly investigating. He eyed the surrounding darkness. In a few moments he saw a pair of eyes glisten from a distance in the dark. Then another pair shone like rays of light in the night. These were followed by others until he counted a dozen pairs or more. But he could not see a single animal. Only their eyes told him they were there.

All night long he saw them staring at him from the darkness,—now standing still, now moving stealthily around until they had completely encircled him. At intervals during the night it became necessary for the Eskimo to rise from his bed and toss more fuel on the fire to keep it from going out. He musn't let it die down to embers, for the moment the wolves lost their fear of it they would rush in and tear him to pieces. There came times during these long early hours that he found it difficult to keep awake, and at such times he

would rouse himself and walk back and forth before the fire until he was once more vigilant.

With the coming of the morning light, another and far worse problem confronted him. The light from his fire would be so softened that the wolves would no longer fear it and would probably attack him. Already they were pressing in closer and he could now make out the outlines of their bodies in the dim dawn.

As soon as he could see well enough, Ahnook glanced at the surrounding landscape. His eyes fell upon a dead jackpine not a hundred yards away, which might serve him as a possible refuge when the wolves no longer feared the fire. This particular tree had stubby branches like a ladder that reached clear to the ground and upon which he could easily climb twenty or thirty feet towards the sky.

No sooner had he spotted the jackpine than with a cold shiver Ahnook discovered the wolves were closing in on him. If he was to save himself, he must do it now! Clutching his gun so that he could fire at any instant should he find it necessary to do so, he leaped to his feet and commenced backing quietly towards his tree.

But the wolves were not going to stand idly by and watch him escape them so easily! Snarling and snapping their teeth, they followed him. He could have fired at them with good results but he wished to save his ammunition as much as possible as a protection for the balance of the trip. So he merely quickened his pace and faced his pursuers.

He was at a great disadvantage, however, in having to move backwards. One of the biggest of the animals, who seemed to be their leader, sprang ahead of the rest and was soon within reach of his legs. He fired, and without waiting to see the result of his shot, he faced about and made a desperate run for the jackpine. The animal he had fired at dropped to the ground and the rest of the pack, momentarily surprised at the loss of their leader, hesitated in their tracks. It was not for long, however, as Ahnook had barely reached his tree when they were once more at his feet.

Grabbing the horizontal limbs he succeeded in pulling himself up out of the reach of their teeth by the time they were ready to leap on him. Nor did he stop to look them over. Not until he had climbed the tree to a height of twenty five feet or more did he pause to look at the scene on the ground below. It was now broad daylight and he could see quite well. He was astonished to count twenty-four wolves standing at or near the base of his tree. Some of them were monstrous creatures—between three and four feet high and five or six feet from the tip of their noses to the end of their tails. Their backs were black while the fur of their sides was gray in color. Long, glittering, white fangs shone from every mouth, and it is these fangs that are so effective in tearing the flesh of their victims. Unlike their cousins, the bear, however, wolves do not climb trees. They deem it wiser to sit at the base of the tree in which their victim has taken refuge and wait until his hunger drives him down or he drops from exhaustion.

Seated high up in the jack-pine, Ahnook could see for a great distance in every direction as trees in that vicinity grew mostly along the shore of Colville Lake. He had left one arm of the lake the day before while leading his reindeer but now he could see that the trail on which they had been traveling would again touch another arm of the lake a short distance ahead. It was in that direction he had driven his deer during the night and he now looked closer to see if he could observe them in the immediate distance. All at once he discovered them grazing on the lake shore, not over a mile ahead. What if the wolves discovered them!

Had Ahnook wished to use up his ammunition, he might have climbed down from his position in the treetop and killed those two dozen wolves waiting for him on the earth below, but he was too wise to do this The country through which he was traveling with his reindeer abounded in wild life of all kinds and every bullet he used now would mean just that many less to use another time. He would use them on this pack of wolves only as a last resort to save his own life or that of his reindeer herd.

Perhaps not more than an hour had passed when he noticed from the movement of twigs and the swaying of the jack-pine that the wind had completely changed its course. Whereas before the wolves had not gotten the scent of the reindeer, they were now holding their noses in the air and sniffing curiously, discovering even better prey than himself nearby. This was an unexpected development and one for which he was entirely unprepared. The reindeer, he felt, would fall easy prey to such an enemy and he would be powerless to help them. Perhaps it were better that he began using his rifle. But it was too late! Just as he was about to move to the ground the wolf pack abandoned him and howling wildly, sprang down the trail in the direction of the reindeer which they had scented, leaving him to his own devices.

With the agility of a wildcat, Ahnook came down the trunk of the jack-pine and started toward the lake shore in pursuit of the wolves. Arrving there a few minutes later, he was astonished to see his herd of reindeer and the pack of wolves swimming around in the lake, mixing in a free-for-all fight. On land reindeer are no match for timber wolves, but in water it was different, as the observing Ahnook very soon learned. The reindeer, having large lungs, swims high on the water while a wolf swims like a dog with mouth just above the surface of the water. In such a position he not only is unable to use his fangs to advantage but the reindeer with little effort can horn him under the surface with his antlers so that he will drown or can kick him to death very easily with his hind feet. The reindeer must have realized their superiority to the wolves in the water, for after they had cunningly enticed their pursuers to a good depth they turned on them and very soon there wasn't a single wolf left to tell the tale.

When the battle was over, Ahnook called the victors out of the water and again fastening a lead rope to the buck, he and his reindeer were once more on the march towards home. He was glad he had wasted

no more than a single bullet on the wolf pack, but that precaution later proved unnecessary, for they were not attacked by any wild animals during the rest of the trip.

There was great rejoicing in the little Eskimo village on the shores of Coronation Gulf when Ahnook arrived safely home with his two dozen reindeer, none the worse for the long trip. Starvation would not again knock at the doors of their igloos during the cold months of winter, for if everything else failed they would still have meat and wilk.

THE NEED FOR PRAISE

(Youth's Companion)

A craving for praise is characteristic of most young people. But they do not care to be flattered; they like to have praise when they feel they heve earned it. Undeserved commendation gives them little satisfaction and often prejudices them against the amiable, but injudicious, person who has conferred it

The hope of winning praise is an important stimulus to them. And probably no one ever grows indifferent to praise, or disposed to undervalue it, even though the desire to receive it may become less powerful as a motive with advancing years.

"Our praises are our wages," said Hermione in the "Winter's Tale." It would make life brighter for many people if that fact were more generally understood than it is. The ordinary person feels that when he pays to have anything done he pays to have it well done, and that he is receiving nothing more than he paid for.

Tacit approval is the only appreciation that he premits himself to offer.

"I come to you because you're so pleasant," a lady said to a salesgirl in a departmeent store; and the salesgirl was more pleasant than ever to everone that day.

Perhaps one of the reasons for the industrial discontent that prevails everywhere is that in the complicated organization of labor and capital there are now no pleasant homely relations between employer and employee—no relation in which there is any opportunity to add praises to the money wages. The wages in money, over which dissatisfaction is so often and so disagreeably expressed, might sometimes seem not so unacceptable if they were accompained with some personal and sincere expression of praise.

A stimulant to the young, a lubricant to the middle aged and elderly, praise helps the world along. Give it when you honestly can—and only then.

Success depends on how hard you try.

INSTITUTION NOTES

For the past few days we have noticed the house boys and other extra boys out gathering blackberries to be used in making pies.

A small electric bottle washing machine has been installed in the dairy, replacing the old steam washer that has been in use for about eight years.

Following the usual custom, there will be a little patriotic program at the school on the Fourth of July, and a number of boys are rehearsing declamations for the occasion.

For some time we have been enjoying some fine tomatoes, string beans and cucumbers and last Tuesday the first "roasting ears" of the season were issued to the various cottages.

When the cottage lines assembled at the "old oak" one day last week, several bushels of peaches and plums were distributed among the boys. This fruit is the product of our young orchards, which would have been more productive had the weather conditions been more favorable during the early Spring months.

For some time past both boys and officers have been wondering when our poultryman was going to distribute a consignment of "fryers." We have heard rumors that we are going to have another of those delicious fried chicken dinners on the Fourth of July, and we certainly hope this report is true.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by Mr. D. E. Henderson, a prominent Charlotte attorney, who addressed the boys on the proper methods of training themselves for their life's work. Mr. Henderson gave them some excellent advice, which if followed closely will help each one of them to attain success in life.

—o—

Last Saturday afternoon we played the Flowe's Store team and were defeated by the score of 11 to 6 in a very loosely played game. After maintaining a four run lead up to the fifth inning, the local lads "blew up," both at bat and in the field, permitting the visitors to register an easy victory. The Flowe aggregation used two pitchers and the Training School three. The game was marked with a lot of free hitting, the visitors making fourteen and the local lads twelve. Poole led the Training School lads with the stick, crashing out a home run and two singles, and Easley drove in two runs in the third frame with a triple.

If, there be no loyalty there can be no great friendship.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XVIII. CONCORD, JULY 5, 1930. No. 24

OUR FLAG

There are many flags in many lands,
  There are flags of every hue;
But there is no flag in any land
  Like our own Red, White and Blue.

—Mary Howlister.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

GOOD RULES

The following rules are commonplace enough, but we can assure our readers that if they will observe every one of the rules they will be anything but commonplace men and women:

Don't stop to tell stories during business hours.
Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.
Have order, system, regularity, and also promptness.
No man can get rich sitting around stores and saloons.
A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.
If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted.
Help others, but never give what you can not afford to, simply because it is fashionable to give. Pay as you go.
If a friend has helped you to be just what you are show some gratitude most especially if that friend needs your sympathy.
Base ingratitude is the companion piece of the ordinary born. If you think clean you will act clean.
Remember the Golden Rule.—Selected.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

No one imbued with the spirit of American freedom can pass the Fourth of July without commemorating the occasion with a thought of the part played by the early patriots preceeding the American Revolution and the Declaration of Independence. In this celebration the figure, Patrick Henry, comes vividly to mind, for no man in the history of the country

stands out more conspicuous, challenging the cause, than the homespun clad, gawky, young Virginia lawyer—Patrick Henry. In his fiery speeches with an eloquence convincing, he insisted that the tyranous power of the monarch had "dissolved the compact between ruler and people" thereby forfeiting all claim to the obedience of Virginians. In his many speeches for freedom he emphasized unity, saying "all America is thrown into one mass. The distinction between New Yorkers, Pennsylvanians, New Englanders are no more. I am no longer a Virginian, but an American." While many were quibbling that war might come unless England did certain things, Henry in his famous "liberty or death" speech, in old St. John's church, Richmond, spoke in no uncertain tones that swept aside all fear and hesitancy when he declared for war. This speech has come to be the loved heritage of every American child—it sounded the tocsin that fired the colony and led "to arms" for independence:

> "We must fight. I repeat it, sir, we must fight. An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us.....Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction?..... There is no retreat but in submission and slavery.....Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace.....Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A FINE FRIEND GONE

The passing of Dr. C. A. Misenheimer, the dean of Charlotte's physicians, has taken from our midst a constant friend, and a man who had lived an exemplary life in the midst of friends and relatives over three score and ten years. He was born on a large plantation near Mount Pleasant, educated at old North Carolina College, Mount Pleasant, at that time considered the coequal of any institution of learning in the State; and afterwards graduated in the university school of medicine, New York. Dr. Gus Misenheimer, pleasantly and affectionately known by the older people of eastern Cabarrus, enjoyed the full confidence of all when in the vigor of health as a skilled physician and surgeon. He was also interested in the religious and educational activities of his church, St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Charlotte, besides never too busy to give unstintedly of his time to all civic, business and social interests of Charlotte,

his adopted home, for two score years. His was an active, useful and successful life, but aside from all his activities he found time to make occasional visits to his old home place, and renew boyhood friendships with a sympathetic nature. His life to the writer was reflected from one who knew him intimately, and we gathered that his kiindly spirit was a family trait, handed down from father to son, through a large family connection. We take this means of extending our sympathies to the bereaved family, and close by saying we will miss the visits of our friend, Dr. Misenheimer to the Jackson Training School. Despite the fact his adopted home was in Mecklenburg, he had a strong following in Cabarrus and held a warm place in the hearts of all who were fortunate enough to know him.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

HONORS A NATIVE BORN

Rear Admiral Richard Byrd, since his successful exploration of the Antarctic regions, stands in line for as much publicity and commendation as Lindbergh did after his daring flight across the Atlantic. Naturally Byrd would receive much applause in his native state, after his two years' cruise in the unknown land, because of his distinguished forebears who were conspicuous in the making of early Virginia history. It is quite a fortunate coincidence that the Lindbergh baby boy arrived just now or the ovations given Admiral Byrd might have obscured the name Lindbergh for the time being. Commander Byrd discovered while in the South pole region 125,000 square miles of hitherto unknown land, and a coal deposit large enough to keep all of the people of the earth for several generations, only adds to the already illustrious name Byrd in the State of Virginio. The new land discovered by Commander Byrd, "Little America," we conclude will call for a revised edition of all Geographies. But, you may rest assured Virginia has taken time to honor Byrd by presenting to him a beautiful sword that commemorates Admiral Byrd's late explorations in the Anarctic regions. To show the universal appreciation of Virginia's hero this sword was subscribed to by persons, rich and poor, high and low, all over the State of Virginia. A tremendous ovation awaited the exploring admiral when he returned to his home state after a two years' cruise

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The arrival of the Lindbergh baby has created an interest nation wide. On

account of the baby's distinguished parentage much more is expected of this child than one from a humble home. It seems a shame to handicap this child by anticipating him to be far above the average child. But, there is one thing that stands in the child's favor—he has very normal and sensible parents. They have no social aims, but simply know how to live. The highest paid editor in the world thinks the talent of his distinguished grandfather, Dwight W. Morrow, if there is any thing in inheritance, will be worth much to the youngster." But, again if inheritance counts he will surely remain in the air for he inherits flying on both sides of the family. The child's name is the next thing of interest. It may be though that the name has already been chosen but according to the manner in which Col. and Mrs. Lindbergh have acted previously they will not make the announcement till some opportune time. We prophesy it will be Dwight Morrow Lindbergh—and why not?

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The old saying "you can get people out of the country but you can not take country out of folks" is true in every sense of the word, and we wll go further and say any one country born and reared has nothing to be ashamed of but on the other hand can boast of a noble heritage. There is a freedom and independence about a rural life that can not be acquired when penned up in a small lot with nothing to see but paved streets, automobiles, brick walls, back lots and hearing nothing from morning till night but a radio accompanied by the din and hum of the noise from the streets. The finest place in the world to develop individuality is in the country, because you absolutely do your own thinking, and never depend upon your neighbor for any thing. But, what we started out to say was: we can not get used to buying a quart of blackberries, a few peaches, beans and other products of the orchard and the garden after once being accustomed to fresh vegetables ni abundance. One used to the open, and then suddenly closed in feels like a bird of the forest caged.

HOW UNCLE SAM GOT HIS NAME

About the time that Francis Scott Key was getting the "Star-Spangled Banner" written I was getting my name. It was during the War of 1812, when the United States was in a fight with England again, and it happened this way.

Elbert Anderson, of New York City, went to Troy, N. Y., and brought up a great deal of pork for the American army. Samuel Wilson, whom everybody called Uncle Sam, examined it to see if it was all right. As Wilson looked over each barrel, a man whom he had hired to help him marked it with the letters, "E. A.—U. S." (Elbert Anderson—United States). Other workmen read the lettering and asked what the initials stood for—the name of our country, United States, being almost new to them. Wilson's man, who loved fun, replied, "I don't know, unless they mean, "Albert Anderson and Uncle Sam." The joke took among the workmen, and they teased Wilson about owning the United States. The joke was printed, and everybody read and liked it. After that the United States was known abroad as "Uncle Sam."

And that's how I got my name! Can you beat it?

HOW COLUMBIA GOT HER NAME

My name did not come by means of a joke. This new world was discovered by Columbus, as you know, but it was named for the man who wrote up the discovery in a geography, Amerigo Vespucci. This was hardly fair, as people came to see by and by, and so, while the name America was retained, the new world was also called Columbia, and this later name has been spread abroad through beautiful poems and songs, until now there is scarcely an American who does not know me as "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."—The Young Christian Worker.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

The grass in the front yard is higher. I went out into the garden to look at the vegetables and they are higher. I bought some steak and onions yesterday and they were higher than they used to be. I also went and looked at the thermometer. It was higher than it used to be. Doggone that new tariff anyhow.

—o—

An automobile graveyard by a highway is a dismal thing to look at. There are many sights in public places that are unlovely.

—o—

You can tell a hick town after you have been there five minutes. It is a place where the citizens, and especially the merchants, won't spend money to boost their community unless a stranger asks for it.

—o—

Dancing is such sweet pleasure,
It's charms one cannot measure;
The magic of grace,
The sunshine of face;
White arms wreathed so lightly
On manly shoulders, lightly;
Ecstatic joy of rapturous thrills,
Like tip-toeing among daffodils,
And every dancer keenly knows
Charms that comes through the door
of the toes.

—o—

People have their characteristics in mailing letters just as they have in everything they do. I stood in the postoffice the other day and watched the passing throngs as they mailed their letters. The nervous, impulsive man rushed by and jabbed at the letter slot, hardly getting the letters in, and some did stick half way in. The quiet, thoughtful man, looked at his letters several times, turned them over once or twice before he put them in, and then peeped through the slot to see if they had dropped down. The women started their letters in the slot and gave them two or three shoves before they would let them go. The young Misses smiled and laughed as they pressed down the flaps on the back and then took another look at the address and shyly shoved their missives into the slot and glanced around to see who was looking at them. Mailing letters has a peculiar fascination for most people, almost equal to that of receiving them.

—o—

Plutarch tells us—as reported by Steele—that Caius Gracchus, the Roman, was frequently hurried by his passion into so loud and tumultuous a way of speaking, and so strained his voice as not to be able to proceed. To remedy this excess, he had an ingenius servant by name Licinis, always attending him with a pitch pipe, or instrument, to regulate the voice; who, whenever he heard his master begin to be high, immediately touched a soft note; at which, 'tis said, Caius would presently abate and grow calm. If Licinis were with us today he could find no end of employment. The voice which is "loud and tumultuous" is not with us merely casually, as it was with Caius, but dominant and clamorous and all-pervading. Licinis would be worked to

death were he to undertake his useful and desirable office in almost any company in these days of speed and noise. But I can see a glorious opportunity for some inventor to go down the ages as a benefactor of his fellow man. Let there be a Licinis attached to every loud-speaker—radio, not human, Let it be set to "touch a soft note" with such unerring sureness as to cause the loud-speaker to "abate and grow calm." Then after we have brought the loud-speaker of the radio somewhat into harmony with the natural limits of our auditory nerves, through the agency of a mechanical Licinis, we might be encouraged to adapt the contrivance to the human loud-speaker.

—o—

The annual celebration of Saint John's Day, June 24th, is always a great occasion for the splendid and beautiful city of Oxford, where is located the Orphans Home, the very heart of "applied Masonry." I spent the day there Tuesday, and revived old memories when for several years, fifty-six years ago, I mingled with the children then under the management of the lamented J. M. Mills, and engaged in giving little entertainments for them, in the main building which was the only one on the grounds at that time. And also printed the first copies of the Orphan's Friend on a hand press. My! how time flies, and what changes are wrought in the speeding years. Oxford grows and the Masonic Orphan's Home grows. It was a colorful scene there this year, with the lovely grounds, under the beautiful spreading oaks, with the four hundred children in the orphanage, and citizens far and near, old and young, in their vari-colored costumes, mingling with the children, and crowding the town to overflowing. At least 12,000 people is estimated to have attended this year. Addresses of welcome were made by B. W. Parham and Superintendent C. K. Proctor, in behalf of Oxford and the Orphanage, and by D. W. Winbourne, of Marion, in behalf of the Masons. Rowland Pruette, of Wadesboro made the leading address. It was a gem. Intensely interesting, instructive and inspiring. The entire exercises were the best held there in years, and aroused great enthusiasm for the institution and the great work being done in the Orphanage. I heard many expressions on the loss of Gen. D. S. Royster, by death, and how much he was missed on this occasion. He was a loyal friend of the Orphanage.

Cato the elder at the time many of the Romans had statues erected in their honor, was asked by one in a kind of wonder, why he had none. He answered, "I had much rather men should ask and wonder why I had no statue, than why I had one."

THE AMERICAN FLAG

(Boys' Industrial School Journal, Lancaster, Ohio)

"Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angels hands to valour given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven."

—Joseph Rodman Drake.

Flags symbolize the noble aspiration and glorious achievements of the human race, whether in time of war or in time of peace.

From the settlement at Jamestown in Virginia until the American Revolution the flag of England was the flag of the colonies.

The protesting of the colonies against the unjust rule of England brought forth many liberty-flags with such mottoes as "Hope," "An Appeal to Heaven," "Join or Die," "Liberty or Death," and "Don't Tread on me."

History does not definitely state just what flag inspired the "embattled farmers" "who fired the shot heard round the world" at Concord Bridge, April 19, 1775, or at Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775 though it is probable that the "Pine Tree" flag inspired the patriots at Bunker Hill.

A new nation, the United States of America, was born July 4, 1776, by the adoption of the Declaration of Independence by the Second Continental Congress. The birth of the new nation called for a new emblem or flag to represent that nation, not only in time of peace, but in the conflict in which the new nation was engaged for the preservation of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Hence, on the fourteenth day of June, 1777, the Second Continental Congress resolved, "That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be of thirteen stars—white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

A committee of three—General Washington, Captain Robert Morris, and Colonel George Ross were appointed by the Second Continental Congress to design the new flag, and in presenting the design to the other two members of the committee said: "We take the stars from the heavens, the red from the mother country—separating it by white stripes, showing that we have separated from her—and the white stripes shall go down to posterity representing liberty."

Colonel Ross suggested that they visit his niece, Mrs. Bettsy Griscom Ross, who was an expert needle-woman and who, according to history, had sewed lace on General Washington's uniform. Mrs. Ross lived at No. 89, now 239, Arch street, Philadelphia. After some planning and showing the committee how to cut a five-pointed star, she consented to make the first flag. So successful was she that the government granted her a contract to supply all the flags, a work which was continued by her daughter until 1857.

Mrs. Ross was a young widow about twenty-five years of age. Her husband, John Ross, a continental soldier, had died from injuries received while guarding military stores at his uncle's munition factory. Later she married a sea captain, J. Ashburne,

who died in Mill Prison, England, in 1782. The following year she married Ashburne's prison mate, John Claypoole, who died in 1717. Mrs. Ross died January 30, 1836, at the home of one of her daughters who lived in Philadelphia.

"For the hand that has woven those colors of light,
And sent it aflame through the world's every zone,
That has led, and has kept it through storm and through night.
Is the hand that has blest us, sweet Liberty's own!"—Anonymous.

The first flag contained thirteen white stars arranged in a circle on a blue field, seven red stripes and six white stripes—thirteen in all, each star and each stripe representing one of the thirteen original States.

The first official change in the national flag was made in 1794. Vermont having been admitted in 1791, and Kentucky in 1792, Congress ordered "that from and after the first day of May 1795, that the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white; and that the union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field. The stars to be arranged in three rows of five stars each."

Five more new States having been admitted, making twenty in all, it was plain that the vast territory of the United States would be divided up into other States. Accordingly, on April 4, 1818, Congress passed the following act to establish the flag of the United States:

"Section I. Be it enacted: That from and after the fourth of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union have twenty stars, white in a blue field.

"Section II. And be it further enacted: That on the admission of every new State into the Union, one star b eadded to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth of July next succeeding such admission."

Arizona, the forty-eighth and last State to be admitted to the Union, was accepted February 14, 1912.

The last executive order concerning the flag was issued by President Taft on October 26, 1912. It provided that hte stars should be arranged in six horizontal rows of eight stars each.

The Sixty-third Congress, at the request of President Wilson, provided that the flag should be displayed on the second Sunday in May, known as mother's day.

Each of the colors of the flag has a special meaning or significance. The red represents valor or bravery; the white purity and truth; and the blue loyalty and sincerity.

"Blue field, thy stars of every State;
Thy crimson stripes, thy peerless white,
Wave now o'er us, while our chorus
Swells our Watchword, God and Right!"
—Charles W. Johnson.

Our flag is often called "Old Glory," "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Red, White and Blue," and "The Stars and Stripes." The last name is appropriate, because of the beautiful colors of the flag, and their arrangement.

The "Stars and Stripes," were first hoisted on an American man-of-war, the "Ranger," July 4, 1777, by Captain Paul Jones, while his vessel was lying in the harbor at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

The Stars and Stripes first appeared in military service at Fort Stanwix, near Rome, New York, August 3, 1777, when the garrison of 760 men was attacked by a combined force of Indians and British.

The Stars and Stripes received its first baptism of fire at sea, at the hour of sunset on September 4, 1777, when Captain Thomas Thompson of the "Raleigh" encountered and defeated a British man-of-war of the Winward Island fleet. The Raleigh was on a cruise from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to France. The Stars and Stripes were first carried round the world by Captain Gray on his vessel, the Columbia, in 1792.

The finest and most representative place for the American flag is over a school. The first school to use the flag this manner was the public schoolhouse, made of logs, on Catamount Hill, Colerain, Massachusetts, in May, 1812. Every school now floats the American flag as a symbol of what is the greatest thing in America—free education for all people. Its beautiful folds, as it floats over battles and warships, may boast of our greatness, but when it floats gracefully over our churches and schools, it truly represents the soul of the American people.

On June 3, 1803, the Catamount Hill Association erected a monument on the spot where the little log schoolhouse stood.

"'Tis the schoolhouse that stands by the flag;
Let the Nation stand by the school!
'Tis the schoolbell that rings for our Liberty old,
'Tis the schoolchild whose ballot shall rule."

—Frank Treat Southwick.

France was the first foreign nation to salute the Stars and Stripes. Captain Paul Jones on board the Ranger arrived in Quinberon bay, on the coast of France, February 12, 1778. Three days later, February 15, the flag of the Ranger was saluted by an officer of the French navy, the salute consisting of nine guns.

Although our country is the youngest of the nations of the world, except those created by the League of Nations after the World war, yet the Stars and Stripes is the third oldest of all the national emblems. Only Denmark and Russia have older flags.

In 1790 the Stars and Stripes floated over thirteen States with an area of 325,000 square miles, with the population of 3,630,000 people. Today the sun never sets upon that beautiful emblem. Before the sun appears behind the western hills in the Philippine Islands, it rises above Porto Rico. It now floats over forty-eight States, with the area of 3,800,000 square miles and with a population of 120,000,000 people.

No nation has done more for the uplifting of humanity and to establish justice throughout the world than our own country under the Stars and Stripes. Vessels carrying our national emblem have penetrated all the known waters of the world. Expeditions have carried it across plains, deserts and mountains and to all the

continents and the isles of the sea.

During the one hundred and fifty-four years of its existence, the Star Spangled Banner has been recognized and respected by all nations of the world. Though it has been carried by the army and navy, its messages have always been for peace and good will.

It was the Stars and Stripes as they floated in the breezy blasts of winter, between the clear blue sky and snow-covered mother earth that kept the American troops together at Valley Forge. " 'Twas the flag that kept us up," was the reply of an aged Tennesseean in 1865 when asked how he lived through the hardships in that dreadful struggle for the preservation of the Union from 1861 to 1865. It was because of their love for their country and their determination that the Union must be preserved, that six of the color-bearers of the Sixteenth Wisconsin Regiment gave their all in the battle of Shiloh and sleep, side by side, in the Shiloh National Cemetery.

This same love and determination has always been manifested by our military forces when duty called.

Daniel Webster, in his reply to Robert Hayne, of South Carolina, January 26, 1831, when the Union threatened by States Rights, probably paid the most eloquent tribute to the Stars and Stripes that has ever been paid to them. In a burst of eloquence. Webster closed with a prayer, "that in his last hours he might behold the flag of his country floating in full glory in the heavens, bearing the sentiment dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union now and forever, one and inseparable.

"Though many and bright are the stars that appear
In the flag by our country unfurled;
And the Stripes that are swelling in Majesty there,
Like a rainbow adorning the world;
Their light is unsullied as those in the sky,
By a deed that our fathers have done,
And they're leagued in as true and as holy a tie,
In their motto of "Many in One."
—E. Pluribus Unum.

Jenny Lind's Salute

About seventy-five years ago the American frigate Saint Lawrence steamed into New York harbor after a long cruise abroad. At that time Jenny Lind, the most famous singer, perhaps, who ever visited this country, was giving a concert in New York City. A group of young midshipmen, on the first night of shore leave flocked to the opera house to hear her sing. The following day they went in a body to call on her and pay their respects, hardly daring to hope that she would consent to see them; but not only did she consent but made them feel so at home that they invited her to visit their ship.

When she had accepted this invitation one of the braver of the youths suggested that they would be very happy to have her take lunch with them, and to the surprise of every midshipman she laughingly accepted, remarking as she did so that she would have a glorious time.

On shipboard the rules of etiquette are very strict, and three distinct classes are kept entirely separate—the captain's mess, the ward office's mess, and that of the midshipmen. The midshipmen's mess is in the steerage, and is hardly the right place to entertain such a famous lady, so when the captain saw Jenny Lind come aboard he sent his orderly to announce that he was going ashore and the midshipmen might use his cabin.

After the meal was over the group went on deck and some of them entertained their honored guest by singing popular songs such as "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" and Jenny Lind showed her enthusiasm by clapping her hands and expressing her delight in remarks of encouragement. Finally, as she was about to go ashore, she turned, looking up at the Stars and Stripes floating at masthead, and said, "Gentlemen, I should like to salute your flag!"

Then, taking off her hat and holding it in her hand, she sang "The Star Spangled Banner." As she sang that first stanza every man and officer on deck, uncovered, and stood at attention, silently holding his position until the last note had died away. Then a deafening cheer rang out from officers and crew. Near by were several other United States ships and their crew took up the cheering, and steamers vied with each other in blowing their whistles in applause for the wonderful rendering of that national hymn.

It was a wonderful tribute to our flag by the great singer, and a wonderful recognition of that tribute by every seaman within range of her voice. Not before nor since has such an episode occurred, and the midshipmen were very proud young fellows when they thought of their daring in inviting Jenny Lind to visit the Saint Lawrence.

The First Schoolhouse Flag.

The first flag of this country to be flown over a schoolhouse was raised to the top of a pine pole in 1812, at Colerain, Massachusetts.

At that time the schoolhouse was the center of activity in every community. Many of the pupils attended school only in the winter months when there was no work to be done on the farms, some of them being twenty-five or thirty years of age. Two or three evenings each week the schoolhouse was used to conduct the old-fashioned singing school or to hold meetings of various kinds.

At this time our country had entered its second war with England, and the political feeling was much divided. The members of one party felt that the war should not have occurred, while those of the other party thought that since it was in progress all citizens should show their loyalty. Therefore, there were many warm political discussion in the little schoolhouse at Colerain, and during one of them the leader of the party demanding loyalty to the country suggested that a United States flag should be made and flown from a pole in front of the schoolhouse. The suggestion was adopted and it was voted to have the women of the town make such a flag.

This was one of the strangest flags ever made in this country, because, curious as it may seem, few of the citizens of the town had ever seen a

United States flag; but the leader of the loyal party, a man named Shippee, had been a member of the State militia and knew how the flag ought to look. His wife spun and wove on a hand loom the thread and cloth with which to make the white stripes. Another woman wove the cloth and dyed it for the blue field. The red was made from some flannel petticoats which some of the other women donated.

The day of the flag raising was made a holiday, for the little town and the people for the most part, joined in the celebration with all the enthusiasm possible. The members of the opposing party declared that they would not attend any such celebration because it encouraged warfare, and this aroused a great deal of bitter feeling. The members of the loyal party, in turn, said that they would force their opponents to attend the flag raising. The result was that the latter hid themselves so that they would not be carried against their will to the scene of the flag raising.

This home-made flag was flown from the pole for more than two years before it was blown to pieces by the wind; but the people were so proud of their accomplishment that from that day until the school was finally abandoned nearly a hundred years later a flag was always flown there.

Paths of Glory

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The oft-quoted line from the famous Elegy states a very definite truth. But so do all other paths that men tread lead but to the grave Still the paths of glory are none the less glorious because at the end is found the same haven that is reached by all other human routes.

If men should accept the supine philosophy which many attempt to read into the passage, the world would be a dreary place in which to live. There would be little inspiration to endeavor.

But in any event, the paths of glory, rightly interpreted, are not necessarily those attended by "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power." Wealth and fame are not essential incidents of glorious experience. Rather are such experiences born of the consciousness of duty well performed.

If that recognized duty leads one to climb the heights where men's acclaim may please the ear, and coveted rewards are gained, so much the better. These things are not to be despised nor belittled. But just as truly glorious is that life which follows the beckoning finger of duty along the lowly path that winds away from the glamour of world-success, away, perhaps, from pleasing surroundings, to where the vistas are shrouded in darkness and light beyond must be visioned by faith because unseen by the human eye.

Alike they come at last to the same end. And the courage and calmness with which that end may be faced will not depend upon the plaudits of the world that may still ring in the ears, nor the riches accumulated only to be left behind, but upon the consciousness of an earnest endeavor to be ever faithful in all the relations of life. It is only they who walk with that high purpose in their hearts who tread the real paths of glory.

PAUL REVERE—MASTER OF MANY TRADES

By Evelyn Thorp)

To have many irons in the fire and keep them all hot is within the province of but few men, yet we sometimes find an individual who seems magically to excel in every effort. Such a man was Paul Revere, the dashing, fearless rider of the Revolution.

Paul Revere was not only the redoubtable messenger of the Revolution, whom we all know, he was an able craftsman as well and one of the most picturesque and colorful figures of his time. The poet's "Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," first gave him popular recognition; it is the one generally known fact about him; his fame hangs on this peg.

In the earning of a livelihood, however, he gave himself to no one thing. A man of tremendous energy and ingenious turn of mind, he could direct his hands to successful operation wherever he chose, though the usual channels through which his efforts flowed were artistic or patriotic.

Paul Revere was born in Boston in 1735 of French parentage and lived the full span of his eighty-three years in that vicinity. He was educated in a neighborhood elementary school, but left school early to go into his father's shop which was that of a silversmith and goldsmith, Young Paul quickly learned the trade of silversmithing as he was apt and industrious. He brought artistic as well as mechanical ability to his father's trade for he soon showed unusual ingenuity in designing patterns. So great was his skill and success in creating beautiful forms and decorative embellishment for silver pitchers, mugs, ewers, spoons, and the like, that his designs formed most of the fine silverware that was made in Boston. Any of his handiwork that remains today is counted supreme among the treasures of its owner. His silversmithing alone establishes his reputation as a great craftsman.

Evidently silversmithing did not consume all his energies, for he turned his mechanical ability to account in other lines. One of the most unique and unlikely was the business of mechanical dentistry. Whether the artistry of fashioning beautiful teeth or the mere mechanics of their construction interested him, we do not know, but at any rate he aspired to dentistry and hung out his shingle to apprise the public of his desire. In a Boston newspaper in 1768 he inserted this advertisement; "WHEREAS, many Persons are so unfortunate as to lose their Fore-Teeth by Accident and otherwise to their great Detriment not only in Looks, but speaking both in Public and Private;—This is to inform all such, that they may have them re-placed with artificial ones, that look as well as the Natural & answers the End of Speaking to all Intents by PAUL REVERE, Goldsmith near the head of Dr. Clarke's Wharf, Boston.....All Persons who have had false Teeth fixt by Mr. John Baker, Surgeon Dentist, and they

have got loose (as they will in time) may have them fastened by the above who learnt the Method of fixing them from Mr. Baker."

Seemingly there was a lull in the business of dentistry for two years later he again reminds the people of Boston, through advertisement, that he still does business at the old stand, speaking with more assurance of his craft.

"ARTIFICIAL TEETH
PAUL REVRE.

"Takes this Method of returning his most Sincere Thanks to the Gentlemen and Ladies who have Employed him in the care of their Teeth. He would now inform them and all others, who are so unfortunate as to lose their Teeth by accident or otherways that he still continues the Business of a Dentist, and flatters himself that from the Experience he had had these two years (in which time he has fixt some Hundreds of Teeth) that he can fix them as well as any Surgeon-Dentist who ever came from London. He fixes them in such a Manner that they are not only an Ornament, but of real Use in Speaking and Eating. He cleanses the Teeth and will wait on any Gentleman or Lady at their Lodgings. He may be spoke with at his shop opposite Dr. Clarke's at the North End where the Gold and Silversmith's Business is carried on in all its Branches."

Paul Revere was a well-known figure about Boston in his profession and as a leader in the organization of his day. With rebellion in the air the times were stirring ones and Revere's flair for being in the thick of things made him a useful compatriot in the business of the day. He early aligned himself with the cause of liberty and served ardently in any capacity available. It was through his political interests and contacts that he first began his career as a cartoonist, for such we should call it today. Of keen perception and humor and a marked artistry in expression, it was not difficult for him to caricature people and events. He began to do this by engraving on copperplate his ideas as he interpreted the signs of the time. These he printed and sold and thus simply disseminated propaganda for liberty. Revere was self taught in the art of copper engraving and cartoons and his first attempts were necessarily crude, but by persistent effort he made himself an adept in his art that was unexcelled in the colonies in his day.

His first important engraving occurred in connection with the Stamp Act, that legislation of the Mother Country which was so odious to the liberty loving colonists. Paul Revere's patriotism flamed in righteous indignation and he gave lasting and artistic expression through copperplate. This work was an elaborate allegory typifying the sentiments of the colonists toward this piece of undesirable legislation. It was well received and drew unreserved attention and approval of the patriots.

When a little later the Stamp Act was repealed, Boston suitably celebrated the victory, ending with a gorgeous display of fireworks on the Common. One of the main features of the celebration was the setting up on the Common of an obelisk designed by Paul Revere depicting on each

of its four sides the circumstances and triumph of the Repeal. It was the intention of the patriots to move the obelisk after the festivities to a more permanent location under the Libery Tree there to remain as a memorial to this occasion.

The plan to preserve the obelisk was frustrated, however, through its destruction by fire during the ceremony.

The engraving that is most widely known, probably, is the cut made in 1770 so quaintly depicting the Boston massacre. About this plate there is some dispute as to Paul Revere having originated the drawing, but at least the mechanical work of the copperplate engraving is his. On the bottom of the plate he has inscribed, "Engraved, printed and sold by Paul Revere" making no claim to having originally drawn the scene.

Although his caricatures and cartoons bespoke the fervor of his patriotism which in the war days was at a high pitch and doubtless brought him into prominence as a patriot of ability as well as zeal, he lived a long time both before and after the Revolution, years in which his cartoon urge had no significance and his engraving ability was turned to more sober uses. He engraved many portraits, among which was found those of his friends Samuel Adams and John Hancock, the most pretentious of his later work. He also designed and engraved book-plates, illustrations for "The New England Psalm Singer," dies for coin and medals and seals used by the colony and State of Massachusetts. He was thrifty in the use of his copper, for most all of his plates show designs on both sides. He was regrettably thrifty certainly, when his copperplate engraving of Harvard College was later cut in halves and its back used for the printing of Provincial money.

His liberty propaganda as expressed in his cartoons left no doubt at all as to his sentiments politically and more than anything else made his influence felt in those pre-war days. He was an ardent member and leader of the Sons of Liberty and forthright in his declarations. He was against the dominance of England and said so openly and plainly. More and more he was coming to the attention of the leaders who saw in him an ardent patriot, zealous and fearless and a man of no mean attainments in a life of peace. They recognized him as above the masses in capabilities and used his willing hands to do their wise bidding.

About 1773 he offered himself as a courier ready at all times to ride in the service of his country. He was a valiant messenger and, as usual, excelled in this field, proving himself eminent above others in this work, and became entrusted with the most important communications that were sent out. He could ride faster and longer with less fatigue than the others; in fact, seemed never to think of his own comfort. His prowess as messenger earned for him the applicable title of "Patriot Mercury." His first ride was in connection with the Boston Tea Party. He was an active participant in this significant event, not only planning but aiding in the execution of the project and was, therefore, amply qualified to elaborate the details of this affair should it be necessary to add anything to the message he was carry-

ing. The trip was made in record time, which was an important part of his efficiency. Immediately upon his return he began preparations for another ride in connection with the "Boston Port Bill."

Upon the passage of this bill there was intense feeling among the patriots and heated argument took place in the meetings of the Colonists. Paul Revere was entrusted with the important messages concerning this issue and traveled back and forth to all the sister colonies. He carried with him on these trips a quantity of printed copies of the Act which he undoubtedly had himself engraved and which he distributed generously through every village that he passed. His arrival in New York and Philadelphia, the two important cities in the colonies, was the signal for immediate gatherings of the patriots and for enthusiastic and heated discussion. He was repeatedly encouraged by the heartiness with which the patriots repudiated the Bill and returned with reassuring messages.

In September, 1774, he again set forth with a copy of the Suffolk Resolves which had been adopted by the Suffolk County Convention as a result of other penal acts by the English parliament. Six days after leaving Boston, he arrived in Philadelphia, a distance of approximating three hundred and thirty-five miles, and this on horseback over rough and ill-kept roads. No wonder he earned the name of "patriot Mercury." On the same day that he arrived in Philadelphia the messages were read in Congress and that body was so stirred by their import that it immediately passed a resolution to endorse the Suffolk Resolves and pledged itself "to support Boston to the uttermost." Paul Revere brought this agreeable news, together with personal letters to Boston personages, on his return trip.

With no telephone lines, no telegraph wires and only an irregular and uncertain post service, the conveyance of important messages was more safely entrusted to special messenger; and with one so honest, so fleet, so conscientious and so certain as Paul Revere, what better could the patriots desire?

His sympathies, his experience and his efficiency made him the logical one to carry the message of impending danger to Lexington and Concord, and how well he planned and carried through that service is the one commonly known fact about him. The dashing ride of this fearless and zealous patriot on the night of April 18, 1775, has captured the fancy of three generations since the story was given to us by the poet Longfellow. It was after the Lexington ride that Paul Revere was definitely engaged professionally as a runner "to do the outdoor business" for the Committee of Safety. Presumably up to this time the periodical work as messenger he had undertaken as a patriotic privilege with no other reward than the consciousness of a service well rendered, but now if he was to be engaged permanently with only scant and uncertain time to devote to the business of a livelihood, he felt the need and justice of material recompense and so the charge was made and granted of four shillings a day.

Once more his ability as an engraver and printer comes into play and

another achievement is added to the list of this Colonist. He now has added to his honors the distinction of engrgaving and printing the first paper money used by the Revolutionary government. Two weeks after the skirmish at Lexington and Concord which began the prolonged fight for independence, the Provincial Congress, meeting at Waterton, authorized the treasurer to borrow one hundred thousand pounds and issue colony securities payable June 1, 1777, with interest at six per cent annually. The committee in charge to secure a copperplate from which to print the money negotiated with Paul Revere, now a celebrated engraver, to fill the order. With no waste of time and his customary expedition he sat about to engrave the plates, and set up his presses, printed and delivered the notes to the committee within the prescribed time. The work was done in the home of John Cook in Watertown and the sum of twelve shillings was paid to "Mr. John Cook for the use that Mr. Paul Revere made of his house, whilst he was striking off the colony notes therein."

Because Congress almost immediately realized that the four pound notes just ordered were of an impractical denomination for common use, later in the same month they issued an order for a quantity of bank notes in smaller denomination for the soldiery. Early the following month, Paul Revere was again commissioned "to attend to the business of stamping the notes for the soldiers all the ensuing night, if he can, and to finish them with the greatest dispatch possible." Two army officers were ordered to attend Mr. Revere "night and day alternately until all the notes were finished." Paul Revere was cautioned concerning this important commission "that he does not leave his engraving press exposed when he is absent from it." The work was finished on time as were all his government commissions.

The Second Continental Congress meeting in Philadelphia authorized the issue of "a sum not exceeding two millions of Spanish milled dollars" in bills of credit. These plates were also engraved by the ingenious Revere and printed on paper so thick that it was designated by the British as "the pasteboard currency of the rebels."

As little known as his profession of dentistry is his business of picture framing, though he designed many of the solid wooden frames for the portraits of John Singleton Copely, Boston's famous artist and also made all the cases for his lovely miniatures.

Certainly Paul Revere wasted no time. His enthusiastic interest in artistic and patriotic service, his dogged application to a task and above all his unbounded energy makes Paul Revere an exception to the old adage, "jack of all trades, master of none," for this versatile man was, indeed, master of many crafts and, so far as we know, jack of none.

The best and happiest lives are built by the day.

LIBERTY BELL

By Evangeline Weir

When we pass into the old State House on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, we see in the south part of the corridor the great bell which rang out liberty to all the land. We can distinctly see the big crack and think of the day when it tolled for the birth of a great nation. It belongs not to Philadelphia, but to every man, woman and child who lives under the Stars and Stripes and respects that for which they stand.

It is a big bell and measures twelve feet round the edges or lips; seven feet and a half around the crown; three inches in the thickest part near the edges and not less than an inch and a quarter in the thinnest part. Its clapper is three feet and two inches long; its weight two thousand and eighty pounds, and bears the inscription, "Proclaim Liberty Throughout All the Land, to All the Inhabitants Thereof."

Like the people for whom it was made, the bell passed through a series of moulding and recasting until it was blended and tempered and made fit for the great adventure. It was cast in England and reached Philadelphia toward the end of August, 1752. The bell was placed in the tower which had been added to the State House for its reception, but it did not ring true when it was tried and it was found to be cracked. It was a great disappointment to find that the big bell which they had waited for so long and looked forward to with such pride and importance should fail to make good. Everybody was interested and everybody in town talked about the new bell which was cracked and would not ring right. The Assembly which had been authorized to order the bell was in favor of sending it back to London but Pass and Stow, brass founders of this city, offered to recast the bell. After much discussion, they were permitted to remove the bell to their foundry, where it was broken into pieces and recast.

But after all the work and time spent upon it, the big bell did not have a fine tone such as was demanded of a bell which was to hold such an important place as the tower of the State House. Back to the foundry it went again to be broken and recast here in our old Quaker city, making it truly an American bell. This time it stood all the tests and in June, 1753, it was placed in the steeple of the State House, where it took a part in the joys and sorrows of the daily lives of the people. There it hung ready for the great struggle which was to follow, but no one dreamed at that time that it was to be a Liberty Bell. It was called "Our Town Bell" or "The State House Bell."

Then came a day, a memorable day, when the Declaration of Independence was adopted by the solemn men who sat in the State House while the people waited in the State House yard for the final decision. Up in the steeple the old bell man stood waiting beside the bell. He had gone there in the morning when Congress opened, taking with him his grandson, whom he placed at the door below so that he could tell him when the decis-

ion was made. They waited hour after hour for the signal to ring the old bell. At last, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the closed doors opened. The eager, patriotic boy wasted no time; he rushed up the stairs, shouting as he ran, "Ring! ring! Grandfather, ring!" The old bell man grasped the iron tongue of the bell and hurled it backward and forward a hundred times. The crowds in the streets and the people all over the town knew that the bell was ringing for the birth of a nation.

Then on July 8th, when all was ready for the Declaration of Independence to be officially proclaimed, it was read by Colonel John Nixon from a platform in the State House yard. Then the old bell rang out the message engraved upon it, "Proclaim Liberty Throughout All the Land, to All the Inhabitants Thereof." John Adams wrote of this great day, "The bell rang all day and almost all night. Even the chimes chimed away." The chimes mentioned were those in the steeple of Christ's Church on Second Street. The people were wild with excitement and joined in with drums, cannon, feasts, toasts, bonfires and illuminations.

As we go into the beautiful stately old room called the "hall of the signing" we see three desks: The one on which the representatives of the colonies signed their names to the Declaration of Independence; the desk used by John Hancock, president of the Congress; the other by Charles Thompson, the secretary. Here, too, is the quaint old silver inkwell with the shakers which held sand then used in place of a blotter; twenty-three of the original chairs used by the signers and a framed facsimile of the Declaration. We stand on sacred ground: this is the birthplace of American liberty the birth which the old bell announced to all whom it might concern on that day of July 4, 1776.

A WORD OF COMFORT

Your endeavor to be loyal to your conception of truth, beauty and righteousness in life is not merely an investment upon which you hope to receive accumulated interest in some far-distant future. It is the beginning of a life which is to continue forever.

Here and now you enter into the higher satisfaction, which are to be realized to the full when you have left this earth behind. Here and now you minister to the happiness of your dear ones in Paradise by your struggle to be true to the best you know.

The joys of tomorrow are to be yours in sequence to the joy of striving to be right today.—Selected.

THE FOURTH OF JULY CORNER

By Anna B. Royce

"We can celebrate in spite of the washouts, daughters," declared Mrs. McClure. "We'll hang out our flag and tonight have a picnic on Sunset Hill. We can get a fine view of the town's fireworks from there."

With that, she sent Patty and Peggy out into the July sunshine.

The twins flopped down under a big oak tree.

"I feel worse than ever out of doors," complained Peggy.

"So do I", echoed Patty, her brown eyes clouded with tears.

"Oh, Pat! think of being penned up on the farm on Fourth of July, without even one fire-cracker to shoot off!"

"Why didn't we get some when we were in town last week?" mourned Patty.

Ever since the twins could remember, they had spent July Fourth at Uncle Bert's house in town where the entire family arose with the sun to shoot off fire-crackers, postponing breakfast until all were gone. Generally there was a town celebration to attend, but no matter how busy the day, they had always managed to tuck in a picnic and had "topped off" with fire-works at night.

This year Uncle Bert's family was in Europe. Moreover, washouts had made roads to town impassible.

Tony, the new farm hand, on his way to the barn, glanced morosely at the girls under the oak tree.

Peggy scowled after his retreating form.

"He of all people needn't have stalked by and glared at us," she sulked.

"Mother says he is homesick for Italy," observed Patty. "I heard Dad ask him if he intended to become an American citizen, and he looked glum and said, 'This America I like not. She is too vast, too cold. She seems not like a friend'."

"Well the unpatriotic old thing needn't glare at us if he doesn't like America," grumbled Peggy. "We do, and we have a right to be disappointed today."

She hit the dignified oak such a whack with the swing board that Gray Squirrel dropped a green acorn upon her head and began to tell her something vigorously. Peggy made a face at him whereupon he jerked his tail, said one more word of admonition, ran down the tree trunk and across the grass to the prettiest corner of the garden. The moody eyes of the twins followed him.

All at once Patty sat up, pointing to the vine-covered stone wall.

"Peg McClure, do look! those morning glories have come out red, white and blue!"

Peggy looked and laughed in spite of herself.

"Why, the dears! they are celebrating, aren't they? I wonder if any other flowers are doing it?"

"Let's go see," cried her twin.

At the prettiest part of the garden where the border turned and made a corner, Peggy and Patty stood still.

"Oh, Oh!" was all they could utter.

For it was a perfect Fourth of July corner.

Among tall blue larkspurs which

stood against the morning glory wall, groups of garden heliotrope shoo out delicate white sprays, drenching the air with sweetness. Clumps of silvery Madonna lilies gleamed between patches of scarlet mint and deep blue cornflower, while red dianthus, rich as velvet, alternated with mats of white daisies, starring the edge of the border.

"Why, Peg McClure!" breathed the astonished Patty, "the flowers are all celebrating."

Then, her face lighting,

"If they can, so can we!"

"But how?" asked Peggy. "We might dress in the colors, but where would be the fun?"

"Don't you see, silly?" Patty explained eagerly. "We can have a party in the Fourth of July Corner, and invite Grandpa and Grandma, Dad and Mother, and Jim—and Tony, too, if he'll come."

"Jim will come, for he is patriotic, but—must we have Tony?" asked Peggy.

"We'll have to, I think," replied Patty. "We mustn't hurt his feelings."

"If he's got any", grumbled Peggy. "Now, how shall we go about our party?"

"We'll write the invitations with Dad's red ink on white paper," planned Patty, "and we'll tie them with baby ribbon. I have some just the color of those cornflowers."

"Great!" approved Peggy. "I can make the duckiest little bows you ever saw. And we can seal the invitations with those flag stickers left from the Washington's Birthday party."

"And here's our paper to practice on," cried Patty, seizing a scrap which the wind was tossing about the lawn. "Now, help me think what to write." She drew the stump of a pencil from her pocket.

After some busy moments on the part of both, Patty finished writing with a flourish, and read aloud:

"Come to our party today
At exactly a quarter past two,
Out in the garden gay
Where the flowers are red, white and blue."

Morning was nearly over before these invitations were finished and delivered. All the invited guests, save Tony, had accepted with pleasure.

The farm hand had read his invitation slowly, and with a slightly sarcastic smile, had put it into his pocket, nodded a curt thanks and turned away.

"He might have told us if he were coming," whispered Peggy to Patty. "I hope he isn't."

"We've saved our manners, anyway," replied her twin.

Mrs. McClure, glad to see her girls their own sunny selves again, readily gave up the kitchen to them at a rather inconvenient hour for herself, and asked no questions as to what was going on there.

Promptly at a quarter past two, the guests arrived at the Fourth of July Corner. Grandpa wore his Grand Army button in honor of the occasion, while Jim, the American farm hand, appeared in his World War uniform. Peggy and Patty, their white dresses decked with red, white and blue knots of ribbon, showed the guests to chairs under the big oak.

The silken flag which Dad had taken down from the front porch at the girls' bidding, swayed a welcome from the long branch of the oak to which it was fastened. The tall blue larkspurs and white garden heliotrope, the scarlet mint and silver lilies, the velvet dianthus and the daisy stars nodded to them in the light wind.

"Why, this is a wonderful setting!" declared Mother, much impressed.

"And such a beautiful welcome," added gentle Grandma, watching the nodding flowers and waving flag.

Before the grape trellis, among the leaves of which peeped other tiny flags, stood a small table with blue dishes on the snowy cloth which covered it. Red, white and blue flowers in a crystal bowl made its fitting centerpiece.

"Oi, Oi! see who's here!" roared jovial Jim, pointing to a cushion beside the table where two white kittens curled, asleep. Both wore huge bows of patriotic hue.

"Of course, Frisky and Tricksy had to come," said Patty, "but Rex is a naughty dog. He doesn't like parties."

Jim turned to the white collie.

"Cheer up, old thing!" he bantered, "wear your country's colors like a patriot."

But Rex lagged in the background, his honest face wearing a hurt expression, his tail drooping, for he did not like the colored sash tied about his body and topped with a big bow.

"Our program will now begin," announced Patty importantly. "Let us all rise and sing 'America.' Mother, will you start it please?"

At the end of the second verse of the grand old hymn, Patty nudged Peggy.

Slowly approaching from the barn came Tony in his working clothes. He did not join the group, but leaned against a tree and regarded them silently.

"Next," declared Peggy, "we will pledge allegiance to our flag."

As all saluted the flowers seemed to stand at attention and the silken banner above them, bent gently as though to catch the inspiring words:

"I pledge allegiance to the flag and to the United States for which it stands," and so, to the end.

"Now, Dad", begged Patty, "please tell us the story of why we celebrate the Fourth of July."

Dad was an excellent story teller. He drew vivid pictures of the injustice suffered by the Colonists and of the sacrifice of gallant men and brave women. He told of the drawing up and the signing of the declaration of our country's independence, and ended by reciting the Preamble of that great Declaration.

Then followed the singing of stirring songs and the twins gave a patriotic dialogue which they had given in school.

Not to be outdone, Jim recited "Paul Revere's Ride" with much fervor. Grandma told thrilling Civil War experiences, while Mother sang "Tenting Tonight," and Grandma joined in the chorus with a sweet, quavering voice. They sang, "There's a Long, Long Trail," and "Keep the Home Fires Burning," too, with Jim leading, and closed the program with "The Star Spangled Banner."

"It has been wonderful, girlies," declared Mother, but Patty held up her hand.

"Wait! it isn't over yet. Please all sit down again."

The twins were turning their attention to the little table when Jim boomed out,

"Just a moment. I've got a surprise for you."

He picked up a big package from the grass and tossed it to the girls who pounced upon it, undid it and then shrieked with joy.

"It is all kinds of fire crackers and things!" shouted Peggy, "Oh, Jim! where did you get them?" Jim grinned, delighted.

"Meant 'em for sister's kids, but the washouts spoiled my plans. Got 'em last week before the rains set it. Got enough to keep you busy this afternoon, I guess."

"I gotta surprise, too."

Everyone looked up. There stood Tony twisting his shabby cap awkwardly, a look upon his face they had never seen there before.

"I listen to the music, to what you say of your country. I never understood before." He lifted reverent eyes to the big banner overhead.

"I hear the words you say to your flag. I will learn them, too. Oh!" he appealed earnestly, "Say once more those words!"

Dad's face was radiant, but he only said quietly,

"Let us repeat our allegiance to the flag."

At its close Tony's eyes were shining. He looked around upon the group saying,

"I understand. I become what you call—citizen."

Then he turned to go away but they would not let him go. Dad shook his hand and Jim slapped him on the shoulder. Everyone was so kind that Tony no longer thought Americans were cold. Unconscious of his shabby clothes, he sat among them under the oak partaking of frozen custard and dainty cup cakes covered with icing of red, white and blue.

And then everybody fell upon the fireworks. Even gentle Grandma got a smudge upon her nose from a fire cracker she was shooting off.

Such a picnic as they had upon Sunset Hill that evening! Such fireworks as went up from the city parks!

"This has been a very outstanding Fourth of July," declared Grandpa as they watched the sparks of the last rocket fade into the night. "And the happy spirit we all feel we owe to these girlies who made the best of things and gave us a party in the Fourth of July Corner."

Peggy laughed.

"We owe our good time to Gray Squirrel, Grandpa, for he ran down the tree when I threw the swing board at it and drew our attention to the flower border by going there."

"But mostly," put in Mother, smiling at Tony, "we owe our gladness to the fact that this party has been the means of bringing to our country another loyal son, and we are very happy to know that he feels no longer like a stranger among us."

"We are so glad, Tony," declared Patty.

"Indeed we are," added Peggy heartily.

And Tony, smiling, replied with the simple words,

"I am so glad, too."

COUNTY HOSPITALS NEEDED FOR POOR

(Public Welfare Progress)

County hospital facilities are needed to fill the gap between the county home and the private hospital, Commissioner Bost said recently. The money now being spent on the wasteful county home system could well be diverted into county hospital facilities which would serve not only the paupers who must be supported by the public, but the very poor who can pay nothing for hospital treatment

By the method of the present, only a few receive medical treatment in proportion to those who need it. Yet the taxpayers are paying sufficiently large amounts for poor relief to buy medical treatment for a large number if the funds were wisely expended.

In Virginia, 22 counties, two cities and one town have consolidated their almshouses into four district homes, built and equipped at an average cost of $500 a bed or $50,000 for an institution of 100-bed capacity. The average per capita cost is less than $20 a month for the four homes, whereas the average per capita cost for the almshouses supplanted was $30.

The State Board of Charities and Public Welfare for some time has advocated in place of county homes the gradual substitution of county hospitals, or in certain areas where the population is sparse, the district hospital-home. If the county home system is to be retained, manifestly it seems absurd for every county to attempt to provide a separate home, since one half of the county homes have 20 or fewer inmates.

Mrs. Bost said that when we come to consider hospital facilities in North Carolina, we find that here as in the other social institutions there is a deplorable difference between what their status is and what it should be considering our material prosperity. Thirty-eight states have better hospibal facilites than North Carolina. Forty one of the 100 counties of the state are without hospitals. The ratio of general hospital beds to our population is one bed to 610 persons, compared with a national average of one to 330.

Vance county has arrived at a sensible and economic solution to the problem of caring for the county aged poor and the indigent sick at the same time.

Seven years ago, the Vance county home, a typical "poorhouse" which consisted of a few unsightly wooden shacks with no modern conveniences or sanitary regulations, with 20 inmates, cost $7,000 a year. Outside pauper relief increased the cost to $8,800. Today a 22-bed county hospital, serving annually more than 200 individuals, a tuberculosis hospital with a capacity of 14, the care of indigent negro patients in the local negro hospital, and the poor relief list, cost the county a sum which is no larger.

Bertie county has devised a way to take care of its indigent sick. A transformation has taken place at the

old abandoned county jail. It has been made over into a hospital for the indigent sick under the auspices of the local chapter of the Red Cross, of which Mrs. Francis D. Winston has been chairman for eleven years.

In creased hospital facilities for all classes, particularly including free hospital facilities provided by the public for the very poor will help reduce the burden of ill health and dependency, Mrs. Bost said.

MONKEY WATCHDOGS

(Eleanor Hammond, in Junior World.

How should you like to have a monkey on your back porch for a watch-dog? Many settlers near the Cape of Good Hope have used a "chacmas" for a watch-dog. This big monkey is as large as a mastiff and as strong. He learns to be very tame if kindly treated and will guard his master's home as well as any dog.

The white settlers learned the trick of having a monkey watch-dog from the native blacks. Among the Hottentots chacmas are favorite pets. Not only are they useful for giving alarms of the approach of enemies, but their acute sense of smell makes them invaluable water finders in that day land. When the Hottentot family halts to camp far from any stream the pet chacmas is let loose to range in search of water. Sometimes he will find a spring at a long distance. Sometimes he will sniff the ground and began to dig above underground water. The Hottentots believe that he is the best member of the party to locate the place to dig a well. The chacmas' sense of hearing is as acute as his sense of smell. He can hear sounds that the dags never detect. When a chacmas and a dog are pets in the same household they usually grow to be fast friends. The dog will leap from his sleep and bark when the monkey gives the warning of danger.

It is told that the British garrison at Gibraltar was once saved from a surprise attack by the Spaniards because the attacking party had to pass a band of monkeys on their way to the fort. The monkeys seemed to resent the intrusion of the Spanish soldiers and chattered loudly and angrily. They made so much noise that the Brisish outpost heard them and carried the alarm to the fort. The garrison, therefore, was ready when the attackers arrived.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Carriker and ten of his carpenter shop boys have finished painting the dairy barn and milk house.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Presson and children, Jean and Billy, of Weavervlile, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Presson at the Receiving Cottage.

A severe electric storm prevented the regular weekly motion picture show last Thursday night, so the boys were permitted to enjoy it the following afternoon.

Our crop of string beans seems to be greater than ever this year. In addition to keeping the cottage kitchens well supplied, the cannery force is working full speed, and large quantities of this delicious vegetable are being stored away for winter use.

One of our friends informs us that a boy who received training in one of our cottage kitchens a few years ago, is now running a restaurant of his own in Washington, D. C., operating a clean up-to-date place and being very successful in its operation. Our informant further adds that the young man's place of business is of sufficiently high standing that the Shriner's in convention at Washington gave him their patronage. This sort of news concerning our old boys is very gratifying, and we tender this young man our very best wishes for continued success.

Rev, Charles Phillips, pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Mooresville, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. In his talk on "Feeding the Five Thousand," he called attention to the important part played by the small boy who furnished the loaves and fishes. He also said boys have an important part to play in life, and urged the boys to see that their efforts should be along the right lines.

Governor Gardner's slogan, "Live At Home," seems to be very popular here at the Training School. For some time past the larger portion of our daily menus has consisted of string beans, squash, corn, cucumbers, carrots, onions, beets, potatoes, eggs, and milk, all products of our own raising. Before long we expect to serve canteloupes and watermelon as desert, as the present appearance of our melon patch indicates a bumper crop this year.

Messrs E. F. Craven and D. C. Aldridge, of Greensboro, visited the Training School last Thursday afternoon, and made a brief inspection of the various departments. Mr. Craven, for many years one of our subscribers, is president of the E. F. Craven Co., and is well known all over the State as "The Road Machinery Man." We were delighted to have

these gentlemen with us and trust they enjoyed their short visit to the institution.

The local ball tossers took the measure of their ancient foe, the Harrisburg team, last Saturday afternoon, to the tune of 6 to 3. Russell, our veteran port side slab artist, was on the firing line for the school team, and easily disposed of the visitors. Holding them to to six scattered hits and fanning seven, he would have registered a shut-out but for a couple of errors in the last inning. The Training School boys hopped on the offering of "Bud" Alexander in the first frame; Hobby, first man up, singled; Easley followed with a fielders choice; Whitaker then cleared the sacks with a triple. Another marker was chalked up in the third when Poole walked, advanced on a wild pitch and scored on Capps' single. In the next frame Hobby single, stole second and counted on an error. The final tally came in the seventh; Easley was safe on an error, Poole forced him at second and scored on successive hits by Whitaker and Capps. A two-bagger, a walk, two passed balls and an error by Levy accounted for the three runs scored by the visitors in the ninth inning.

One of the finest bits of sentiment we have heard of in some time was recently brought to our attention. A few weeks ago Mr. Charles V. Ross, of Statesville, was visiting his son, Jack, here at the school and learned that there was no marker indicating the spot in a neighboring cemetery, where Ben Cook, one of our boys, was buried some time ago. At his son's instigation he came to the office and obtained the lad's name and dates of birth and death before returning to his home. A few weeks later Mr. Ross returned to the institution, bringing with him a beautiful marker, properly inscribed, and placed it on the grave. This marker is made of white cement and pulverized granite and was made by Mr. Ross himself. This act of kindness and generosity is deeply appreciated by all connected with the school and we wish to tender herewith our most heartfelt thanks.

Three hundred years ago, 1630, the estimated population of the colonies was as follows: Maine, 400; New Hampshire, 500; Massachusetts, 1,300; New York, 500; Connecticut, 500; Virginia, 3,000. The estimated population of all the colonies was about 6,000. A century later, 1730, the population was estimated as follows: New Hampshire, 12,000; Massachusetts (including Maine), 125,000; Rhode Island, 16,950; Connecticut, 55,000; New York (including Vermont), 49,000; New Jersey, 37,000; Pennsylvania (including Delaware), 65,000; Maryland, 82,000; Virginia, 153,000; North Carolina, 30,000; South Carolina, 30,000. Total estimated population of all the colonies, 654,950. These figures are of special interest just now when the census takers are busy. What will be the population 300 years from now?—Exchange.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., JULY 1, 1930. No. 25

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

David Thomas says the life of a godly man is like a river and he follows this river, all the time singing of its likeness to a good man's life. Listen to his words: "The life of a godly man is like a river, not like a stagnant pool or a dead sea. It is ever in motion, sometimes sparkling in the sunbeam, and sometimes shivering in the clouds; sometimes chanting through scenery as beautiful as Eden, and sometimes moaning through districts of miserable desolation; sometimes clear as the day, and sometimes black as the night. Still it is ever moving to its ocean destiny—progress is its law, infinitude is its home.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

LEARNING TO LIVE

Some time ago a young woman was seen walking back and forth over a bridge. Her actions were regarded with suspicion. An officer took her in charge. He asked her what she had in mind. She said that things had not been going well and that she intended to jump over into the river. Upon further questioning she made this startling reply: "It was not that I wanted to die, but I did not know how to live." Many of the mishaps that befall people come because there is not an understanding of what life is and how it may be spent. They get on the wrong road and seem not to be aware of it; they have not been taught to distinguish between good and evil; they are not living under the control of some commanding purpose; they have not gone far enough to subordinate selfish interest and worldly pleasure to a spirit of benevolence toward others. Living is more than existing. It is a quality of being rather than mere extension of time. Do we know how to live? Do we know how to live helpfully, wisely and joyfully? There is no other form of knowledge more important than that, and the answer is at hand.

Young Folks.

THE BOARD MEETING

Last Thursday, July 3rd, was the date of the regular meeting fo the Board of Directors of the Jackson Training School. There were in attendance Hon. L. T. Hartsell, Chairman; Mr. D. B. Coltrane, Treasurer, and Mr. Chas. A. Cannon and Miss Easdale Shaw. The attendance was one of the smallest in the history of the school. The day of the meeting was one of our hottest and we have every reason to think the intense heat was the cause of the

small attendance. The Charlotte members of the board, Mr. Paul C. Whitlock and Mrs. Cameron Morrison, were detained on account of the death of Mr. Whitlock's father. The members of the board expressed sympathy for Mr. Whitlock in his said bereavement. There was not a sufficient number present to hold an executive meeting, but those present enjoyed a delightful social hour reviewing the activities of the school.

Supt. Chas. E. Boger was sorely disappointed that the meeting was not a full one. He had prepared a splendid dinner of home grown products from the large and fertile fields of the school property. It was a typical "Gardner live-at-home" repast, consisting of beans, potatoes, squash, cabbage, corn, tomatoes, carrots, cucumbers, fried chicken, and for desert peach ice cream and home made cake. There was but one product that was not grown on the farm and that was the flour used in making the bread and cake. The objective of Supt. Boger is to make the fields yield bountiful crops so that the institution may continue to carry on itswork most successfully after the 20 per cent cut is made effective—a cut that all state institutions are forced to make. We are confident the absent members of the board after reading the menu of the fine dinner awaiting them, will regret they did not make an effort, despite the heat, to be present.

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A QUARTER OF A BILLION DOLLARS

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who with his father, may be rightly called the greatest benefactor of our time, has again, according to the daily news, signified his intention of giving a vast sum to establish a unique and wonderful unit in the heart of New York City comprising theater, studios and scientific buildings for the development of amusement for the masses. This contribution will combine the finest in theatricals, motion pictures, radio, television and all that makes for the perfection of constructive amusement. The amount of money given by these great philanthropists to the mind of many is staggering, but when realizing how successfully the Rockefellers make their amassed wealth work for the sake of humanity it is gratifying. For every soul touched and saved by the generosity of these men, each will catch the Rockefeller spirit and contribute tenfold towards the salvaging of humanity.

This is an investment wherein a life is saved—far more satisfactory after "shuffling off this mortal coil" than a dividend in dollars and cents. These

two men, father and son, have a wonderful vision for opportunities to do good. We wish good fortunes would turn their attention to the Old North State, a bird's eye view taken of the fine work carried on at the Jackson Training School, the possibilities of the cause seen, there is not a doubt there would be no trouble to elicit the interest of these international philanthropists. There are more than five hundred boys in this institution, entrusted to our care, and if the advantages of a diversified trade building were made possible there would be no way of measuring the results realized from such training. It is the need of the hour, there is no way of thinking otherwise.

* * * \

not over $12.50 per week. This same young, fine woman is always at her post of duty, attentive and courteous. She dresses simply, working in her neat cotton dresses. This same young lady to our own knowledge has over $200 in the bank, her savings account, and carries 20 shares of building and loan. She has been working only four years. She does not spend her spare change at the drug stores, neither tries to keep up an automobile, but moves smoothly through life by living close to shore and saves half of her earnngs. How does she do it, you ask? We can not answer, but she is a fine example of real thrift, and could teach many of our young people practical lessons in economy if she were permitted to do so. This young woman will be heard from in the business world and then she will be recognized when she reaches the peak of success. There are many curious for the writer to divulge her name—enough to say she lives and works in our midst.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A NEED

The article in this issue captioned "Chapel Hill Mothers Hold Joint Playgrounds," carries an idea that could be worked out in any city if some person of civic interest, or a group of people were to join forces purposely to convert unkept vacant lots into attractive and well equipped playgrounds for youngsters. It would be a splendid piece of work and is truly worth the attempt. Perhaps you will say the equipment would be expensive. If you once show your determination to do something for the children there will be many generous minded citizens who will make contributions to the project. We have never seen an attempt of the kind fail. The main trouble is to make a start and then the job is half finished. Read the article referred to. We believe it will give an inspiration to start something very similar in Concord for the children who "are all dressed up every afternoon and no place to go." There is nothing that will get the attention and interest of people of all ages like a crowd of innocent children out in the open enjoying life. Since the schools are out, and children play on the streets, the demand is greater for neighborhood playgrounds.

caged.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

It is too bad. They now say that Amos 'n' Andy would not be a success in the movies. Because Pepsodent removes the film.

—o—

I am still standing with reluctant feet where the brook and the river meet turning back the combined assault of the best shock troops the automobile industry has got. It is not that I am terrified by the number of accidents, or the road hogs who will not give an inch, or the large number of people learning to drive. None of these excite me now. What scares me is reading all the advertisements of the many kinds of automobile oils. Every oil claims to be the best and I wouldn't know which one I ought to use on an auto. So I'm playing safe. I won't buy a car until I can find out which brand of oil I ought to use.

—o—

A man in New York who had appendicitis, operated on himself with a razor. He failed to get all of it, but sewed up the wound. Later it began to hurt again and he repeated the operation. Then peritonitis set in and he died. Self-reliance is a good thing in a man as a rule, but self-surgery is something few undertake. I admire the man who has the courage to perform a major abdominal operation on himself while deploring his lack of common sense and his ignorance of the perils he faces.

—o—

A dog chasing his tail is no more foolish than a man who spends all he earns. The former is not as much so as the latter. For the dog will still have his tail to chase and the spendthrift will have nothing.

—o—

The American people are anxiously awaiting General Conditions to issue his somewhat delayed orders of "forward march," so that business and prosperity may proceed without interruption or depression.

—o—

Ajax, the fellow who is said to have defied the lightning, is also said to have been what is called in modern parlance, "not smart." There are still some Ajax's going about defying the lightning, and the thunder of public opinion.

—o—

A good one is told on a negro girl who drew her pay at a bank, and not being able to read or write, always made an X mark on the receipts. Then, one day, she made a circle. "What's the matter, Mandy? Why don't you make an X as usual?" asked the cashier. "Why," Mandy exclaimed, "Ah done got married yesterday and changed mah name."

—o—

J. Scott Burch, of Durham, had a longing desire to possess one of the blankets made 60 or more years ago, by his father's oldest sister, Miss Phoebe Burch, who in her younger days wove many beautiful patterns. He got on the track of one, and while its owner was dickering on the price he wanted for it, Mr. Burch's cousin, Lizzie Burch, hearing he wanted a blanket of the 60-year ago vintage, made him a pres-

A STRANGE NEGLECT

(Exchange)

One of the strangest things we have noticed is the way people neglect their faith when it gets a little weak and uncertain. It is generally accepted that faith is important and that when faith fails there is not much to live for. But it happens not infrequently that persons allow their faith to become more and more undependable without doing anything to steady it ,or bring it back to its former strength.

We have noticed when eyes grow a little dim people get glasses to help them see as well as ever. When their legs get a little wobbly they use canes to assist them in walking. When ears are not as keen as they used to be they are much concerned about it and consult the best specialist regardless of what it may cost, for they certainly do not want to miss hearing things. And so it goes with all our physical powers.

We are equally concerned about the things we own. If the automobile is not pulling on all six, we hurry away to have the failing part tuned up for work. If a door will not shut tight enough to be locked we are ill at ease until we have it fixed. If a pane of glass is broken we have another put in at once. If a horse or a cow or a dog or a cat gets sick we send for the veterinarian to treat the afflicted animal. We are worried about weeds in the garden and rocks on the lawn. We have dead limbs removed from our shade trees and see to it that the broken fence is repaired. So concerned are we about every thing we own. And all this is right. Nobody would find fault with us for being just a little fussy about keeping everything fixed up.

But when our faith begins to waver and we are not as strong in our beliefs as we once were, we do not get excited and hurry away to some expert for advice as to the remedy. We find our interest in the Bible and the Church and prayers and religion waning and we are not worried very much over it. We probably become more and more negligent about them. What a strange neglect this is!

This is your your hour—creep on it!
Summon on your power—leap on it!
Grasp it, clasp it, hold it tight!
Strike it, spike it, with all your might!
If you take too long to ponder,
Opportunity may wander,
Hesitation is a mire,
Climb up, climb on higher!
Do your best, and do it now!

INDEPENDENT OF WHAT?

(Young Folks)

The lapse of a century and a half since a new nation proclaimed its separate existence in America has displaced every feeling but the kindest for all the world's people. The Declaration of Independence at the time seemed to be the essential step to established freedom and progress. But how far does independence reach? From what does it break away? Independent of what?

Historically it meant a daring adventure to build a nation uncontrolled by another nation. Conditions apparently justified the adventure. Succeeding events have proved that those courageous pioneers builded better than they knew. Practically it meant an adjustment of relations, a difference of attitudes; a recognized, cultivated, safeguarded dependence followed close on the day of independence. There can be no absolute independence. Nations like persons, must depend on one another, by mutual agreement.

Though we call ourselves an independent nation, and though we celebrate our Independence Day, yet of what are we actually independent? We have and are glad to have the cooperation of other nations in commerce and trade, in education and culture. We exchange what we have for what others have. We give and we get, we get and we give. Doubtless we could get along without any contacts with other nations, but we would lose much if we tried it. We do not want that kind of independence; as things are constituted we could not have it.

We are not independent of what other nations think, say and do. We profit by the experiences of other nations. We may have disagreements and nurse grievances, but always these are settled and we find ourselves seeking friendly co-operation in order that the earth's nations may be at peace and their people's welfare insured.

There are national blunders and our country is not free from them. There are at least a few flaws. Independence and liberty have not produced entire agreement. Not all our citizens are loyal. Comforts are denied to many. The ideal has not been attained. We are not free from "man's inhumanity to man." But there is much to glory in. God does well by us and we should thank Him. His government is greater than any nation's. Of Him we dare not be independent. To declare independence of Him would be disastrous.

A grinding noise we'd like to hear again as reminiscent of old times, is that once made by the old-fashioned coffee grinder that the operator held between the knees. Not musical, but as an introduction to breakfast it had a cheerful note.—The Toledo Blade.

HELEN KELLER TELLS HOW HER OLFACTORY SENSE HAS BEEN DEVELOPED

(Asheville Citizen)

Miss Keller's olfacory sense has been highly developed, and she says that it often is possible for her to tell many things denied those whose sense of smell has not been thus sharpened. In this passage from her book "Midstream," Miss Keller tells something about that faculty of hers and also discloses a timely sense of humor. She says:

"I usually know what part of the city I am in by the odors. There are as many smells as there are philosophies. I have never had time to gather and classify by olfactory impressions of different cities, but it would be an interesting subject. I find it quite natural to think of different places by their characteristic smells.

Odorous Street

"Fifth Avenue, for instance, has a different odor from any other part of New York or elsewhere. Indeed, it is a very odorous street. It may sound like a joke to say that it has an aristocratic smell; but it has, nevertheless. As I walk along its even pavements, I recognize expensive perfumes, powders, creams, choice flowers, and pleasant exhalations from the houses. In the residential section I smell delicate food, silken draperies, and rich tapestries. Sometimes, when a door opens as I pass, I know what kind of cosmetics the occupants of the house use.

"I know if there is an open fire, if they burn wood or soft-coal, if they roast their coffee, if they use candles, if the house has been shut up for a long time, if it has been painted or newly decorated, and if the cleaners are still at work in it. I suggest that if the police really wish to know where stills and 'speakeasies' are located, they take me with them. It would not be a bad idea for the United States Government to establish a beaureau of aromatic specialsits."

Miss Keller has traveled extensively, and her mind is a rich storehouse of impressions of American cities. There is no State in the Union whose soil this remarkable woman has not trod, and whose people have not heard her voice from the lecture platform. Too, she has journeyed beyond our borders into Canada and taken her message of hope there, inspiring those in the Dominion who are working shoulder to shoulder with her in the same great cause.

On man's journey through life he is confronted by two tragedies. One when he wants a thing he can not get; and the other when he gets the thing and finds he does not want it.—Elbert Hubbard.

DEFINING EDUCATION

(Asheville Citizen)

Through all the ages all sorts of people have endeavored to define education and its purposes. Now comes Governor Frank G. Allen of Massachusetts and tries his hand. "To earn an adequate living, to measure up to the exacting demands of the State in these stirring times—these," says the Massachusetts Governor, "are indispensible objectives of an adequate educational program."

That is probably true and yet we question whether in stressing the first purpose of education as being "that the graduate shall be better prepared to meet his primal duty—self-support" Governor Allen has not laid himself open to misunderstanding, as so many of the advocates of enlarged educational opportunities have done in recent years. The headline writer in the United States Daily, through which Governor Allen's remarks come to our attention, headlines them: "Education as Best Preparation for Profitable Employment." So it doubtless is but the fact remains that a man may be never so well educated —that is to say, he may be steeped in the lore of the schools and colleges —and yet earn a most inadequate living. The fact that a boy has spent a certain number of years in school and has gone to college is no guarantee of itself that he will earn a great deal more money than he would have earned if he had not completed high school and gone to college. Going to high school and to college simply gives him the opportunity of fitting himself for earning a decent livelihood if he has the capacity and the will to do this.

We are saying this because it seems to us that one of the reasons why many people have rather lost their enthusiasm for education is that they expected quick and generous financial rewards to follow an expansion of the educational program; and that was laying the emphasis at the wrong place.

The duty of the average man to become self-supporting, if he can, exists regardless of education, which looks or should look in truth to bringing something richer and finer into his life and into the life of the community. One of the ancients was accustomed to say that "education is an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity" and that, it seems to us, comes nearer the truth than does the definition of Governor Allen; though it can be argued that education is not always an ornament in prosperity nor is it, of itself, a sure refuge in adversity.

Education, when all is said and done, affords only a better chance to those who enjoy it to develop their latent powers and possibilities. In this country the State assumes responsibility for education in recognition of its obligation to give its potential citizens a fair chance in this direction; and in self-protection it makes it compulsory upon these potential citizens to avail themselves of the facilities which it creates for this purpose. It does this not that they may earn more but that they may do more and be more.

ZEB VANCE'S HUMOR WAS FAMOUS ALL OVER SOUTH AND STILL IS RECALLED

By R. W. K. Mallett

In the courts of North Carolina it was impossible to keep the people who flocked to hear the trials in which Zeb Vance appeared as an attorney from laughing at his anecdotes and witty speeches. In one court, the deputy, to escape the censure of the court, would stand with his back to the judge, watch Zeb Vance closely, and just as he was reaching the climax of a funny story, yell out at the room," and then without closing his mouth lead in the bursts of laughter that followed.

Vance's law partner was mayor of Charlotte at one time. A man went to the office on business and like illiterate whites and colored people of that time inquired of the lawyer, who hapened to be in the office, "Is the mare in?"

"No," Vance replied, looking very serious, "the mare is not in but here's the old hoss. What can I do for you?"

Following a speech in the Senate Chamber which had more or less telling effect on the Republican members, Vance was approached in the corridor by a G. O. P. senator from the North.

"Mr. Vance, I have just listened to your speech, and I must say it went in one ear and out the other," said the colleague.

"I have no doubt of that, my dear sir," replied Vance with a smile, "there being nothing inside to intercept it."

Whether in politics, in social pastimes or in the privacy of his family life where he was always genial, witty and entertaining, the irresistable charm of his humor overcame the petty difficulties of every day life and kept every one around him in good cheer.

While visiting an invalid sister, she insisted on telling him a woeful story of suffering and ill health. "Brother, I am never well," she moaned, "I have no constitution at all."

"To bad," he exclaimed sympathetically, patting her shoulder, "just living on the by-laws, aren't you?"

The War Between the States with all its sorrow and strife, could not destroy the humorous perception that accompanied his physical and moral courage during the conflict. When he was arrested and imprisoned in the Old Capitol prison in Washington his drollery and witty sallies brought moments of cheer to the hundreds of men incarcerated there.

Only One Heaven

During that period when the Carolinas were being molested by the triumphant Union armies. Mrs. Vance sent a telegram to her husband asking him where she could go to get away from the Yankees.

"To Heaven, my dear, there are no Yankees there," was the laconic reply.

Tom Corwin, of Ohio, himself a humorist of ability, especially on the "stump," visited Vance in the prison, expecting to find his friend suffering in despair from the confine-

ment, and the gloomy outlook of his future. Instead of a tale of woe, Vance entertained Corwin with a continuous recital of the latest humor.

"Zeb, what was the matter with you down there in the South?" Corwin asked. "I never have been able to get the hang of it."

"Nor I," declared the prisoner, "but I am likely to now."

Vance is Relesaed

Corwin immediately set about to secure Vance's release and within a short time the Southern humorist, who never stooped to buffoonery, and in whose serious moments there was an unsurpassed dignity and grandeur in manner, was on the way home to his family and friends in his beloved South.

Although Zeb Vance was the greatest of Carolina humorists, there are countless others of less prominence who occupy a place in the hearts of native sons and daughters. The wit and humor of North Carolina have survived the privations and hardships of the pioneers, prevailed during the defeat of the Confederacy, kept pace with the wheels of progress, and lives on, distinctive in its droll quality and irresistable in its application.

Without doubt the greatest instance of North Carolina chivalry mingled with the humor of what threatened to become a serious situation, even a tragedy, is told of Waightsill Avery one-time Attorney General of the State, and Andrew Jackson, then twenty-one years of age (1788) and a practicing attorney.

A Joke on Jackson

Jackson always carried in his saddle-bags a copy of "Bacon's Abridgment" and while conducting his cases made frequent appeals to its contents. He kept the treasured book wrapped up in a coarse brown paper such as grocers used before paper bags were manufactured. The unwrapping of the carefully kept volume was a very solemn function, almost a ritual, as performed by the theatrical Jackson.

Like all Carolinians with a sense of humor, Avery was uncommonly fond of a joke. While Jackson was making one of his impassioned pleas for his client, he slipped the book from its wrapping and substituted a slab of bacon which he had procured in anticipation of t he joke on the future president. Still addressing the court, Jackson raised the flap of his saddle-bags, drew out the brown paper package, carefully untied the string, unfolded the paper with the decorous gravity of a priest handling the holy things at the altar, and then without looking at what he held in his hand, exclaimed triumphantly:

"We will now see what Bacon says,"

Jackson Loses Temper

According to the story as it appeared in The Youth's Companion, the "court, bar, jury and spectators were convulsed with laughter before Jackson saw the trick that had been played on him. Of Course he was furious. He snatched a pen, and on the blank leaf of a law book wrote a peremptory challenge, which he delivered then and there. He asked for no apology—nothing but blood would do. He commanded Avery to select a friend and arrange for a meeting at once. Avery made no answer to

this peremptory demand, thinking his peppery antagonist would laugh, rather than fight, as he grew cooler. But he did not know the young man. Jackson grew hotter instead of cooler. Next morning he sent this note:

" 'Sir: When a man's feelings and character are injured, he ought to seek a speedy redress. You received a few lines from me yesterday, and undoubtedly you understood me. My character you have injured; and further you have insulted me in the presence of the court and a large audience. I therefore call upon you as a gentleman to give me satisfaction for the same. And I further call upon you to give me an answer without equivocation, and I hope you can do without dinner until the business is done; for it is consistent with the character of a gentleman when he injures another to make a speedy reparation. Therefore I hope you will not fail in meeting me this day. From your obt. st., ANDREW JACKSON."

Avery's Courage

The same crowd that laughed in the court room were present when Avery accepted the challenge and met Jackson at dusk the following evening. The word was given. Jackson fired. Avery suddenly shuddered, then smiled, as his ear was clipped by the bullet. At that moment he had the opportunity to kill the man destined to become one of the leading politicians of the United States. He paused, still smiling, fired into the air, then advanced with hand outstretched to the impetuous young lawyer.

Even the Tar Heel Methodists have joined in the good cheer and lively humor of native activities. The Rev. Peter L. Herman, a former Methodist minister, is said by old timers to have been full of good humor. He used to tell about a pronounced hypochondriac, a case where imagination dominated the mind. This victim claimed that his stomach was all gashed up as if by pieces of glass and sharp instruments. After he had received a diagnosis from every physician in his home town, one of the younger practitioners decided to relieve his mind. He told the imaginary sufferer that he was going to take out his stomach and replace it with a sheep's stomach, an operation that seemed to appeal to the deluded man. The doctor had a sheep killed and exhibited the animal's stomach while chloroform was being administered. He laced and stitched the man's stomach, applying the blood from the sheep, and had the sheep's stomach placed near by hacked to pieces.

"Well, Mr. Jones, there is your stomach," he said, when his patient regained consciousness."

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed the delighted sick man. "I always knew my stomach was like that but you said I was crazy."

One Big Result.

Several weeks later the young medical man met his patient. "How are you getting along, Mr. Jones?" he asked.

"Fine, fine, doctor," Jones replied. There's only one thing wrong. It seems to me that I have a great hankering after grass."

On an auspicious occasion, Mr. Herman was discussing the eternal decrees of God with a deeply re-

ligious member of his congregation. During the discussion he caught a large horse-fly and was about to behead the insect.

"Now, brother," he said to his friend, "do you really believe the great God from all eternity foreordained and decreed that I, P. L. Herman, of North Carolina, U. S. A., should pull off the head of this fly?"

"Yes, I do," was the solemn answer.

"In that case," said the minister with a twinkle in his eye, "I will not do it," and he threw the buzzing insect into the air to freedom.

Gets Postmastership

Col. John M. Fagg of Asheville would have made a good character for a Dickens novel. It is said by old residents of the mountain city. When he wanted to become postmaster of Asheville he applied personally to his friend, General Grant, then President of the United States, whose fondness for bull dogs was one of the topics of the day.

"Of course, I'll appoint you postmaster," said the President, who was well acquainted with this Asheville character, "and I'll throw in a bull dog besides."

Judge Cloud, who at one time wanted to adopt Mrs. Charles Malcom Platt whose fearless tactics and spicy repartee have since made her widely known, will be remembered through generations of Carolinians for his famous definition of a fence.

"A lawful fence," said Judge Cloud in rendering a decision in Court, "is horse high, bull strong and pig tight."

A Yankee Visitor

A typical example of the wit and humor of the average Carolinian was discovered by a visiting Northerner. Judge Day, one-time Secretary of State and Justice of the Supreme Court. Judge Day had heard a great deal about the drollery of the mountaineers and expressed a desire to find a suitable example for his endless collection of stories and anecdotes.

One day while he was out walking in the mountains near Asheville, the distinguish" jurist ran across a white bearded patriarch and engaged the venerable mountaineer in conversation. As the conversation developed it was brought out that the old man was more than eighty years old.

"And have you passed your whole life here in these mountains?" asked the surprised statesman.

"I ain't yit," replied the old man with a chuckle.

Nothing is too small to be thoroughly done. A small thing is a pin for example; yet it takes seven men to make a perfect pin.—Edward Bok.

CHAPEL HILL MOTHERS HOLD JOINT PLAYHOUR; MENTAL HYGIENE PROJECT

By Gladys Hoagland Groves

What to do with the two-to-four-year-olds of the neighborhood where there is no nursery school is a conundrum to mother and social worker alike. In Chapel Hill a group of mothers, at the suggestion of one of their number, Mrs. D. D. Carroll, have found a happy answer. Six mothers pool their children and their playtime equipment, and take turns in supervising the playground—which sometimes moves about from house to house, but usually stays at the hospitable corner lot, where a cooperatively owned slide stand guard beside the swings, seesaws, sand box and huge red and green wooden blocks that form the permanent equipment.

Six mornings a week the children come, with dolls, balls or shovels and other sandpile toys, wheelbarrows, kiddie-cars, doll carriages or tricycles, as the spirit moves them. From nine to twelve the children play, alone or in groups, as they please, while the mother in charge enjoys the morning air as she reads or mends, helps littlest ones to learn the ways of swing and slide and seesaw, or straightens out twisted ideas of give and take. One mother tells stories, another takes the children for walks, another drives hard on generosity, another on cheerfulness in the face of hard bumps, and still another on pacifism, while a visiting aunt contributes folk dances and songs. On one thing there is agreement, and that is that the mother in charge shall keep mostly in the background, noticing what happens and considering how to bring about desirable changes, but emulating the trees and the sunshine in her unobtrusiveness. This aim has been furthered by a series of weekly evening meetings to discuss books and magazines on child care, and thresh out ways of applying modern principles and using skilled technique in handling child adjustment situations. Special meetings are held whenever everything comes up that needs group attention, such as a change of hours to prevent the children's getting overtired or sufferiing from the heat of the sun.

Varying its membership as one level of children went on from playground to kindergarten and a younger crop took their places, as old families moved away and new ones came into the neighborhood. Now, after three years, only one of the original number of children is still in the playground group, and at least one mother from a neighborhood over a mile away plans to bring her child in daily for the companionship with children of his own age which he cannot find in his own part of town.

Few mothers anywhere do not make some use of this cooperative principle in child care, both for the sake of giving their children contact with their age-mates, and in order to gain periodic freedom from responsibility.

But many young mothers pester their first-born with too much attention, while depriving him of the free play he should have with other children; busier women are apt to overburden themselves by trying to carry on individual child care that could better be done collectively; isolated women on farm homes are likely to feel hopeless about the question of playmates for their pre-school children, when even a weekly or semi-weekly gathering of distant neighbor-children would give opportunity for the mixing process to do its part in the four-square development of the very young. Sometimes one mother with a car can gather the different children, as her share in the undertaking, and take them to one home or another for the daily or weekly morning or afternoon together.

Anyone who takes part in such a community enterprise cannot doubt its value after seeing the shy child grow confident, the selfish one learn to think of others, and the over-dependent break loose from his mother's apron strings. Every mother gets a more objective outlook on her own offspring, after watching him make frends with somebody else's mother, and especially after training herself to look with an impartial eye on her own child's doings and those of his five or six playmates for whom she is equally responsible.

The following reaction of one of the nearest non-participating neighbors—whose child had far outgrown the playground age—shows how the community mothering appeared to outsiders:

THE AMUSEMENT PARK.

By Enola Thrall

If every one knew where the Happiness grew
'Twould be easier deciding the right thing to do.

Elliot and Eleanor one soft summer day
Awoke from their nap and went out to play.
They ran to a spot on the corner with trees;
There was sunshine and shade and a frolicking breeze.
Their mother, a lady of judgement and taste,
Said, "Here is happiness going to waste."
She went in at once to make telephone calls
And a carpenter came in blue overalls.
A wagon with mules came by with some sand—
Here was much gay excitement you must understand.
The children danced round with a shout and a whoop
While the man put the sand on the ground with a scoop.
The carpenter sawed, and drove nails awhile
And from all this enchantment appeared a sand pile.

Then Elliot and Eleanor shouted to say
O Yoo! hoo! everybody! Come over and play.
Here they all come in impetuous haste
To look for the happiness going to waste.

Mary Louise and little Henri
Came hoppity skipping shouting "Oui, oui!"
And little Earl Peacock, winsome and cute
Ran from over the way in his little blue suit.
Jimmy Evans showed daring and courage and speed,
By dashing along on a velocipede.
Snookie and Betty in gay little socks
Matching so neatly their little print frocks.
There came wee little Lois away up the street
Runnng fast as she could on her trudgy small feet.
Ruthie came flying, and was soon away past her,—
Ruthie was seven, of course she runs faster.
Said Ruthie, "In running you are just a beginner,
You'll improve when your legs are longer and thinner."
When all had arrived there were such loads of fun
Piles of interesting things, at once to be done.
Sand pies must be made, artistic and chaste
And seasoned exactly to suit the queen's taste.
Swings to be swinging, the loveliest slide,
A see-saw, trapeze and places to hide.
And everything whether you are seven or two
You will surely find something you just love to do.

Now there floats on the breeze every sunshiny day
The soft rippling music of babies at play.
If you chance to be passing and there's no special haste
You will see there's no happiness going to waste.

If everyone knew where the happiness grew
'Twould be easier deciding the right thing to do.

Florence Nightingale came to be known as "the lady with the candle," because this angel of the Crimean war after the surgeons had made their rounds for the night glided through the hospital wards carrying her tiny lamp in search for the place where pain was most intense that she might smooth a pillow, or where the death angel was about to appear that she might offer a word of consolation. No wonder Longfellow sang:

"And slowly, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls."

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

WHEN SAID WITH FLOWERS

By Kathleen Stiles Spurway

Side by side with ever-speeding unquiet civilization glides, nimble and soft-footed, from days when symbolism was the poetic speech of a people, a wealth of legendary lore. From things grave and gay, malevolent and kindly to those prophetic and curative, simple and profound, does this reach out into the roads and bypaths of life, rising nowhere to such gracious almost ethereal charm as in that manifestation of beauty that walks in garden.

We of today have, in the matter of our gardens, cultivated more aesthetic and exotic tastes so that the brilliant marigold finds favor with but few. Yet its lore, mythological, religious and historical, is wide and varied. Its religious association is less authentic than that of other flowers inasmuch as in the mediaeval Christian Church it was customary to apply the name of Mary to things of beauty indiscrimately. Thus we have the "Marygolde."

Classical in its origin, the botanical name of the marigold—calendula—meaning flower of the months it being thought to bloom all the year round, dates also from early Roman times. One of its most curious later names, many of which are by no means poetical, comes from Provence—gauche fer, or left-hand iron. The only reason for such an extremely non-floral name seems to be the likeness of the flower's golden disc to an ancient polished shield. A t one time, too, it was chosen as the armorial device of the royal house of France.

In records of twelfth century Norman England, the first of authenticity upon garden, mention is made of the marigold. It attained its great popularity used as an expression of admiration between the belles and beaux of the court of Henry the Eighth. Mixed with heartsease, it was then largely worn upon the person to balls, festivals and such-like gaieties. Many were the sentimentally inclined, too, who, dreaming of the marigold, foresaw future wealth and success, crowned by happy marriage. Would that the maidens of our day and land, touching a marigold with bare feet, could know the language of the birds, as runs the legend of French Breton.

Of the one hundred and fifty trees and plants mentioned by Shakespeare, most devoted and frequently does he speak of the marigold. In the exquisite dawn song of Cymbeline he says:

"And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes."

The marigold of Keats, too:

"Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds;
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung."

is the flower that we, in our twentieth century sophistication have relegated to the out-of-the-way and unexhibitory corners of our gardens. "It is so old-fashioned," say we.

Unlike the marigold the violet retains, and assuredly ever will, its floral affection in our hearts. A wealth of mythology surrounds the flower. It is said to have sprung from the spot where Orpheus, god of music, exhausted from playing to the spellbound birds, beasts and flowers, let fall his lyre from his hand. Becoming later the symbol of the city of Athens, to speak of an Athenian as "crowned with violets" was to offer him superlative praise.

With the forward march of Christianity the violet became known as the symbol of humility and constancy, and, as the flower that "seeks untrodden and solitary places," was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. And for nearly two thousand years has the violet drooped its head in the sorrow that overcame it when the shadow of the cross of crucifixion fell upon it where it blossomed by the way.

Though we in our day associate the violet with perfume rather than with medicine, yet it was in Roman times considered, when worn in garland form, a cure for headache and also as an efficacious love philter. In after day it was used—oh, sad mischance for such a poet's flower—as a homely salad mixed with lettuce and onions.

So often does Shakespeare make mention of the violet that it has been thought to be his favorite flower, as indeed it was that of the later and sterner Napoleon. In the rise and fall of that colossal figure in French history this small sweet flower played its part. It was the secret badge of recognition among the banished "Corporal" Violett's adherents; he himself it was who prophesied his return from Elba when the violets bloomed, and if upon that day his people crowned him with them as a king, it was only that later a restored dynasty might proclaim them the insigna of treason.

We, too, have our legends of the violet. Do not our own native red men see in it the emblem of courage, love and devotion that bloomed from the resting places of an Indion lover and his maid? Still the tiny petals show in their delicate veins the strands of hair that she wound around his neck in token of their troth.

In strangely decorative contrast to the shy violet is the regal lily, emblematic of majesty, purity and truth, flower of the Virgin Mary and of the Angel Gabriel. So Rosetti in his well-known picture, Ecce Anicilla Domini, shows a lily in the angel's hand as he stands before the virgin. More often than any flower do lilies figure in religious paintings. Botticelli and Lippi of Italy and Murillo of Spain particularly favored this flower in their works.

As to which certain lily it was to which Jesus referred in His Sermon on the Mount, "Consider the lilies," was for long a matter for debate, but it has now been authoritatively established that it was a red or tiger lily abundant in he Galilean fields.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea." Tradition would have us believe, however, that all lilies were once white, but that in floral arrogance, yet desiring to com-

fort with their fragrant beauty, they bowed not their heads before the Agony in the Garden as did the humbler flowers. But when the Flower of Jesse, kingly in His humility, turned to look upon their proud and shining whiteness they flushed deep red and hung their heads for evermore in shame.

All too little seen in this country are the dainty lilies of the valley known as May bells in Germany, as May flowers and May lilies in England, as "tears of Holy Mary" in France. In the latter country the bell-like wild flower we know as Solomon's seal is sometimes cultivated and sold as lily-of-the-valley. The true flower is of allegorical origin and is said to have sprung from the earth stained with the blood shed by the hermit Saint Leonard from the wounds he sustained in his victorious three-day fight with the dragon, Sin.

Like so many flowers, lilies-of-the-valley have their curative lore, even to the banishment of homely freckles. In nervous diseases they were so valued as to be considered worthy of nothing less than gold or silver containers. How much prettier is the name by which we know these "ladders of heaven" than the one of Lily Conally which they bore in Shakespeare's day.

That unto the Queen of Heaven should be dedicated the almost universally grown and beloved queen of flowers, the rose, is but fitting. Ever gathering unto itself more symbolism, richer association and wider lore than any other flower, it was the wonder of earliest times even as it is the admiration of today. Best known perhaps of all the legends surrounding its origin is that of the "fayre mayde" of Bethlehem who, bound to the stake for crimes of which she was guiltless, prayed that her innocence might be made known. In answer the flames died, the blaxing fagots sprang into trees of red roses, those still untouched into white, "and thiese werein the first roses that ever ony man saughe."

In the almost wanton luxury and magnificence that characterized senatorial Rome the rose was lavishly used. It garlanded the triumphal arches of the people and strewed their paths of victory; it perfumed their baths, their fountains were of rose water. To certain sybaritic youths the now proverbial "bed of roses" was an actual fact. Roses formed the carpets in banquet halls.

From Persia comes a pretty story of a rose and her lover, the nightingale. He, "most musical, most melancholy," so kept the night awakened with his song that the other birds haled him before Solomon the king. "The rose, my beloved, waits for me to call her from her bud," he defended, "and so great is my longing for her that I can let no night pass without pouring forth my song that she may bloom for me." The king forgave him and still the nightingale sings his love lay to the rose of summer night. Perhaps, too, as again the Persians tell us, he presses his brown breast against her thorns lest he tire with his worship and sleep before the coming of the dawn.

Roumania, too, has its legend of this bird and flower. A prince was born from the bud of a perfect rose-bud. He grew in years and wisdom as a man and a prince should, yet ev-

er the spirit of the rose from which he sprang stirred within him, until it seemed to him at last that through beauty rather than worldly gain and warfare should his meed of service be given. And he went into the forest to seek the rosebush that had borne him. But it had died. Only the nightingale remembered it. Then, while the prince slept where it had stood, the bird sang back into him the soul of the rose so that, at dawning, he had become a rose tree.

Rose, lily, marigold, violet—majesty, purity, beauty and modesty—and for fragrance the lowly mint. Knowledge of its use is of the earliest. Even Pliny relished his mint sauce; for aught we know it may have figured in his feasting when spoilsport Vesuvius rained death on Pompeii. It was used as a bath invigorator, mainly "to strengthen and comfort nerves and sinews". It was found refreshing to the head and memory. Mixed with salt it had a supposed curative value in the bite of a mad dog. In Elizabethan days churches were often strewn with mint.

Nor is mint the only herb that may be mentioned. Upon a bush of rosemary did the Virgin Mary spread the linen of her Babe, whereupon it became a sunbeam. It was rosemary —said also of sage—that opened its branches to hide the Child Jesus and his mother from slaughtering Herod's soldiers, even as the treacherous broom plant crackled in an attempt to expose them, dooming it in punishment thereafter to be the insignia of menial toil, the riding stick of witches in a cob-webbed sky.

Throughout the life of Jesus flowers bloomed for His association and our legendary lore. Those of us who love blue in our gardens may well possess a plant of valerian, with its curious, vanilla-like fragrance. From it came the "precious ointment," the spikenard with which Mary anointed the feet of Christ. And there, is too, the strangely beautiful cyclamen that yet bends its head in sorrow for the sword that pierced His mother's heart, since when for evermore it wears a crimson blood drop at its own heart.

SENATOR OF CONNECTICUT ON STATE RIGHTS

We are continually trespassing upon the rights of the states and are centralizing the authority that belongs to them in agencies of the national government. It is not the business of Washington to look out for the welfare of the people, or for the general welfare of the state.

It is the business of the states to look out for the general welfare of the people and the kind of thing which is called the general welfare of one state is not called that in another state. Many things are best decided by communities; best because they cause the most happiness and the greatest development of character. Centralization inevitably leads to despotism and loss of personal liberty Bureaucracy indoubtedly spells loss of personal responsibility and loss of character.

ROSEMARY

By Alberta Flanders

Aunt Louise smiled at Rosemary over horn-rimmed spectacles that did not conceal the humorous glint of very blue eyes. In spite of twenty-five years spent in California, Aunt Louise's appearance was essentially New England, Rosemary thought, as she smiled back at this older sister of her father's whom she was meeting for the first time. The Atwoods were an old New England family, though Aunt Louise had migrated to California twenty-five years before, and Rosemary's father had settled in Chicago at about the same time.

"You've the Atwood hair," Aunt Louise approved.

"Yes, Dad calls me 'Tow Head.'" Rosemary laughed.

Rosemary thought Aunt Louise seemed to approve her eyes also.

"I hope that coming to me for your summer vacation isn't going to interfere with any plans you'd been making for yourself?"

"Don't you worry about my plans, Auntie," Rosemary answered the question in Aunt Louise's voice. "To be sure, I had things in mind that I'd expected to do this summer, but you just watch me get busy and make other plans now."

"Your father wrote me how much he regrets being unable to send you to college in September."

"Dear Daddy!" Rosemary smiled. "After I'd passed my entrance exams, it surely was a blow to him."

"He wrote me, too, of your ambition to earn money to finance the year yourself." There was no mistaking the approval in Aunt Louise's voice now. "I'm afraid there'll be no way for you to do that out here, Rosemary. Still," the glint in her eyes deepened, "unexpected things do happen."

"Anyway," Rosemary replied, "Father says, since I'm so young, even if I wait until another year before starting college, it won't matter. And to see California and know you means much, Aunt Louise."

A graver expression replaced the humor in Aunt Louise's eyes.

"It will be a pleasure to know you, Rosemary," she said, "but, aside from that, I hope you're going to be able to help me in a matter that's close to my heart. Your father told you about Perry, didn't he?"

Rosemary nodded. "Perry's the son of your dearest friend, isn't he?"

"Yes, the only child of my girlhood chum who died when Perry was fourteen. I've tried to be a mother to the boy ever since."

Rosemary had been smoothing her hair before the mirror in Aunt Louise's best bedroom which, with its old mahogany and pink patched coverlet, it was unexpectedly New England in spite of white plaster walls and narrow, iron-sashed windows of an old Spanish hacienda. She turned away from the mirror and, her arm tucked in Aunt Louise's they passed out into an open patio where presently tea was served by a Mexical girl attractive in blue gingham.

Rosemary exclaimed over the beauty of the patio—walls whitewashed, with a green vine twining about slender iron rods which supported a

narrow Spanish balcony above. Late afternoon sunshine filled the patio with a warm glow tempered by the green shade of the vine. Shadows from an eucalyptus made fairy-like patterns upon an adobe floor.

"She's pretty—a part of this," Rosemary made a gesture that took in the patio, the eucalyptus and the Mexican girl disappearing within the ranch house.

"Yes, Maria is pretty. Perry found her for me down in the Mexican quarter," Aunt Louise sighed as she poured Japanese tea into tiny gilt-band cups as New England as the best bedroom.

"It's partly because of Perry's hanging about the Mexican quarter that I want wholesome influences to come into his life." Aunt Louise said.

The return of Maria with sandwiches and little cakes prevented further speech and it wasn't until Rosemary was tucked away in her bed that night on the sleeping porch over the patio that she thought again of her cherished plan. With the soft darkness of the California night enveloping her and the stars shining above her, she thought, too, of Perry Reynolds, deciding that he seemed to be the real reason why those plans had been abandoned; for she recognized that it had been neither the romantic charm of California nor Aunt Louise's generosity in financing the trip across the continent that had brought her to La Jacinta, as the rancho was called. Though all three had entered into her decision, she knew that, primarily, she had wanted to help Aunt Louise, who had always been kind and generous to her brother's family and had never before asked any return. It wasn't, though, at all clear to Rosemary what she could do to ease her aunt's openly expressed anxiety about this foster child over whom unwholesome associates seemed gaining ascendency.

With ten dollars in her pocket, saved from Aunt Louise's check, she had that day arrived in the little overgrown mining camp called Salerno on the outskirts of which was situated La Jacinta. Why Aunt Louise had chosen to call the old hacienda with its corral, chicken yards, goat sheds and various other buildings La Jacinta, nobody knew.

Rosemary thought perhaps it had something to do with Aunt Louise's dashing, half Spanish husband who died in the first year of their marriage, leaving the young New England girl to grow into the efficient manager of one of the prosperous ranches of California.

She fell asleep with the thought in her mind, to be awakened hours later by early morning noises of life about the hacienda. There was the bleat of a calf; the answering call of its mother; a snatch of song from a from a cowboy; the steady creak of a wind-mill. And, like a strong pulse under it all, rose and fell the regular beat of the sea.

Rosemary lay watching opal lights of the dawn that stole through the eucalyptus and painted faint pastel shadows on the floor.

She felt steeped in the beauty of the California morning with its shadows, its sounds, its soft breeze laden with scent from roses climbing over the patio and other elusive scents that she came to recognize as a mingling of live-oak, pepper tree blos-

soms and the sea.

Into this half-somnolent state stole thought of her personal problem—how to earn money. She had hoped there might be something she could do out here, but her first glimpse of the town of Salerno had dissipated the idea.

"There simply isn't any way to earn money in a place of this sort," she told herself an hour later. After having dressed and breakfasted with Aunt Louise, she was on a tour of inspection about the rancho that had ended with the goat sheds. She threw a handful of hay to the goats whose baa of welcome caused her to laugh delightedly.

"What's funny?" A sulky voice at her elbow made her jump.

"Mercy! how you startled me," she exclaimed, returning the gaze of a pair of smouldering dark eyes belonging to a young man who was standing beside her, a tin pail in one hand, a case of milk bottles in the other.

"I've come to milk the goats," he answered Rosemary's questioning glance. "The rancho's short of hands and I'm helping Mrs. D'Orticos out."

"Oh! yes." Rosemary smiled.

"You've not told me what's funny," he reminded her grouchily.

"Why, these bewhiskered old lady goats with their eternal baas. Don't you think they're funny?"

"They don't strike me that way," he grouched, going at his business of milking. "'My name's Perry Reynolds," he explained, "and I'm staying over at the next ranch."

"You must be the son of Aunt Louise's friend," Rosemary remarked.

"Yes," with averted eyes on the milk pail.

A strained silence ensued and Rosemary wondered if it was thought of his mother that had caused the averted look and sudden queer silence.

"Probably he loved her a lot," was her pitying thought. Just then Perry looked up and brought forth a question,

"I suppose you're the niece that Mrs. D'Orticos has been expecting?"

"Imagine I am." Rosemary watched the steady flow of white milk into the bright, tin pail. "And my name's Rosemary—for remembrance," she twinkled.

"Not the sort one forgets, eh?" Perry chuckled.

"I didn't say that." Rosemary flushed.

" 'Fraid you'll be pretty lonely out here. Nothing to do in this isolated spot." Perry changed the subject at sight of Rosemary's flush. "Anybody who stays in Salerno any length of time is a 'has-been!' Or— a 'never was'," he added under his breath.

"I could stand being lonely," Rosemary replied, "if there were only only some way I could earn money."

"Keen about earning money, are you?" He shot her a swift glance across the goat's back.

"Of course. Aren't you?" Rosemary asked frankly.

"Oh! I don't know. Used to be. But now I've ceased to care particularly." He rose hastily, having finished with the milking, and he and Rosemary went inside the ranch house to strain and bottle the milk which Perry, in his old car that he had left outside the gates of La Jacinta, would deliver to Aunt Louise's

customers.

"I'm discouraged over Perry." Aunt Louise shook her head as, later, she answered Rosemary's questions about the youth who wore rough clothes and yet spoke cultured English and gave an impression of gentleness despite a sulky manner.

"It seems as though something must have happened about the time he finished college," Aunt Louise said, "for instead of going on with his architectural course, as was planned, he apparently lost his ambition, came out here and spends his time loafing around El Paso ranch. That was bad enough, but now he's down around the Mexican quarter days at a time."

"Too bad," Rosemary deplored.

"He stood high in college," Aunt Louise continued, "received his B.A. at Sanford."

"What keeps him going?" Rosemary wanted to know.

"He has a small income," Aunt Louise informed her, "which is rather a pity, I think. If he had to hustle he'd throw off the laziness that seems to have gotten him. What he needs is a vital interest—something to make him work," she added.

A week later Rosemary was riding a Mexican pony, a gift from Aunt Louise, down by a stream that flowed through the south end of La Jacinta when she made a discovery. Masses of green—different from the surrounding grass—caught her eye. Leaping from the pony's back, she bent down to examine the green mass. She smelled it, tasted it. Then, gray eyes shining, she picked a handful and galloped back to the rancho.

"What use do you make of this, Aunt Louise?" she asked.

"Of what, child?"

"Of this mint." Rosemary held out the green handful.

"I don't make any use of it. Why? Do you like it?"

"Yes—I mean, no—I don't know," Rosemary stammered. "But, Aunt Louise if you don't use the mint, couldn't I have it—all of it?"

"La, yes, chdil. But whatever will you do with it?"

"Sell it." Rosemary gave an effort of lighting up the whole place with her enthusiasm. "You'll see. There'll be dried mint and fresh—in bunches. Ten cents a bunch. And I can make mint jelly and sell it in tumblers. And yes," as the idea grew—"mint sauce, too, in bottles."

Aunt Louise's imagination caught fire.

"I believe you could do all that. But why are you so eager to earn money? Is it—college?"

Rosemary nodded. "Of course," she added, hastily, "I can't hope to enter this year, but I'll have something to start with another year."

Aunt Louise smiled, but said nothing.

"Don't believe you can get enough out of it to pay for your material—to say nothing of your work," was Perry's pessimistic reaction to Rosemry's plan about the mint which she confided to him next morning when he came to milk the goats. Then he put to her Aunt Louise's question in different form. "Why are you so keen about the filthy lucre, Rosemary?"

Rosemary colored at the superciliousness in his voice.

"Because I want to make something of myself," she flared. "I want to go to college."

At the word college, Perry winced. Noting the wince, Rosemary hurried on, telling him how she'd given up college to come to Aunt Louise, who'd always been so kind to her family.

"But I haven't abandoned the idea of earning money for next year," she finished.

"You plucky kid!" was all he said, but the next day he brought forth a suggestion: "Couldn't you start a tea-room—one that's 'different,' Rosemary,—a mint tea-room?"

Rosemary caught at the suggestion. "Tea! Iced or hot, crushed mint floating on top. And served in the old patio with mint jelly sandwiches—"

"And you could have bunches of mint on sale—" Perry interrupted.

"And La Jacinta's on the Pacific Highway, which means automobile trade. Perry, you're a jewel!"

That was how it happened that Rosemary and Perry, in the battered car, made frequent trips to Los Angeles and back. It seemed almost incredibly easy to Rosemary the way she established markets among grocers for dried and fresh mint, tumblers of mint jelly and bottles of mint sauce. Of course she took pains with her samples. The glass tumblers were shiningly clean and each one bore, for a label, a mint leaf cut from green paper and pasted on a white background.

Perry painted a sign for the patio —"MINT-TEA, ICED OR HOT. SANDWICHES."

Being out of the ordinary, Rosemary's tea-room did a thriving business from the start. To bunches of mint on sale, she added mint jelly and sauce, and scarcely a customer left the patio without carrying at least one white, paper-wrapped parcel.

But Perry, as the summer waned seemed to lose interest in Rosemary's undertaking.

There was an evening when she called his attention to a satisfactory sum on the right side of her ledger. "If I'd a third more I could enter college in September," she said.

Perry turned away from the book with a frowning face, and, though he'd just come, flung out of the house with the briefest of good-nights, and drove off at top speed in the old car.

"What ails him?" was Rosemary's last conscious thought as she drifted of to sleep.

She wondered still more about Perry in the days that followed, for he disappeared utterly.

"As he used to do before he became interested in what you're doing, Rosemary," Aunt Louise sighed.

At first it was a relief to Rosemary not to have him about, for his grouchiness puzzled her and made her feel vaguely unhappy.

Finally, the day came when she took down the sign over the patio and closed out her last consignment of mint and jelly sauce. Tomorrow she would start back East. Still no word from Perry. She thought of him as she restlessly rode her pony down by the stream where she and Perry had picked mint. Giving the pony his head, before she realized it, she was in the Mexican quarter, her attention arrested by a group of men, women, children and dogs surrounding something she couldn't see. Slapping the pony's flank, she galloped near to behold a strange sight—Perry, seated

before an easel doing a pastel sketch of Mexican children.

"Perry!" she exclaimed.

Perry turned his head, flushed darklyly and scrambled up with such haste that he upset his stool, two dogs and a small boy.

"Let's get out of this." He grabbed the pony by the head and turned him towards the stream.

"Get back!" he yelled at the children and dogs that started trailing them. Intimidated, they melted away and the distance to the stream was traversed in silence. There, under the shade of an acacia tree, with the pony grazing near, Perry started a halting explanation.

"You'll think I'm crazy, Rosemary, —or worse. The fact is, I've always wanted to be an artist, but mother left money for me to attend college —presumably to learn a man's job. It was what everybody expected of me and I tried to do it. But always I saw pictures instead of buildings. I got through, but I found I couldn't go on. Then I came out here and loafed, painting pictures of Mexican children on the sly.

"Now you know all about me and I suppose you despise me."

"But I don't," Rosemary protested, "I think it's fine for you to follow your bent. I believe your mother would wish you to do it were she alive, and other people, if they really understood how you fell."

"Do you mean that, Rosemary?"

"I surely do," warmly.

"Then I'll tell you something else. I've been selling my stuff and I've made arrangements to go to Chicago to study. Will you let me come to see you in Chicago, Rosemary?"

"Indeed, I will." Rosemary's eyes sparkled.

"I guessed as much." Aunt Louise beamed at Rosemary over the horn-rimmed spectacles that evening when Rosemary told her about Perry, his painting and his plans.

"Read this." She handed Rosemary a letter.

Withdrawing the letter from its envelope, addressed in Perry's scrawl Rosemary read:

"Won't you cash the inclosed check and hand it to Rosemary to supply the third she needs for college money, making it seem that it comes from you? A girl so ambitious should do things when she's ready to do them. And it will give me happiness to know she can enter college in September.

"Please, dear friend, allow me to do this as a small return for all you've done for me."

Rosemary looked up, her eyes wet. Something in Aunt Louise's own eyes held hers, checked words on her lips.

"A charming thing for Perry to want to do, my dear," Aunt Louise said, "only—your tuition was paid months ago.

"You didn't really think I'd let you sacrifice a college year just for me—and Perry, did you?"

Humorously, over the horn-rimmed spectacles, Aunt Louise's gaze swept Rosemary's amazed face.

"Do not separate yourself from plain people; be one with all—be universal."

HONOR ROLL FOR JUNE

Room No. 1

—A—

John Garrett, Thomas McKee, David Fountain and Willard Johnston.

—B—

A. J. Allen, Henry Cottle, Herman Copeland, Fern Dunlap, Malcolm Driver, Clarence Mebane, Vance Springer, Marshal Weaver Brock, Russell Capps, Monroe Horton, Edward Hedrick, Fred Stafford and Dan Wilkie.

Room No. 3.

—A—

Melvin Cathron, Willie Thomas, Philip Moser, Otis Floyd, Carl Pettus, Robert Capel, Lloyd Childers and Joe Hendrix.

—B—

Robert Truelove, Fred Connor, Obie Sims and Frank Smith.

Room No. 4.

—A—

James Battle, Newsome Caloway, Ben Clayton, Ernest Farr, James Frasier, Belmont Flynn, Fulton Hare, Lennis Hicks, Clyde Kivett, Charlie Miller, William Rose, Lester Wall, Clarence Warren and Johnnie Wilkens.

—B—

James Bundy, Robert Brittian, Therman Knight, Ralph Martin, Thomas Osteen, James Rivenbark, Walter Scott and Vernon Jernigan.

Room No. 5

—A—

Hiram Bougman and Harvey Causey.

—B—

Doblin Hinton, Jim Kellam, J. R. Morrow, George Hill and Francis Trexler.

Room No. 6

—A—

Abraham Smith, Chester Cagle, Mitchell Morris, Robert Clark, Hubert McCullen, Charles Smathers, Woodrow Gaskins, Bob Russell and Robert Branch.

—B—

Henry Chester, Obie Harris, Douglas Brady, James Camden, Boyce Green, Grady Hartley and E. Lee White.

Room No. 7

—A—

Anderson Trull, Sulon Tysinger, John Vanderberg, Iralee Hinson, James Byers, Lawrence Dorsett, Russell Dorsett, Tom McCausley, Jim Allison, Morrison Smith, Henry Irby, J. P. Williamson, Floyd Causey, Lloyd Pleasant, Idus Wilkins and John Kelly.

You can lea da boy to college, but you can not make him think.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Rev. Paul Hardin, Jr., pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His talk on "Love" was delivered in his usual interesting manner.

Some time ago it was decided to seine our small lake, and one evening last week Mr. Tom Query, several of our officers and boys had quite some sport and made a pretty good haul. When checking up the result of their efforts we found they had captured twenty-two carp ranging from two to four pounds and a snapping turtle weighing about nine pounds.

The Fourth of July game between the local team and Flowe's Store resulted in a 9 to 5 victory for the visitors. Weaver, pitching for the school lads, hurled a good game but was given poor support by his team mates, several errors and passed balls proving very costly. The local boys were able to secure but six hits off Bill Bost.

Fourth of July at the Training School was a very enjoyable occasion. In the morning the boys assembled at the auditorium where they enjoyed a very good motion picture show. An excellent dinner consisting of fried chicken, slaw, string beans, corn, tomatoes and rice with gravy, was served at the cottages. Before going to the ball ground lemonade and peaches were served on the campus. At two oclock we all assembled in the grandstand and listened to a patriotic program. This program was a contest for the Barnhardt prize for the second quarter, two boys from each school room taking part, and some excellent declamations were rendered. Messrs Poole, Crook, and Grove, acting as judges, awarded the prizes as follows: Room No 1—Charles Rogers; Room No. 2—James Smith; Room No 3—Lloyd Childers; Room No. 4—John Thompson; Room No. 5—Hiram Boughman; Room No. 6—Henry Chester; Room No. 7—Solon Tysinger.

Last Saturday afternoon the Odell High School team furnished the opposition and the Training School boys sustained their second straight defeat by the score of 10 to 9. Lisk was on the mound for the local team and pitched well enough to win any ball game. While holding the visitors to seven scattered hits, he caused ten of them to fan the breeze. He was given very poor support, seven of the visitors' runs resulted because of errors. The local boys threw a scare into the enemy camp when a hair-raising ninth inning rally just fell short of tying the score. The home team collected thirteen hits off Allison's delivery and should have won easily, but threw the game away by some foolish baserunning and making eight costly errors in the field.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., JULY 1, 1930. No. 26

Carolin
U.

THAT BANK ACCOUNT

What a satisfaction! What a worry! That bank account either makes us contented or disturbed. We are sure of it or uncertain. We proceed with confidence or doubt. When we know it is ample to meet what demands we make on it we go here or there, buy this or that and give small thought to the expense. When we know that it is about exhausted we check our desires for travel or for purchase; if we neglect this check on our desires we are certain of coming reckonings that will be embarrassing, or even worse than that. But one law prevails with bank accounts, there must be a continual putting in if there is to be a continual taking out, and whoever would keep his balance on the safe and sound side must always be putting in more than he takes out.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

The seed bed of the ages is the heart of childhood. Truths lodged here bring forth the harvest of the years. Mothers get in their finest and best work in this garden out of which comes the fairest and sweetest products of our humanity. Somehow the child never gets away from the touch of a true and genuine mother. The world still holds to the old doctrine that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

THE CABARRUS PREVENTORIUM

Nothing is more interesting than to put over a splendid piece of constructive welfare work, or health work for the benefit of young people. This kind of work is being done at the Cabarrus County Preventorium for twenty-four children who are predisposed, or have glandular tuberculosis. We had the opportunity of visiting the Preventorium and there saw these sun-brown youngsters lounging happily, and contentedly on the spacious grounds, under the shade of the trees, having a most delightful carefree time. Near-by was Miss Merrimon, the nurse, who proved to be a most interesting character, who discussed the work in a manner that gave every indication that she was truly on the job, thoroughly conversant with her profession and knew just how to handle the children.

We could not help but think that this work started by the joint activities of the Cabarrus County Health Office and T. B. Society had proven most worthwhile, and there is hope the results of the work will prove an incentive to the progressive citizens of Cabarrus to establish a tuberculosis sanatorium where all cases in the county can be cared for. When this is done we will have caught the right vision of treating our tuberculosis cases, and by so doing there will be no lost motion, neither money unwisely spent nor time lost in treating such cases that really need attention. We suggest to all interested people of the county and city to make a visit to the Preventorium, most delightfully situatin the annex of the old Sunderlanl Hall property, and see if you do not think the building and location of the property would be ideally suited for a Cabarrus county tuberculosis sanatorium. The members of the Cabarrus county T. B. Association have shown to the people the need of such an institution. The joint activities of the Cabarrus Health Office, the T. B. Society, the American Red Cross aided by the extension work of State Sanatorium are most effective and this work, the most vital, in the County should be of interest to every Cabarrus County citizen. Your interest can only be elicited by visiting the Preventorium—seeing is knowing.

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A PLACE OF AMUSEMENT NEEDED

Just by chance we were privileged to visit Cress's Lake, about eight miles from Concord on the Gold Hill road. We thought nothing of the trip other than to pass time. We reached our destination after a thirty minute's ride through a cloud of dust that was anything but delightful on a smothering, hot afternoon. To our amazement we found assembled at this place of amusemena a crowd of people that made one think of some sea-port resort. The crowd was immense, and all around the lake there was not parking space, and from reports we learned that the crowd had been coming and going all the afternoon. The lake was filled with bathers, and the refreshment stand did a large business selling chewing gum, coca-cola, popcorn, and candies. Really the capacity of the place was taxed in every sense. From inquiry we learned that on he 4th of July, several thousand people visited Cress' Lake and the sum of money taken in for the privilege given to take a swim amounted to something over $200. We were amazed at the crowd and concluded that Concord needed some kind of a Park where people who desire out door amusement can assemble. We are absolutely convinced that one of the outstanding

needs of Concord is a Park. If you do not believe all that we have tried to make clear just visit this place of amusement on a hot evening. The crowd assembled is the voice of the people. Despite the tight times there is no way in the world to keep the masses from spending for pleasure. They talk tight times, but spend freely when it comes to having pleasure. The crowd was unusually large, and there seemed to be all kinds of conditions of people present, but must add that it was the most orderly crowd we have ever seen on such an occasion. We learned that the management of this place of amusement demanded order and had it

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

HE HAS GROWN OLD GRACEFULLY

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., celebrated his 91st birthday, July 8th, in the quiet and pleasant routine that has been his custom since his retirement from active business some twenty years ago. Through the Standard Oil offices of New York he issues a statement showing his appreciation, of the friendships enjoyed which is proof that man can not live alone, and that money alone does not satisfy. Wealth satisfies in a material manner, but nothing gives joy like a coterie of tried and true friends. To have a strong following of splendid friends gives a joy that is inexpressable. This is John D. Rockefeller's birthday statement:

"It gives me great pleasure to say that I have had more kindnesses shown me during the past year from every part of the country than ever before in my life, and it is needless to state that I am unspeakably grateful.

"I am in the best of health, surrounded by dear friends, and have naught but goodwill toward all."

There is not a doubt that Rockefeller is "fearfully and wonderfully made" to have accomplished so much, and live to see the fruits of his labors. He must have had a smooth and easy tempermanent—taking life easy without worry. He converted the natural wealth of the earth into money, a gigantic wealth, that he has used in obliterating ignorance, or making people well and making living conditions better.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A BEAUTIFUL MEMORIAL

Not a sweeter memorial could be given any one than a carillon pealing forth

its bell like tones and enjoyed by all. This is much better than a shaft of cold granite, or marble with inscriptions, to keep fresh the memory of the dead and is frequently of interest only to the immediate family connection. The placing of a carillion in the 175 foot tower at Chapel Hill as a memorial to the Morehead and Patterson families by Messrs J. M. Morehead and Rufus Patterson, will give joy and pleasure to thousands, besides it is a most fitting and beautiful memorial to the two families. The Christian Advocate writes that "less than ten miles will be another carillon in the $2,000,000 chapel of Duke University, and under favorable weather conditions the tone of the bells may be heard at the same time." This, it is thought to be unusual, and the only instance of its kind in the world. Things are happening in North Carolina all the time to make us have a greater faith in the progress of our state in a cultural way as well as in its industrial advancement.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The great English spiritualist, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, passed to the great beyond a short time prior just like all other mortals of flesh and blood. Regardless of his previous claims, communing with dear ones left behind, no one is the wiser as to his future state. Death like birth is a mystery and it is not for us to fathom. We accept by faith and abide our time to commune with our departed ones.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

In this day and time a friend in need is one who has been playing the stock market.

—o—

It is told that a telephone girl lost all her money on a horse race. She got her plugs mixed up as it were.

—o—

It has been observed by a friend of mine that the modern wife goes motoring while her husband plays golf. Adam delves and Eve spins.

—o—

In the "good old days" there were no lamp or telephone posts. Motorists in these days seem to be doing their level best to bring back these so-called good old days.

—o—

A doctor in Texas is accredited with saying that a married man is a far more attentive listener than a bachelor. He has to be, if he knows what is good for him.

—o—

It is intimated in the newspapers that in some counties in Maryland radio loud-speakers are being employed on farms, instead of scarecrows. There are some programs that might be especially effective.

—o—

They called them "bandits," those desperate men who the other day descended on a man who was sitting in his automobile in front of his Chicago home listening to the music from his auto radio. They seized the auto and walked away with it. Of course it might have been bandits, but if that radio was playing the croon love songs of the day—well, neighbors are neighbors, but even neighbors won't stand everything.

—o—

There were so many picnickers and other forms of pleasure seekers in one of the New York parks the other Sunday that the superintendent could'nt guess at the number. But some idea of what a big crowd it was can be gathered from the fact that the visitors left 30 tons of newspapers, hot dogs, pickles, napkins, paper cups, chicken bones, and miscellaneous bric-a-brac scattered over the flowers and grass. Thirty tons! And smeared over everything! How we Americans love nature!

—o—

There is a preacher in Kansas, according to a western newspaper, who should have his salary raised for making the following announcement from his pulpit: "Brethren, the janitor and I will hold our regular prayer meeting next Wednesday evening as usual."

—o—

You cannot take more from life than you are willing to put into it. This is an age-old truth which philosophers and thinkers have repeated through the ages to a world that is unbelieving in many essential truths. Today the statement stands unshaken in an era when many other beliefs are being denied. In all the relations of life we draw forth the good things of this world only as we give to its advancement.

—o—

I like to abide in an optimistic atmosphere. It gives life all of its

beautiful coloring. It keeps the spirit bouyant. I like to hear optimists talk because they tell us what we want to be true. I view with dislike the pessimists because they see the things we do not want to be true. They depress you and aid largely in bringing on the "blues" which upset the tranquil mind.

—o—

A French author by the name of Ernest Dimnet has brought out a little booklet on the art of thinking. It seems to have made an impression in the literary world as nine editions have been issued, numbering 76,000 copies. I am interested in thinking, knowing how many there are who think they think when they do not think. To me thinking is the most mysterious of things. As an art I know little of it, being an amateur at it. If I ever did have a truly original thought, I failed to nail it down, my idea of it being that the majority of us think only the thoughts of others recorded in ink from ancient times down. It always seems to me that all of the original thoughts have already been thought out and said aforetimes. To think ideas exclusively our own is a great task. I hope Mr. Dimnet can help me.

"It's a Tee-Gown," is the explanation of a beautiful lady in a newspaper picture who is exhibiting a new style in golf skirts cut like gent's trousers. After gazing at the lady in the funny duds for awhile I would say that it was a tee-hee gown.

—o—

Out in Council Bluffs, Iowa, a man who stole a towel two years ago from the Y. M. C. A. sent it back because his conscience troubled him so much. That's the way with so many of us. Conscience really doesn't get busy until we have gone two or more years, or used something we did not honestly gain for two years, and anything used for two years is about all through. Then up jumps conscience. It either brings us back to honesty with ourselves or makes cowards of us.

—o—

Here's one for Bill Hay, the Amos 'n' Andy announcer, to ponder over: A nurse was visiting a household and inquired: "Do your children use a toothbrush regularly?" To which the fond parent replied: Do they, mum! First thing when they get up in the morning, it's a race to see which one can get to the toothbrush first!"

The bear went up the mountain, to see what he could see;

But—187 signboards, 17 auto camps, 56 filling stations, 76 orange juice stands, 11 garages, and 11,987 unshaven tourists,

Was all that he could see.—Judge.

ANY JOB A FAVOR

(The Monroe Enquirer)

Cashing in on a college education should net this year's crop of graduates about $28 a week and they will be lucky to get that if they are headed in the right direction, according to Douglas Fosdick, one of the 134,000 college students who will be graduated in June. Fosdick is editor of the Bowdoin Quill.

Fosdick's modest salary estimate would add more than $195,000,000 to the country's payrolls annually.

"I won't turn up my nose at $28 a week," says the student in an article in the American Magazine, "even though boys who graduated from high school with me and didn't go to college are getting more than twice as much in factories and trades. Indeed if I could take a job with complete assurance that I was headed in the direction in which I want to go, I should consider that I was getting the better part of the deal with my employer."

The coming graduate, who will soon go out into the world, regrets the fact that so many of this year's graduates will be faced with the problem of determining the business they want to follow. If they are able to decide, he asks, how will they be able to break into their chosen line? Those educated in the liberal arts will have the greatest trouble, he finds upon investigation.

"Established business organizations" says Fosdick, "are functioning nicely with their present personnel. How can room be found for the thousands of young men and women who graduate from the institutions of learning each June?

"I remember the old story of the youth who was applying for work on a newspaper. The city editor asked him what experience he had had.

" 'I was editor of my college paper,' " the youth admitted proudly.

" 'I'm very sorry,' said the city editor, "but we have an editor.' "

"One executive explained to me that he finds that college men consider their education completed with their graduation. The college man learns his job and does it well, but he does not use his spare time to advantage. Success in business comes through growth, persistence and adaptability, but it comes slowly. College men are impatient to get ahead at first, and despairing, become lazy and forget to learn the job ahead of them.

"Unquestionably the social development that comes from going to college is an asset which, although it might be acquired outside of college, would have to be acquired more slowly. It carries with it a tolerance for the views of others. The study of philosophy alone does that.

"But I wish there were some way to teach a boy just what he is best fitted to do after he graduates and how to begin doing it. As it is we have to make the best decisions we can, and hope they are right. That as I see it, is the weakness of college education.

"I am glad I went to college, nev-

ertheless. I think that the college has lived up to the promise the president made me—that a liberal art college does not teach you how to make a living primarily, but it does teach you how to live."

THE WORD

Oh, a word is a gem, or a stone, or a song,
  Or a flame, or a two-edged sword;
Or a rose in bloom, or a sweet perfume,
  Or a drop of gall is a word.

You may choose your word like a connoiseur,
  And polish it up with art,
But the word that sways, and stirs, and stays,
  Is the word that comes from the heart.

You may work on your word a thousand weeks,
  But it will not glow like one
That all unsought, leaps forth white hot,
  When the fountains of feeling run.

You may hammer away on the anvil of thought,
  And fashion your word with care,
But unless you are stirred to the depths, that word
  Shall die on the empty air.

For the word that comes from the brain alone,
  Alone to the brain will speed.
But the word that sways, and stirs, and stays,
  Oh, that is the word men heed.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A BORN CRUSADER

(Asheville Citizen)

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, who has just died at the age of eighty-six, was a born crusader. He came of crusading stock. His father was an ardent Abolitionist and converted his Indiana farm into an outpost of the "underground railroad" which was used to aid the escape of fugitive slaves. Young Wiley worked his way through college, graduating first at a small institution in Indiana, then at a medical college, and later from Harvard. He became a professor of chemistry and chief chemist of Indiana. A visit to Europe interested him in the analysis of foods and he launched into a career which was to prove itself one of the most spectacular and in many ways one of the most fruitful enjoyed by any man of his day. It may be questioned whether any other subordinate in the Federal service has ever figured so largely in the public eye or left his impress so conspicuously upon the life of the nation.

As chemist for the State of Indiana Dr. Wiley's reports on the adulteration of foodstuffs attracted wide attention and in 1883 he was appointed chief chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture. Almost immediately he began to agitate for a national pure-food law. His talents as an agitator were very great. He believed to the bottom of his soul in the movement that he was endeavoring to further and he attacked the food manufacturers and drug companies in a manner that made good reading and won him a following which grew from year to year.

Dr. Wiley did not know the meaning of the world compromise. He saw those whom he assailed as not only duping the people but poisoning the people and he went at them, hammer and tongs. His superiors, including several Presidents, would have given a great deal to have been able to curb his violence but they found him utterly unmanageable. The reports which he gave out copiously had to do with the substitutions and adulterations employed by drug manufacturers and food manufacturers and aroused a large element of the public to a fury of resentment against those whom he attacked.

He knew, too, how to capitalize publicity. One of his "stunts" was the organization of a number of the young men working in his department into what he called his "poison squad." These young men agreed to eat only foods treated with preservatives which the manufacturers claimed were harmless. Every morning Dr. Wiley took a look at them at their breakfast and every day he gave out statements to the press telling of the results of the experiment.

Thus his fame grew. The public always loves a fighter and Dr. Wiley was the kind of fighter who tolerates no interference. With the support of President Roosevelt he succeeded in 1906 in securing the enactment of a pure-food law, culminating a campaign which he had waged for more than a score of years. But when, a little later, President Roosevelt tried to curb his power Dr. Wiley was en-

raged and thereafter made numerous speeches denouncing Mr. Roosevelt as a traitor.

Scientific progress has demonstrated that Dr. Wiley was wrong in certain of the views which he held so tenaciously and expounded so ferociously; his long battle against benzoate of soda, for example. But the country owes him much. He stamped out frauds and dishonesty in foods and drugs and forced reforms which have been to the general benefit. He was, indeed, a truly remarkable man and he did a truly remarkable work.

WE PRAY

Spirit of God, do Thou possess my heart;
  Wean it from earth; through all its pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
  And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstacies,
  No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel visitant, no opening skies,
  But take the dimness of my soul away.

Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
  Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear;
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh,
  Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
  One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the Heaven-descended Dove,
  My heart an altar, and Thyself the flame.

—Rev. George Croly.

A HOUSE WHERE HISTORY WAS MADE.

By Antonia J. Stemple

Washington is a city of so many attractions and is so significant in all its phases, that every American should make it a point to visit the capital of his country as often as possible. He will become a better and more intelligent citizen by so doing besides being pleasantly educated and entertained as well.

Washington has many old and historic landmarks and some of them are extremely interesting and redolent of romance. One of these is the old Decatur house on the southwest corner of Jackson Place and H. Street, only about a block from the white House. This historic mansion, which has recently been repaired, was built with prize money from ships captured during the War of 1812, by Commodore Stephen Decatur, who made naval history. He it was who made the immortal and much debated toast: "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be right, but our country, right or wrong."

The toast was made at Norfolk, Va., in 1816, at a reception given in Decatur's honor after his famous exploits in the Mediterranean Sea. The story of those exploits is indeed fascinating reading.

Unhappily, the famous commodore met an ignoble end as the result of a duel fought in 1820 with Commodore Barron, who challenged Decatur because of certain incidents connected with happenings on board a vessel of which Barron was the commander. Dueling was one of the accepted methods of settling disputes in those days, but happily is no longer practiced. After Decatur's death, his wife, who had once been courted by Jerome Bonaparte, went into retirement in Georgetown and the mansion was leased to Baron Tuyll, Russian minister, who gave many brilliant social affairs there. Subsequently the house was occupied by Henry Clay, Secretary of State under President John Quincy Adams. Martin Van Buren, who later was elected President, also occupied the mansion for a time. While he lived there he had a window cut in the south wall so he could gaze across the fields to the White House and note the weather signals displayed there by "Old Hickory," General Andrew Jackson, who then occupied the presidential chair.

Other famous occupants of the Decatur house were Edward Livingston of Indiana, Sir Charles Vaughan, British minister, and Baron Hyde de Newville. At the close of the Civil War the house was sold to General Edward F. Beale, and is still owned by the Beale family.

The Decatur house was built in 1819. It was designed by Benjamin H. Latrobe, who was one of the principal designers of the majestic United States Capitol at Washington.

"Determination reduces hard work to nothing; procrastination makes hard work out of nothing."

AFTER HIGH SCHOOL WHAT

By F. L. Higgens

When the final high school examinations have been passed successfully and the long-desired diploma is ours at last, then what? College, manifestly, does not await all of us in September or even later still. However, this should be no excuse for making high school the end of our intellectual life instead of the beginning that it rightfully is. We may continue our education happily and also profitably, if need be, without benefit of college, as has been proven again and again in similar cases. We may if we so choose, like Mitchael Angelo, extend our student days through life, making existence the richer and fuller thereby. All that is necessary on our part is the love of learning. Of opportunities for pursuing it there are many.

One excellent substitute for college work is a post-graduate course at the home high school. Where this can be arranged it is highly advisable, even to be preferred above the first year of college—as many an advanced student, looking backward, will tell us. There are fewer adjustments to be made in habits of study, likewise fewer demands on the purse. Where the high school curriculum permits, as is the case in all but the very smallest institutions, work can be arranged with a view to college credits later on. A second or a third foreign language, for which we found no time before, may now be taken up for the purpose of future credits or merely for cultural pleasure. An extra science, that was hitherto crowded out of our schedule, proves equally profitable. This, too, is the time for the craft-work that we desired, but could not take because of conflict. And right here, in the home high school, is the proper place for the commercial course that is too often postponed to be pursued in some expensive private business college.

The larger towns and cities of our prosperous land make ample provision for the ambitious students in their various night schools. For those who must become wage-earners before they have completed the high school course and for others as well there are the night high schools with a wide range of alluring and useful subjects. Fortunate indeed are the boys and the girls who find these available. Municipal universities and normals, art, dramatic and technical schools likewise offer many night courses counting toward degrees or diplomas, as the case may be. In the leading cities there are also such community centers as Chicago's famous Hull House inviting to various cultural activities. Denver has its Opportunity School devoted almost exclusively to adult education. Even the more remote rural districts are being gradually provided with folk centers where all may learn who will.

Where none of these advantages are available there are usually extension courses to be secured under the auspices of the State universities. These may be either of the lecture or the correspondence type, entitling to full college credits after the proper examinations. Many other universities of high standing offer

what they term home courses in various subjects, extending through and above the high school branches. Special correspondence schools also offer work to the isolated student and may prove satisfactory where properly recommended. Should none of these be just what we are seeking—though that is hardly possible—there is always, as a first or last resort, the local library. Assuredly no one is to be pitied or counted without opportunity who has at his disposal a good library. It is hither that the true student will turn when he is through with schools and colleges forever and knows them to be but the merest beginning in the conquest of knowledge. In all the larger cities there is now a reader's guide to assist in planning special reading courses for those who desire them. The same service will be gladly rendered elsewhere by any librarian worthy of the name. We have but to specify our choice and the endless treasure of the shelves are ours, free and without price.

What shall we say now that we have only ourselves to please? We have found much joy in literature, then we should not hesitate to find more than a meager one hour daily has afforded through the past four years. We are ready at last to make friends of those who have been but acquaintances before. How little we know of Tennyson, Wadsworth, Keats, Shakespeare even—though we have satisfied the requirements of the curriculum! Now we may take them volume by volume till every delight is ours. Lives, letters, biographies, autobiographies all will aid us in our quest. As for the novelists—Scott, Thackeray, Meredith, Austen, Dickens and their classic company—how scant is our knowledge of them! Though we read without regard to either sequence or system surely some profit must be ours. And naturally, the greater our application, the greater our reward. College itself does not afford anything more precious than the leisure for such reading. If high school has not provided a contact with contemporary authors, now is the time for that. It will be a pleasant adventure surely, under the proper guidance, to meet the poets, novelists, story tellers, and other writers of our own times. As we compare them with our favorites of the past they will become something more than names to us, which is surely as it should be if we are to share in the fullness and abundance of life.

If history is our preference, then certainly we should take advantage of our new freedom by delving more deeply than has been permitted us in high school. Some more comprehensixe texts interspersed with plenty of good historical novels and reliable present day research will keep us too busy and happy to entertain any vain regets for college. Some research of our own, under the direction of the local historical association, may prove equally beneficial. Now is the proper time for our first genealogical efforts, for the setting down of family tales and traditions, for acquiring such essential habits of the historian as checking, verifying, doubting. Here alone is employment for many years. In some cases it may be made profitable by preparing the stories for publication.

If geography is our choice, then the travel books old and new will afford

us endless delight—for there is no end of them surely. A country at a time till we know it thoroughly is a wise plan, as we shall doubtless discover. Yet we may be as haphazard as we choose in our happy stay-at-home college, wandering at will as few students and even the explorers themselves are able to do. In connection with our studies we may undertake visits to the local Indian mounds, glacial deposits, specimen hills, quarries, potteries and similar objects of interest, recording our finds with pen and with camera. A small moving picture camera adds much to such excursions and is valuable for recording local customs and celebrations. The student with an eye for the picturesque and "a nose for news" may even hope to market such wares in a small way.

If we have graduated from high school—and many of us have—with no other knowledge of art and artists than that gleaned from rare history chapters and foot notes, then we may rejoice in a reading course on art appreciation. There are books on the subject simple enough to be mastered alone, so that we need have no fear of missing an instructor's guidance. Though we are timid and of little faith we shall be able to gain an acquaintance that will afford both pride and pleasure. The great names of art will sway us with their magic. Raphael, Rembrandt, Reynolds, Turner, Corot, Velasques—shall take on new meaning for us. After the masters, of course, should come some study of the moderns so that we shall miss no portion of our great heritage. Our own contribution should become so familiar that such names as Innes, Chase, Doveneck, Sargent, West, Stuart, Trumbull, Morse, Sully have a real significance. The art magazines will hel especially with the modern aspects, while the art galleries of the larger cities offer exhibitions of both the old and the new. Though we cannot draw a line, we can share with the creators themselves in the enjoyment of their work. This is true in etching, sculptor and architecture as well as in painting.

If we have known an awakening interest in botany, due to the pitifully small herbarium, prepared for the high school class, now is the time of all times for the next step in this fascinating study. How many of us are able to name and identify seven hundred species of plants and flowers to be found in the vicinity of our homes? This goal set by an ambitious young botanist of twenty should keep us busily employed for a year or so. Often our classroom text and key with a small magnifying glass is all the equipment we need for this engrossing work. In new territory a popular botany text will dispense with too much technical identification if this is beyond us. A collection of woods adds interest to the study of our native trees, an herbarium to that of the plants and the grasses. A camera is helpful with all but especially with mushrooms, toadstools and lichens—one of the most fascinating divisions. What fairy-like pictures and slides we can make of these neighbors of th ewoods and fields! As an interesting and useful diversion we may experiment with the propagation of the wild flowers by seeds, roots or cuttings. And discoveries along this line will be of untold value

and welcomed by flower lovers and conservationists everywhere.

If high school has introduced us to only such exemplar butterflies as the Monarch and the Viceroy and perhaps the cabbage moth, then still further delights can be ours in this branch of natural science. Surely it behooves us to know what is common and what is rare among these exquisite guests of the garden. If we are foolish and have not our lamps of knowledge trimmed and ready, we may miss the Giant Swallowtail when it deigns to visit us in swift migraion, or the great tribe of moths—Luna, Cecropia, Emporer, etc.—when they fly abroad on fair June nights. A collection of these jewels in the name of science is well worthy of our time. Specimens may be exchanged between students, or bought and sold outright. Interesting vacation work is sometimes afforded in the expeditions of professional collectors, when we have mastered the details to perfection.

The study of birds is another subject seldom completed in high school, but remaining to be pursued with profit and pleasure from year to year. Can we name and identify, by sight and ear, as many as a hundred native species That is another goal to strive for. If we turn to it in earnest, with a reliable text and a fairly good pair of glasses, we should be able to accomplish much in our stay-at-home university. In addition to "naming the birds without a gun" there is much to be done for their welfare and preservation—gardens and parks to be transformed into havens for them, study clubs to be organized and directed, protective legislation to be promoted. Well, some men of talent have found it occupation for a lifetiime and so might we. Indeed there can be no happier ending for a hobby than to extend it into a vocation. With patienc and understanding and a little good fortune we should all be able to do so.

However, if a college course is deemed essential for our greater happiness and usefulness, we should not relinquish it too readily. If no way offers at once, home studies on the above lines will fill in the interim and keep us in a learning mood which is of the utmost importanc.e Then if no way opens, it is for us to make one rather than to forego our dream entirely. Letters of inquiry directed to the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., or similar organization in the college of our choice may serve to put us in touch with a part time position such as many students depend on. Certain it is that if we seek we shall find.

Square thyself for use; a stone that may fit in the wall is not left in the way.—Persian Proverb.

THE PASSION PLAY

By Mrs. W. J. Dentler

May of 1930 witnessed the opening of the Passion Play at the little Bavarian village of Oberammergau in southern Germany. It was given, as it always is, in fulfillment of a solemn vow made in 1633 when the people were almost miraculously saved from a terrible plague that was ravaging the country.

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had seen Europe torn by religious discord and wars. With the fury of war came plagues and pestilence. In 1633 a death-bringing disease broke out in the nearby districts of the Ammer Valley, being especially fatal in Partenkirchen, Eschenlohe and Kohlgrub. Notwithstanding the fact that these villages are separated from Oberammergau by high mountains, and that every precaution was taken to keep out the disease, it suddenly made its appearance. Caspar Schiessler was working in Eschenlohe, but wishing to celebrate the Feast of the Consecration of the Church at home, he came secretly over the mountains, bringing to his village the fatal disease.

He died within twenty-four hours after reaching home, and within three weeks eighty-four people had fallen victims. In the midst of their calamity they made a solemn vow that if God would deliver them from this pestilence, they would represent the passion of the world's Saviour every ten years in grateful veneration of Him, and for the edification of themselves and their children. Although many people were at the point of death when the vow was made, not another person died. The following year, 1634, they fulfilled their vow by giving the first presentation of the Passion Play. It was given at irregular intervals up to 1860, but since that time it has been given every ten years excepting in 1920, when their suffering from the World War forced them to postpone giving it until 1922. Sixty-seven men from the village lost their lives, besides those who were crippled and maimed. Then, too, they felt that in 1920 the political and economic situation did not warrant the undertaking of the play. Constant inquiries from the outside world, however, led the villagers to believe that in thousands of human hearts the world over, no trace of bitter feelings remained, and that Christian brotherhood had in great measure triumphed over political hatred. As they took up the task of presenting the play in 1922, one of the leading characters gave voice to their feelings thus: "We do not commence our work with hopeless timidity, but with the old love and enthusiasm of our forefathers, to whose customs we wish to remain faithful. We approach our work again with confidence in God who always granted it a happy issue and made it a blessing to our village and its visitors, with confidence in our old friends, who remained faithful to us during the present hard times and stood by us with help and advice, trusting to the many thousands who in their hearts are longing for the Redeemer. The play bears the name, 'The Great Sacrifice of Reconciliation on Golgotha.' So

our forefathers named it and so we wish to have it understood and received. May it contribute to reconcile every man to his God, to unite all schismatic Christian communities, and to conciliate all hostile nations."

This, then, is the chief purpose of the simple villagers of the Ammer Valley: to fulfill a solemn promise, and to reconcile man to his God; reasons sufficient to account for the spirit that all who attend it cannot fail to sense, not only in the play itself, but in the life of the people as they go about their daily tasks.

The Children of the Village

From Munich it is but a short train or motor journey to the village of Oberammergau. It appeals to the traveler as soon as he glimpses it nestling snugly in its mountain-encircled valley. Somehow, as we got off the train, we saw that the children about the station, watching the "train come in," had a different expression from the children that we are accustomed to see. It was not merely a personal opinion. Many in our group noted it and spoke of it.

Nearly all the children are in the Triumphal Entry scene, waving their palm branches, and adding their shouts of hosannah to those of the multitude. They, too, feel the solemnity and sacredness of it all. We asked one little madonna-faced girl of about eight what part she wished to have when she grew up; without hesitation she replied, "I want to be good enough to be Mary." We wondered if it were not the ideals these peasant people constantly keep before them. and their striving to live as purely as it is possible for frail humanity to live, that gives them that saintliness of character and spiritual frame of mind, which no person can fail to sense as he tarries in their midst.

We stayed in the home of "Lazarus," who proved to be a most interesting person. It was our privilege to chat with many of the leading characters, and we came away profoundly impressed with their simplicity, sincerity, and unselfishness. The play with them is a tradition. They live for it; in fact, they live it. It is the spiritual side which is dominant in these peasants of Oberammergau. Mary, Mary Magdalene, and John spoke as with bated breath. Their whole manner was wistful, tender, and subdued. It is their fineness of character as much as the beauty of the presentation of the play that makes an indelible impression on those who are privileged to witness it.

In the Mederspacher home, for "Lazarus" is Leonard Mederspacher; we were given every thought and courtesy that it was in their power to give. The fare was simple but substantial. It happened that there were six Germans and three Americans staying there. The German people were seated at the large dining table on the center of whch had been placed a huge stein of beer, for common use. Each quenched his thirst in turn as he desired. On our small table in the corner was likewise placed a huge stein of water for our common use. When I asked Lazarus' sister if we might have three glasses of water, she replied by assuring me it would be no trouble to fill that one as often as it was empty, as she did not mind the steps. We were re-

signed after that, reconciled to abiding by peasant custom when in a hospitable peasant home. Almost no German-speaking Americans had been their guests during the summer thus far; consequently she was most appreciative of those of us who could speak and understand her language. In the evening she took us around the whole village, giving us an opportunity to meet and talk with many of the people.

All guests must spend two ngihts in the vllage, the one preceding and the one following the play. There is a personal advantage in this arrangement, as one sees the characters in private life first, then in their play, and again in the role of simple country people.

The Setting for the Play

The morning of the play finds everyone going to the place of the performance. The part of the theatre where the audience sits is roofed, but the stage, set against a natural background of hills, is open to the blue of heaven. A Jerusalem street leads directly to the stage, and as we look away from it to the hills beyond, it takes no keen imagination to picture Nazareth and Bethany just out of sight. There is nothing in the presentation to suggest anything theatrical: no artificial scenery, no make-up, no wigs, no cheap and glittering costumes, no footlights. The gorgeous garments of the High Priests bear the closest scrutiny under the broad daylight. So lacking is anything that would give the faintest hint of the stage, that we forget that the scenes of the final days of our Lord's ministry are being acted at all, and are deeply impressed only with the reality of those tragic times. It is a great conception carried out with reverence, solemnity, and devotion.

The play begins at eight in the morning, continuing until six in the evening, with a two-hour pause for lunch. A splendid orchestra of fifty pieces and a chorous of forty-five people greatly enhance the beauty of the performance. Promptly at eight, the chorus takes it place, and the leader intones the following, which is much more impressive in the original German than in this translation.

"Bow ye down in holy wonder
By God's curse-oppressed race;
Peace to thee! From Zion grace once more.
Not forever lasts His anger,
The offended One. His wrath is forever just!
'I demand not' thus speaks the Lord,
'The sinner's death. I will
Forgive him,—he shall live.
My Son's own blood shall now atone for him.'
Adoration! Praise! Tears of joy to Thee,
O Eternal!"

Then comes the first of the many tableaux from the Old Testament interspread through the scene to foreshadow the event of the New. It is the expulsion from Paradise. While we view this living Raphael or Da Vinci, the chorous sings of man's disobedience and expulsion from the Garden, with the promise of redemption through the Son.

The play is divided into three parts, the first covering the period from the entry into Jerusalem to the arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane; the sec-

ond part portrays the events from the Garden to His condemnation by Pilate; the third part covers the last portion from the condemnation to the resurrection. The final tableau represents the ascension, a most beautiful and impressive close to the "Great Sacrifice of Reconciliation on Golgotha."

From the beginning to the close, the utmost care and thought is given to the minutest detail. From the time that the players are chosen in the early fall, until the opening days of the play, there is constant rehearsing and preparation that not the slightest blemish may mar the perfect portrayal.

The Leading Characters

For three decades Anton Lang has portrayed the Christ, but this year his age prevented his assuming the leading role again. He will be one of the High Priests this season. A distant cousin, Alois Lang, thirty-eight years old, a wood carver and a bee-keeper, will be the Christus. Hans Lang will be the beloved John. The character of the Virgin Mary is taken by Anny Rutz, a young typist of the village. Mary Magdalene is to be played by Hansi Preisinger, the inn-keeper's daughter.

Guido Mayer will again portray Judas, giving most dramatically the inner emotions of the betrayer, and his later mental agony; it is not too much to say that he is the greatest actor in the cast. One of the most intense moments is when he appears alone, and thus soliloquizes:

"Where can I go to hide my fearful shame? No forest shade is dark enough—no mountain cave is deep enough. Oh Earth! open thou and swallow me. I cannot, cannot live. Ah, my Master, the best of men, have I sold, given up to ill treatment and to the tortures of a Martyr's death. I, detestable betrayer. Oh where is there a man on earth on whom such guilt rests? How good He always was to me! How sweetly did He comfort me when dark gloom lay on my soul! How wondrously happy I felt when I sat at His feet, and heavenly teachings dropped like honey from His mouth. How sweetly He admonished, even warned me as I brooded over the scandalous treachery. The dear Lord! and I—I have repaid Him thus. Accursed avarice! thou only hast led me astray, thou has made me blind and deaf. Thou wast the ring that Satan fastened on me to drag me to the abyss. Ah, no more a disciple, I can never look my brethren in the face again. An outcast—hated everywhere, everywhere despised, even by those who led me astray, branded as a traitor, erring, I wander, with this fire burning within me. Ah, there is still One. Oh, if I might see His face once more! I would cling to Him, my only hope and anchor. But this One lies in prison, is perhaps already murdered by wrathful enemies. Ah no—by me, by me! I, I am an outcast who has brought Him to prison and to death. Oh, woe is me. Scum of mankind. There is no help for me, there is no hope. My crime too great—no penance can make it good. (The use of the word penance is the only hint of the Catholic faith of the Oberammergau people.) He is dead and I am His murderer. Unhappy hour in which my mother brought me into this world. Shall I

still longer drag out this wretched life? As pest-stricken, fleeing from men, shunned, despised by all men. No—not one step further—I can bear no more. Here, Accursed Life, will I end thee. On this tree will hang the most wretched fruit. Ha! come thou serpent, wind about my neck and strangle the betrayer.''

A Sothern or a Mantell could give us no more than this Bavarian peasant. Thousands will witness the play this summer. Some will go because of deep Christian feeling and reverence; some will go because they are curious to see this most-talked-of dramatic presentation of the passion; others will go because the crowds are going, and it is included in their prearranged tour. But whatever the incentive, there can be little doubt but what all who leave the village of Oberammergau after experiencing the Passion Play, will be spritually deepened and uplifted.

FEWER AND BETTER LAWS

Voters in three-fourths of the states will soon decide candidates for for state legislature, which will convene in the early part of 1931, and already these candidates are voicing an opinion that a general agreement prevails that fewer, and better laws are needed.

If this belief prevails during the sessions, the people will have won over the lawmakers, and there will have been an immense gain. There are too many law makers in the United States, and there are too many laws. Federal and state statutes in effect number about 200,000...If county, city and village ordinances be added, the total is estimated by legal authorities at 2,000,000 and the list has been increasing rapidly.

More laws made more lawsuits. The decisions in federal courts already are so numerous that each year 600 volumes are required for their publication. The Washington National Budget Committee says that "laws multply until no living man can carry in his memory more than a very small portion of our federal laws alone.'' Many of the statutes, of course, essential to protect human and property rights but no sane observer can believe that people would not be able to get along with less legislation and still be safeguarded in all essential relations. Fewer laws and better ones is a worthy ambition for any legislature.

—Reidsville Review.

HELP YOUTH; A PRIVILEGE

(Exchange)

Youth is a trying time. What strange paths are opened before the young, paths unexplored and alluring paths bewitchingly labeled. The sign boards seem to point to marvels that are too magnetic for youth to withstand. Into these offered ways they go and they seem to do it deliberately, determinedly, even stubbornly against all warning and advice. But youth is like that and it always has been like that.

Mature people today formerly were the youth and they struggled as these do now, with spirits as restless, with wills just as rigid. If they came through and today are posing as models of righteousness for this generation it is because they were helped when they needed help, somebody considering it a privilege to help them. And a privilege it is, even though the offered help be spurned and refused.

Youth wants help and welcomes it, if it comes in the right spirit, and with due consideration of the obtaining conditions and of the inescapable traits of youth. Youth has its problems, serious and difficult, although to the mature life they may seem trivial. Youth has its fine qualities, although to the mature these often seem concealed too far beneath the externals of silliness to ever become of worth. Youth has its religious life to live, its God to worship and serve, its church to live in and live for and love, its Bible to read and think about and follow. But youth has different eyes and ears and desires than most mature persons have. Youth must have its religion in its own terms, to fit its own eyes and its own ears. Its desires must be satisfied.

Happy is that man and woman of maturity who can go back to their own youth and spend a little time now in helping the youth of today, trying to meet their problems and enter into their ambitions, just as some older persons came to them understandingly and helped them with their difficulties and pointed out to them many of the joys of righteousness and warned against some of the pitfalls of unrighteousness. To do this for the youth will bring you joy. You will never get any sweetness for yourself by finding fault with the youth of our day. Your complaining will never amount to anything as a helper. If you diagnose the state of youth today, for goodness sake don't talk about the wrong you discover as though you enjoyed rolling these things under yur tongue, but give your time to helping them find the safe way out. You can at least do something to help. Even to try is a privilege.

"My dog took first prize at the cat show."
"How was that?"
"He took the cat."

THE SCOOP

By Henry Carleton

Jimmy Blue was sorry for the man in the green overcoat. Jimmy was tender-hearted.

But this was different. This was business. And a scoop was a scoop. It meant a great deal to Jimmy. He looked at the watch on his thin, white wrist....another half hour and he would be through.

Meanwhile, the telegraph "bug" kept up its swift staccato.

Jimmy sat at a typewriter with a set of head-receivers clamped over his ears and spoke into the transmitter of the telephone.

Two hundred miles away, in The Chronicle office down-state, a re-write man copied Jimmy's words as he dictated, and a telegraph operator copied the words that came in over the Morse wire. A copy-reader at the big horseshoe desk compared the stories brought to him from two sources and wondered what Jimmy was up to. The stories were identical. He also wondered if Jimmy was ever going to stop. The pile of copy on his desk—and some of it already had been sent to the composing room—grew to alarming proportions.

Jimmy did not stop. His dictation droned into the telephone and his fingers typed the copy for the operator.

And the man in the green overcoat waited.

From time to time the man in the green overcoat looked at Jimmy, sighed deeply. and returned to his chair.

Jimmy was elated. "Only two wires out of town and Ive got them both," he thought, "and in a half hour the last edition will have gone to press and not another paper in America will have the story."

Jimmy was no stranger to headphones and typewriter. For two years, almost ever since he joined the staff of The Chronicle when, at the age of seventeen, he had been forced by economic necessity to leave school, he had been on the re-write desk. He was a "word-slinger"—one of those newspaper men who have the faculty of putting less literate reporter's facts into readable English.

There was a reason for this. As noted at the beginning, Jimmy was tender hearted. One, in his cub-hood, he had had what the city editor called a great story, but his emotions had got the better of him and he had failed, utterly, in writing it. Journalism requires coldness and hardness. Jimmy possessed neither quality.

"I ought to fire you," the city editor had told him then. "Oh, I know it was touching—a poor old woman, family all gone, everything lost in the fire—but for that reason we should have had a story."

Then the city editor, who had once been young and impressionable himself, said, "But I'm not going to let you go. You can write. You can put sob stuff into your copy and make the readers weep—if you're far enough away." With which he assigned Jimmy Blue to the re-write desk. There Jimmy had remained, six days a week, writing the news he could not get for the men who

could get it could not, in a thousand years, write it is graphically as he did.

The thrills of reporting were, for Jimmy, vicarious. He got his excitement at second hand.

Often he had yearned, these two years, for another chance.

And today it had come.

From a country correspondent in a little lake village far up-state had come a short message. A summer excursion steamer carrying members of the State Bankers' Association on their annual cruise was reported in distress.

Two hours later, Jimmy, who had been the only available man in the office at the moment the story "broke," was in the tiny town of Beach Haven. In the calm of the little harbor, a trim monoplane rode at ease on its fat-toboggan-like pontoons while its pilot went over the engine in preparation for a swift return to the city.

Jimmy had hurried to the Coast Guard station, and from the lookout tower he looked through a glass at the steamship Middle West wallowing in an ugly sea.

It was a great story. On the vessel were the heads of nearly all of the banks in the State. It was a story in which every person in the State would be interested, for the collective acquaintance of the passenger list comprised almost every man, woman and child within the boundaries of the commonwealth.

"She's makin' this way," Captain McNab, of the Coast Guard, told the reporter. "But she's bearin' down on the rocks. I hate to think what may happen.

"You mean you may not be able to save the people on board?"

The grizzled old lake man did not answer at once. But he shook his head doubtfully. "The sea is pretty bad, and you know there's a rocky ledge runs out a quarter of a mile from shore. Shallow, with boulders sticking up almost to the surface. We might get through with our boats, and they might get off with theirs—if they could launch them—but to bring five hundred people or more to the beach that way is a man-size job. If she were a freighter with twenty sailors aboard, I wouldn't worry. Passengers is something else again. Why, it would take twenty trips to take the passengers off—and that might not work. A heavy loaded life boat is hard to handle in the breakers with rocks sticking up ready to rip holes in you every few feet."

Jimmy acknowledged the gravity of the situation, and hurried away to file his first story on the wire at the railroad station. At the same time he made investigations. He learned that the railroad wire was the only telegraph line leading out of Beach Haven, that no other reporter had yet appeared to file a bulletin, and that, furthermore, there was but one telephone toll line available.

So far, he was alone in the field. He felt himself capable of outdoing any local correspondents for opposition papers. But, no doubt, the other papers soon would have staff men on the job.

He made inquiry and learned that there would be a train at noon.

And at noon, after having visited the Coast Guard station a second

time to find the Middle West nearer the beach and wallowing deeper in the trough of the sea, he returned to the railroad station to see the noon train arrive.

The only passenger to leave the train was the man in the green overcoat.

Jimmy followed the green coat up the street toward the beach, stood a little way off while the man surveyed the scene on the beach and noted the situation of the steamer out in the lake, and then saw the green coat disappear into a lake front cottage.

Jimmy went on to the Coast Guard Station and found Captain McNab looking more worried than ever. The situation, the captain said, was grave. Jimmy could see that the weight of responsibility rested heavily upon the gray-haired veteran whom he already thought of has friend.

"Isn't there any way?" Jimmy asked anxioulsy. "I don't know a thing about such matters, but I've read of breeches buoys and such. Can't you use one?"

"Not here," said the old captain. "That is, the chance is a pretty long one. The Middle West can't get in very close, I'm afraid, and the gun carrying the line won't carry that far in a gale."

"And I suppose," Jimmy hazarded, "the boat is likely to break up in a short time."

Captain McNab nodded. "I'm afraid of it," he said.

While they watched from the rocky beach, the steamer was coming nearer, driven in by the wind.

For possibly an hour they stood, while surfmen waited at their posts, surf boats ready on the little two-wheeled carts, to go into action at the signal. A little way off the gun that fired the line over the water—the line which would be attached to a cable to carry the breeches buoys—was set up in readiness, its lines coiled in open boxes.

Jimmy heard Captain McNab gasp, almost inaudibly.

"She's struck," the officer said under his breath.

Then he ran down the beach to the surf boat spoke a sharp order, and the surfmen wheeled the sturdy little craft into the water.

Jimmy watched, fascinated by the scene, the calm precision of the trained men as they launched their boat and took the oars. Breathlessly he strained forward as the bow of the boat plunged into the breakers, swung aside to avoid rocks that loomed ahead of it, plunged on again.

A villager screamed as the boat capsized.

Jimmy waited only until the last of the Coast Guardsmen, looking fat and ungainly in their life belts, had struggled back to shallow water, and then ran back through the village to file another bulletin for The Chronicle. And just how great a furore that bulletin would cause in his office he knew better than most reporters. He had wired that the Widdle West was doomed, and with her, more than likely, most of her passengers and crew. He could visualize the haste in the office to assemble pictures and obituaries of the bankers whose names appeared on the Middle West's passenger list. Scores of brief stories of these bankers would be put into type; a page of pictures would be ready and waiting for the climax.

And Jimmy was alone on the scene. The Chronicle would scoop the world.

Having filed his second story, Jimmy started the return journey to the beach. On the way, however, he passed the edge of the little harbor in which rode the seaplane in which he had come. He remembered that his camera still was in the cockpit, and that he must take plenty of pictures back to the city with him.

A signal brought the pilot ashore with the camera, and briefly Jimmy outlined the situation.

"You mean," the aviator summarized, "that those chaps may drown just because the Coast Guard can't get a line to them?"

"That's it," Jimmy admitted.

"Then," said the flier, "you run and tell the captain I'll carry it out to the ship. Very simple. I couldn't take off dragging a rope, but I could fasten the box to a wing, drop the end as I fly low over the beach, and drop the rest on the deck of the Middle West."

The next half hour's activity was so swift that Jimmy was in a state of confusion. Two Coast Guardsmen carried the box of line, neatly coiled so that it would run out without friction and without fouling, to the plane in the harbor. The pilot flew low over the beach, dropped the line which was made fast, and made contact with the endangered ship, which, according to signals, was beginning to pound on the rocks.

The line was drawn taut. Then the cable was made fast to the tripod on the beach, and in a few moments a breeches buoy made its first trip carrying the women passengers to safety.

Jimmy was first to reach the first of those rescued, and in a few minutes had obtained the skeleton of his story—a brief account of what had happened on the ship after the wireless had gone out—and was ready to elaborate upon it to any length.

Why, it was the greatest story of the year. The sensational rescue was of even greater importance to his own paper and to the State than the impending disaster would have been, although papers in the East and South and far West would give it less prominence.

At a rickety, jumpy old typewriter in the agent's office at the railway station, Jimmy began writing his story. It was just in time for the afternoon editions—a short bulletin for the one o'clock saying that the passengers probably would be saved, a longer story for the two o'clock, a big clean-up for the final at five.

He had been writing for some time, giving his copy to the operator in short "takes" when the man in the green overcoat ran into the office.

Imperiously, the newcomer demanded the attention of the busy operator. "I want to get a message off at once," he said. "It is very important."

The operator nodded. "Just as soon as the wire's open," he said amiably. "But I've got quite a lot here to send."

"Break into it, then. I tell you this is important."

The operator glanced at Jimmy. Then he said to the impatient man in the green coat. "The other man's message comes first, but of course if it's all right with him it's all right with me. But he acts as if its ur-

gent."

The stranger appealed to Jimmy.

"Sorry," said Jimmy, scarcely looking up from his work, "but I'm ahead of you. You can get on the wire as soon as I've finished. Not before."

He then saw the other man eyeing the telephone.

Instantly Jimmy had placed the receivers over his ears and was placing his call to The Chronicle.

If this other reporter thought he could get ahead of him, he was mistaken, Jimmy thought with an inward smile. It was all old stuff. From the veterans of The Chronicle staff, Jimmy had heard the classic, time-worn stories—of the now famous journalist who first filed the Book of Genesis when he had written all he could of the more recent young copyist who sent the first ten pages of a pocket dictionary of Irvin Cobb's account of how, unsuspecting the real reason, he was told to keep on writing until told to stop, and worked all right keeping others off the wire before he found that it was a telegraph editor's trick to beat the opposition papers.

Now it was just a race—a race in which Jimmy must beat time with words.

His telephone connection established, Jimmy kept on writing, handing his copy to the operator, and reading what he had written to the re-write man on the phone.

Fifteen minutes passed. The man in the green coat was more impatient.

"Say," he shouted, "just when are you going to stop?"

Jimmy grinned. "At 5:01 P. M., precisely," he answered. "Nobody gets on this wire until The Chronicle's night final is on the street."

"But it—it's a matter of—of life or death."

Jimmy merely grinned. He wasn't going to be fooled by any mock tragedy in the other man's plea. The green overcoat's newspaper could whistle for its story.

At five o'clock Jimmy turned over his last page of copy and hung up the telephone receiver. He got stiffly out of his chair. For more than four hours he had written uninerruptedly. He had described the town, the beach, the Coast Guard station all the Coast Guardsmen, the rescued passengers. He had told and re-told the difficultied facing Captain McNab and the terror of the ship's company. He had written gallantly of the aviator's feat. Finally he had written interview after interview with the rescued passengers from the brief information they had given him. Toward the end he had begun to repeat what he already had written.

The four-thirty train came and went. The man in the green coat had strode up and down, waiting and glaring at the reporter who never stopped writing and filing his story.

Jimmy, leaving his work, waved cavalierly to the waiting man.

"There, now. It's all yours," he said. "I'd advise you to make it short, though, because as soon as the rescued bankers recover from their experience they'll just about throw you out to get their own tender messages on the wire."

The man glowered, and thrust a scrawled message into the operator's hands.

Jimmy, in passing, could not resist

the impulse to glance at it.

"Dr. H. H. Morton," he read, a little startled. The address was an office building in the city. He read on, involuntarily. "Mother dying. Local physician advises operation imperative tonight." A strange name was signed.

Jimmy's heart sank, and he felt his face growing pale. Then he flushed hotly.

"I—I thought you were another reporter," he stammered. "Wouldn't have held the wire if I had known I—I don't know what to say."

The man in the green coat stared at him stupidly. "I don't understand."

"You woudn't," said Jimmy, feeling very ill.

"I'm sorry. But you should have told me."

"Fat chance I had to do that," growled the other.

"Then you should have thrown me out."

Jimmy's eyes roved nervously around the office. The figures on a time-table caught his attention.

"But look," he cried in dismay, "Dr. Morton can't get here. The last train from the city left ten minutes ago."

"It's too late," he mumbled. "There isn't another train until morning, and the doctor here said that he must operate by midnight. Dr. Morton is the only man who can do it."

But Jimmy was thinking hard.

No, there was a way, and Jimmy resolved to try.

"I have it," he cried. "The seaplane. I'll be back in the city by seven. I'll find Dr. Morton and—well, the plane belongs to The Chronicle, but I'll take a chance on it—and Dr. Morton should be here by ten o'clock at the latest."

"You could do that? You'd save my mother's life."

"I not only can, but I will," said Jimmy. "If The Chronicle won't stand for it, I'll pay for the trip myself—but The Chronicle will. It's another story," he added.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. T. H. Talbert, our dairyman, is back on the job again after a pleasant vacation.

The boys on the tractor force have been disc harrowing the orchards during the past week. This work is being supervised by Mr. Roy Ritchie.

Rev. Waldo P. Robertson, pastor of Bayless Memorial Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon.

Our dairyman reports the profits shown by the records of the twenty highest producing cows in our herd, from July 1, 1929 to June 30, 1930. The figures listed below are taken from the monthly records compiled By Mr. Lackey, dairy expert with the Bureau of Animal Industry, of the State Department of Agriculture. Mr.

Lackey tests all herds of a dairy association covering three counties—Gaston, Mecklenburg and Cabarrus This milk, cooled and bottled, was valued at fifty cents per gallon. The Training School herd has for the past several months held the highest average production per herd in the association. The twenty cows, showing the profits, above feed cost, are listed as follows:

1.	Sunshine	$ 543.77
2.	Rosie	538.35
3.	Sallie	536.64
4.	Ella	533.74
5.	Maude	528.07
6.	Buttercup	498.40
7.	Bessie	488.47
8.	Agnes	481.39
9.	Mary	490.51
10.	Magline	477.42
11.	Star	474.55
12.	Swiftfoot	471.22
13.	Eva	466.98
14.	Nellie	452.73
15.	Ruth	443.80
16.	Bettie Joe	435.28
17.	Pauline	431.82
18.	Orpha	401.38
19.	Verie	470.99
20.	May	368.75
		$ 9524.26

The Franklin Mill team visited the Training School diamond last Thursday. With the score 5 to 4 in their favor the visitors left the field in the ninth inning,, consequently forfeiting the game by the score of 9 to 0. In this inning Cook, Franklin third baseman, doubled and was trapped between second and third when the next batter hit to the pitcher; in the run-up the runner deliberately threw his arms above his head, interfering with the baseman's attempt to put him out. The umpire first ruled him out, then changed his decision when the visiting players objected. Although the runner should have been called out for intentional interferance, Manager Lisk, after some argument, signified his willingness to continue the game, but the visiting manager called his team from the field, thus forfeiting the game to the school team. Arch White, formerly with the Greensboro team of the Piedmont League, was on the mound for the school boys and Johnston Erwin, former Concord High School star did the hurling for the visitors.

Last Saturday afternoon the Rocky River team defeated our boys by the score of 13 to 3. The local lads continued their poor fielding, seven costly misplays being largely responsible for their defeat. Weaver started on the firing line for the school team, and a combination of hits and errors allowed the visitors to chalk up six runs. He was relieved by Holman in the fifth, who allowed three hits and five runs. Lisk took up the pitching duties in the seventh and two runs were scored during the remainder of the game, both of them being unearned. Singles by Poole and Russell and a triple by Easley in the third frame accounted for the three runs scored by the local boys.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30	to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136	to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36	to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46	to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34	to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12	to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38	to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32	to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40	to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29	to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31	to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33	to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39	to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11	to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37	to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45	to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135	to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35	to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., JULY 26, 1930. No. 27

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE CHOICE

Through the rich man's window
  Joy passed one day;
He passed the scholar's alcove
  Though bidden there to stay.

He brushed the cheek of beauty
  Then rested—foolish Joy—
Beneath the ragged jacket
  Of a little beggar boy.

—Mary Frances Butts.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

JOY IN GIVING

There are many things we can give to bless the world, but we come back to money again, and about it we want to remark on the joy it may occasion. In the South, where the name of George Peabody is very familiar, it is known that he did much for education in that section of our country. On one occasion he remarked to his friend Johns Hopkins, "There are just three great ministries—teaching, preaching and healing. I have had fun making money. Now I am going to have more fun giving away money to prepare youth for those ministries." His friend Johns Hopkins turned this thought over in his mind and it so took possession of him that later he founded in the city of Baltimore Johns Hopkins University, an institution that is known over a large part of the world. The length and breadth of the ministry of that university would be hard to compute.

It is in order to ask what proportion of the people who get fun out of making money know what fun there is in giving a portion of it away for the benefit of others.....If, as I have read somewhere, three billions of dollars were contributed last year for philanthropic and benevolent purposes, somebody had been having a lot of fun.—Young Folks.

A VITAL WORK

The most vital duty of every one is to try to keep well, besides contribute to the community, by example and word, as an incentive to making a healthy citizenship. A universal health crusade has been launched by scientist,

aided by philanthropist, and units of workers sent out by officials of the state and national government. Preventive medicine when first practiced was resented, more or less, as an instance suggestive of charity, but today free clinics of all kinds are accepted as a God s blessing just as the free schools are accepted for the education of our children. It is impossible to have a sound and active mind within a puny body, so no one is considered truly educated without some knowledge as to the proper care of the body.

Just lately Dr. D. G. Caldwell, county health officer, has notified the parents of Cabarrus that the State Board of Health will hold a tonsil-adenoid clinic July 22, 23, 24, 25, for school children from six to twelve years of age. These clinics are not held in any county oftener than every three years. The Central Primary School building will be used as a temporary hospital with competent specialist sent out from the State Board. The clinician of this clinic will be a local surgeon, Dr. R. S. Rankin. All children brought to this clinic will be examined by a specialist after which a decision will be made as to the wisdom of the operation. In this examination usually a very large percentage are found with enlarged and diseased tonsils and adenoids. Unless these defects are corrected in childhood there is great danger of having an undeveloped body, or either suffer from bad vision or defective hearing—all of these retard progress in school work.

The plan of the united activities of the State Board and County Board of Health is to operate on 100 children during the four days making an average of 25 operations a day. It is the hope of Dr. Caldwell and his co-workers of the county health office that the splendid results realized from the clinic will be two fold—many children greatly aided, besides the people will understand more fully the value of this corrective work. All tonsil clinics, prior to this one conducted by the State Board of Health, have been under the auspices of the King s Daughters, Concord,—a work, it matters not who sponsored it, is most important.

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HE WILL BE MISSED

The sudden passing of Dr. J. R. Bridgers, at his summer home, Montreat, brought a feeling of profound regret to all who knew him. He was active as an editor, preacher and recognized as a scholar. He was beloved not only by members of his own denomination but by people in every walk of life who

were fortunate enough to know him. As an editor of the Presbyterian Standard he was outstanding as a man with the courage of his convictions. He was orthodox as to the fundamentals of the Christian church, he loved his fellow man, liberal in his views as to the faith of other denominations, besides he took an active interest in all humanitarian work,. He believed in the Jackson Training School and never missed an opportunity to express himself as highly gratified with the spirit of the school and the work accomplished. He was thoroughly good, and will be missed by his church, and at the same time will be a great loss to society and the entire community in which he spent a major part of his life.

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"SUNDAY GOLF"

The ministerium of Charlotte have given their view points as to playing golf on the Sabbath. They have their convictions and have expresesd themselves. There is not a doubt that each church has members that indulge in this manner of recreation on the Sabbath. It is the duty of every minister, as the good Shepherd, to look after his flock so we feel that they have done nothing short of a christian duty. We will not sermonize, but in a few words will express our attitude by saying there would be a pricking of conscience if we were to indulge. We were fortunate enough to have a mother reared in the atmosphere of the old time Moravian style, and the observance of the Sabbath was emphasized. There is but one way to serve the Lord and that is whole heartedly. The playing of golf itself might not be wrong, but the example might serve as a stumbling block to others. There is but one scriptural injunction as to observing the Lord's day and that is "remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." We are far from the church and home when out on golf links on the Sabbath. There is plenty of time for this sport during the week.

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A GREAT INSTITUTION

On July 20th, the Duke Hospital was thrown open to visitors. The throng of visitors, from all parts of the State, and other States, was estimated to be about 15,000, far exceeding the expectations of those in charge. This plant

was under construction three years. It costs $4,000,000, with 1,000 rooms and with every modernized equipment. It is destined to stand out as one of the most celebrated medical centers of the whole country because of its unlimited funds for development and expansion. This magnificent plant, the dream of J. B. Duke, the greatest benefactor of the State, opened on July 21st, for the reception of patients. The news states that there are many patients on the waiting list so there is reason to believe upon the day of its formal opening the activities of this institution will prove interesting.

It is very gratifying to see the great wealth of a man, after death, working to development of a better citizenship, or relieve the suffering of the great masses of humanity. Yes, by the generous contributions of such benefactors we are led to believe the world is growing better. His example is indeed worthy of emulation. He was a man of power, a man of great vision and above all a man of great heart—faith, hope and charity, but the greatest of these is charity.

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INTERESTING FACTS

Statistics to the masses of the people seldom prove interesting, because unless there is a personal interest, people are too busy with their own affairs, or pleasure bound, to take time to inform themselves. But, realizing that every one has a love and depth of feeling for the welfare of the youths of the State we are going to give out some facts relative to the number of boys that came under the supervision of the officials of the Jackson Training School for the period of one year. The classification and percentage of reclamation are as follows: Eleven per cent of the boys are under 12 years, 70 per cent are from 12-16 years, 17 per cent are from 16-18, 2 per cent are from 18-21, and 11 per cent are orphans, 16 per cent do not have both parents (either mother or father dead) and 50 per cent have living parents. During the past year 762 boys were in the institution and each came under the direct supervision, and tender care of the officials of the school. Out of this large number only 15 percent, or to be exact 121 ever showed the least disposition to attempt to escape, and only 28 succeeded in making their escape. But in each instance there was no trouble, knowing the boys had taken the highway to learn of their whereabouts and make all arrangements for their safe return to the institution. Just 10 out of the 28 that escaped were

permitted to go free, and that was for various reasons. Chief among the reasons for not making an effort to bring this small number (10) back to the institution were the distance, expense, age and frequently these boys were committed to the Jackson Training School when they should have been in other institutions. The percentage of reclamation is 80 per cent, 10 per cent manage to keep out of the clutches of the law, and the other 10 per cent seem to be beyond redemption—a fact we are proud of and take keen pleasure in giving this information to the people of the State who have a personal interest in the work of the Jackson Training School.

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A LETTER FROM A MOYER TOURIST

The Uplift feels very much set up to have received a long letter from one of the Moyer's tourist. The letter is written in a splendid descriptive style, giving the high lights, interspersed with just enough humor to make it readable. The Uplift printing class felt honored to have been remembered especially since realizing the program for this occasion was a full one—moving from place to place so as to cover territory in a certain time and be sufficiently alert not "to miss a trick," as one of the tourist in another letter expressed it. We know that there are others aside from the Uplift printing class who will read this letter with great profit. Some of the boys of the office said, "just think, some one remembered us way across the waters." It takes but a little thing to give pleasure—but we often miss the opportunity.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

A whole lot of things get on the air that also get on one's nerves as well.

—o—

A scientist says, "all noise is a symbol of an imperfection." Not all, my dear sir. The crackling of a new, crisp, dollar bill, and the jingle of gold and silver dollars, always sound perfect to me.

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They are now blaming the trickling of booze into the United States from Canada and Mexico to be due to the leak of nations.

—o—

According to the advertisements of the present day, most of our socially prominent and wealthy people may be classed in six divisions: Lucky Strikes, Old Golds, Chesterfields, Pepsodent, Pond's face cream and Simmon's beds.

—o—

The man who laughs at the awkward way his wife parks a car, should see himself sewing a button on his shirt.

—o—

Tailors have decided that men's styles next year will be the same as the styles this year, but unemployment and the tariff may change them just a patch or two.

—o—

As I understand it, Dr. Einstein's latest theory, reduced to plain English, is that whatever is ain't, and that whatever ain't, ain't either. That is as clear as I can make it out.

—o—

It pays to laugh. Laugh! That's the advice of social workers, doctors and scientists. Laughter isn't just an expression of pleasure. Many of the things which we laugh at would cause an annoyance or pain if we did not laugh. When you laugh you breathe more deeply, take in more oxygen. It's good for the body and good for the mind. Don't hold back on laughter. It s a habit for health. And laughing about some things may keep you from crying about them.

—o—

Information has come to light that possibly the largest cake ever made was that with which Federick William I, King of Prussia, regaled his army in 1730. It was 13 yards long, eight yards broad, and more than eighteen inches thick. It took 36 bushels of flour, 200 gallons of milk, one ton of butter, one ton of yeast and 5,000 eggs. The cake was drawn on a cart by eight horses. The army of 30,000, already filled with roast beef, vegetables, etc., found it impossible to eat up all of the cake, it is said. That was some cake. I wish they had made such cakes in my boyhood days.

—o—

The days are upon us when the excellent ladies who run the recipe and cooking columns in the newspapers are telling how to make a watermelon really delicious by cutting out the inside, shaping it into cubes and balls, and soaking 'em in ginger ale or pineapple juice or something, and then, after several hours or days in the refrigerator, serving 'em on fancy plates or in tall glasses.

Which is the hooey, according to my way of thinking. You don't have to do all or any of that highfalutin' stuff with a watermelon to make it good any more than you have to paint a lily to make it beautiful. The first thing to do to a watermelon is to thump it . If it goes "plank," pass on to another. If it goes "plunk," that's it. Young boys have a penchant for visiting neighboring matermelon patches. Where is the boys that at some time in his youthful career did not filch a watermelon? In my very young days, with three of my pals, we visited a watermelon patch, near Barnette's Ford, on the Rapidan river, not many miles away from the very place where President Hoover now has his summer home. Before we could do much "plunking," the owner appeared and objected to our visit. But each one managed to grab a melon, and the owner chased us across the river, which we waded and held on to our melons. Soaking wet to the waist line we decided to sit in the sunshine, out of reach and hearing of the melon-owner and while drying off, feast on our melons. Believe it or not, every melon was as green as grass. Imagine our disappointment and disgust. Homeward-bound, in the middle of the road, we met a highland moccasin, about five feet long, that showed fight and gave us a chase. If you ever saw boys fly over ground, we did the flying. It seemed as if the devil had set a trap for us. Never again a raid on a watermelon patch. You may put all the new-fangled touches on but to know what a watermelon really tastes like you've got to cut it in long, thick slices, and bury your face in the red meat, until the ends of the rind get in your ears, and your face feels like when mother washes behind your ears.

—o—

There is now in this day and time what may be denominated the nuisance of noise. Anybody who can concentrate his mind long enough to study anything in our larger cities these days is something of a student or concentrator. The din and turbulence amid which we live is enough to make nervous wrecks of all but the sturdiest. Nobody can study this thing long without concluding that a large part of this pandemonium prevailing is totally unnecessary. Much of it, of course, is unavoidable. Unless, as some scientist has said, we are all more or lest crazy, we will as a people wish to give more sane thought to this growing nuisance and menace of metropolitan life. There is so much of human comfort and welfare in the life of a large city that it is too bad to have it compromised by some of the faults and defects which with just a little more effort could be eliminated or cut to the minimum. Noise is one, smoke is another.

"It's a great secret, my dear—a terribly well-guarded secret! And when I tell it to you, be sure and tell everybody to tell everybody not not to tell anybody."—Life.

A LETTER FROM EUROPE

Hotel Des Reichsadler,
Muchen,
Monday July 8th, 1930.

To the Uplift:—

Just a letter to you hurriedly. We left London Sunday week ago at seven o'clock going by train to Harwich where we got the boat to The Hook, Holland. We had lovely accomodations on the boat. The channel was unusually smooth, making the trip very pleasant in that respect. Upon landing the next morning we got busses to the Hague and had breakfast. We had until ten o'clock to look about, which we enjoyed. Then on a bus to see every thing We first went to the "House in the Woods" as it is called. It is, or I should say, was one of the homes of Queen Wilhemina of Holland. It is quite a beautiful drive through the woods whence its name I guess. The rooms are exquisite. Two Chinese and one Japanese room are beyond description. The chairs and walls are covered with hand embroideried tapestries. In the Japanese room they have Japanese cups and saucers for the chandelier—really very pretty too. I wish I could tell you more of it as one can not imagine such beauty. After the leaving the house of the woods we went to the Scheveninger, a watering resort of Holland. It was quite similar to Virginia Beach. Then from there to a Museum to see some pictures of great Dutch painters—many including Rembrandt. The Night of Watch by Rambrandt was seen, which is one of his best. We also rode around and saw the city and public buildings. It was lunch time after which we had the afternoon free. That night we walked a little while then went to a garden for wine. I do not know exactly what to call it but they are in front of all the Hotels. When we got home one of the boys said he had looked every where for us as he wanted us to go with him and an Oxford student to dance at the Scheveninger. The next day we left for a drive to Haarlem, Lyden, Volendam and Island of Haarkam. This takes us through the real old Holland—wind mills, wooden shoes and so on. We drove on a dike and saw the dooms. We had lunch at Volendom, very Dutch with no water only beer. From there we took a small boat over to the Island of Maarkam to see every one in the old Dutch costumes which one does not see in the cities. We also saw their homes and the way they lived. We visited a cheese factory which was quite interesting. It was in the home of the man who likewise housed the cows in his home. We saw Amsterdam on our way home. On the street we saw a man eatng a raw eel which we were told was a very delicate and delightful thing to eat. But, not for me. That night every one went to bed fairly early as we had to get up so early the next day.

Brussels

We went to Brussels the next day, getting there early as we left the Hague so early. I mean just before lunch. We went shopping and looking until lunch. After lunch our bus came. We first went to the National range, rifle range, and saw where the Germans killed Edith Caville. We

then went to the Wiertz Museum. Wiertz was a mad man but a genius His paintings at least some of them are wonderful. He thought woman was the cause of all evil so he painted some very gruesome and horrible pictures of her evil. He thought also some woman would come that would make every thing right tho' He used the same woman in every picture. The dog in his house painted on the wall of the museum is quite a good picture. He would never sell a picture therefore this was a complete collection of his works. We then went to the parliament building which it took twenty years to build and covers seven acres and is eleven hundred feet long. It is the largest building in Europe. Larger than St. Peters. The Germans almost destroyed it but had to leave sooner than they expected. The bombs were all placed. We saw the house on Rue Duscale where Lord Byron wrote Childe Harold. Then to the Grande Place which has all different styles of architecture according to the ruler of the time. Hotel DeVille is in the Grande Place. The architect did not get the door right in the middle under the arch so he goes up to the top of the building and jumps to the street to death because of his failure. This building is now the City Hall. In the Grande Place is the house Victor Hugo wrote Les Miserable, which we saw. We also went to a lace factory and saw them making lace by hand for which Brussels is so famous. Then we went to St. Goodule Church which is beautiful as they all are. The one unusual thing in this church is the altar which is all made from the trunk of one tree all in one piece. It is a most beautiful altar-wonder in carving. Then back for dinner. It poured rain that night so we could not go out. We left early the next day for,

Cologne

The train was late so we did not get to see the Cologne Cathedral which is one of the most beautiful in the world. It was truly a disappointment to us. We hardly had time for lunch. Some did not get their dessert then we nearly missed our train. It was quite funny seeing us with bags in hand fleeing across the station. We got to the wrong platform, at least some of us. The courier made a mistake. He got excited, then dashing from one platform to another with us on his heels. We got to the right one right in time and breathless. By some crook or turn we did not get to make the trip up the Rhine by boat. So on this train from Cologhne to Munich we saw the old castles, vineyards and the Rhine. The grape vines do not look like ours as they are all very small looking very much as your tomato plants looked when I left home. The only difference is they grow or run on one stick. The castles were certainly on the top and sides of mountains. I marvel how they ever built them in such places. Some were in perfect condition seemingly and others ruins. We also saw the Lorelei Rock which used to lure the seamen. We arrived in the late evening at

Weisbaden

the fashionable spa—only I could not see any thing fashionable to it. We dressed and had dinner. All in the parlor, after dinner we played brigde for a while, as we had a very bad

rain storm. Then some of the party entertained us with readings, Spanish dance, clog or jig, solo dancing and so on. By that time the storm was over and some went to a cabaret. M—— did not want to go so we retired to our room. Two of the older ladies went to walk in the Park right after dinner. They got wet to the skin and one fell and hurt herself. She does not know how bad as she could not understand the German doctor. The next day after lunch we left for

Munich

We got there late so every one went to bed. The next morning we went quite early sight seeing, to be exact at 8:30. We went to a wonderful Museum that was one of the largest in the world. They have been building it ever since before the war. It is only partly completed. It is wonderful for those interested in Physical Geography. Then we went to the tomb of the unknown soldier which was very impressive. It is down in the ground a number of feet with a stone wall around, on this wall are the names of 13,000 men who died during the war. In the middle of this enclosure is a bronze soldier in a reclining position. We saw the Palace Gardens which were to my mind nothing. We also saw monuments of the great Kings and so on, and a cathedral which looked like the rest. We had an early lunch and left for

Oberammergau

getting there in time for dinner. It is quite different from any place we have been in, but it was not exactly what I had expected. The houses are very small with the barn for horses and cows in the back of the house, making the house smell real barny. There is no plan for the streets or the placing of houses. The streets run any way so that it is very confusing. Every one would get lost. The people with whom we stayed could not understand us nor we them. The other guests were Dutch or Germans so we would look at each other. The first night we were there which was Saturday night we went down town and looked. Sunday to the Passion Play which was beyond words. We had the scare of our life when we awoke Sunday morning. I looked at my watch and it said 11 o'clock. I thought surely we had missed the play. We told the people to awaken us but we thought they had not understood us. After investigating we found it was only 5:30 o'clock. So we got there in plenty of time. It poured down rain and hailed during the afternoon, but will tell you about it the next time. But must add this: during the Passion Play I could not help but feel sorry for those taking part in the play. They continued to perform during the rain. Their beautiful costumes were soaking wet. That somewhat got my sympathy.

—A Moyer Tourist.

"One way of measuring the quality of any particular action is to note what influence its type has had in history."

"A LITTLE TREE"

By James A. Hartness

The following comes to the Uplift from the author with this expression of appreciation and we greatly appreciate the same:

To the Uplift,

I am sending this little booklet in memory of the friendship that long existed between me and the Hon. J. P. Cook, for his patriotic service to humanity and the State.

J. A. Hartness.

Raleigh, N. C.
July 1st, 1930.

I am a little tree and it is not my fault that I am a little tree.

If I am a little tree, think me not insignificant for I have within my nature magical forces that give hope and aspirations to be a greater tree.

It was decreed by the Creator that I and my forebears should first be a little tree before we should be a a great tree.

I am different from all other trees. I am an evergreen tree, holding my foliage from year to year proving that God has power to do as He wills even with a tree.

Scientists have searched to know from whence I came and the source of the vital principle that silently within me works, and adds daily to my proportions as a tree; to them I am still an unexplained miracle.

I was brought forth without my consent, under a Divine decree, and prescribed within a sphere from which there is no escape, and made to perform the functions for which I was created.

I am of divine origin—a thing of life—which within it has potential force that makes me day by day, become greater and more beautiful, until I have reached the fulfillment of my life.

It was purposed that I should be a tree of beauty, and that my mission upon earth should be friendly and peaceful. I furnish the wreaths for the mourners, and garlands for the marriage feast.

I decorate Christian homes on Christmas day in memory of Bethlehem, with its humble manger and priceless gift to man, and as a testimonial of the Christian faith that the Saviour was born here on this day.

It may be my destiny to ornament the court of some kingly power, or some lordly estate, or some humble cottage of the poor, or be a sentinel in the church yard to the memory of some belovde one gone on before.

I will be found by the highways to gladden the hearts of men as they go by in the mad rush for place and power.

The tired traveller here finds rest beneath my shade and the lover a romantic place to woo his maiden sweet.

The summer birds come to mate and nest within my foliage, and to make a home for their fledglings from which they take their flight.

I am the inspiration of the poet's

song, and the orator's subject to stir men's souls.

Where'er I be, let it be remembered that I am there as evidence of God's eternal will, fulfilling the mission of His decree that sent me here first as a little tree.

BIRD TRADES

Of wool and threads he makes a nest
The swallow is a mason,
  And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest and plasters it
  With mud and hay and leaves.

The woodpecker is hard at work;
  A carpenter is he;
And you may find him hammering
  His house up in a tree.

Of all the weavers that I know,
  The oriole is the best;
High on the apple tree he weaves
  A cozy little nest.

The bullfinch knows and practices
  The basket-maker's trade;
See what a cradle for his young
  The little thing has made.

Some little birds are miners;
  Some build upon the ground;
And busy little tailors, to,
  Among the birds are found.

The cuckoo laughs to see them work;
  "Not so," he says, "we do.
My wife and I take others' nest,
  And live at ease—cuckoo!"

—Anna B. Thomas.

STILL THE BEST SELLER

(Morganton News Herald)

Books come and books go. A few remain and are treasured through the years but the Bible still remains the world's best seller. From a purely money standpoint one Bible is also the world's most valuable book. We refer to the original Guttenburg Bible which is about to become the property of the Library of Congress of the United States at a cost of a million and a half dollars.

Thirty years before Columbus discovered America the famous Guttenburg Bible appeared. The invention of movable type enabled Johannes Guttenburg to print a Bible. Between 1450 and 1456 Guttenburg printed 35 Bibles on vellum and 165 on paper. At that time people took their information from priests and had no opportunity or inclination to read for themselves. There was so little demand for the costly Bibles that Guttenburg "went broke." It cost him about $750 to produce a Bible. He was sent to prison for debt, as was customary in those days, but shortly before he died he was appreciated, the government granting him a pension for "grateful and willing service to his city—Mainz, Germany.

In 1460 it brought $25. It was sold 500 years later and brought $500,000. Uncle Sam is to pay three times that sum and that famous book of books to be transferred from Austria to Washington City. This Bible is in three volumes, each of them as thick as the old family Bible, prized partly because it contained the dates of marriages, births and deaths of the family. These volumes are 15 inches wide and 18 inches long and their pages and binding are sheepskin or vellum. The pages are believed to be indestructible and are as thick as the ordinary college diploma parchment. The printing is perfect.

When these volumes arrive in Washington, they will be given the place of honor and will be the object of interest for all mankind.

A TREELESS COUNTRY

In some parts of Labrador there are no trees. The school children have never seen green leaves. They asked the children of Canada to send them some. Ontario children pressed maple, oak, and various other kinds, not forgetting to include some of the tinted varieties of autumn. Labrador is mostly a plain rising in places more than 2,200 feet above the sea. The coast is wild and steep. Stunted spruce and birch can be found in some of the hollows and glens. Near the coast the rainfall is heavy in summer, but over a great part of the land the ground is covered with snow from September to June. The winters are dry, frosty, and pleasant.—Young People's Friend.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL

(Selected)

Three girls from wealthy families were one day going to the park to have a picnic. They wore nice clothes, and had their lunch baskets, and were considered cultured girls. They were laughing and having a good time. Soon the street car stopped and into it came a poor girl with her sick brother. They, too, were going to the park. They were poorly dressed. One of the young girls remarked about them, "I wonder if they are going to the park?" Another said, "I hope not; if I looked as they look I should be ashamed to go away from my own door, wouldn't you?" "Yes, indeed," said the other, "but there is no accounting for tastes.. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower class. A gentleman sitting near heard them. He wondered if the poor girl had heard what they said. He turned and saw tears in her eyes. Yes, she had heard. Soon the car stopped again, and in came another nicely dressed girl with a bunch of flowers in her hand. The three girls knew her and spoke very pleasantly to her.

"Where are you going?" asked one. "Oh, what lovely flowers!" exclaimed another. "I am on my way to Belle Clarke's. She is sick, and the flowers are for her." Then she saw the poor girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled and went over to the little ones. She said, "The little boy is sick, isn't he, and he is your brother, he clings to you so?" "Yes," Freddy is sick, he has never been very well. Yes, Miss, he is my brother. We are going to the park to see if it will not make him better."

After a while the pretty girl got out. Half of the flowers she put into the little girl's hands and gave the boy some of her lunch. How happy they were! The little boy said, "What makes her so good to us. She did not call us ragamuffins, and did not mind her dress touching us. She called me 'dear,' she did. What made her?" Sue whispered, "I think it is because she is beautiful as well as her clothes. Beautiful inside. you know." The gentleman heard Sue's remark, and said, "Yes, you are right. The lovely young girl is beautiful inside. She is one of the Lord's dear ones."

FOOD FROM EVERYWHERE

America goes marketing all over the world. In a single day in April last the New York wholesale dealers received 800 crates of honey-dew melons from South Africa, 18,000 bags of onions from Egypt, 4,000 crates of onions from Chile, 4,000 crates of lima beans and other vegetables from Cuba, 1,700 barrels of potatoes and 10,000 packages of other vegetables from Bermuda, and fruit from the Argentine and Mexico.

—Girl's World.

AMERICAS FAVORITE HYMN

(Los Angeles Times)

To find the "ten greatest" has become a popular diversion in the last few months. Who are the world's ten greatest men—or most famous women? What are the ten greatest works in literature? Which are the world's ten greatest pictures? Who are the ten leaders in dramatic art?

These and similar competitions are popular features in public print and are followed with enthusiasm.

Etude Music magazine has just completed a nation-wide survey to discover by popular vote which are the favorite hymns of the American people. No songs, no poems set to music are so generally known or appeal to a more universal taste than the familiar hymns sung in all denominations of religion by millions of church-goers.

The result of the election, therefore, is of special interest to an nuusually large number. From this survey, which was a whole year in preparation, the Etude gives the three following, in order named, as America's favorite hymns:

1. "Abide With Me."
2. "Nearer My God to Thee."
3. "Lead Kindly Light."

None of these is associated with any special festival or season, Christmas, Easter or the like. They have the broad appeal and the personal touch. And they are more often used at funeral services than any other hymn in the hymn book. Perhaps because on such occasions the human heart is most impressionable to religious sentiment these have thus become our three favorites.

The writing of "Abide With Me" was in itself a dramatic story worthy to be immortalized in epic verse. Its author, Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, was a poor curate who devoted his life to the hardest and most unremunerative toil in the slums of Whitechapel and Limehouse. There he contracted consumption. Worn out, broken down, he was transferred to a quiet parsonage among the hills of Devonshire, overlooking the sea.

Too late to save his life, he enjoyed a few months of twilight rest in these peaceful surroundings. One morning they found him dead on the window couch, where he was wont to watch the sun rise, and on a small tablet at his side the words "Abide With Me"—written literally with a dying hand.

"Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee' may have been the message of a soul already crossing the last divide—who shall say?

EUREKA!

A Monroe colored woman thinks she has found a reason for hard times. In purchasing tea she says it is necessary to buy water to brew it, buy wood to heat it, buy ice to cool it, buy sugar to sweeten it and then buy lemon to sour it.—Monroe Enquirer.

THE OPTIMISM OF THE NEGRO

By H. H. Smith

The negro has many commendable traits. He is, as Bishop Labbuth said, "good-natured, humorous, kind and generous, loyal to his friends, and devoted when religious." But above everything else, one is impressed by the irrepressible cheerfulness of the negro. Meet him wherever and whenever you may, and regardless of his circumstances, you will almost invariably find him cheerful and good-humored. The Christian Register says: "What the negro endures, and how he endures, is the theme of a recent article by Robert R. Moton of Tuskegee Institute. In the face of all his difficulties, the negro thrives. Dr. Moton says: 'Segregation, disfranchisement, prejudice, injustice, lawlessness—in spite of them he prospers. Above it all his voice rises singing, and the note of his joy has become the symbol of our modern America. Whatever he hides in his heart, whatever he may think in the back of his head, he turns to the world a smiling face, and in spite of itself the world, when it turns to look, is captivated by the smile; when it stops to listen, is thrilled by that song. And all the while he presses steadily onward, determined to let no man, no movement, drag him down so low as to make him hate his fellow man.' "

During the World war, someone asked a negro working the roads in France, "How are you getting on over here?" He grinned and replied, "I'm trying to do mah best to make the world safe for de Dimocrats." He may not have known what the war was about—and who did?—but he cheerfully did his part.

It is said that a negro inmate of a Mississippi jail used to sing this song:

"Rich man live in de brick house,
Yaller gal do de same;
Poor nigger live in Columbus jail,
But it's a brick house jes' the same."

What race but the negro is capable of such irrepressible cheerfulness under all circumstances? There are some bad people among all races. Why should a few of the vicious sort indict a whole race? Because of a few criminal characters who have forfeited their right to live in a civilized society, some people are so unreasonable and unjust as to brand a whole race a utterly bad. Let us look with admiration upon the good qualities of the negro race, and upon these worthy qualities help hum build a worthy character. The spirit of our religion demands nothing less.

So night is grandeur to our dust.
So near is God to Man,
When duty whispers low, Thou must
The youth replies, I can.—Emerson.

WHERE AND HOW

(Young Folks)

The senior class of a standard township high school in Ohio was graduated recently. Its motto was thought-stimulating, especially for the older ones who had most of their lives to remember and measure in terms of the motto of the ambitious youngster. Back of the motto there seemed to be a suggestion from Switzerland, but its aptness for American youth is plain. The wording of the motto was "Choose Your Peak and Climb."

Thus stretching out before the youth, there is something challenging, but promising. It is the persistent question about tomorrow, about where you are going and how you expect to get there. It is a call for a selected goal for life and a determined effort to reach it. It takes away all uncertainty; it frowns on all waste motion; it cautions against squandered time; it stimulates to immediate action.

Nothing is more needed today than decision to stick to something. No one can be a success who climbs one peak until the ascent is steep and then comes back and starts up another one that seems easier. Success in any vocation, or occupation, is doubtful without the Pauline decision, 'this one thing I do."

Youth is confronted with a bewildering array of peaks today; there are scores and scores of attractive places which he may earnestly hope that he may some day occupy. There are plenty of biased advisers to laud one and decry another possible goal for his life. Happy is that youth who decides wisely, who chooses some towering peak that is worth climbing, and then refuses to look at other peaks and climbs and climbs, though the path to the peak be rough and steep and long.

It's an experience as ancient as the race. It's the wise man who must be careful of his wisdom. It's the strong man who must be prudent with his strength. It's the big man who must be solicitous of his bigness. It's the great character who must be guarding of his nobility and integrity. "Let him who thinketh he standeth, take heed" lest he become the very man who doesn't stand at all, but drops in a moment of temporary dazement and crumbles up in a fatal fragment of his former self.

—Charlotte News.

"I WILL DO THE REST"

By Elizabeth Cole.

In this busy day and generation, when everybody is trying to make a record of some kind, when the papers are full of "speed tests" and "new marks set," it's a good idea to give a thought to the snail and-tortoise story. "Slow and steady wins the race," was the lesson in old Aesop's fable, and there is more truth than romance in that motto.

We are burning up too much energy nowadays and it is a difficult problem to get people to realize just what "hustle," "bustle" and tiredness can do to the body. A noted authority on fatigue study has said "exertion not only uses up temporarily the energy of the body, but it also generates a sort of poison which slows one down for the time being." As the amount of energy becomes more and more used up without giving the body sufficient periods of rest, the poison accumulates until it is a real menace. Naturally this means that time, effort and efficiency are wasted. While we may have speeded up and seemingly have produced a record-breaker, we have in the end but thrown away our strength and energy.

Wasted time, caused by unnecessary fatigue, is really caused by ignorance—either our own or somebody else's. All the soundproof devices, the inventions to save extraneous exertion, the modern improvements in factories and workshops will be of no lasting benefit toward promoting efficiency and comfort if men and women do not contribute their own individual intelligence in using them.

Fatigue is due to a chemical waste that circulates in the blood. Scientists have shown that certain chemical fatigue substances, when injected into animals, produce all the symptoms of fatigue. A tired person is a poisoned person. As long as there is a balance of rest, during which time the blood has a chance to purify itself (and nature has arranged for this), all is well. But when this chemical poisoning is allowed to continue for a period of time it will poison the muscles, poison the brain, the heart, the blood, the whole body.

Chronic fatigue seldom is the direct cause of death, but it is very often the cause of frequent colds, grippe and what we call minor sicknesses as well as of more serious sicknesses. When the body is run down, the resistance to germs is weak. Chronic fatigue is probably one of the causes of tuberculosis. Certainly fatigue is one of the danger signs.

To be bright and cheerful often requires an effort. There is a certain art in keeping ourselves happy; in this respect, as in others, we require to watch over and manage ourselves almost as if we were somebody else.

—Avebury.

KITTY'S SPECULATIONS

By Grace Irene Carroll

"I wish we could have a radio," Tom Taylor told his mother, throwing down the evening newspaper in which he had been scanning the "radio column" of evening's entertainment. "They're lots of fun. Eddie Randall's father has just had one put in and it's great, I tell you. I heard it this afternoon. There was a concert by the United States Navy Band at four o'clock. Boy! it was fine!"

Tom's eyes beamed. He loved music, but no one ever touched the old-fashioned piano standing in their front parlor. Mother had used it a little once, but neither he nor Kittie had ever been taught to play. Occasionally Kittie would thump out a tune with one finger, but that was as much melody as ever came from its neglected keys. If they only had a radio, good music could be enjoyed at all times.

"Yes, and there are splendid talks on all sorts of subjects by many noted speakers, too," Kittie put in enthusiastically. Kittie was sixteen, quite grown up, and at the head of her class in high school. "Yesterday, over at Beth Gilbert's we listened in on such an interesting lecture by a noted traveler named Professor Huggins. He spoke of the origin and habits of the African Hottentot. It was so informing! I think we miss a great deal by not having a radio."

Mother smiled quietly at Kittie's interest in the South African Hottentot, as she folded up her sewing neatly, preparatory to ending a rather dull evening and getting ready for bed; yet she answered gently, "I wish we could have one, I'm sure. But their cost is rather prohibitive."

"'Bout a hundred dollars," Tom, who had done a little quiet investigating, replied. "Or maybe a little more."

"We'd get all that much in enjoyment out of one, I believe," Kittie observed, "and our evenings wouldn't be so frightfully long and dull."

"Well, perhaps we could manage the purchase of one if both of you would help earn part of the money," Mrs. Taylor suggested cautiously. The idea of putting in a radio had been much in her own mind recently, for she knew Tom's love of music and Kittie's pleasure in lectures and the many educational features offered by the radio. Now that summer was so far advanced and long winter evenings were not so far ahead, it seemed desirable to install one for the children's pleasure and profit. But hard necessity had taught Mrs. Taylor thrift, and her wise policy had always been to stimulate her growing boy and girl to some personal effort in the acquisition of what they wished to enjoy. Experience had shown her that anything easily won was usually little valued; whereas hard-earned achievement gave an interest and value to things which they could not otherwise possess. So, following her usual method, she now proposed cautiously, "I might promise to furnish one-third of the money if you two will raise the remaining two-thirds.

Do you think that you could manage to do that?"

"Sure!" rejoined Tom, jubilantly. "That's only about thirty-five dollars apiece. I have my paper route, you know, and Bob Howard wants me to take on his for a couple of months while he is away. Then Mr. Bradley wants me to help out at his grocery Saturdays, and Mr. Hedges has asked me if I couldn't cut his grass every week the rest of the summer, rake leaves in the fall, and shovel snow in the winter—take entire care of his yard, you know. He'll pay me two dollars a week and I can do it afternoons after school. Bet I'll raise the money all right."

Mrs. Taylor's eyes shone, proud of her ambitious, energetic boy. Nothing lazy about Tom. When her husband had died two years before, she had worried some for fear that the loss of a father's influence might prove a serious handicap to her growing boy. But Tom had proved his mettle, and more than once been of real assistance to her in ways she could hardly have thought possible. He had his father's good sense and sound judgment. She could always count on Tom. Kittie she wasn't quite sure of. Kittie was different—inclined to be rather impractical and visionary. Mrs. Taylor looked enquiringly at her pretty daughter now.

"We might have it put in and arrange for weekly or monthly payments," Kittie proposed, her mind jumping ahead to the pleasure of possession.

"No," replier her mother promptly and firmly. "You remember it was your father's policy never to buy anything until he had the money to pay for it. It is a good way to do and we have always followed it. I think we shall continue to do so. If you are anxious to have a radio, there is that fifteen dollars in your little bank that you have saved up. That would make a starter for you. Don't you think you could manage to save another fifteen or twenty?"

"I'll try," Kittie said, none too hopefully. "But I haven't Tom's opportunities, you must remember."

"There's plenty of jellying and preserving to be done around the neighborhood," her mother reminded her. "Last summer you picked up enough money helping other folks put up their berries and fruits to buy that pretty desk you have over there in the corner, you know. Why not do the same this fall?"

Kittie pouted. "Oh, preserving jelly-making! It's such uninteresting work!"

"But you do it splendidly," praised mother. "There's nobody around here who puts up fruit as beautifully as you do. Mrs. Simpson told me last fall that those three crates of berries you did up for her were the very nicest she ever ate."

Kittie preened pridefully. "They were good," she acknowledged. "I had such splendid luck with them, and the berries were extra nice ones. But —" a little doubtfully—"I think I know of an easier way to earn money than preserving fruits."

"What is it?" queeried Tom curiously. Kittie was apt to be full of queer impractible notions, and Tom was skeptical of many of her schemes.

"Well," admitted Kittie reluctantly, "it's a sort of speculation, I

guess. I found it in a paper."

She went to her desk in the corner, and drawing forth a coarse-looking illustrated magazine with the name Universal Household Journal printed on its front page, laid it before her mother. Mrs. Taylor saw that it was badly printed on the poorest quality of paper, and that the reading matter consisted of melodramatic stories that were broken into by many advertisements of impossible merchandise.

"Where did you get this dreadful rubbish?" Mrs. Taylor asked, putting the paper down in distaste.

"Mamie Thompson let me have it," Kittie confessed, a little shamefacedly. "They subscribe to it."

"Better read nothing at all than such trash as that," Kittie's mother chided reproachfully. "Return it to Mamie at once."

"But it wasn't the stories that interested me, Mother," Kittie objected. "It was the—the advertisements."

"Nevertheless, return it to Mamie as I said," her mother reiterated.

Kittie folded the paper up with an injured air, without directing attention to the advertisement that had interested her. But instead of putting the journal back into her desk, she carried it with her up to her room when they all went upstairs to bed. She agreed with her mother's verdict that the magazine was cheap and uninteresting; but as she again looked over the advertisement that had fascinated her, its promise riveted her attention once more.

"Valuable advice which will enrich you to the extent of many thousands of dollars sent free for ten cents in stamps. Apply to Advisor, Box 27, Blanktown, Iowa."

Kittie pondered. She thought of the easy way this presented for earning her share of the money toward the radio. Of course, she would not expect to make thousands of dollars; but if she could make a hundred, or even the needed thirty-five, she would be satisfied. She looked in her purse. There was not much change in it, but she decided she could spare twelve cents, ten for the inside of the letter and two for the outside. She decided not to speak of the matter to mother or Tom just for the present, but to wait until returns began to come in.

The next day she mailed the letter to Blanktown, and in ten days the answer arrived. She took it from the post-office herself and, unable to wait until she got home, tore open the envelope on the street and with high anticipations of the future prosperity awaiting her, held it with shaking fingers as she read: "Don't spend your pennies foolishly. Follow this advice and save your money and you will soon have thousands of dollars."

Kittie's trembling fingers closed tightly over the slip of paper. "Mean old thing!" she said angrily, as she tore it up and scattered it to the wind. "As though I did not know that myself already!"

She said nothing about the incident when Tom came in that evening with two dollars he had earned, which he turned over to his mother.

"Mr. Bradley says he'll make it three dollar's tomorrow night if I do as well as I did today helping him take orders. Wonder how long it'll be before we can have the radio put

in ''

''Kittie hasn't earned anything yet,'' his mother observed.

Kittie thought of her wasted twelve cents, and when she went upstairs at night got out the now despised Universal Household Journal determined to return it to Mamie on the morrow. But her eyes were fascinated by another advertisement in large print which she could not help seeing. It announced that twelve useful household articles would be sent absolutely free to anyone in return for the absurdly inadequate sum of fifteen cents. These could be resold at double or triple the price by the recipient.

''That seems more reasonable,'' thought Kittie. ''It doesn't promise thousands of dollars for ten cents.''

Still, she decided it would be wise to consult someone older than herself before making another investment. Somehow she felt reluctant about approaching mother on the subject. But as it happened, she met Uncle Henry the very next morning on her way downtown, and she took from her pocketbook the advertisement she had cut out of the paper and unfolded her plan to him.

''Where'd you get this?'' he asked. Kitty told him.

''Cheap clap-trap,'' he announced with decision. ''Now Katherine,'' —Uncle Henry always gave her full name—''you're inclined to be sort of speculative, I see. Well, I don't want to dampen your enthusiasm, my dear, or discourage your ambition. But as a matter of fact, they won't send you any household articles at all. They'll probably send you pictures of them instead.''

''But it doesn't say pictures. It says articles.'' She pronounced the words slowly and distinctly.

Uncle Henry's keen eyes sparkled with amusement as he replied rather satirically, ''A red plush sofy and half a dozen chairs to match, a mahogany center table, a fine stuffed, gold-embroidered rocking-chair, and a looking glass, maybe, all for fifteen cents.''

Kittie blushed angrily. ''Nonsense, Uncle Henry!'' she expostulated ''I'm not so unreasonable as to expect anything like that. But a dozen useful household articles! I might sell them again at a profit! That sounds quite reasonable, doesn't it?''

''All right, Katherine, all right,'' laughed old Uncle Henry. ''I've no more to say. But if you want to earn a little real money there's a chance I know of. Your Aunt Emmie's goin' to be up to her neck in preserving before long. We've got a bushel or more of crab apples that'll have to be done up pretty soon, say nothing about the quinces and pears and peaches. Our hired girl left yesterday and your Aunt Emmie's about scared to death at the thought of all the work ahead of her. Now there isn't anyone round here can jell and preserve any better'n you can. Aunt Emmie said that you were of wonderful assistance to her last season. If you'll come over and help out again this year, I'll pay you well for your time and labor. I guess likely that'll beat any profits from your twelve useful household articles.''

Kittie hesitated and Uncle Henry noticed with some disappointment that she seemed reluctant. The

thought of jelly-makiing and preserving was somehow strangely distasteful to her, although once she got started at the work she really did love doing up fruit and seeing the crystal jars and glasses fill with the clear colored juices and firm fruits. But just now her mind was set in another direction.

She told Uncle Henry about their plan for securing a radio, and he approved warmly. Like his sister, Kittie's mother, he was thrifty and believed that the best way to make young folks realize and appreciate the value of money was to make them earn it for themselves before enjoying the pleasure of spending it. He had worked hard all his life to accumulate his own modest competence, and always encouraged thrift in others. "Easy come, easy go" was Uncle Henry's motto.

Tom brought home five dollars more the following Saturday night. "How soon do you think we'll be able to have the radio put in?" he asked his mother anxiously.

"Be patient a while longer," she told him quietly. "Let's wait and see how Kittie makes out with her share first."

Kittie, whose hopes were high, looked mysterious but said nothing. However, a week later Uncle Henry saw her hanging clothes out in the back yard.

"Your dozen useful household articles come yet?" he quizzed smilingly.

"Yes, they came all right. Here they are." And Kittie pointed to the basket on the grass at her side. Conspicuous by their newness among their weather-worn brethren were twelve white clothes-pins. Uncle Henry looked at them, a mischievous gleam in his eye.

"Well, well," he said slowly. "I reckon they're fully as good and as useful as you could have got up to Bradley's store for half the price." Then, a little more kindly as he noticed a tear glistening in Kittie's blue eye, "Suppose you come over and help your aunt out a little. She's goin' to commence her canning and preserving next week. You can earn something substantial toward your radio."

But Kittie, who was still feeling a little resentful, told him coldly that she was going to be very busy and was afraid she couldn't Uncle Henry looked a little disappointed.

"All right," he told her, quietly. "But if you change your mind, your Aunt Emmy would be very grateful for some assistance."

That evening as Kittie opened her bureau drawer, the paper once more caught her attention and she could not help reading, "Twenty-five dollars a week easily made by agents canvassing for the Universal Household Journal. Send a postal for particulars."

Kittie shut the drawer with a bang. But although she said to herself that she wasn't going to be caught a third time, a few more days found the coveted "particulars" in her hands They embodied a large number of explanatory documents, printed to a noticeable extent in italics and capital letters on various slips of paper of different colors. Kittie read them all, and so marked was their effect upon her she soon sent fifty cents to the publishers for a full convassing outfit, which included half

a dozen cheap, gaudily colored pictures, subscription blanks, envelopes and three specimen copies of the paper.

She started out with them early one morning, telling her mother that she was going over the the Baons. The Bacon family were rather shiftless people who lived on the edge of town and were notoriously cheap in their tastes. Kittie had picked them out as being almost sure to subscribe to the Universal Household Journal. If they did, her commission would be was going over to the Bacons. The was rocking on the front porch when Kittie approached and mounted the steps, looked on attentively while Kittie displayed her sample and the gaudy pictures.

"My! ain't them pictures regular dazzlers!" she exclaimed admiringly.

"They are free with every subscription to the Journal," Kittie told her hopefully.

"Be they?" Mrs. Bacon observed, rather ungramatically. "Well, well, you don't say!" She took the copy of the Journal in her hand and began glancing over the story on its first page, rocking as she read, her eye traveling slowly down the column and over the page. Kittie waited in silence.

"Have you got "our next'?" the interested reader asked after some moments.

"Got what?" puzzled Kittie.

" 'Our next.' It says here 'To be continued in our next.' "

"Why, no, I haven't," Kittie admitted reluctantly. "But you can get it by subscribing to the paper. It's only a dollar a year."

"Well, I guess I'll take it," Mrs. Bacon agreed amiably. "You can have it sent and I'll let you have the dollar some time along in the fall."

Kittie flushed as she gathered up her pictures and papers. "I'm sorry," she told her customer coldly, "but I haven't any dollar to send."

"Well, neither have I," said Mrs. Bacon.

The young agent visited half a dozen other houses, but took no orders. The general opinion seemed to be that better magazines could be had for the same amount of money, and that the pictures on a dollar bill were prettier than the more highly colored pictures offered as premiums with the subscriptions. One or two offered to take it for fifty cents, while others were openly disapproving of the paper. Tired and discouraged, Kittie at length decided to go home. But stopped on the way at the house of Mrs. Camp, the wealthiest woman of their small town.

"She can afford it, at least," thought Kittie, as she rang the bell.

Mrs. Camp glanced at the paper and handed it back with a little smile as she said, "Oh, my dear, you're not going around with that impossible paper! It is perfect rubbish and only fit to light a fire with or to fill the waste-paper basket."

Kittie crammed the paper and pictures back into her bag, her cheeks burning and her lips tightly closed.

"Now you are hurt, I can see," went on Mrs. Camp kindly. "But you must not feel badly if I tell you the truth." She put her hand under Kittie's chin and looked steadily into Kittie's sober face. Kittie met the gaze quietly.

"There are better ways of earning

a little money than that, if that is what you are trying to do,'' she told her kindly. ''For instance, last summer you helped our Sallie make some of the nicest currant jelly I ever tasted. We should like some more. Can't you give us the benefit of your skill and experience? There will be plenty to keep you busy and I will pay you well.''

''I'll think about it,'' Kittie told her, thanking her as she left.

She walked rapidly toward home, and, reaching there, her first act was to stuff the Universal Household Journal and its pictures into the kitchen stove. She watched it burn with grim satisfaction and then turned away, fairly aching for some good hard work to do. As she stepped out into the yard a moment later, she ran into Uncle Henry who was just oening the gate.

''That you, Katherine?'' he called out. ''You're the very one I'm looking for. Your Aunt Emmie's took sick. Been overdoin' with all that jellyin' and preservin,' I guess. The stuff is all over the kitchen just where she left off after breakfast, and there's three more crates of berries just been brought in from the market that'll spile as sure as fate unless they're done up today. I thought p'rhaps you'd be willin' to tackle the job and help out.''

''Sure, Uncle Henry. I can just as well as not,'' Kittie told him cheerfully. ''Tell Aunt Emmie not to worry. I'll be over inside of half an hour and start things going at once.''

''Well, now, Katherine, that's real kind of you,'' returned the grateful Uncle Henry. ''I was kinda afraid you might not be willin.' You seemed to have a notion that speculatin' meant easier money. But I've always found that anything worth havin' had to be strove for.''

''I've had enough speculating,'' Kittie told him ruefully. ''Now, I'm all for honest effort and your job just suits me. When I've finished it, there is another at Mrs. Camp's awaiting me, and two or three more at other houses.''

Late next week Kittie came to her mother with fifteen dollars which Uncle Henry had given her—rather high pay for the work she had done, but Uncle Henry's affectionate interest in his pretty niece measured her capable assistance in generous terms. The following week a five dollar bill from Mrs. Camp brought her share of the necessary amount for the radio well up toward a figure that kept pace with Tom's steady accumulation.

''There are two or three more people who want me to help them jell,'' Kittie told her mother proudly, as they all three looked at radios preparatory to making a selection.

''I'll say you're a pretty smart girl,'' Tom admitted, with sincere admiration. ''I didn't think you'd make the grade. You seemed to have sort of a fool idea that you could get something for nothing speculating.''

''I guess speculating isn't in my line,'' Kitty answered humbly.

Not very long after this the radio was in. When Tom tuned in, that first evening after supper, a loud voice which began talking was heard to say: ''There are many cheap schemes put out by advertisers which promise short cuts to wealth and fortune. But nothing worth while is

ever gained except by honest personal endeavor and the expenditure of our vital forces, both physical and mental. To work means to win—''

Kittie's cheeks grew pink as she listened, for the message seemed to strike home rather pointedly; so she made no objection when the impatient Tom, eager for melody. twisted the dial quickly with the remark, ''Aw, shucks, let's have some good music.''

''YOUR A. B. C's.''

A ct promptly.
B e contented.
C ut worry out.
D eal squarely.
E at what is wholesome.
F orgive and forget.
G et religion.
H ope always.
I mitate the best.
J udge generously.
K nock nobody.
L ove somebody.
M ake friends.
N ever despair.
O we nobody.
Q uote your mother.
R ead good books.
S ave something.
T ruthfulness always.
U se discretion.
V ote independently.
W atch your step.
X ray yourself.
Y ield to superiors.
Z ealously live.

York, Pa., District Herald.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Plasterers are making a few minor repairs in several of our cottages.

Superintendent Boger and Mr. T. L. Grier are attending the conference of Welfare Workers, held at Chapel Hill.

We are glad to report that Ira Hinson, one of our boys, who has been in the Concord Hospital for two weeks, suffering from erysipelas, is improving.

Due to the extended siege of dry weather we have not yet received any watermelons or canteloupes, but our farm manager promises us lots of them soon.

Messrs W. E. Poole and G. W. Grove, of our staff, have been spending the past two weeks in camp at Fort Bragg, as members of the Engineers' Band, of Charlotte.

Our poultryman reports that thirty English pheasants hatched about two weeks ago are doing very nicely. He also has six of these birds that were hatched several months ago and are now nearly full grown.

Malcom Moore and Malcom Driver, of Rowan-Iredell and Rutherford cottages, respectively, were paroled last week by Superintendent Boger. As they return to their homes we tender our best wishes for success.

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, had charge of the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. After the singing of the opening hymn, he introduced Dr. P. E. Monroe, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, Concord, who preached a very interesting sermon.

Clifton Rogers, one of our old boys, visited us last Thursday. Since leaving the institution about five years ago, he has served one enlistment in the Marines, and is now working in Charlotte. Just to prove that he had not forgotten how to play ball, he took part in the game with Locke Mill. Stationed in left field he made several nice catches and pounded out a home run and a triple in six simes at bat.

After losing three straight games our ball tossers defeated the Locke Mill team, of Concord, last Thursday afternoon by the one-sided score of 14 to 5. The game was called in the seventh inning by agreement. The visitors, newly organized under the leadership of Captain Ramsey, head of the Salvation Army group in Concord, promises to develop into a good team. Captain Ramsey seems to be very popular with his boys boys and we were particularly impressed by the way they complied with his request that they refrain from smoking or

any appearance of rowdyism while on the school grounds. The school boys clubbed out thirteen hits, including two home runs and five triples.. Lisk, local pitcher, allowed but five scattered singles and fanned six batters.

For some unknown reason the Mt. Holly club, scheduled to play on the local diamond last Saturday afternoon, failed to make its appearance. With a slightly changed line-up, the school team and a team composed of some of our players and spectators agreed to play a seven-inning "scrub" game. A very interesting game developed and it was necessary to play eleven innings to decide the game in favor of the so-called "scrub" team. Andrews was on the hill for the school team and "Windy" Austin, who was scheduled to hurl against Mt. Holly, smoked 'em over for the "scrubs." Andrews held his opponents to six hits, while the school aggregation collected twelve hits off "Windy." There were very few earned runs on either side, plenty of errors, dumb base-running 'n everything, but it was a pretty good game at that.

DISTRICT ALMSHOUSES

Although there has been provision in the law since 1923 permitting several counties to cooperate in the establishment of district county homes, not yet has any group of counties availed themselves of the opportunity. Now, after seven years, three western counties, Clay, Graham and Cherokee, are taking steps for the establishment of a district county home with adequate hospital facilities for the indigent of the three.. counties.

The proposal ought to commend itself on the basis of economy alone. More than $3,000,000 is now invested in county home property in the state and the latest figures show that in 1928, 65 counties spent nearly half a million dollars in caring for 1,674 inmates. The result is obvious. Whereas Virginia has cut its per capita rate for the support of indigents to $20 monthly largely by consolidation of county institutions, North Carolina is paying $30.

There is something else to be said for the larger and consolidated institution. It permits a larger degree of comfort for the inmates and more skill in the treatment of those who are in need of hospitalization.

—News and Observer

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30	to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136	to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36	to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46	to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34	to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12	to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38	to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32	to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40	to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29	to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31	to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33	to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39	to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11	to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37	to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45	to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135	to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35	to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 2, 1930. No. 28

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TWO FORCES

"There are two great forces in the world, evil and good. Each is striving for mastery and each is dependent upon human beings as instruments through which to work. The evil that is exerted in a community is exerted by the influence of persons. The good also of the community is through personal instrumentality. A great discovery is made when one realizes that the great forces of this world are spiritual forces and that the finest instrument through which spiritual forces can operate is a thoroughly consecrated personality.

—W. W. Peele, First M. E. Church, Charlotte, N. C.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

MUST

There is a word in our language which every fellow has to get acquainted with sooner or later, and that is "must." It is a word which ties us up and makes us do what we don't want to do, or prevents us from doing what we want to do. It is a hard and unbending word, but the world would be a pretty difficult place to live in if we didn't have it. "Must" is the backbone of all the discipline of life. We must eat. We must drink. We must sleep. We must respect the property of our negihbors.

Everybody struggles against "must" because it is natural for everybody to do what he wants to do, but nobody can beat it. That is the thing to realize. All your life you will be encountering this word, and the sooner you get it into your head that the "musts" have to be regarded the happier you will be.—Exchange.

THE FINANCIAL DEPRESSION WILL PROVE A CLEARANCE HOUSE

After the annual graduating exercises of all high school students "on-to-college" has been the spirit of the age for the past decade or longer. Parents of all classes, rich and poor, high or low, have made desperate efforts to give their sons and daughters the advantages of a college experience. It has been no uncommon thing to hear that these institutions of higher attainments have been cluttered with students with no aim in life, neither with the slightest conception of the value of a college training. Many have

gone just to say "we have been to college". There is every reason to think that this wave of financial depression over the entire country will have a great tendency to eliminate many who take up space only and realize but little benefit from contact with the teaching profession, and the environment of college life. The news items show that 625 prospective students have made application to proper authorities at the University of North Carolina for work with the hope of being able to pay their tuition by rendering some valuable service in return. The young man or woman who shows a desire for an education by working, pay as you go by honorable service, will without doubt develop into a well qualified person and will prove a valuable acquisition to any community. It is but natural to appreciate things when acquired by personal effort. Things that come easy most naturally go easy, or words to that effect. The following from an exchange, entitled "Students and Colleges gives in a concise form worthwhile information:

There are 792 colleges and universities in the United States. In these institutions are enrolled approximately 1,000,000 students. There are many thouands of men and women in the colleges and usiversities who ought not to be there. On the other hand there are many thousands of men and women who are not in college or university who ought to be. Should deductions and additions be made, the total number of students in institutions of high learning would not be much changed. Within ten years or so the total student enrollment will exceed 1,000,000. This will mean an average enrollment of over 1,250 for each institution.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

CAPTAIN O'BERRY STRESSES ECONOMY

Again the State Treasurer stresses economy. But, tell us please who is not stressing economy? We might add that the people who are driving automobiles are not practicing economy. By constant riding the people are beginning to feel that they are unable to walk. If we have to go a block the first thought is to back out the automobile and ride. That is a condition of the mind, and the young as well as the old are obsessed with that thought and it is growing. The State Treasurer, Capt. O'Berry, thinks the counties, cities and towns are spending too much on school supervision. He is not alone in his convictions, as to supervision. He also approves the city and county schools operating under one head. That was advocated by the Uplift

not less than seven years ago. One office and one superintendent would have a tendency to cut down overhead expense besides eliminating other expense. He thinks that there is too much spent in maintaining the county homes. Capt. O'Berry states that records show that the cost of an inmate in some county homes is as much as $35 or $45 each month per inmate. It would be cheaper according to Capt. O'Berry to board the inmates of the county homes at some first class hotel. Vance County under the leadership of Mrs. Waddell, the far sighted Welfare Officer, has succeeded in converting the county home into a county hospital. There is much agitation going on in the entire state as to economy after years of exrtavagance, and we believe that finally things will return to normalcy. Capt. O'Berry, the economist, does not want to appear a pessmiist, but is convinced that the state is spending too much for non-essentials and that counties, cities and towns are doing the same thing. The whole affair is like a sobering up after a long spree. But, it has to come and we are working for a readjustment of state, county and city affairs. This pruming will in the future prove a good thing—taxes are too high.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

RECREATION THAT RECREATES

Summer time is vacation time. The heat becomes so intense till we feel very much like pulling off in some sequestered spot, and there lounge in the shade of the trees, listen to the birds, watch the leaves of the trees move as the gentle breeze waft through the graceful bowers. What could mean more to the tired body and fatigued mind than to commune with nature? It is sometimes difficult to choose the right place for "re-creation." There are many who seek the crowded, fashionable summer resorts and participate in the thrills of "shoot-the-chute," the "roller" coaster, and partake of the menu offered by the "hot-dog-artist." We do not get the real rest much needed at a place of this kind, but more frequently return after a summer's outing fatigued and unable to begin the old work with the renewed energy we need. Recreation means "re-create" and it is impossible to build up a tired body unless there is a thorough relaxation, with an environment that soothes the mind, and within gives peace to the soul. A change is needed for every one after a strenuous year of ardous duties, and

there is no better time to take an outing than the heated season. We need new scenes, new faces, because to continue business in the old "hum-drum" manner saps interest, when a change will give inspiration to begin all over and make a success. But, remember there are first rate types of recreation, and there are second rate types of recreation, and why not get the best? Vacations and recreations have a rightful place in life—they are real necessities—the whole question needs some careful consideration. Pleasure gained by exciting games when in the midst of a crowd, of all classes and kind, does not "re-create." Such a vacation is fatiguing. It excites, it does not soothe and give the necessary courage.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

CONSOLIDATION FOR COUNTIES ADVOCATED

Many papers of the different States are advocating the consolidation of counties. Small counties were essential in the days of mud and deep-sand roads with horse and buggy as the only means of travel. But automobiles and good roads have eliminated distance. A fifty mile spin today over a good road in a high powered car, or new model Ford, only consumes a short time, say thirty minutes, to cover the distance. The idea of merging the counties has arisen from the fact of cutting down expenses of carrying on the public work with the hope of a better management of public affairs. But, creating one overhead expense for several counties would be a venture, and finally many petty offices would have to be made to coordinate the work most effectively. In the end to get the machinery of consolidation of counties running smoothly there might be more expense incurred than anticipated in the reorganization. We say let well enough alone. There has been so much readjustment, centralized power, for instance, till we feel much like the old family servant who took several month's vacation. During her absence many changes were made in the old homestead. "Well, I declare," said the old servant, after returning home and looking around, "things are so changed and indifferent I hardly know where I am at."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE WHOLE COUNTRY WILL SOON BE ELECTRIFIED

The report from the sale of electric ranges installed in Mecklenburg Coun-

ty by the Southern Public Utilities Company, especially since all of this work was accomplished within a period of six weeks and put over during the intense tight business conditions, is astounding and confusing. It is proof that business is being done despite the cry of hard times. You hardly pass a week that there is not reported the purchase of some power line by the Souhtern Public Utilities, or some other large corporate power company. And in every instance the sale of electric ranges is pushed. Think of it, 400 electric ranges sold in six weeks is big business. Read the item as taken from the Mecklenburg Times:

> The Southern Public Utilities Company has sold during the past six weeks near 400 electric ranges in Mecklenburg county. The price of these ranges will average a little more than $125.00. This means that the people of this county have bought near $50,000.00 worth of electric ranges in six weeks.
>
> In all of the branches of this company which are in the Piedmont Carolinas they have sold about 3,500 of these ranges, representing in money about $435,000.00.
>
> When one concern can sell $50,000 worth of one item in Mecklenburg counay it is evident that the people have some money and can buy the things they need and want.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh are said to be considering taking the baby on a flight to Maine. If they start flying with him too soon he will begin to sprout feathers.

—o—

We are having our heat waves now. Brazil is having its coldest winter in years. This ought to give you a cooling thought, and as the economists say, its just a matter of distribution.

—o—

There's a deplorable tendency to criticise the President of the United States, but I'll bet a lot of people will feel silly to learn, after having accused Mr. Hoover of doing nothing about the unemployment situation, that he has added so many employees to the executive staff that the payroll has increased $90,000 a year.

—o—

The past is dead and gone as far as most of us individuals are concerned, yet too many of us waste our energy over what has been done. The future is of far more importance. Today should forget yesterday, but always remember tomorrow.

—o—

Voliva says the world is more like a pancake than an orange. Must have been made so by so many foolhardy stunt flyers falling suddenly upon it.

—o—

The department of agriculture informs a largely unemployed world that there are more than 500 different varieties of cheese. This does not include all of the Big Ikes who think they are "It."

—

More mistakes have been made by persons writing in haste than they can repent of at leisure. I mean in statement. No less a person than the late James G. Blaine once said, "Write as few letters as possible, and in these say nothing you would not be willing the world should know. Once a person mails a letter he can not recall, explain, or excuse what he says in it." Devote time and thought to your letters.

—o—

"Normal children," says Jay E. House, "are influenced and molded by what they are and not by what they see and hear and do." Great Scott, Jay, now you have gone and done it. I have long thought that environment to be powerfully influential for good or evil to children and adults alike. The Philadelphia sage says seeing and hearing and doing evil, living in a disreputable neighborhood, surrounded by evil associates, does not influence normal children. Maybe not, maybe not, Jay; but it certainly plays the devil with a lot of men and women.

—o—

A group of learned professors recently gathered in one of our American universities and conducted a series of important experiments—they said so themselves—the results of which are presumed to be of great aid to the science of psychiatry and this and that. Using a number of specimens picked from the student body the professors delved deeply into the

reactions of the human mind and brought forth pearls. They discovered several things that will undoubtedly be of lasting and untold benefit to the world, even the fourth generation, but the most important of all, and that which appears to have been hailed with greatest enthusiasm, was the fact that the strongest reaction, even consternation, was registered on the intricate instrument by which such reactions are trapped, when the specimen was suddenly told he—or perhaps she—had a dirty neck. If that isn't a valuable contribution to the world's knowledge, just what may it be called? Presumably its discovery caused the hall of learning to fairly shake and rattle. In fact, they have rattled frequently since this new fad of psychiatry was first introduced. Great is science in all its modern ramifications. Without its aid, how could we be able to fill our joke columns?

—o—

This is the day of foolhardy stunts. A brand new one has been proposed. It is a fitting successor to endurance flying, marathon dancing, pole sitting, tree roosting, and all the other past foolishness. The new one is to back an automobile all the way from New York to Loz Onglaize, all the gear in the car except the reverse being removed. It is bad enough to have automobiles coming at you head on, but now, as the new craze spreads, they'll be coming at you both ways. Guess I'll join the tree roosters.

—o—

We Americans are inclined to be lavish in praises of heroes. In fact, we are very much hero worshipers. But looking at the matter squarely in the face, where one man receives world honors for great achievements in discoveries, millions are honored by parents, wives and children for providing them with comforts of life, and the latter, in the last analysis, is prodigiously more important to humanity. Some of our praise should go to those in the humbler walks of life.

THE LONE WOMAN

There was a day in which there came a lone woman and poured ointment upon the head, and with her tears washed the feet of a wandering and despised man...Philosophers in the world were swarming and writing their names high in the estimation of men; poets were singing; historians were recording the events of the times; orators were declaiming; generals were reaping laurels; kings were sitting on glittring thrones, and all these have gone down and been forgotten, while that woman who came has been lifted into the eminence which they all coveted, but missed, and which she did not seek, but found to express her gratitude for release from sin to the despised Nazarene.

THE ORIGIN OF HYMNS

(Selected)

"The origin of hymns is not romantic," says Dr. Louis F. Benson, "master of hymn lore" and the greatest hymnologist in the country, who made a life study of the subject, and who during thirty-five years has made a collection of 8,000 volumes of hymns and books concerning church songs. In an interview with Isabella Hastie Smith, writing for The Continent (Presbyterian,) he told how Charlotte Elliott wrote "Just As I Am" when she was ill and discouraged; " how the darkness of death was creeping over Rev. Henry Francis Lyte when he wrote 'Abide with Me,' and how the inspiration for 'America' came from a little book of European tunes." To the writer—

"Dr. Benson explained that many erroneous stories have been told of the origin of familiar hymns. A popular fable is about the writing of 'Jesus Lover of My Soul.' The story says that Charles Wesley was standing by a window watching a dove and a hawk fighting in the air. As he watched, the dove flew for protection to the open window and clung to the breast of the famous divine. This story has no foundation in fact, Dr. Benson says. His opinion is that hymns are usually written at desks in studies and not at death-bed scenes or at critical moments of any kind.

"There was no external occasion for the writing of "My Faith Looks Up to Thee,' but Rev. Ray Palmer, who wrote the hymn in 1830, according to his own account, felt great emotion and spiritual uplift at the time of the conception of his great poem of faith. That hymns are often written for special occasions is demonstrated by 'O Little Town of Bethlehem,' by Phillips Brooks, and 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains.' Bishop Brooks wrote his hymn for a Christmas festival, and the music was written by a Philadelphian, Lewis H. Redner. A strain of music came to Mr. Redner one night, a few days before the hymn was to be sung. He seemed to hear it sung. he told Dr. Benson, and immediately wrote it down. The missionary hymn was written for a special missionary service at the request of his brother-in-law by Reginald Heber in 1819. Heber was afterward a bishop. The original manuscript of the hymn sold for forty-two pounds sterling, more than the amount of the entire offering at the missionary service for which it was written.

"Francis Scott Key wrote another hymn besides our national anthem, a fact which is not generally known. The hymn is called 'Lord, with Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee.' "

"Give us to awake with smiles, give us to labor smiling. As the sun returns in the east, so let our patience be renewed with dawn; as the sun lightens the world, so let our loving kindness make bright this house of our habitations."—Robert Louis Stevenson.

WHEN A FELLER MAKES GOOD

When a fellow makes good—when he wins in the fight,
I may be kind o' sorry it ain't me, all right,
  But I'm glad, yes, I'm glad it was him.
I ain't goin' to sour that the prize wasn't mine,
  I ain't goin' to be ugly or glum,
I ain't goin' to grumble or holler or whine,
  'Cause mebbe my time is to come.

When a feller makes good—when he reaches the place
  Where he slacks up a bit and can rest,
I ain't goin' to grudge it, or wear a long face,
  I'm goin' to keep doin' my best;
For what he can do I can do, like as not,
  An' I ain't wastin' time bein' blue,
When a feller makes good, it just shows me what
  Most any live feller can do.

When a feller makes good I ain't goin' to complain,
  I'm just goin' to be glad that he won,
For what has been done, I can do it again,
  Whatever's been done can be done;
I'm sorry, perhaps, that I didn't just find
  The thing that from my eyes was hid,
But as long as I didn't I ain't goin' to mind,
  I'm durn glad that somebody did.

It gives me a thrill when somebody makes good,
  It kind o' invites me to cheer,
I'd like to have done it, perhaps, if I could,
  But I ain't goin' to grumble or sneer
Jist because it was him—he just sets me the pace,
  He shows me what someone can do,
And I'm goin' to pitch in with a smile on my face,
  And mebbe I'll set one for you.

No, I ain't goin' to whine when somebody makes good,
  I ain't goin' to be jealous or hot;
I'm just goin' to cheer him and then I'll saw wood,
  And I can make good, like as not.
I'm glad when somebody makes good—yes, I be,
  When we thought all his chances was slim,
And it's jist human nature to wish it was me,
  But I ain't a bit sorry it's him.

—James W. Foley.

CONTROL YOURSELF

(Selected)

Never give way to fits of ill-temper. Every sensible woman ought to be aware that bad temper and worry will trace more wrinkles in a week than hot and cold baths and massage and complexion brushes and creams and lotions can remove in a year's assiduous application.

Physicians assert that an immense amount of nerve force is expended in every fit of bad temper; that when one little part of the nervous system is injuriously affected, the face first records it. The eyes begin to lose the luster of youth, the muscles become flabby, the skin refuses to contract accordingly, and the inevitable result is wrinkles, woman's fiercest and most insidious foe.

Indulging in a fit of temper not only makes a woman old and ugly before her time, but it actually shortens life. Moreover, every time she loses control of her temper, she unhinges a mortal brain cell and weakens by several degrees her capacity for self-control.

The oftener she permits herself to indulge in what she believes to be righteous indignation, the more frequently she finds such occasions presenting themselves, for life is full of such irritating opportunities.

It is these frequent bursts of passion that prevent women from growing old so beautifully that they seem to retain their youthful attractions, and, like a tree, become more amiable with age.

A mouth that from habit has set itself in an aggrieved or hard line, soon settles in a grim curve that writes years of age upon a woman's face and imparts a discontented and disagreeable expression which repels all desire for intimacy on the part of her acquaintances.

No matter how beautiful and brainy and fascinating the bad-tempered woman may be, or how lengthy her bank account, her power is infinitesimal compared with that of her amiable sister. And amiability is not only power; it is mental progression, health, happiness and long life to one's self and to one's friends and family.

I pity no man because he has to work. If he is worth his salt, he will work. I envy the man who has a work worth doing and does it well. There never has been devised, and there never will be devised, any law which will enable a man to succeed save by the exercise of those qualities of hard work, of keen intelligence, of unflinching will.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

WHAT IS GOOD HEALTH?

By Wm. I. Fishbein, M. D.

A country not at war is not necessarily at peace. A human body free from disease is not necessarily a body in good health. To most people health exists when disease like tuberculosis, measles or typhoid fever is not present, or when there are no physical defects like enlarged adenoids, decayed teeth or a curved spine.

Freedom from such diseases and defects is obviously desirable for good health; but one may have a body that has absolutely no blemish and yet good health may be an unattained goal. Good health means the ability to carry on work and play with the maximum of energy and vigor, and at the same time to get all the enjoyment possible out of these activities. In addition, there must be a reserve of energy on tap, ready to be called on when needed.

An excess of physical energy usually results in a feeling of satisfaction, happiness and contentment. Unfortunately, this is not always true. A good physical organism may not function perfectly, just as a costly watch may not keep good time if it is improperly adjusted. Good health means mental health as well as physical health. The individual must go through life meeting trying situations with calmness and fortitude. Unnatural worry is not only conducive to ill-health but is a part of ill-health itself. One must have the feeling that life is entirely worth while in spite of such misfortunes as may be one's lot. To be truly healthy means to get out of life the most and best that is possible.

Most people give little thought to health or disease until illness actually overtakes them. Then, when illness does come, it is the dominating element. At this time, one usually wishes to know all about the disease present, and often the patient makes the same attack on the disease that he uses in solving any personal problem. When recovery takes place, the disease is usually quickly forgotten. This complete ignoring of disease, while not the best attitude, is a far more healthful outlook than to allow the thoughts to be constantly centered on morbid processes. The latter state of mind often leads one to think that disease is present, when physical health is perfect. Of course, this is an unhealthy state of mind.

Such unhealthy mental states are often the indirect result of physical disease. At other times they are due to faulty trainnig in early life. Such individuals usually may be put in the class of those who have never learned how to meet real difficulties in life, who have never learned proper mental habits.

Nearly all people can have good physical health if they exert sufficient effort to attain it. The exceptions are those who come into life with physical defects, with some organ that has not developed perfectly. But even these can get within the "five-yard line" of the good health goal.

Two things are necessary to get within the goal posts; first, a desire to be healthy, and secondly, the de-

termination to undergo training in order to win good health. Probably the majority of people have good health. With them the problem is to preserve it. However, almost everyone can find ways of improving his health.

A physical examination is one of the first steps to be taken in order to improve or conserve good health. Such examinations are most necessary for the child. They lead to the detection and early removal of physical defects. In the adult they may sometimes have a harmful effect as well as a beneficial one. This is especially true during middle life. At this time the body is attacked by the degenerative diseases—hardening of the arteries, high blood pressure, chronic kidney disease and weakness of the heart muscle known as myocarditis. When such conditions are detected, regulation of dietary habits and control of the activities may help prolong life and produce better health. However, knowledge of the presence of disease may lead to worry. Worry is destructive. It tends to increase blood pressure that is already high. Hence, when health examinations are made, consideration is given to the problem of disclosing information to the patient that the health examination may not become productive of ill-health.

When, as a result of this study of the body mechanism, the defective parts have been remedied, the next step is to establish a routine method of supplying the machine with fuel and taking care of it so that it will give not only the maximum of service but also will do this with the least possible wear and tear upon its parts. This means the establishment of good health habits.

The fuel that keeps he human body going is the food that is eaten. However, this fuel not only supplies energy but also furnishes material for replacing wornout parts. It keeps the parts in working order. Thus, fats and sugars and starches supply energy and heat. Proteins furnish materials for replacing worn-out cells and for creating new ones in the growing body. The minerals not only are needed in building tissue but they are also regulators of the chemical processes that go on in the body. The vitamins prevent disease, and are needed to allow the body to take up and use the fuel, building and replacement elements.

Recently evidence has been presented which shows that when plenty of vitamin-containing foods are eaten, some improvement in health is brought about in those who are suffering from the degenerative diseases. Good health is not possible without the eating of a well-balanced diet—one that contains an abundance of fruits and vegetables, whole grain cereals, milk, butter, and moderate quantity of protein foods such as meat, eggs, beans and peas.

Rest and sleep give the body a chance to repair the expenditures that have been made in work and play. Unless one has enough sleep there is a depletion of reserve strength, loss of weight, irritability and nervousness. Insufficient sleep makes life lost its zest. Finer thoughts and perceptions are buried under the burden of fatigue.

Exercise is needed to maintain the nutrition and health of all the body

tissues. During exercise, the heart and lungs are stimulated to greater activity. More oxygen is breathed in and carried to all parts of the body. Waste products are removed more rapidly. Exercises are valuable in developing strength, skill and speed and in increasing the ability to concentrate. They are therefore conducive to the production of the ideal state of good health.

Exercise in the outdoors is most valuable, because one gets not only the exercise but also fresh air and sunshine. Sunlight contains ultraviolet rays. When these rays fall upon the bare skin, they create vitamin D in the substance in the skin known as ergosterol. Vitamin D is needed in order to allow the body to take up and use lime and phosphorus. Sunshine also gives a feeling of well-being.. The sun's rays are bacteriacidal and strengthen the human body against such diseases as tuberculosis.

Outdoor air is usually good air. Indoor air may be good or bad. For healthy living, the air indoors should have the following characteristics. The temperature should be between 65 and 68 degrees Fahrenheit. This temperature is best for health and work. Any variation of great degree from this temperature leads to feelings of discomfort and decreases efficiency.

The amount of moisture in the air should be about the same as is found in outdoor air. Dryness of the air causes the nose and throat to become dry. This leads to irritation and opens the way to colds and sore throat.

Moving air is more healthful than stagnant air. The moving air carries off heat from the body and supplies it with oxygen.

The air should be free from dust and impurities since they may be the carriers of disease-producing germs. They also cause mechanical irritation of the lining membrances of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes which makes infection of these tissues more likely to occur.

Everyone should know these facts about good health. But knowledge alone is of little value. Action produces results. Everyone should learn to carry out the health rules in a more or less routine fashion. It does not do to eat the right kind of food one day and then violate all the rules of healthful living the next.

The person who is well trained in health does not find it necessary to think of health constantly. This would be as much an unhealthy state of mind as the constant riveting of attention upon disease. To form good health habits means to do automatically those things that promote the state of well-being that has been described.

After physical defects have been detected and removed after good health habits have been established —both of which are factors in the production of good physical health— the thoughts must be turned toward health of mind. As pointed out previously, mental and physical health are inseparable. They are mutually productive or destructive of each other, depending on whether they are good or bad.

All individuals are beset with difficulties as they go plowing their devious ways through life. It is easy to be pleasant when things go smooth-

ly. It is harder to meet a serious problem with cheer and courage. The mentally healthy individual faces his problems and does not break down under them. The person with poor mental health seeks ways of avoiding his difficulties.

Sometimes he will assume an illness such as a headache to escape some distasteful situation. It may be a conscious act know nas malingering.

The mentally healthy person meets his problems and solves them with the smallest amount of worry, strain and fatigue. He meets his problems with a fair degree of success, and takes a keen interest in life. He is content, serene and happy.

The road to mental health may be full of thorns. It is not the easy pathway leading to physical fitness. Poor heredity may furnish a handicap, but such handicaps can in many instances be overcome. Will power and application are the essential factors.

The first step is an assay of the available materials. Each individual must study himself so that he knows his own abilities and limitations. He then should seek to do those things that are most likely to bring success. Such introspection carried too far may be harmful, especially if it leads to a habit of brooding. On the other hand, realization of one's own limitations will avoid much of that disappointment and unhappiness that comes to those who try to do the impossible. The muscularly fragile man cannot be a football player, although he may excel in running. If he sets his mind upon becoming a football hero the physical mechanism will break down under the strain and in addition there will be the mental strain of unfilled desire.

Unflagging ambition and the desire to do are qualities that have led to the accomplishment of great tasks. They are admirable. However, there are certain times in life when conditions cannot be changed. Things must be accepted as they are. One must learn to accept the inevitable. Losing one's temper, ranting and raging against fate when an inevitable state of affairs exists not only upsets the mental equilibrium and leads to loss of efficiency, but such emotions also disturb the digestion and appetite. In this way they take their toll of physical health.When one meets an impassable barrier, the proper procedure is to seek for the next best exit. It may mean turning back and beginning anew. The sooner one starts, the more quickly will success be secured.

Everyone has some degree of control over the mind. An individual can learn to turn his mind from thoughts of trouble to something more pleasant. That is the way to avoid worry. Much worry is caused by thoughts about the future. Such worry has in it an element of fear. Unfortunately, worry over the future does not make the problem simpler, but detracts from the ability to meet the problem when it must be faced. As soon as efforts are made to attack a problem, worry disappears. Worry is the bulwark behind which rest the forces that attack the healthy mind.

Troubles become lighter when we confide them in others. Brooding over difficulties is rare when one has

many companions or friends or confidants willing to share one's problems. To learn how to get along with others is an important part of education. Inability to adjust oneself to others is a stumbling block to success and leads to much unhappiness. From this point of view the training in early childhood is most important. Coddling and pampering the infant, or, on the other hand, cruelly mistreating him, may lay the foundation for maladjustment in later life.

The new-born baby is entirely dependent on its parents. There is nothing more helpless. Gradually it grows and develops, constantly learning to do more things for itself. This development should continue until the child becomes self-reliant and practically independent of others. Lack of independence makes it impossible to meet situations and produces unhappiness.

It has been stated that "the progress of mankind depends upon the success with which the laws of phenomena are investigated and on the extent to which a knowledge of these laws is diffused." During the past fifty years more has been learned about disease prevention and health production than has been acquired during all the proceding centuries. The majority of people naturally sense that state of well-being known as good health. Many know the things are necessary to produce good health. Others are anxious to have good health, but are ignorant of the ways and means for acquiring it. The ideal state of affairs will exist when knowledge of the advances made in medical science becomes common property and when everyone is applying this knowledge to his own way of living. Then there will be a general improvement in health. When such a state of affairs exists, there will not only be freedom from disease but, in addition, the great majority of individuals will learn to know the "joy of living."

OUTDOOR BAD MANNERS

There's grandeur in the mountain's rugged face,
Fantastic patterns never shaped by man—
Naught but the gods could do this wondrous thing;
But who, O who left that tomato can?

I see the rippling stream, cold clear and swift,
Leaping and bounding over crystal rocks—
I stoop to taste its nectar and I see
Two bottle tops, a shoe, an old lunch box.

Why spend a million years to build a world,
To mold it, shape it, give it tone and punch,
When one poor, thoughtless picnicker can spoil
The whole shebang with what is left from lunch?

—Exchange.

DADDY'S DAUGHTER

(Exchange)

"I wish, Daddy, that I'd been a little boy instead of a little girl," pouted Mildred, looking up from the plate which she was wiping.

"You do?" laughed daddy. "Now, mother and I think it's pretty nice to have a happy, helpful little girl about the house."

"I'm happy most of the time," Mildred decided. "But you see, Daddy, I don't like to do what girls do; I like to do what boys like to do."

Daddy didn't laugh that time. He only smiled, as he remembered how eagerly his little daughter had watched him down at the store one morning when he was mending a clock. There was a secret back of that kind smile, which Mildred never found out until one rainy Saturday more than two weeks later.

"I can't go out all day long," she sighed. "It's too rainy even to play sailor boy in the pond."

"Quite true," agreed father. "But, daughter, suppose you make your bed and help mother wash the dishes. Then I shall need you at the store."

How big Mildred's eyes grew then! She had been needed at home ever so many times, but never had she been needed at the store until that rainy Saturday morning, and the store is such an interesting place!

In spite of the rain, Mildred sang as she spread up her bed. She even tried harder than usual to make it look just like a frosted cake, for secrets are such fun! She knew daddy was having one down at the store, and of course, as soon as she found it out, it wouldn't be a secret any longer. She liked to keep wondering what the secret could be.

Perhaps some lady is coming in to buy her little girl a ring for her birthday, and daddy wants me to keep the little girl out of the way till it's picked out, or perhaps he's going to take a watch to pieces and he's going to let me watch out so that the little things won't get lost—I hope it's the watch."

But when Mildred's home tasks were done, she was glad to run down to the store to learn the secret.

"Hello, daughter!" daddy greeted as she stepped up to the counter.

There was no lady and no little girl there, except, of course, herself.

"Hello, Daddy!" she answered. "What's the secret."

"Secret? Who said anything about a secret?"

"Nobody," laughed Mildred, "but I know there is one."

Then that blessed daddy came around the counter, took his little girl by the hand and led her out into the back shop. There, the very first minute, Mildred saw a little table with tools and an alarm clock on it.

"Why, Daddy, how can you work at such a little table?" Mildred asked.

Daddy smiled. "I couldn't," he said, "but how about you?"

Mildred drew up a low chair, and in much less than a minute was seated before that table, clock and tools.

"I just fit," she smiled. "Daddy, what do you want me to do?"

"That's your clock, daughter. You may do whatever you want with it."

"It doesn't go," Mildred noted. "I'll fix it."

And she set to work with a will. Outside the rain was falling, but she don't mind at all. Mildred was doing boy's work and she was the happiest girl in town—though, really, I'm afraid that poor clock never did "go" again.

LOOK OUT, NOT IN

Look out, not in—your body is a dwelling
  Wherein you live, your soul a tenant there,
Concerned with many things, with buying, selling,
  But needing less to have and more to share.
What good the gold that all the worry brings to you,
  If life shall never profit you a friend?
What worth the wealth that any fortune flings you,
  If nothing waits but dollars at the end?

Look out, not in—what good all the dreaming,
  If in the dream no other dream appears?
What treasure will you win by all your scheming
  To pay you at the last for all your tears?
Shall fame, success, the gifts that mortals gather,
  Console your soul in moments that are sad?
When life grows gray, I know that you would rather
  Possess a friendship that would make you glad.

Look out, not in—behold the wealth around you,
  The sweet companionship of other men;
Be glad each night some traveler has found you—
  Led by your light, has learned to hope again.
There is a richer store than your successes,
  A greater wealth than any you can win:
Live in the world that all around you presses,
  Among your brothers—and look out, not in.—Selected.

PRAYER IN INDUSTRY

(Smithfield Herald)

In the current issue of "Time" appears an article commenting upon an address of John E. Edgerton, native of Johnston county, but now of Lebanon, Tenn., before the third quadrennial conference on the Economic Order. The comment is interesting, aside from the fact that it was called forth by a former Johnstonian, and we are quoting it below. Mr. Edgerton is a brother of Walter Edgerton, of Wilson, former register of deeds of Johnston county, and a brother of Henry F. Edgerton, formerly of Kenly but now of Atlanta, Ga. Besides being president of the National Association of Manufacturers, Mr. Edgerton is president of the Lebanon, (Tenn.) Woolen Mills, is a trustee of Vanderbilt University, and a trustee of Martan College, at Pulaski, Tenn, The subject discussed at the conference is the third along this line by Mr. Edgerton. Previous subjects include: "Christianity and the Economic Order" and the "Preacher and the Economic Order."

The comment in "Time" follows:

"Just a month ago John Emmet Edgerton, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, addressed the third quadrennial Conference on the Economic Order, conducted at Evanston, Ill., by the Methodist Federation for Social Service. The general subject was "The Layman and the Economic Order.' The religious as well as the daily Press paid little attention to the meeting. It seemed purely a Methodist talk fest. Last fortnight, however, The Nation discovered a paragraph in Mr. Edgerton's paper which Methodist publications seemed to have ignored.

"The paragraph: 'I am proud to say that the morning-prayer exercises in my factory have had the finest economic effect. Workers are producing far more goods than before the prayer system was started some years ago. We have made it almost impossible for anyone but a Christian to get a job. We examine applicants for work to see if they have any dangerous ideas. We have been able by that process to keep our plant free of trouble.'

"Comment by The Nation: 'Mr. Edgerton's prayer system will undoubtedly spread, as it certainly deserves to, in the present 'inevitable period' of unemployment. In these recent materialistic years the workers have suffered from the scourge of work without faith. If prayer has aided production as much as Mr. Edgerton indicates we see no reason whatever why with proper faith it should not prove equally effective as an entire substitute for production in difficult times like the present. It is high time in any case that the workers learned to live by faith, not work. As for those weaklings who may fall by the wayside and starve to death, let the country bury them under the epitaph: Better Dead than Red.'

"Further excerpts from Mr. Edgerton's speech:

"We have become too much concerned with the rights of men and

too little with their obligations . . .

'There is simply too much talk about rights and leisure, living wages, rewards....and too little about the obligation to work and to earn the things men need and will enjoy It has actually come to pass that work is being generally regarded as a curse sent upon man rather than as a privilege and a duty. A certain portion of the citizenship has been counted off into a class called 'workers,' who are being made to believe, through much talking about them and their particular rights, that all other people are loafers and parasites. We have established a legal holiday known as 'Labor Day,' and have imparted to it a significance which I believe tends to increase and intensify class consciousness. On this day no one is accorded the right to march in a parade except those who enjoy the distinction of being 'workers,' as opposed presumably to 'non-workers.' All of this, in my opinion, impedes the spirit of brotherhood among all people, and is contrary to the teachings of Jesus Christ.....

'But I believe in justice to him who hath as much as to him who hath not, and I think envy is as great a sin as greed....

"Of our 120 millions of population, there are fewer than ten million directly related to that circle of life known as Industry. Yet by far the larger portion of reforming agencies are concentrating upon this minority in our national life when most of the serious problems are outside the circumference of Industry. This is stranger still when it is considered that American industry has made more progress toward perfection in all respects than any other part of our national whole. Our industry is the only thing in which we have achieved pre-eminent distinction. It is the only thing about America that the rest of the world envies.''

Did you ever stop to analyze the word sympathy? ''Sighing with'' —not much in a sigh you say, ah, yes, if it is a sigh from pure sympathy. A sigh for others' woe is worth more than ten thousand sighs for self. I believe in helping as we go along. We can do so much. A celebrated actor who had befriended a poor girl was laughed at because she slipped upon the stage and handed him a flower. Rising in his manhood, he said with startling effect, ''You laughed at me because this girl handed me a flower. Back of all this is a sad story. I found her on the cold snowy pavement, a little shivering piece of humanity. She told her story of a sick father. I went to the bedside because he was human; he was my brother. I nursed him back to life, and this child has only spoken her gratitude to me by this flower. I know you would pile flowers on my grave if I were dead, but I would rather have this simple token of love, this one flower, than wagon-loads of flowers piled on my grave when I cannot know or appreciate them.''—Selected.

A SURE TEST OF CHARACTER

(Oriental Consistory)

One of the most positive evidences of strong character is to be found in the way men meet attack upon their reputation. Most men are so sensitive about their reputations that they tear down character in the efforts to defend themselves. They give too much attention to reputation and too little attention to character.

Anyone can attack reputation, and, the more dishonest and untrustworthy a man is, the more he is inclined to attack the reputation of others. The man whose general conversation takes the form of personalities is usually one who has not developed his faculties of observation, his capacities to receive impressions and his powers of reasoning and expression, sufficiently to talk about anything else. He is usually and consciously a poor observer, he rarely grasps the full significance of what little he does observe, he has no serious purpose of comparing what he observes and grasps with related things, and he expresses emotionally, what appeals to his senses, and does not express thoughts which have passed through the refining process of reflection.

Few men who are well developed mentally have any time or inclination for gossip or the repetition of salacious and slanderous stories. They are too fully occupied in studying their own defects, and making effort to correct them, to waste time and effort in discussing the delinquencies, deficiencies and defects of others. They have learned that the first duty of a man is to learn to subdue his own passions and defects and that thereafter one is too busy with that particular work to think of doing anything less valuable.

But all men are not developed sufficiently to get this viewpoint. They fret and worry and indulge in revengeful thoughts, when attacks are made upon their reputation, which only increase their own troubles. They are filled with the thought that only as they attack those who attack them can they show their "manhood". They do not seem to grasp the fact that they are only showing that part of their natures which is directly related to the animal nature, that part which they have in common with the beasts. If man is not only physical, but also mental and moral, he must recognize the importance of doing all in his power to help develop the mental and moral as well as to subdue an over-development of the physical.

Attacks upon reputation are either just or unjust. If just, the moral man will confess his fault, clear his reputation, and improve his character at the same time. If the attack is unjust, and actuated by jealousy, malice or revenge (all destructive impulses of undeveloped men) the attack can rarely be met by any attempt to answer. Those who wish to believe evil will do so notwithstanding any attempt to let in the light. Those who are inclined to be more charitable in their attitude will wait for time to furnish the evidence of innocence or guilt. Those who are the

most intelligent will take into consideration the evidences of character which are displayed in daily life and conduct, and will hold you innocent until knowledge of your guilt is a matter of personal experience. Nor will legal evidence against one be considered in the light of knowledge; because all men of experience are aware of the many cases of mistaken guilt, based upon circumstantial evidence, which is one of the greatest defects of our present social practice.

It is a deplorable fact, though true, that most of us are more inclined to believe evil of one of our fellow men than to believe good. This is the result of faulty education and lack of self-control. Only when we have learned by experience, by suffering from this defective practice at the hands of others, do we begin to have any appreciable recognition of the horrors of this fault.

At first we are stunned, then the animal nature begins to see red, and we are prone to become revengeful and inclined to strike back, notwithstanding the known reaction that will injure ourselves. But as we have more experience, as we learn to look upon life in a more philosophical way, as we see the defects that follow from giving way to our passions, we learn to subdue our passions and look upon these experiences as opportunities for self-improvement. No man can meet any attack upon his reputation, and meet it as he should, with patience and with charity for those who have attacked him, without growing greater in his own respect and larger in his appreciation of the merit of self-control.

WHAT GOD HATH PROMISED

God hath not promised
Skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
All our lives through;
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.

But God hath promised
Strength for the day,
Rest for the labor,
Light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love.

—Annie Johnston Flint.

DON'S PET

By Angus Norman MacDonald

"Oh, mother, Tom's got a pair of pet mice!"

Don burst excitedly into the kitchen, where his mother was putting the finishing touches to the midday meal.

"They're as tame as can be; and so clean and white! Say, mother—I wish I had a pet. Can't I have some white mice too?"

"Mice!" she exclaimed, "and the house running alive with them already! It's a cat you should be wanting, not more mice."

Then, catching sight of Don's dejected face, she added, gently, "we'll see what can be done. Maybe Uncle Henry can help find a pet—he knows lots about animals. We'll ask him tonight."

But Uncle Henry was not consulted; for, coming home from school that afternoon, Don again burst into the house, wildly excited.

"Oh, mother, I've got it!" he cried, out of breath.

"Good gracious, got what?" she exclaimed, visioning measles or whooping cough, or something equally dreadful.

"Got a pet!" he exulted, holding up his cupped hands ni which a homely nabed baby bird kicked feebly.

"But, Don!" protested his mother "don't you know you shouldn't take baby birds out of the nest. They'll die without their mother."

"I know that, mother; we learned that at Scout meeting. I didn't take this one out of a nest; I found him on the sidewalk, and there were no mother birds around."

"In that case you did exactly right," she said; "the cat would have eaten him if you had left him where he was. But what'll you do with him?" she added; uncertainly, noting the helpless condition of the young bird.

"I'll make him a nice little house where he'll be safe; then I'll feed him just like his mother would."

Don was rather vague in his mind just how this latter was done; but with the confidence of his age he was ready to try anything.

So when Uncle Henry breezed in at supper-time, Don had his pet comfortably installed in a neat wooden box, fitted with a slatted top, and was tempting his appetite with wriggling fish-worms.

"Well, well! what have we here, a young robin?" exclaimed the newcomer jovially. "Going in for bird raising?"

Don and his uncle were the best of chums. Now the boy eagerly told of his desire for a pet and how he had found the helpless waif.

"Well, you sure got the right kind of pet," he declared, when Don had finished. You couldn't have better friends than the birds. You can train this young robin so that he will follow you around like your shadow. You had better feed him on custard for a few days. Custard without sugar. Then you can vary this diet with a bit of chopped angleworm, or scraped apple or berries. But don't give him grain, that might kill him."

Thereafter Don spent much tme with Chip, as he called his pet. True Chip had not much to boast of in the

way of beauty. His neck was long; his head flat; his mouth extraordinary wide; and his eyes, as yet, were mere bulbs on his head. They would not open till he was a week old, Uncle Henry had said. But Don didn't mind his appearance; he knew that some day Chip would be as fine a looking a bird as the handsome robins that carolled in the cherry tree.

Chip's appetite was amazing. He was always hungry. The last thing Don did before going to school and the first thing upon returning, was to take the spoon and custard and feed him. But before doing this Don always gave a sharp calling whistle. At first this frightened the bird, but soon he realized it meant something to eat, and would raise his head and open his mouth wide. On the day Chip's eyes were open and tiny feathers were beginning to cover his body he was allowed to leave his box.

"There's no fear of his going away," assured Uncle Henry; "you couldn't lose him now if you tried."

Three days later Don could scarcely recognize Chip as the scrawny, helpless chick he had brought home ten days earlier. He was an attractive little fellow now, with all the characteristic markings of a young robin. His head was black; his throat light; his breast red, mottled above. And he had a tiny feathered tail.

When he was two weeks old he began to fly. The first time he flew up into the apple tree Don cried out in dismay. He thought Chip was leaving him. But at a call from Don the little adventurer sailed down unsteadily, landing on the boy's shoulder. Don was tremendously proud.

Thereafter whenever Don was leaving for school, Chip invariably rode on his shoulder as far as the gate. There he would turn back, with a "chink" of farewell, and upon Don's return he was greeted by the happy cry of his little friend who flew to meet him and rode on his shoulder, chattering noisily.

"How would you like to go fishing today, Don?" inquired Uncle Henry, one Saturday at breakfast.

"Fine!" agreed the boy, thinking of the good time they would have on the river.

"Good," replied Uncle Henry; "you dig the worms while I get out the tackle, and we'll try out our luck downstream."

So, as soon as he had finished his meal, he took the spade and hurried out back of the garage to dig the worms. Of course, as usual, Chip followed, and was extremely interested in the operation. No sooner would Don turn up an angleworm, than Chip, with lightning speed, would dash forward, seize the wriggling victim. and swallow it with great satisfaction.

At first Don was amused; but when after a considerable time he had failed to secure a single worm for his bait can he became annoyed, and tried to shoo the bird away.

"What's the matter?" inquired his uncle, coming up unannounced.

"Chip's eating all the worms," complained Don; "he's eaten enough already to burst, but he's not satisfied."

Uncle Henry laughed aloud. "Why that insatiable appetite is one reason why young robins, and, in fact, all birds are of such great value to us.

Just think of the amount of bugs and worms and insects they must do away with in a single day! If it wasn't for the help of the birds, our crops would be devoured by a horde of insect pests."

Don regarded his pet with new interest. "I've chased Chip out of the strawberry patch a number of times." Don spoke soberly. "It's the first year our berries have done so well and I was afraid he might spoil them. But I only caught him pecking at a strawberry once; he was always picking out bugs or worms."

"Yes, and it's just because of his vigilance in the patch that the berries are better and more numerous than ever before."

Chip went with the two fishermen, flying ahead in short excited swoops, or riding on Don's shoulder, as usual.

Luck smiled on the anglers that day. When they returned home, tired and hungry, but well satisfied with their efforts, Don proudly displayed a long string of fish before his mother's eyes. That evening as Don and his mother sat on the pleasant veranda watching the rose and gold of the western sky fade into soft opalescence, Chip perched on the railing before them, preening his sleek coat and chipping conversationally.

"Isn't he handsome, mother? And isn't his breast red?" Pride rang in the boy's voice. "How different he is from the homely little thing I brought home in the spring."

"Yes, he's a fine-looking fellow," she admitted, crisply. "But unless he keeps out of my berry patch, he's going to drop in my esteem. I caught him in there a few minutes ago eating a bid red strawberry, as bold as you please. I can't allow that."

Don became sober. He recalled what his uncle had said that morning. "But Chip has been helping take care of them, mother," the boy objected. "He has been eating all the bugs and things that hurt the plants. That's why the berries have done so well, Uncle Henry says. Don't you think he's entitled to a few berries for his work?"

Don's mother regarded him in frank surprise. "Why, I hadn't thought of that," she confessed; "but I guess you're right. It's only fair that he should have a share in the harvest. After all, the amount he takes is very small compared with the increase he has helped to bring."

For a while she rocked in silence. When she spoke again her voice was low and dreamy. "That brings to mind a story I once read of why the robin has a red breast."

"Tell me about it."

She gazed off toward the west, where the amethyst shadows were dropping down, like a soft curtain, over the relaxing world.

"The legend claims that when our Saviour was wearily plodding along the road to Calvary, under the heavy burden of the cross, his head bleeding from a crown of thorns, a robin suddenly appeared and plucked a thorn from the master's brow. As the bird held the blood-drenched thorn in his bill, the blood trickled down his breast, dying it bright red. Ever since that day, so the legend states, robins have had red breasts. It has seemed to me that robins have been doing this very thing all through the ages, removing pricking thorns from our brows."

Don was a serious lad. He was quick to see the deeper meaning in his mother's words. Now he looked thoughtfully at his robin, nodding sleepily on the railing.

"I shall always think of that story when I see the red of a robin's breast," he declared. Then with shining eyes: "That's the badge of his service to man."

QUIT KICKING

Quit kicking just because you think
  The old world's going wrong;
There's always something somewhere
  Of happiness and song.
Besides, you never made the world,
  Life's scheme is not your own;
Quit kicking, take what happens, and
  Just reap what you have sown.

Quit kicking. When the play is bad,
  Remember what you've lost
Some other fellow's gained, and so,
  In summing up the cost,
We find that in the end we know
  What other men have known,
Results? We take them as they come—
  We reap what we have sown.

Quit kicking, man. The world's not bad;
  At least it could be worse,
We live and dream; that's worth the while;
  We ponder themes and verse;
We sing and love; we hate and feel;
  We laugh; sometimes we weep—
So all the pulsing passions are
  Compassed in the sweep.

Of what we are and what we feel—
  Quit kicking, man! The blame,
If in this whirlgig of chance
  And time, you lose the game,
Is with the man who whiles his life
  Uncomplaining away.
Just laugh, old man; just dream and love;
  Just live—and live today!—Selected.

WHAT BIGOTRY DOES

By Milton M. Schayer

The gulf stream is one of nature's miracles. It is a river in the ocean. The gulf stream flows in a northeasterly direction from the Gulf of Mexico. Its breadth ranges from fifty to one hundred miles, its depth about 2,000 feet, its velocity ranges from two to three miles an hour in parts, five to six in others. This great mass of water is four or five degrees warmer than the ocean through which it flows. It maintains the solidarity of its formation until it reaches a point about opposite the Carolinas, where it is divided into several streams some of which continue to flow north until they meet the winds which whip them so hard that they lose their identity, form, and existence.

Like the Gulf Stream, so are the Jews one of God's miracles. The Jews are a river in the ocean of humanity, surrounded by a part of it, yet as distinct and different as the gulf stream is in the ocean. The Jews take their rise in those ever living truths which thir prophets first announced and which this generation, as part of the stream, continues to give to the world. As the Gulf Stream warms the ocean, so should these glorious truths warm the Jews to their task. These truths will warm the hearts of all who listen, they will sweeten the lives of all who, in their own lives exemplify these truths.

The speed of the Gulf Stream is determined by unknown causes. The value of our lives are determined by definite causes. For many, many miles the Gulf Stream maintains its solidarity, then it divides into two or three streams. These in turn are weakened and divided and their warm and benign influences are dissipated. Compare this condition to the state of the Jews. As long as they stay on the job, assigned to them, they are a powerful force. When they divide into different sects, they weaken the prophetic stream so that it cannot force its way through the ocean of indifference that surrounds it.

As the cold winds of the north disturb, whip, divide, and in fact destroy the Gulf Stream, so too do the winds of prejudice, ignorance and bigotry tend to destroy the value of the work the Jew should do. But the Jews cannot justly complain about the prejudice they meet on every hand until they learn how to overcome that fault among themselves. As long as the north winds blow they will whip and break the Gulf Stream, when the Jews forget their prejudices against each other then the buffetings they receive from others will lose their powers and the Jews will go on triumphantly, warming the world with the glorious truth that all men are brothers, that one God created us all.

"Few men will admit being wrong as long as there is a chance to make others believe they are right."

OPPORTUNITY

(Selected)

How often one hears it said, "I could have been as great as he, but I was never given the opportunity." What is this wonderful thing so frequently referred to and to whom is it restricted? Apparently, some believe that it is a gift offered to only a favored few who, immediately upon receiving it, are borne upward by its wonderful qualities to the height of fortune without further effort upon their part. Too often, those imbued with such a belief wait patiently with idle hands, contentedly dreaming of future success, each confident that the God of Chance, at whose shrine they worship, will chose him as the recipient of that wonderful gift by which he will be enabled to reach the height of fame. Thus, they dream on. Daily tasks, forced upon them through the necessity of living, are lightly regarded, held in contempt, and accomplished with no other thought than to end them in the quickest and easiest way possible. As time goes on and old age creeps upon them, the dreams fade to be replaced by the realization of wasted lives. Embittered, disillusioned, cynical, they cry of the cruelty of fate.

Too late they learned that opportunity is not a gift but the reward of preparation and tireless search; that success is not a certain but only a possible result of opportunity. As a swimmer who has not trained is unable to get out in the channel and forge his way against the current, but must be content to stay near the shore among the driftwood, likewise, the man who has not prepared himself to battle with the current of life must drift aimlessly with his fellow idlers and seek sustenance from the tidbits that come within reach. It is not there that opportunity is found. Those who would grasp it must get out in midstream and; have the determination and preparation to battle on upstream where lies the goal towards which it leads.

You have no enemies, you say?
  Alas, friend, the boast is poor.
He who has mingled in the fray
  Of duty, that the brave endure,
Must have made foes. If you have none,
  You've hit no traitor on the hip;
You've dashed no cup from perjured lip,
  You've never turned the wrong to right
You've been a coward in the fight.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our Cannery force has been canning peaches and tomatoes this week.

One of the barn boys informs us that there are thirty-one little pigs down at the barn.

Several bushels of peaches, product of our young orchards, were issued to the cottages last Tuesday.

Mr. R. H. Walker, a member of our staff, who has been confined to his room for several days because of illness, is improving.

Mr. Hobby and his boys are giving all the boys hair cuts, which adds greatly to their appearance as well as being more comfortable during the hot weather.

The boys and officers enjoyed the first watermelon feast of the season last Sunday afternoon. Two hundred fine melons were served as we assembled on the campus immediately after the service in the auditorium.

Mr. A. C. Groover, who was shoe shop instructor here for several years, has been spending a few days with friends at the school. At the present time Mr. Groover is employed in the same capacity at the Berry Schools, at Mt. Berry, Ga. We were all glad to see our old friend, "Gus," again.

Rev. C. O. Williams, pastor of the Statesville Avenue A. R. P. Church, Charlotte, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, and made a very interesting talk to our boys. He was accompanied by Mr. Bostic who rendered a vocal solo, Miss Beulah Davis playing the piano.

The Locke Mill team, of Concord, paid us another visit on Thursday afternoon of last week and we easily defeated them by the score of 11 to 3. Lisk did the pitching for the school team and allowed but eight widely scattered hits. He also fanned ten men. The Training School lads bombarded three hurlers for a total of fourteen hits, including a triple by Capps and a double by Easley. Capps and McCall led the attack with fuor hits each.

Last Saturday afternoon we were opposed by the Eagle Mill team, of Belmont, one of the fastest aggregations of ball tossers that has visited the local diamond in several years, and were defeated by the close score of 4 to 3. It was a pitchers' battle between Scarboro who tossed them over for the Training School and Nickle for the visitors, the former allowing five hits and the latter four. Scarboro struck out nine and Nickle six. The Training School pitcher should have won, in fact he pitched well enough to win most any ball game, but his team mates made several costly errors, two of the visitors' scores being the result of costly misplays. At times the school lads played like big leaguers, making two double plays, cutting off enemy scores. Our boys did all their scoring in the third inning when an error, two singles and a triple enabled them to tally three times.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., AUGU No. 29

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A PRAYER

We thank Thee for this place in which we dwell; for the love that unites us; for the peace accorded us, for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the health, the work, the food and the bright skies, that make our lives delightful; for our friends in all parts of the earth, and our friendly helpers in this land. Help us to repay in service one to another the debt of Thine unmerited benefits and mercies. Grant that we may be set free from the fear of vicissitude and death, may finish what remains of our course without dishonor to ourselves or hurt to others, and give at last rest to the weary.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

HAPPINESS IS WHERE ONE FINDS IT

It has been said of gold by the miners of it, "Gold is where you find it." The proverb became current decades ago, when thousands of men traversed western mountains and streams, searching for signs of mineral treasure. Some succeeded; that is, they found the precious metal, often in very unpromising locations and by what their unsuccessful contemporaries called "the merest chance."

There was plenty of adventure in the efforts of the miners. They explored a vast expanse of territory and penetrated sections of the continent with only hope of finding gold to sustain them in their hardships. Until they uncovered a vein or found sand banks into which erosions from a hidden lode had been carried, their efforts were wasted; their toil was in vain. Mere pursuit was not a reward. "Prospecting" did not fill the want. Finding it, not searching for it alone satisfied. Not pursuit but possession was the miner's goal.

We have cited the proverb and given its background in order to make comparisons between gold and happiness. Both are realities, and both are enjoyed when obtained. Both are the result of effort; perhaps part of every person's life is a search for wealth and for happiness.—Selected.

ONE OF OUR HOTTEST SUMMERS

The summer of 1930 has been one of our very warmest. Never have we realized such intensive heat and for such a long time. It has been nation wide and conditions have been made tolerable by an occasional, refreshing

shower. Those who have large lawns surrounded by shade trees have been blessed, especially so, when contrasting such environments with conditions in the crowded, small apartment. Life in small apartments is simply existing, and not living. After visiting in a large apartment house, subdivided into small apartments, made attractive with all modern conveniences, and seeing people packed in like sardines we have a finer appreciation of the old time home life even admitting the home is humble. The upkeep of the large, rambling plans of the old homestead is a big item at all times, but none the less delightful and desirable when the thermometer stands over 90 or more for several weeks. There is an innate desire though in the hearts of all southern born people for the large house, shaded lawns in which there is a comfort and a freedom not found elsewhere. But, no one has escaped the heat this year, not even those who are so fortunate as to have palatial summer homes up in some sequestered spot in the mountains. We have thought many times of the mother and child, who by no choosing of their own, have been forced to remain in apartments with no place to go to escape the heat just for a few hours. If possible we would convert every vacant lot with shade trees into an attractive little park as a playground for children and a place where pedestrians could stop and rest. That work is one of civic interest, and a work the whole community would realize pleasure from. Such work not only appeals to the aesthetic taste, but shows up an interested people of any community.

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IN DANGER WHEN RIDING IN AN AUTOMOBILE

The most commonly used, and deadly weapon of today is the automobile. According to statistics released for the reading public more than four persons met violent death daily during the month of June. This report shows that the automobile death toll for the first six months is 338, besides 1,985 were injured during the same time. There was an increase of 43 deaths over that of the same time the previous year, and a decrease of injuries by 174.

It is seldom that a newspaper is issued without recording an automobile fatality or injury. Most frequently the tragedy is laid to carelessness or reckleness. But, to discuss the causes of these all too frequent accidents, that we are getting so accustomed to, is useless for there is no way in the

world of measuring the physical condition, or mental attitude of the average driver. It is wisdom "to know thyself" and have a mental reservation as to the mental calibre of the other fellow. We once heard a lady remark—after nearly realizing a serious accident, escaping by the skin of her teeth, "if I had not have had a crowd of children in my car I would have swiped that rascal, but instead I took a ditch." This same ladie's husband overheard the conversation replied by saying "that is what the ditch is for." That remark seemed wisdom.

Our state highway patrol has been operating just about a year, and from all reports the commission seems to be working effectively, but, it goes without argument that the patrol is not large enough to cover the entire state. Perhaps when the highway patrol passes the experimental stage there will be fewer automobile fatalities recorded in our papers.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

ARE YOU SELF MADE?

Are you self made? There are many successful business men today who pat themselves on the back (perhaps not openly) and say, "I blazed my way to success in spite of the difficult conditions that confronted, or surrounded me." That glorified opinion of self is apt to puff one up, and thereby detract from the natural charm of the individual. The "ego" will creep into every conversation, and the person become a perfect bore. It takes a strong character to maintain a noble poise in prosperity. It is human nature to forget the past, feel that success is ours by our individual push, pluck and perseverance,— becoming mentally far removed from the early environments of life. It takes careful safeguarding under prosperous conditions to maintain the spirit of humility and charity combined. When the "big-feeling" begins to obsess you stop and reflect upon your early life: see, if through heritage you do not owe something to your early forebears; also, see who extended a hand to you at some time when down and out; see, who responded to the call, aided and abetted you when sorrow came to your home; see, who backed you up in your first business venture; see, who tenderly cared for you when the fireside was robbed of parental love; see, who was faithful to the end till safely launched out in this life of endless troubles and pleasures, —by reviewing these and many other conditions that helped to shape your destiny you will soon realize that you alone are not the architect of your

own good fortune. Have you ever planted a tree, and lived long enough to see the younger generations enjoy the shades of that tree? Well, such is our life, if we build according to the Master's plan we build for the future generations. The man who lives alone for himself is selfish and does not enjoy the magnitude of the true life.

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ENDURANCE TESTS

What is it some people will not be guilty of just for the sake of publicity. Tree-sitting among some of the sisters of a very mature age seems to be the latest. These sisters are as much as forty years of age. Forty today is young, but a generation or two back when the 40th mile stone was reached the women were expected to act with decorum—living examples for the younger generation. Age to-day is not a line of demarcation between the old and the young. They act alike, dress alike and do anything the other fellow tries out. This tree-sitting for a woman of forty does not even seem funny, but strikes us as rediculously absurd and absurdly rediculous. Why not start an endurance test in something that would benefit, instead of wasting perfectly good time? It is too hot any way to get a correct estimate of any one's endurance.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

We usually find exactly what we are looking for. The highest paid editor in the country bears the writer out in this statement by saying "most of the news seems to be bad news, because disagreeable things interest the public." For that reason bad news items are brought to the attention of the readers by big headlines. It is human nature to read stuff that startles and brings about a lively discussion. Just a few mornings ago there was a startling piece of news in a local paper about a young fellow jumping from a court house window after the judge passed his sentence—quite a number of years in the penitentiary. This story was written in an entertaining manner. It caught the attention of a fifteen year old girl. She was reading it aloud to her mother, thinking she was informing herself as to the important facts of the day. If the newspapers could only realize that the reading of the daily papers has a wonderful influence, cultivating a taste

for good literature some things might be eliminated, or at least not written so as to emphasize the bad. There has to be a strong undercurrent at home, backed by the influence of splendid teachers to inspire the youths of the country to read articles that really and truly educate and reform. We understand that a newspaper is not a Sunday School paper—if so the circulation would be small, but good literature should be in every home. People naturally like the sensational. We see the bad in our best friends before telling of the good of the same person—the same is true of all readers, the highly sensational articles are read long before the articles that lend an influence for good are seen.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

One of the finest graces to be desired is gratitude. A person devoid of gratitude is selfish, if selfish, devoid of love and without love, one is not made in His own image, because God is love. Such a person goes through life hampered, too interested in self to think once of his own source and give "honor to whom honor is due." One with such an angle on life will prosper for awhile, but true happiness and success are never attained. Life does not end here, there is a memory of either selfishness, or of observing the golden rule, that continues to live long after fortunes have gone to ruin. We live truly by the deeds accomplished let them be for self alone, or for the welfare of others, and are indelible in the minds of friends, and often recorded in the pages of history. Ones zeal for fortune, fame or social position is dangerous—it most frequently means failure.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

I have somewhat risen in the world. From an altitude of something less than 400 feet to 2,366 feet above sea level, is a rise much to be desired, coming from the hot and sultry table lands to the mountain region. But you cannot see level up here. We often speak of the "foot of the mountain," but the feet of these mountains look as if they are treading on the heels of each other, they are piled up in such profusion. grandeur and beauty. From the time you leave the foothills, the sultryness is left behind and you feel the coolness of the mountain breezes coming down to greet you.

Notes in passing. Seated in a Cadillac, which lacks nothing to give you ease and comfort, as you roll along the superb good roads in North Carolina, it is thrilling to get out in the great open and see nature at its best. See where folks reside, how they cultivate the land what they raise; see the forests, and note the growth of vegetation. You know trees are mightily like human beings some straight, erect, some gnarled and twisted out of shape, others broken and some fallen down; big and little mingling together, but all serving their purpose, and the live ones lifting their heads heavenward, and leaves rustling their praise to the Great Creator, which is more than a great many human beings are doing. The highway is an interesting line of travel. So many things pass, or rather you pass so many varying scenes We passed Sink Inn. Good-looking place, but we didn't sink. Then came Gobble station. We didn't hear a gobble, but guess he was there. Heigh-o! Would you believe it? Swearing Creek. I could not think of a thing to swear about, so I didn't swear a single swear. Then came Lower station wic was not lower than all the rest, but Mr. Lower presided with gastronomic ability.

The higher we climbed the mountains the more gorgeous the scenery, and more thrilling the gorges. We rolled on until we rolled into Black Mountain. Right along Church street until we halted at "Edgewood," a beautiful little brick cottage,—a palace in paradise—where a Durham party is domiciled for the next few weeks, and enjoying to the fullest all the delights of the mountains. The refreshment is inexpressible. I "look to the mountains from whence cometh my help." Our Saviour loved the mountains and spent much of His time in their fastnesses. I love everything my Saviour loved.

I have often wondered why this place was called Black Mountain. The mountains around here are as green as any of those elsewhere, and just as majestic, and invigorating in atmosphere, water and scenery. It was originally named from twin mountains, on the Craig range, called Black Brothers Mountains, and in later years the name of Brothers was dropped and the thrifty summer resort town became known as Black Mountain. The population in the incorporate limits is said to be something

over 900, and more people live outside of the incorporation than inside, and the summer dwellers, visitors and short-time sojourners number several thousand.

Black Mountain is a delight to me, and the party I am sojourning here with who are dwellers of the table lands. We get daily thrills, and only wish we could send some of them to the folks back home. Pure water that sparkles like champagne; evening and night air cool, refreshing and embracing, in fact it embraced me to such an extent that I have to use a quilt or blanket to ward off this Black Mountain air embrace. We are delightfully situated, in cosy quarters where the heart, the soul, the mind and the body can rest in perfect ease and tranquility.

The morning sun, in his chariot of crimson and gold, rolls up to the mountain tops, and tips them in in glory, while he paints the clouds with sunshine, and scatters gold-dust over the dew-laden leaves of the forest, and spreads acres of diamonds on the ground under the foliage of the majestic forests. In the evenings the orb of day goes down in the west behind another range of mountains, and paints gorgeous sky pictures in crimson gold, amethyst, onyx, and jasper, as if forming the doorways to heaven, leaving the mind to dwell on the beauties of the "land beyond the skies."

Vacationing at Black Mountain is versatile. Vexation has vanished. Verily it is a vista of beauty, with vital vigor.

SUNSHINE AND MUSIC

A laugh is just like sunshine:
  It freshens all the day,
It tips the peak of life with light,
  And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
  And feels its courage strong;
A laugh is just like sunshine
  For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music:
  It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
  The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
  Its joyful notes to greet;
A laugh is just like music
  For making living sweet.

—Anonymous.

THIS, TOO, SHALL PASS AWAY

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A mighty monarch in the days of old
Made offer of high honor, wealth and gold
To one who should produce in form concise
A motto for his guidance, terse yet wise—
A precept, soothing in his hours forlorn,
Yet one that in his prosperous days would warn.
Many the maxims sent the king, men say,
The one he chose: "This, too, shall pass away."
Oh, jewel sentence from the mine of truth!
What riches it contains for age or youth.
No stately epic, measured and sublime,
So comforts, or so counsels, for all time
As these few words. Go write them on your heart
And make them of your daily life a part,
Has some misfortune fallen to your lot?
This, too, will pass away—absorb the thought,
And wait; your waiting will not be in vain.
Time gilds with gold the iron links of pain.
The dark today leads into light tomorrow;
There is no endless joy, no endless sorrow.
Are you upon earth's heights? No cloud in view?
Go read your motto once again: "This, too,
Shall pass away," fame, glory, place and power—
They are but little baubles of the hour.
Flung by the ruthless years down in the dust.
Take warning and be worthy of God's trust.
Use well your prowess while it lasts; leave bloom,
Not blight, to mark your footprints to the tomb.
The truest greatness lies in being kind,
The truest wisdom in a happy mind.
He who desponds, his Maker's judgement mocks;
The gloomy Christian is a paradox.
Only the sunny soul respects its God,
Since life is short, we need to make it broad;
Since life is brief we need to make it bright.
Then keep the old king's motto well in sight,
And let its meaning permeate each day.
Whatever comes, "This, too, shall pass away."

MICKEY

By Elma Aenis Quinn

Springtime had come to northern Wisconsin. Yesterday snowdrifts were piled high among the pines, and today they had disappeared, as if by magic, and pussy-willows showed furry and white where the snow had been before. Birds, hundreds of them, flew joyously through the air or sat on twigs, their little throats sending forth songs of gladness. Over near the orchard three meadow-larks sat in tree branches, two gentlemen larks and one lady, each male trying to impress on the lady his superiority as a fitting mate. Underneath the pine needles green arbutus leaves showed through, and tiny pink faces were uplifted to look forth on the world.

It was springtime, too, in the heart of a girl about sixteen years, who lay on her back beneath a gigantic pine tree, looking up into the sky, where white, fleecy clouds sailed around in the blue, and countless birds sailed around in joyful dance. Time was nothing to them; spring had come, and it was their playtime. Up, up into the blue the dreamy girl-eyes looked.

"Mickey!" A call sounded forth on the sweet spring air, a discordant sound, for the voice was shrill and petulant.

"Coming, aunt."

Up from the green earth the girl figure came with a spring. Gone was the dreamy, carefree expression of a few moments ago.

Over the dandelion-dotted field she hurried toward a bungalow nestled among the trees. On the rustic gate a woman leaned.

"Where are your shoes and stockings, Mickey?" her horrified voice exclaimed. "Really, girl, I wonder what kind of a girl you would have developed into had your father not sent you to us to bring up. Go to your room and make yourself presentable."

Mickey's blue eyes turned black with anger, then her lips quivered and tears chased away the blackness.

"I do not want to grow up—life has been so glorious just to live as I have and I told dad I would not stay if I had to become a prim and proper lady, and I am going to keep my word. So, there!"

With this outburst Mickey fled toward the house. Near the path which led around to the door she was so blinded by tears that she almost knocked the wheelchair over wherein sat Aunt Beatrice, her sweet face looking up in wonder.

"What is it, Mickey dear?" she questioned in a soothing tone.

Mickey stopped in her wild rush toward the house and dropped down beside the chair, her face buried in Aunt Beatrice's lap. Sobs shook her shoulders, and her aunt's frail hand passed gently over Mickey's hair.

Aunt Martha had passed by with an indignant glance, long before the shoulders stopped shaking.

"Now, tell Aunt Bee what it is all about," Aunt Beatrice's voice said when a calm had taken place of the storm.

"It is just that I cannot stay here any longer and have Aunt Martha

make a fine lady out of me. Did you ever feel like I do, Aunt Beatrice, that life was sweet in its carefree state, and that if one grew up she was not in tune with those wonderful, wonderful things Back home I never realized how old I was. Each day came and went, too filled with joy to realize the passing years—and now I am almost a woman. I hate the very thought. I want always to be young—to feel the grass beneath my bare feet and be out where nature is and just forget time.''

''You must not feel that way entirely, Mickey. It is sweet to be young and enjoy our playtime in innocent enjoyment, but we must prepare also for a good, useful life, dear. Each one has his or her life to live, and each life goes in to make up a wonderful pattern that God is weaving. Each life is a part of that great plan, and, if the life is bad or useless, do you not see how it makes a flaw in the great plan? But if the life is sweet and big, see what a beautiful part we make in the divine pattern. Don't you see, Mickey dear, how essential it is that we live sweet and good and worthwhile lives?

"You put things in such a dear way, Aunt Bee, that one cannot help but try to live a worth-while life. Dad said 'Aunt Bee will teach you her version of life, and listen, Mickey, for she is the sweetest and biggest woman I have ever known.' ''

Aunt Beatrice's lip quivered, and a tear glistened for a moment on her lashes before her thin hand brushed it away. Then a smile like sunshine lit her face.

''I was as rebellious as you are, Mickey dear, about growing up. I loved to romp and tomboy the time away, until one day I found that I could not do it any more. See, Mickey, one must live for others, and not just for one's self. Try to please Aunt Martha, but keep your own sweet personality, dear. Grow into a lady as you have started; learn to think of and serve others, and you surely will make a beautiful part in God's plan.''

''I'll try, Aunt Bee.''

That had been several years ago, and Mickey had tried, but she had two standards of ladies to grow into, and she did not make a success of either. For months she would be the lady of Aunt Beatrice's standard, and then Aunt Martha would intervene and she would become a lady of the world.

So, one day when Aunt Beatrice bade farewell to her, and her wheelchair no longer held her a prisoner, Mickey's heart was broken, and she plunged into the society life of which Aunt Martha had tried to make her a part.

Such a mad whirl of a time as she had, dancing and enjyoing all of the fumed with hundreds of June's roses, a Sunday school class of girls, whom she had been teaching at one time, came to Mickey and begged her to come back as their teacher.

Mickey looked into their frank, wholesome girl faces, and a pain came to her heart as she thought of the months spent since she had taught them.

''I will think it over, girls, and tell you tomorrow evening,'' she said, and smiled into the girl faces, every one of whom she loved.

"But be sure to decide in our favor, Mickey," was the answer. To them she was still "Mickey." They recognized the girl in her, which in spite of all would not grow up.

Alone at last, walking through the garden, she reviewed her life. Was she still big enough to be a leader of girls?

Far off a vesper sparrow's song came sweet and clear, and whippoorwills mingled their sad and lonesome call, and Mickey was back in the old days, holding Aunt Bee's frail hands in hers and listening to her words of wisdom.

"Each one has his or her life to live; each life's work goes in to make up a wonderful pattern, which God is weaving. Each life is a part of that pattern, and, if the life is bad or useless, do you not see how it makes a flaw in the great pattern? But if the life is big and sweet, see what a beautiful part we make in the plan. How essential it is that our lives be big and sweet and worth while."

Up to the starlit sky she looked. No longer were birds flitting carefree in it, but stars looked solemnly down, as if entreating her to be true to her better self.

"Help me, Father," she prayed, "to be an open-eyed leader of girls. Help me to work with girls and show them how to have their lives weave in beautifully with Thy plan."

Next evening, happy girls faces looked into Mickey's shining one and read her answer.

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,
  If you like him, or love him—tell him now;
Don't withhold your approbation, 'till the parson makes oration,
  As he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow.
For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it,
  He won't know how many tear drops you have shed
If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to him,
  For he can not read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and sunny,
  And the hearty, warm approval of a friend.
For it gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger—braver,
  And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.
If he earns your praise, bestow it; if you like him, let him know it,
  Let the words of true encouragement be said;
Do not wait 'till life is over and he's underneath the clover,
  For he can not read his tombstone when he's dead.

—Boys' Industrial School Journal.

THINKING RIGHT

(Exchange)

If a man thinks everyone is against him, he will soon begin to treat them so they will be. If he thinks everyone is his friend, he will treat them right, unconsciously, and they will soon be his friends. The man who lives his daily life according to this formula, has in his make-up a spark of sound and true philosophy that will make his life brighter. If we put into all the relations with our fellows a full measure of friendliness and good will, we are pretty sure to get it back, full and overflowing. On the other hand, if a man is suspicious of everybody, everyone will be suspicious of him. The man who goes about looking for a fight is sure to get licked some day, good and plenty.

True friendliness is founded on sincerity. And sincerity is about the only thing in the world that can't be counterfeited. The impulse toward friendliness springs from the very soul of a man.

The world needs friendliness, and kindliness, and good will. Not Sundays only, but every day in the week, and every hour of the day. Think friendly thoughts. If you've got a soul, don't be ashamed of it. Bring it into the office with you. For the soul is the source and fountain-head of every good and worthy impulse. Put your faith in men. Believe they are your friends, and they will be.

When you're criticizing others
And are finding here and there
A fault or two to speak of,
Or a weakness you can tear;
When you're blaming someone's meanness.
Or accusing some of pelf,
It's time that you went out
To take a walk around yourself.

There's a lot of human failures
In the average of us all,
And lots of grave shortcomings
In the short ones and the tall;
But when we think of evils
Men should lay upon the shelves,
It's time that we all went out
To take a walk around ourselves.

—Selected

THE FRIENDLY CLOCK

By Alice Wetherell

In the United Empire Loyalist cabin where young Seth Williams lived with his parents and his sister Abigail, there was one special piece of furniture that the whole family loved beyond all others. The beds were very useful, also the table and the rude benches, but upon these they wasted little of their sentiment. They were necessary, of course, but then, they were not like the grandfather clock.

It wasn't the manner of the making that made them love the clock so much. To be sure the beds and benches were homemade; and the clock was made by a real cabinet maker. The beds were made of poles stuck into the mud chinks between the logs of the wall. Seth and his father had put the poles there as they had built the cabin, and Seth had watched carefully the next day to see if the mud would really harden enough to hold them fast as his father had said it would. Of course it had, and then Seth and Abigail had held a pole to make the foot of the bed while their father had fitted in two logs for the sides. Three slats across the bottom and a flat sack of straw, and there it was, the first bed in the house.

Seth had also helped with the table. He and his father had cut down a basswood tree, and soon they had a big flat board to lay upon the stump, which always had been in the middle of their floor. Indeed, their father told them he had built his house just there so that the stump would serve as a leg for their kitchen table. Then two home-made benches were roughly hewn and the Williams family were settled in the wilderness.

All this rude furniture was very well then for the Canadian backwoods, but the hearts of Seth and Abigail often longed for the home in New York where they had left behind so many comfortable mahogany chairs from England, and the stately old grandfather clock that had belonged to Captain Williams' father. Seth and Abigail had so loved the old clock in the spacious hall that when their parents asked them to choose one thing to take with them to their new home in Canada with one accord they chose the friendly clock.

"But it is far too big. It can't be done," said Captain Williams, who knew so well that absolute necessities would fill up al the trunks and boxes that the wagon and the boat allowed.

But Mrs. Williams, like so many mothers, found a way. "Let's take the works," she said. "The clock works are the real heart of the clock. They'll be great company. Let's take them."

So it was that in the little cowhide trunk that carried the most precious possessions of the Williams family, the dear old clock works came to their new home under the British flag. And just as bare clock works they hung on the wall of the log cab-

in in the woods until one day Captain Williams learned that their next door neighbor had been a cabinet maker years ago, in England. So as soon as the first crop had ripened in the small, cleared field behind the cabin, so that they could afford a clock-case, Seth and his father went to call on their neighbor and ask him if he would make them one that would cover the brass works.

The old clock works, encased in walnut from the Williams' woods, took on new interest from the children, as well as for the neighbors far and wide. It had been the only clock in the neighborhood, even as bare works, and when it flourished in a new dress of walnut everybody for miles came to see it. But it was really won its greatest reputation.

Elijah was the four-year-old son of a neighbor United Empire Loyalist. His father had died on the transport ship, and his mother had not outlived the first hard winter.

"Of course, we'll take Elijah," were Mrs. Williams' last comforting words to the dying woman, whom she nursed so tenderly. And that very night Elijah was brought to his new home.

"Muvver — want muvver," he would cry. Then he would look up at the friendly clock and he would lisp. "Tick-tock, Nice tick-tock" From the first night the clock was his friend Elijah was soon to realize.

Elijah had been with the Williams family about a week when Captain Williams one day said: "Now, Seth, I have to go to town to get supplies. It will be night before I can get back. Take care of mother and of Abigail and wee Elijah, won't you?"

Seth's heart almost burst with pride. "Take care of mother and family? Of course he could. Hadn't he already had his twelfth birthday? Wasn't he quite a man the way he helped his father?"

But hardly had Captain Williams left when a friend of Seth's came in and said, "Mother is very sick, Mrs. Williams; please, can you come?"

Never had Seth seen his mother refuse a call to a sick bed. She always had her little bag of herbs and home-made salve. So that she could take them at a moment's notice. Seth and Abigail had helped her gather herbs and knew just what was in them, too.

"Go, bring the black mare, Seth," was all she said now. And as Seth went to do his mother's bidding he kept thinking:

"I'll take care of Abigail and 'Lijah' all alone. Won't that be fun?"

It was not many minutes before Mrs. Williams was seated on the black mare with the neighbor child held tightly in front. Then Seth and Abbie and Elijah were indeed alone. Abigail was sitting spinning flax and 'Lijah was playing close beside her, when Seth came in, after seeing his mother off, with an armful of wood for the wood-box.

"It'll be ready for Abbie to light the hearth-fire for the supper," he was thinking. And his thoughts ran on as he straightened up to go out for another load, "Taking care of the children is fun;" But right there his thoughts were interrupted by a squeal from 'Lijah.

Seth followed 'Lijah's terrified

gaze to the open door where stood a great black bear. He wasn't hungry, or angry, but the children did not know that. They were very much frightened.

There was no time to shut the door. Seth sent one quick glance about the room for a hiding-place for Abbie and 'Lijah. "The clock, Abbie, the clock," he said in a low hoarse whisper, fearful lest the bear should hear and understand and get inside the clock before the children could. Then with a swift leap, Seth loosened his father's gun from the wall, and lifted it to his young shoulder.

Seth could hear the clock door close safely as he pointed the gun straight at the bear and slowly walked toward the door.

"Take care of the family," father's words kept echoing in his ears. Then Seth pulled the trigger. The gun wasn't loaded. How dreadful! —but at the sound of the pulling of the trigger, the black bear slowly turned and walked off into the woods in the opposite direction to that in which Mrs. Williams had so lately gone.

When Mother Williams returned from the neighbor's house that night and father came in from the village, they heard the story from all three children at once.

"That settles it," said Mrs. Williams. "I always wondered which of you should have the clock. I think now that Abigail will agree the clock should some day belong to Seth." And that is how Seth really won the friendly clock as a lifelong possession, to be handed down to his own children and his grandchildren with the story of its friendliness.

LAUGHTER COMES INTO ITS OWN

Lord Chesterfield did not approve of laughter. He considered the sound objectionable, and the accompanying contortions of the face shocking. He remarked that since he had the full use of his reason, no one had heard him laugh.

No sensible man living today would make such a boast. For, while everybody admits that some forms of laughter are objectionable; that people make nuisances of themselves by howling and shrieking, under the pretense of laughter—real laughter is commendable. Man is the only animal that can laugh, and the more sane, wholesome laughter there is in the world, the better for everybody. As a rule, the man who never laughs is a disagreeable person to have around. Laughter is music in the ears of most of the world. If Lord Chesterfield came back to earth, he would either have to learn to laugh or lose much of his popularity.

—Exchange.

SMILE, SMILE, KEEP ON SMILING

(Masonic Home Journal)

It is an old saying, "smile, and the world smiles with you, weep and you weep alone." If you want to be happy and make all around you happy, smile, laugh right out. It may awake some drowsy sleeper, but he needs to be awakened. Learn to laugh; it is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story; a story well told is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sickroom. Learn to keep all your troubles to yourself; the world is too busy to care for your little ills and petty sorrows. Stop your croaking; if you cannot see any good in the world, keep all the bad to your own self. Learn to hide all your pains and aches under a pleasant smile; no one cares if you have the earache, toothache, or rheumatism. No use to cry; tears are made best use of in novels, at funerals, and such places, they are entirely out of place in real life.

Learn to meet your friends with a smile; they cost nothing, yet they are your most valuable asset. A good humored man or woman—one that is always wearing a smile—is the most welcome to any home or gathering, but a dyspeptic or a hypocrite that is always wanting someone to pity and sympathize with him, is not wanted anywhere—they are a nuisance.

Above all things, lose no chance in giving pleasure to all about you. You can pass through this world but once, and therefore any good thing that you can do, or any kindness that you can show to any human being, you had better do it now; do not defer or neglect it, for you certainly will not pass this way again. Then think what you will have missed. You have the chance to let the sunshine into some poor soul that needs it. Many times the kindnesses shown to the most lowly come again to you a hundredfold.

There is no place that laughter is not welcome save one, and that is the place where all true men shun; it is that place where the torment of those who fail to smile in the world ascend upward forever.

OLD DOG RED, CONQUEROR

By Earl L. Allison

Bert Brown was thoroughly vexed. Besides, he was hot and weary. His clothing was wet from sweat due to forced exertion in chasing a dilatory neighbor's hogs from the Brown corn field. It was mid-summer. The corn Bert had tended so faithfully was maturing into what promised to be a bumper crop.

"But there won't be much crop left if Andy Hobson's hogs break through his flimsy old fence many more times," Bert told his dog Red as he dropped to the ground in the

shade of a mulberry tree to rest and cool off.

Red was a faithful animal. His name came from his color. He lay down beside his master, wagged his tail when Bert spoke and, like the young man, was glad of the opportunity to rest in the cool shade, for Red had assisted Bert in getting the trespassing hogs from the corn field and he, too, was hot and weary.

"I believe we got that fence fixed up so they'll not break through that spot again," Bert went on, addressing his dog. "If they find another weak place and get in, Red, I'll be just about ready to blow up. If they do we'll just have to put this thing up to old Andy and ask him to build a new fence or move his hogs to another pasture."

Red looked up into his master's face understandingly and wagged his tail vigorously.

Bert presently was growing cooler and the anger which had gripped him for a time softened. He stretched out his hand and patted the dog, his constant companion, affectionately. "Red, you're just a plain, common dog. You likely wouldn't rate very high in a fancy dog show like I saw pictured in the pager, but for real sense and honesty and trustworthiness you beat those hothouse dogs to a frazzle. To me you're the best dog in the entire universe. Didn't you save me a while ago when I caught that little pig and he squealed while I was putting him out of the field and his mammy came after me with bristles up to make a killing? You sure did, old fellow. You're the kind that can be depended upon in a pinch."

Red responded to this praise. He got to his feet, licked the hand of his master and stood at attention, as much as to say, "I'm ready for any duty or any danger, just so it is to help you."

Bert also got up, looked back across the fence into the Hobson hog pasture where he saw the hogs slowly ranging back toward home, and turned to Red. "If you're ready, old boy, let's meander back toward the house. It's about dinner time."

A moment later they were on their way across the corn field toward home, almost half a mile away. These two —Bert and his dog Red—were an inseparable pair. Red trailed the footsteps of his master, no matter whether they led through the fields at work, on the hunt or merely on hikes for pleasure. Bert was the real head of the Brown household. There were his mother and three younger children in the family besides himself, two girls and a small boy, but he was the actual farm manager and farm worker on the place. And he was nineteen.

As the two climbed a rail fence that separated the corn field from the cow pasture Bert gave voice to a further thought about the Hobsons, speaking again to his dog. "Old Andy is not in love with us, not a bit. Neither's Tubby, that overgrown boy of his. I don't like to say it, Red, but just between us two, I wouldn't put it past Tubby breaking a hole in the fence to let their hogs into our corn."

Red was already over the fence into the cow pasture. He paused, waiting while Bert sat for a moment on the top rail, meditating. Red turned sharply and pointed his nose

to the right. The hair stood up on his back and a deep growl came from his throat. Red's action aroused Bert. He also looked. Crossing the far corner of the pasture on a leisurely run was an animal resembling a dog. He carried something in his mouth.

"That's the Outlaw, Red," declared Bert. "And he's been up to thievery of some kind."

Red uttered another growl, gave his tail a half wag of understanding and stood looking in the direction of the fleeing thief, ready to give chase if Bert ordered it.

Now, as a matter of fact, the Outlaw was just what his name implied —an outlaw animal. He had come into the neighborhood from nobody knew where, had taken up a wild, solitary life in the woods and fields and lived by his wits through theft of chickens, young pigs and lambs and by the killing of wild animals. He was sly and had never been caught in an actual theft when anyone with a gun was near. No one had seen him at reeal close range. Some claimed he was a wolf or a half breed, but even about that there was uncertainty. He was big, strong and evidently a ferocious beast. No one desired to meet the Outlaw at close quarters for an encounter unless armed, yet every hand in the neighborhood was raised in enmity against the thief.

Bert and Red went on home. Bert's mother had news for Bert. "The Outlaw," she told him, "stole one of our best pigs from the pen just a while ago. The children were in the lot and saw him run away with it."

"That thief!" exclaimed Bert. "We'll have to organize a hunt to get him. I'm afraid he'll kill some child one of these days if we don't."

The thoroughbred pigs in the lot back of the barnyard were things of pride to Bert. To have one of them stolen like that was a heavy blow. If the Outlaw got one, he reasoned, he would come back for others.

Keeping a close watch on his corn to protect it from the ravages of Hobson's hogs, Bert made another visit to the field that afternoon. As usual, Red was with him. They found no hogs in the corn, but they did find Tubby Hobson loitering along the fence. It struck Bert that Tubby was there for no good reason. He knew he shouldn't suspect him, but just the same the feeling persisted that Tubby was looking for a weak picket in the fence he could break so the Hobson hogs could get through. Bert knew that Tubby had no liking for dogs and that he was especially bitter toward Red. This knowledge, perhaps, strengthened Bert's suspicions.

"I'm looking to see how the fence is standing up and if there's any place it needs fixing," Tubby explained.

Bert was none too cordial. "The whole fence needs rebuilding. Your end does. Our half is in good shape. Your hogs have done a lot of damage to our corn."

"That's your tough luck," was Tubby's flippant reply. He had evidently taken Bert's statement as an insult.

"But, Tubby," Bert protested, "I can't afford to raise a corn crop and have it destroyed that way. Couldn't you folks put your hogs in another pasture?"

"Couldn't you leave that smart dog of yours here to guard the fence and keep the pigs out?" Tubby asked sneeringly. "I've heard you boast about his being such a wonderful dog. He certainly could do that much."

Red eyed Tubby through a crack in the fence. He seemed to understand the sentiment of Tubby's words. Tubby saw the dog's look and kicked the fence spitefully in front of Red's face. Red leaped back but uttered not a sound.

"Tubby, you're making an enemy of Red, and he'd be glad to be friends if you'd only let him," Bert warned.

"Friends with a dog! Ho! Ho!" Tubby ridiculed and turned to walk away.

Bert and Red watched him go. When he was a hundred yards away, Red turned to his master, reared upon his hind legs and placed his fore feet upon Bert's chest. Bert hugged the dog tight and playfully toyed with his velvety ears. "Imagine a brain with that kind of a twist in it, Red! Imagine!"

Red barked softly, then released himself and ran circles playfully around his master.

"One thing we need is a field glass to save steps," Bert remarked next forenoon as the sun boiled down from a torrid midsummer sky. "But since we have none, we must make our legs do their duty. Let's go see about Hobson's hogs again.

In a moment the two were off. Just a few minutes before, Bert had seen the Outlaw slinking across the field away from his own pig lots. But after the thief had taken one pig, Bert had guarded against the theft of another by placing high wire netting around the pen where the pigs were kept. The Outlaw had been foiled and was stealing away, still hungry, no doubt.

Bert and Red crossed the cow pasture in a playful mood and came again to the rail fence over which they had climbed the day before. "I say, Red, old pal, this is a scorcher of a day. Let's stop here in the shade and rest a minute or two. That breeze is fine."

The dog readily agreed to this plan. The two loitered. It was the season of the year when work was a bit slack on the farm. The corn was made. The wheat was harvested and threshed. The hay was cut and in the mow. Bert had no particular cause to hurry. He could afford to loiter.

And then came to the ears of the youth and the dog the sound of a startled cry from the other side of the corn field. It sounded like a call for help.

In a flash Red was on his feet, every muscle tense, ready for any action that might be demanded of him. Bert strained his ears to hear the call repeated. The tall corn obscured his view and he could see nothing beyond the field.

Then came the cry agan. Ths time it was clearly an agonized appeal for help. Red understood it as such. He asked no questions, waited for no instructions. His taut muscles were released and he went forward with a bound toward the source of that call.

Bert called after his dog. He would have urged caution, but Red sped onward. He was an animal of

decision and action. Bert followed with the best speed he could make across the corn field.

It was only a short tim after Red's powerful body catapulted from the shade by the roal fence that he emerged from the tall corn at the other side of the field. It had been a hot, furious run. For just an instant Red paused to survey the situation. And he pictured it in a flash.

Just over the fence in the Hobson hog pasture Tubby Hobson was battling for his life. He was backed, bleeding, half down, against the fence itself, a useless broken stick in his hand, while above him, straining savagely to get at the youth's throat, was the Outlaw. It was evident that the brute, foiled by Tubby in an effort to get one of the Hobson pigs, had been driven by desperate hunger and inherent savagery to attack the youth.

Now Red was not rated as a fighter. In his lifetime he had had little occasion for fighting. But he was no coward. When duty called, even in behalf of an enemy like Tubby, Red did not hesitate. Yet he used caution and avoided a headlong plunge into what he must have known would be a dangerous battle. Circling a little way to the right, Red leaped the fence easily and lightly. Thus he pleaed himself in the Outlaw's rear As yet he was undiscovered.

Tubby's fear-filled, muffled cries were now growing weaker. The Outlaw was at his throat. With desperation Tubby was exposing his arms to the ugly white fangs and managing to save his throat a little while longer from them.

It was then that Red threw himself forward with all his weight and strength for a sudden surprise attack. Caught from behind, the Outlaw hurtled forward off the half dead Tubby. Red was upon the other animal like a flash, seeking to find a vital spot before the Outlaw could regain his feet. But the Outlaw was heavier and stronger than Red and he was by nature and training a savage fighter. He was not to be beaten easily. Red's jaws clamped upon the beast's throat with a terrible grip for one fleeting moment. But the Outlaw, by a mighty effort, shook himself free, and counter-charged.

Red, with the understanding of the highly trained and sensible dog that he was, sensed the disaster that was certain to result if the mighty Outlaw once got a grip upon him. Like a trained boxer in the face of a heavier foe, he dodged and avoided his enemy, keeping just out of his reach. Once the Outlaw lunged. He missed Red's throat, but his teeth closed upon Red's left foreleg. Red lost his balance and fell to the ground in an agony of pain. The Outlaw was quick to follow up his advantage. He was upon Red, evidently confident that the end was at hand and that victory would be his.

But even in this trying situation Red did not lose his head. As the Outlaw loosed his grip on Red's foreleg to sing his fangs into the throat, Red flounced from beneath the heavier animal and at the same time reversed ends. As he did so the Outlaw's hind leg flashed before his eyes and Red gripped it. Red did not know at the moment, but he soon learned that he had gripped a ten-

der spot. He held with all his might. Once, twice the Outlaw battled desperately to turn and fight off his tormenter, but he could not reach him. The bone in the leg was all but being crushed by Red's jaws. It was then that the Outlaw gave himself up to agonized howling and tried frantically to escape by pulling away. By sheer force he pulled Red after him.

And it was then, too, that Bert arrived on the scene, took in the situation at a glance and, with a club in hand, hastened over the fence to aid Red. In one last desperate lunge the Outlaw tore himself free. Without pausing for an instant he went limping and howling toward a distant woods. Red's injured foreleg was too painful for him to give chase.

"You wonderful dog!" praised Bert, patting Red and examining his injured leg.

The two turned toward Tubby. The deadly encounter had sobered him. His clothes torn, his arms, hands and face scratched and lacerated by the Outlaw's teeth, he had arisen and leaned unsteadily against the fence.

"Bert," said Tubby, speaking rather shakily, "he saved my life. Your dog Red licked that brute and kept hmi from killing me. I take back every mean word I've said and every mean thought I've thought I've had about that dog. If I had a dog like that I'd fight the whole world single-handed for him just like I know you would fight for Red."

Red limped forward and licked Tubby's torn and swollen hand in token of friendship.

"Tubby, Red's a prince," agreed Bert.

And that, the neighborhood will tell you, was the end of the Outlaw. Thereafter he disappeared, going nobody knew where, and was seen in that territory no more. And Bert will tell you, if you press for an answer, that Hobson's hogs never again caused him trouble.

THE BARBERS POLE

By Beatrice M. Parker

If you were to look back several centuries, you would discover that the doctor or surgeon of that time was very different from the one of today. At that time it was part of the doctor's work to cut hair and beards, which were very important to the men. So, in the "shingle" in front of the doctor's office would be the words, "Barber-Chirurgeon," just as the sign "Surgeon Dentist" is seen today.

One of the chief practices of those days was to bleed people who were ill with fever. Doctors thought that fever was caused to a large extent by too much blood in the body, and that if some of it were drawn off, the sick person would get well. This bleeding was usually done in the patient's arm in the chirurgeon's office. It was a wearisome task for a sick per-

son to hold his arm in one position long enough to have the bleeding done, and so he was given a cane which he would grasp firmly to steady his arm. This cane was a little more than three feet high, with a small ball on top so that the patient might hold it more easily. It was wound with a piece of tape such as the doctor used in binding ligatures, so that anyone could not mistake it for one which he had brought into the office.

People soon found that this cane was very convenient to use when they had their hair and beards trimmed, for they sat, not in a comfortbale barber's chair like the ones we have, but on a straight stool sometimes with no back, and I can assure you that their task of getting a hair-cut was certainly a tiresome one.

Some years after this, when the laws of England demanded that each profession have a trade mark or some sign, it was only natural that the taped cane should be that of the barber-chirrurgeon, because it was so frequently in use. Still later, when the doctor's work was more exacting scientifically, the work of hair-cutting or beard-trimming was taken up separately, and so the barber came to have a trade of his own, using as his trade mark a very large taped cane, in reality a striped pole resembling the cane with the tape, which he set out in front of his shop so that customers could not fail to see it.

EXPLORING THE MORAL LIMITATIONS OF THE WORLD

Several years ago when Commander Byrd returned from his flight over the North Pole, a reporter asked him what his thoughts were on that long flight. He is reported to have said:

"I thought of the limitations of those who have taken over the conduct of civilization. I thought for the first time, as in a flash of understanding, of the inadequate results of the effort to solve, not the enigmas of space and time, but the problems of mankind.

"We have improved and progressed and developed, but we have failed to make the most of ourselves. We have explored everything except our consciences.

'We are still a horde of pigmies, selfish and envious, each striving for individual supremacy.

"It is not the geographical but the moral limitations of the world that must be charted, and the really great explorers will be those who find the way to universal reconstruction, the first step in which is the abolition of war and the needless destruction of humanity.—Richard E. Byrd

A PRAIRIE FIRE IN SOUTH DAKOTA

By Edna Osborne Whitcomb

Years ago Margaret Faris lived out on the South Dakota prairie. She was a true prairie child for she loved everything about the prairie: its winds, its wild flowers—mallows and even primroses, its birds—flycatchers and horned larks, even its storms.

"Wait till you see a prairie fire! Then you won't care so much for the old prairie," her brother Will said to her.

Sixteen-year-old Will thought himself a man. The previous summer he had gone farther west—in fact, nearly to the Big Muddy—to help his Uncle Ben break the virgin soil on a claim. While there Will had experienced many adventures, the most thrilling being his help in mastering a destructive prairie fire. The fire was supposed to have been started by a wandering band of Sioux who were hostile to the new settlers. The fire had raged across many miles of open prairie before Will, his Uncle Ben, and two other pioneers managed to control it by back firing. Again and again Will had recounted his struggle with the prairie fire, until everyone in the whole neighborhood for twenty-five miles around knew about it!

One hot day early in August Margaret's parents left for Redfield, fifteen miles away. A county-seat war was on and Mr. Faris thought he must vote. He carried his old shotgun, though he was far from being a natural fighter. Mrs. Faris accompanied her husband so that she might visit a sister who was slowly recovering from a serious illness.

Margaret sang as she churned and did up the morning work. She felt as happy as one of the little prairie dogs that barked at the winds all day as he frisked in and out of his burrow over on the unbroken prairie.

Mr. Culver, a neighbor, who was an old settler, stopped his team as he was passing and whistled.

"Good morning," Margaret called, hurrying out of the house.

"Good morning, Margaret. Is your father home?" Mr. Culver questioned, as he tried to hold in check his spirited horses.

Margaret shook her head.

"No," she said. "He went over to Redfield to vote—and look out for the Ashtonites who want to get the county seat. Mother went with him so that she could spend the day with Aunt Martha."

"And you are alone?"

"No, Will's working over in the field." Margaret pointed to a boyish figure and team a quarter of a mile away.

"I'm sorry. Wish I could stay with you, but I'm on my way to Redfield, too."

"Why, what could happen to us?"

Mr. Culver shook his head dubiously.

"It is such a day as today that prairie fires get lively. I haven't heard of one this summer and yet—"

Margaret laughed.

"Why, Mr. Culver, I've lived in South Dakota four years and I have never seen one; that is, except way

off,'' she said.

Bnt Mr. Culver looked troubled.

''I'm late. I must be going. Good-bye.''

A wave of the hand and he was gone, his team kicking up a curtain of dust on the well-worn trail that was fast becoming a road.

Margaret went back to her household tasks, but she did not sing. Somehow, the words, ''prairie fire,' struck terror in her heart.

''Mr. Culver has lived in South Dakota as many years as I am old. He must have seen many prairie fires. No wonder he is afraid,'' she said to herself.

When Will came in for his noon meal, he was cross. It was not strange. He had been doing hard work out in the field. The thermometer registered 96 degrees.

''Do you think there is any danger of a prairie fire?'' Margaret asked.

''Prairie fire! How do you happen to be thinking of a prairie fire today?''

''Mr. Culver stopped on his way to Redfield and he said—''

''That old 'fraid cat is liable to say most anything,'' Will interrupted.

''You shouldn't call him by such a name. He was worried when I told him father had gone to vote and mother was with him. He said—''

''I don't care what he said,'' Will declared.

''But if a prairie fire should come, what would we do, Will?''

''Back fire, of course.''

''But if—''

''Oh, don't wrory. A prairie fire is not coming. Even if it did come, it couldn't jump that ditch south of the corn lot. So, we're safe, Sis.''

After the meal, Will carried a quilt out to the back porch of their little cabin and curled up on it for a nap before going back to the field. Margaret washed the few dishes and then, since she felt tired and drowsy, she lay down on a couch by the window and soon was asleep.

Two hours later Margaret opened her eyes. She smelled smoke and it seemed hot, much hotter than when when she had lain down. Sitting up, she glanced out of the window. The sight that met her eyes sent terror through her whole being. There were flames, plenty of them, piling skyward like a great red cloud.

''Will, Will, wake up! A prairie fire is right here and we'll be burned to death,'' she screamed.

Although sound asleep, Will heard here cry. A second and he was on his feet, gazing at the approaching spectacle. Another second, and the boy was like a general in full command of the situation.

''Get the grain sacks and bring water—all that you can carry.''

Like a flash Will raced out beyond the corn lot. Quickly he twisted up a bunch of prairie grass, lighted it, and drew it across the brown prairie. Tearing off his shirt, he beat out the flames as they advanced.

Meanwhile Margaret brought the grain sacks. Luckily she and her mother had washed the day before and had left the wash water in the tubs for scrubbing. Margaret had been so busy all the forenoon she had not gotten to the scrubbing. So she had a little water to start the fight but the two tubs full did not last long. Soon she was carrying pails of

water from the well.

"Now you must beat out the side flames that go against the wind," was Will's second command.

This was harder work than carrying the water. The heat became stifling and the smoke not only blinded their eyes, but strangled and choked them. Their faces and hands were blistered and their clothing blackened.

Suddenly Margaret screamed. Her dress had caught fire.

A second and Will beat out the flames with a wet grain sack.

"Here, Sis, slip this around you. It will protect you," Will said, as he wrapped the wet sack about her.

Margaret secured the sack with a safety pin that had been fastened to her dress. Then she continued beating out the stubborn little side flames that kept creeping up through the grass like snakes.

"Cheer up, Sis, we are getting along fine," Will called, but even as he spoke the huge oncoming flame leaped the ditch and was across the last barrier.

Wisps of burning grass sailed high in the air, hundreds of blazing cinders were whirled in midair, and the red fire rolled forward like a gigantic ocean wave It seemed higher than the Faris cabin.

At the terrible sight Margaret was speechless at first, then very angry.

"You shan't come any farther! You shan't!" she cried, shaking a smoke-grimed fist at the approaching curtain of flames.

She glanced at Will but he was pounding away with both hands. Realizing her discouragement, Will shouted above the roar of the fire.

"Don't watch it come, little Sis. Keep on working till the worst is past."

And she did.

"Now you may look," Will boomed above the flames after they had been working feverishly for five minutes.

Margaret could hardly believe her eyes. The head fire had gone by and their place was saved. Tears came to her eyes and rolled down her cheeks, but they were tears of gladness, of thankfulness.

"There, there!" comforted Will, patting her on the shoulder.

But there was still much to do. There were some ugly little blazes that had to be put out and the roof of their cabin was smokiing.

Will climbed up on the roof and Margaret went back and forth to the well, filling their several pails with water and passing them up to him. Agile as a cat, Will skipped over the roof, pouring water here and there until the last smoking shingle was soaked.

Both Will and Margaret were so engrossed in theri work, they did not see two figures approach.

"Thank God they are safe!" a familiar voice exclaimed.

Turning around, Margaret saw her father and Mr. Culver coming toward them. Down on the trail stood Mr. Culver's team, their heads down and their flanks fairly dripping with sweat. They must have come from Redfield at top speed.

Will, in a dramatic mood, struck a pose, one hand raised in a silencing motion, the other resting quietly on the chimney of the cabin.

"Gentlemen," he began, "you have arrived too late. The show is over. However, you still can see the actors

—the black-faced comedians.''

Then he laughed a laugh so infectious that the two older men joined in though they were still stunned a little, for they realized fully what might have happened if Will and Margaret had not fought as two pioneer soldiers should. Margaret giggled when she noticed Will's black face and knew that her own was just as black. Their eyebrows were burned off and even their hair was singed.

''It is splendid that there is so little wind today. If there had been a real wind—'' Mr. Culver paused and did not finish his sentence. Both he and Mr. Faris had seen that it was ever so little that the head fire, driven away by the back fire, had turned aside.

Mr. Culver remained with the Faris family for more than an hour before contniuing on to his farm. He was a great help in assisting Mr. Faris in putting oil on the burns and binding the smarting hands and feet of the fighters.

While they were busy with first aid work, Mr. Faris told how thankful he was for Mr. Culver's help. It seemed that as soon as Mr. Culver had reached Redfield that morning, he had found Mr. Faris and told him of his fears.

''Just a day that hatches prairie fires,'' he had said.

Of course Mr. Faris felt uneasy. After Mr. Culver voted Mr. Faris saw him again. This time it seemed as though they could smell smoke in the air.

''I must go home,'' Mr. Faris declared.

S o they decided to drive back immediately.

After seeing Mrs. Faris and telling her that he was returning to the farm with Mr. Culver and that she could remain over night with her sister and drive their team back the next day—and bring his gun, the two men started.

Just a few miles out of Redfield we saw the fire,'' Mr. Faris said.

''We thought we could get here before the big head fire reached you,'' Mr. Culver interrupted, as he put healing salve on one of Margaret's bruised fingers.

''Well, your team certainly went like the wind. It was no fault of the horses that we didn't make it,'' Mr. Faris declared.

''Won't mother be surprised when she finds out all about it!'' Margaret exclaimed.

''Won't she''! Will exulted. Already he was thinking up the fine dramatic story that he would be able to tell his quiet little mother—and others.

But Will did not need to tell of his part in this prairie fire. Mr. Culver spread the news of the heroism of hsi two young neighbors. It traveled almost as fast as did the prairie fire itself on that memorable day. People living as far away as Aberdeen and Buron heard of the fire and had wards of praise for the courageous young pioneers. Even now, years later, old settlers will tell how brave Margaret and faithful Will fought the threatening prairie fire; how they struggled against tremendous odds, and won!

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fisher spent several days last week with relatives in Whiteville.

Quite a number of our little fellows have been busily engaged lately in the gardens gathering vegetables of all kinds.

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKimmon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon.

The boys all enjoyed watermelon feasts last Saturday and Monday afternoons also the first canteloupes of the season that were served last Tuesday.

Mr. Walker and the boys on the cannery force have been canning tomatoes and peaches for several days past.

Mr. George Clark, of the Department of Public Welfare, Durham, visited the school last week and on his return home was accompanied by two of our boys who were paroled.

Our poultry yard is providing a number of delicacies this year. We have been getting plenty of eggs all summer and last Sunday our entire population enjoyed another of those famous fried chicken dinners.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Shipp, of Werooka, Oklahoma, visited the Training School last Saturday and Sunday. James was formerly one of our students and was paroled nearly seven years ago. Since leaving here he has been connected with the Salvation Army and is now serving that organization in an official capacity. While here he made a little talk to the boys assembled in the auditorium, telling of the advantages to be gained during their stay here and at the same time expressed his appreciation of what the institution had done for him. We were all glad to see him and to learn that he is making good and tender herewith our very best wishes for continued success.

On Thursday afternoon of last week our baseball team was defeated by the Odell School team by the close score of 2 to 1. Due to a heavy showers the game was late in starting and it was necessary to stop at the end of the seventh inning. Both of the visitors' runs were scored on errors and the result should have been a shut-out victory for the school as they earned their lone run on successive doubles by Easley and Davis in the third inning. Lisk, pitching for the local team, allowed four hits, three of them coming in the first frame after the side should have been retired. He struck out seven batters, three of them in a row in the second inning. The school lads

secured a like number of hits off Allison, who fanned eight and issued one free ticket to first base.

The Roberta Mill team furnished the opposition last Saturday afternoon and were the losers in a well-played game by the score of 2 to 1. Weaver was on the mound for the school boys and allowed the visitors but two singles and caused five batters to fan the breeze. He was robbed of a shut-out in the fourth inning when a wild throw by his catcher permitted the visitors to register their only marker. The school boys scored their first run in the second when Weaver was safe on an error and scored on Dean's triple to left field. The winning run was shoved across in the sixth when Hobby, first man up, singled, stole second and scored on Kiser's safe hit to center. A youngster by the name of Mason did the hurling for the visitors and did a pretty good job, too, allowing the local batters but four hits and fanning seven. He did not issue a base on balls, while Weaver walked one and hit one batter.

A DEED AND A WORD

A little stream had lost it's way
  Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
  Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
  A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
  But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo! The well,
  By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues
  And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
  That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
  Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
  A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
  It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
  O thought at random cast,
Ye were but little at the first,
  But mighty at the last.

—Charles Mackay.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CO 6, 1930. No. 30

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KINDNESS

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve, but all may please;
Oh! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offense.
Large bounties to restore, we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.

—Hannah More.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL
TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THAT PRECIOUS HALF-HOUR

More men have wrecked their lives by being careless of time than by being careless of money. I find the best time of all is the half-hour before going to bed, or the half-hour after getting into bed. Then the world has already gone to rest and has left me alone.

You must make leisure and use it well. Think of it: one half-hour a day for a year is fifteen days of twenty four hours each for you to gather in stores of liberal mental riches. Forty-five days of eight hours each added every year to your effective working life!

And though used in this way it is still leisure; it is enjoyment; it is refreshing; it is happiness. If you insist upon the thought, it is useful. It means that you will have a chance of ripening.

During these leisure hours, employed for broadening and enriching your mind so that it may be both an efficient possession and an abiding comfort to you, do not forget that the grnd masters and their works are few. That has always been the joy of poor students and the delight of all educationalists.

—J. Ramsay MacDonald.

The death of one of the Jackson Training School boys, Morrison Smith, fourteen years of age, brought keen sorrow to the officers, employees and boys

of the institution. This young fellow, bright and promising, was suddenly stricken, a few weeks ago, with septic sore throat and from the time of his illness he had the careful and sweet attention of the medical profession and friends. His mother preceded him to the grave some time prior, his father could not be located either during his illness or when his sweet spirit, after manfully battling for life, passed to the great beyond. The funeral was held in the school auditorium, some of Morrison Smith's comrades of his cottage acted as pall-bearers and all that was mortal found a resting place in Rocky Ridge cemetary. During the burial ceremony the boys stood at attention while "Taps" was played, as the last and impressive tribute to a comrade and friend.

VACATION TIME

At this period vacation time is in its zenith, and tourists are pursuing about in pursuit of pleasure and recreation. This business of travel and vacation and relaxation is an affair of considerable import indeed, for how many of us really take the vacation which is best for us? How often do we find the very place that will refresh our souls and bodies? Haven't there been vacatiions from which we returned exhausted, rather than restored? The sea-shore maid will too often seek a resort in the mountains which has been enthusiastically praised by some one of opposite temperament—or the mountain maid will rush in a flurry to a certain smart sea-shore place because she has heard another go into ecstacies about it only to find that, constitutionally, it isn't the place she needed at all, at all! There are those who would be beautifiully refreshed with a hectic, restless time those whose entire being fairly aches for what Henry James characterized as "a great sweet silence." We must understand our bodies and their relation to our minds and spirits if we would make a vacation pay the utmost return for time and pence expended. It has been said that Europeans wisely smile at our disorganized attempts at relaxation—they even accuse us of not knowing how to play, of struggling so hard at the work of vacationing that we must needs rest up upon returning home. We blushingly wonder if this is true.

ROSSINI'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Roaming in the mountains, in the environment of natural scenic beauty one is so forcibly reminded of Rossini's compositions in which he gave his expressions and his joyous philosophy of life. His soul bubbled over with melodies irresistible—music born of joy, of the swaggering gypsy spirit! Lazy, luxurious, poetic—prince of laughter—Rossini's muse was as generous as a gurgling mountain spring, his songs were the outpouring of his merry heart. He combines the gaily ornamental and the infinitely majestic. tender, impish, sympathetic, tragic. His music glows and soars, painting sensitive sound-pictures which have never grown old, however fashioned in opera have changed. Naturally such a divine gift must needs be considered the deepest influence upon Italian opera—yet every student of classic music is aware that the heavenly Mozart's spell was cast about Rossini from the very first; and the influence of this composer upon the atmosphere of Rossini's youth left its sublime imprint on all that he created through life. The greatest Italian melodist of the nineteenth century was the child of actor-musicians; his earliest days were steeped in music, German music most of all. His mother, a romantically beautiful woman, possessed a voice of exquisite quality; his father, gay and debonair and handsome, played the trumpet with brilliancy and flourish. Together they traveled through the small towns of Italy as members of an opera troupe, and it was at the humble home of Signora Rossini's father—a baker in the quaint little town of Pesaro, along the shores of the purple Adriatic —that this future genius was born, February 29, 1792. Coincidentally, thus, Gioacchino Antonio Rossini came to bless the earth in the same year that Mozart's golden gift departed therefrom! The name of Mozart was one of the first the precocious infant, Gioacchino, learned to love; and he always considered it a sentimental and artistic omen that his birth-year should have been the year of Mozart's death.

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WHY WERE BRIDGES COVERED?

Years agone, back in the dim distance of the memory of the oldest inhabitants, it was the custom to cover the bridges that were across streams on the old-fashion dirt roads. These covered bridges have about disappear-

ed now; only their memory remains. Why were they covered? A research amounts to this: Some say the object of the cover was to prevent snow from collecting on the bridge and breaking it down; others say to prevents nuts, bolts and reinforcing rods from rusting; to offer country people shelter in event of sudden storms, and others say to offer bashful suitors a good opportunity to kiss their girls, as the covers were built without windows, thus forming dark tunnels. You can believe any of these theories or not. They do not satisfy us. As for snow, it would take an enormous pile of this to weigh as much as the cover itself; as for bolts, nuts and reinforcement rods, they are under the planking anyhow, and thus pretty well protected from the weather; as for storms, they do not commonly wait until country people reach a bridge; as for bashful suitors, if they cannot find courage by moonlight, dark tunnels are not likely to do them much good. Furthermore, if any of these reasons were valid sixty or more years ago, they should be just as valid now, except in case of concrete bridges; yet covered bridges are not being built any more, and occasiionally you will see a bridge from which the cover has been removed. It seems to us that something has been lost here, and we should be a lot happier if somebody could tell us what it is.

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FIGURES TO REMEMBER

Here are some startling facts for The Uplift readers to study and remember. Traffic accidents are becoming so common in this country that the Red Cross is thinking seriously of establishing roadside first-aid stations at the most dangerous places on the busier highways.

Traffic accidents were responsible for 33,000 deaths and 1,200,000 injuries last year. And also for a financial loss of approximately $850,000,000.

This means there is a death occuring on our highways every 16 minutes of the day, an accident every two minutes, and a monetary loss of $27 every second.

It might be a good thing for those who go riding or walking on the highways to remember these figures, especially those about deaths and accidents. The mental picture of a tombstone or a hospital before us all the time might cause a little more care to be taken to prevent these casualties.

THE WORLD NEEDS KIND HEARTS

Not long ago a prominent Philadelphia lawyer was installed as the head of a prominent fraternal order. He is something of a philosopher. In his address accepting the office, among other things he said:

"In our haste to pursue the material things of life we are neglecting the things that are more important. We think so much of ourselves that we haven't time to think of our fellow men. The world doesn't need dictators; it has them. It doesn't need kings, it still has some of them. It doesn't need great capitalists and leaders of industry, it has them. But it does need kind hearts."

Here is a vital thought for every human being. There are few hearts that do not have in them a spark of kindness, and this spark can be kindled into a flame of usefulness if it is given a chance. Most of us are potentially kind-hearted. But the thing is to give our hearts a little wider scope of action in our daily lives and in little things. We often hide the real beauty of our kindliness because we are afraid to reveal it. And the world needs and yearns for kind hearts. Kind hearts are more than coronets.

BUT ARE ALL NOT LIKE THAT?

(Charlotte News)

The Hungarian government has put its foot down on the Gypsies, whose home is in Hungary. It has done what so many governments of today are trying to do,—reverse the natural order of things and compel people to be and to do things that are fundamentally contrary to what they, personally want to do and, as individual elements in a composite society, think they have a right to do.

The Gypsies have been declared by their government to be undesirable and their way of life contrary to what is to be the best interest of society. Hence, that government says to them they mustn't be Gypsies any more, but must conform themselves to the standards of modern life, throw away their picturesque costumes, surrender their own dialect, quit wandering about aimlessly over the face of the earth, and settle down like all other normal citizens to conventional ways of living, to accustomed modes of dress and to speak the language of the crowd.

As to what will come of such a decree reaching to such ramifications in this case is by no means the interesting point of it all. What does concern us is that the Gypsy spirit has all but been banished from humanity by the standards of an age that pins its faith in the materialistic and the mechanics of life without the compulsions of the law. It has oozed out gradually.

Life with the Gypsy is always an easy-going reckless, adventurous sort of an affair. It has no tangible, definite, handleable rewards or objectives. All the Gypsy gets out of this thing named life seems to be emotional reaction, peeps into new and more magnificent vistas, the pleasure of carefree wandering, the delights of the open road whithersoever it may be leading. There was once in pretty much of all of us just that sort of a soul,—a soul that was forever seeking the glamorous ways of the romances, a soul that had little concern for material rewards and the ease that comes from a plethora of houses, bank accounts, automobiles, plantations, a soul that was always on some quest to get those inner reactions for which life seemed then to have been fashioned.

But that is gone or is going from us. A man who has the Gypsy instinct in him today is foreordained to defeat and to despair. There is a conspiracy within the times against him. Society has no occasion to honor him nor to offer him its applause. He is merely in the way, like Gypsies in their native Country have come to be classified as nuisances as long as they live their life after its present mould. They must become standardized, conventionalized, mechanized,—made to go to work like other folks, dress like their neighbors, deport themselves in keeping with the artificial proprieties that have been set up. This new world of ours is no place for their ideals or their philosophies. To get, to do, to make,—this is the great trinity of verbs in our modern day and he who does not get

out and hustle according to the conformed modes and for the standardized purposes of this too purely secular age may as well get himself out of the lineup.

We are quite sure, in fact, that the wisest of all the philosophers of all time who said that "man can not live by bread alone" was mistaken about the matter. Perhaps, that may have been in His oriental surroundings and in the undeveloped era in which He wrought His works and did His teaching. But today,—ah, no! We have gone a long way to prove that His theory of life was wrong. We ARE living by bread alone and getting away with it, we fling back to that ancient seer and poet-teacher of ancient times, blasphemy though it be.

PLEASING DAD

When I was but a little lad, not more than two or three.
I noticed in a general way my dad was proud of me;
Sometimes he gave me words of praise, sometimes he stroked my head;
And when I'd done a thing worth while, the thought that made me glad
Was always that I'd done my best and that would please my dad.

I can look back today and see how proud he used to be
When I'd come home from school and say they'd recommended me.
I didn't understand it then, for school-boys never do,
But in a vague and general way it seems to me I knew
That father took great pride in me and wanted me to shine,
And that it meant a lot to him when I'd do something fine.

Then one day out of school I went, amid the world's great hum,
An office boy, and father watched each night to see me come.
And I recall how proud he was of me that wondrous day
When I could tell him that, unasked, the firm had raised my pay.
I still can feel that hug he gave—I understand the joy
It meant to him to learn that men were trusting in his boy.

I wonder will it please my Dad? How oft the thought occurs
When I am stumbling on the paths beset with briars and burs!
He isn't here to see me now, alone my race I run,
And yet some day I'll go to him and tell him all I've done
And, oh, I pray that when we meet beyond life's stormy sea
That he may claim the old-time joy of being proud of me.

—Selected.

A DELIGHTFUL REPORT

(Charlotte News)

One Southern editor, at least, resents Mr. Coolidge's recent 150-word syndicated article concerning the new South. There is little doubt but that the ex-President penned this daily dispatch with an air of graciousness and a feeling, possibly, of having put an exact forefinger on the pulse of that mysterious section about which we hear so frequently and in terms so vague. For our part, we considered Mr. Coolidge's encomium so carefully patterned after formula that we were left, reading it (and we can't remember if we got as far as the end), without definite reaction.

At any rate, The Richmond Times-Dispatch has taken exception to the Coolidge hand-out in a fashion so disagreeably accurate that we are compelled to quote it:

We have taken occasion to comment on the smugness of Calvin Coolidge with respect to the part Massachusetts has played in shaping new world civilization. One would gather from his writings that the American Government was merely a reflection of thought from the Bay State. Virginia is out of the picture. Washington was not worth mentioning, nor George Mason, James Madison, Thomas Jefferson and John Marshall.

That was a negative indictment of the initiative and the intellectuality of Americans who resided outside the New England area. In another article his scorn is more positive. On July 21 he attempted to discuss changing conditions in the South. Mr. Coolidge was rediscovering the region for those of his readers who, perhaps, had heard of it, but had promptly forgotten it. His smugness here is even more remarkable than that revealed in his dissertation on the three hundredth anniversary of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Speaking of the South, he says:

".....Its economic development is not so great as its change in thought. It is less local and more national.

"There are three important influences that are removing its inertia of mind and body. The public schools have been much improved both in housing and courses of instruction. Their power has become very great.

"The radio has done for the people of mature years what the schoolhouse has done for the youth in the way of lifting them out of themselves and giving them new ideas. This is changing the tone and infleunce of the local press.

"And the system of good roads which is already extensive and rapidly increasing, whereby the automobile has enlarged the circumference of mental vision, ranks very high in the progress of the new South."

Of course, all this is intended for a compliment. Mr. Coolidge took it for granted that the world, knowing the South was outside the boundaries of Massachusetts, recognized it as a place of benighted people. But it could not resist advancing civilization. Its people in time were forced to accept the public school, to build modern roads and install radio sets. These modern things have revolutionized the habit of thought among plain,

rural folk.

Any one acquainted with the South —its people, its history and the handicaps it has suffered—will recognize in Mr. Coolidge's article the veriest nonsense, the outpouring of a provincial who is not able to see, or who does not wish to see, beyond the limits of his own bailiwick. Of course, better public schools, improved highways and the radio have come to the South. They came in the course of natural development. But to say that these things have changed the entire course of Southern thought, making civilized persons of millions of ignoramuses, is to speak both absurdly and insolently.

The South was never a province of Massachusetts. Its people were making history on this continent before the first Pilgrim packed his baggage for the journey to New England. The South was never an asylum for morons. Its people have written the charters by which this Country is governed and established those principles of freedom and justice under which society is regulated.

There is nothing remarkable about the changing South. Its citizenship has remained the same through all these years. Its mental outlook has undergone no peculiar metamorphosis.

Its people did not need to be "lifted out of themselves." The change has been purely a matter of economic development. It was by reason of no mental inferiority on the part of its people that the South for a half century lagged behind the more fortunate Eastern States in matters of a material nature. This section was prostrated by the war. Its governments were overrun for a long time by Northern carpetbaggers, unspeakable vultures that came after the carnage. The South was under the necessity of shaking off its shackles and building a new civilization. This it did under terrible handicaps. It has just recovered from the nightmare of war and reconstruction. And since the dawn its material resources have increased at a rate which places Massachusetts in the light of a piker.

This is not intended as a reflection on the people of New England. They are of our blood. For the most part, they hold to our ideals. It is merely an answer to one man—Calvin Coolidge—who, to use his own words, should become "less local and more national." The attitude of the South should be accepted by him as a good lesson in citizenship.

"Many a man's reputation for truthfulness goes lame when be begins to say things about himself."

SUCCESS AND LUCK

(Asheville Citizen)

The Boston Post comments interestingly as follows on a recent statement by a big business man:

"Newcomb Carlton, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company has no personal pride of success. When asked for the "secret" of his success he said, "Bah, it's the breaks. Success depends on them. There are dozens of men in our company who could fill my job as well as I can. But they probably won't get the opportunity. They won't get the breaks. These stuffed shirts in high places who are always lecturing youth and handing out 90 per cent bunk make me sick." Very pungent language with a great deal of truth in it."

Here again is an interesting commentary on what goes to make up success in life. Reformers and moralists emphasize the importnace of character and industry. Carlyle once observed that "genius is an immense capacity for taking pains. But opportunity and good fortune also plays a great part—and sometimes one of chief importance. Yet it requires an individual of ability and foresight to take advantage of opportunity. Doubtless opportunities come to every one in life, but only those of intelligence take advantage of them."

The careers of many distinguished persons illustrate the part played by chance. Roosevelt was a clever magnetic governor of New York State. The Republican bosses nominated him for the vice presidency with McKinley to shelve him and prevent further advancement. But for the bullet of an assassin he might have ended his political career in the relatively unimportant position of vice president. But he then became president and one of the most brilliant and versatile political figures of his generation. Calvin Coolidge had a successful career as lawyer, politician, and governor—but was in no way a man of national importance. The Boston police strike of 1919 and its settlement gained him widespread fame. Hence he was nominated for the vice presidency with Harding and became president after the latter's death. The goddess of fortune played a potent part in this. Woodrow Wilson would never have been elected president but for the break in the Republican party in 1912. The Bull Moose movement led by Roosevelt was what sent him to the White House. Henry Ford was an obscure mechanic at the age of 40. The rise of the automobile industry and his foresight therewith have won him famee and vast wealth.

Thus good fortune plays a potent part in life. "There's a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." Yet we must not leave all to chance. Character and industry play a part too. Henry Clay was probably the most brilliant and magnetic political leader of his generation. Yet he never rose to the presidency. He was unable to command sufficient popular confidence. Similarly Blaine was the outstanding Republican leader for a generation. But

his brilliant career was clouded by unanswered and unanswerable charges of corruption in office, and he never reached the exalted heights to which his ability entitled him. On the other hand, Abraham Lincoln rose from poverty and obscurity, endured defeat and disaster, and achieved success through his masterly ability and integrity. Similarly Grover Cleveland rose from one high position to another through efficiency and conscientious performance of duty.

Thus we must strive in life to do our best. Leave nothing undone or to chance. Keep our eyes and minds alert. Then when opportunity comes knocking at our doors., we will be in a position to seize it and go forward upon the wave of success to higher things.

KEEP ON JUST THE SAME

Young Peter, when he "spoke his piece"
  Before the school committee,
The superintendent, and a crowd
  From all parts of the city,
Trembled and shook in every limb,
  His heart beat like a flail,
His face alternate blazed with fire
  Or turned a deadly pale;
But Peter was of hero stuff,
  A raw recruit of fame;
Though he was frightened half to death,
  He kept on just the same.

In after years, when he proposed,
  To Miss Ophelia Gleason,
His trepidation was intense
  Beyond all rule or reason:
He choked and stammered, hemmed and hawed,
  And blushed a rosy red;
It was so hard to be alive
He wished that he was dead.
But, like the brave young man he, was
  He made her change her name;
Though he was frightened half to death,
  He kept on just the same.

—By Sam Walter Foss,

SOMETHING BIG

By Earl Reed Silvers

His only chance to earn a camp letter was to win the plunge for distance in the swimming meet with Woodlawn. He knew that he had not made much of a success of his first summer at Sokokis; he was too fat to be a runner and he had never been any good at baseball. He wasn't a natural athlete like Ken Armstrong; as far as nature work was concerned, he couldn't tell an oak tree from an elm, and he was something of a joke on the rifle range.

The other boys called him Fatty—his real name was James Joseph Smith—and refused to take him seriously, even when he wanted to be serious. He played right field on the Green team in the season's competition with the Whites, but Budd Gardner, his captain, had told him more than once he couldn't catch a ball with a bushel basket. He wasn't so sure of that, but he admitted that he rarely caught one with a baseball glove.

"I guess," he told himself glumly, "that I'm not cut out to be an athlete."

The head swimming councilor thought at first he might possibly develop into a good swimmer. But after a week or two even that hope was abandoned. All that Fatty could do was float. He was, in fact, the best floater in camp. He could lie on his back for an hour at a time without sinking; he could actually sit in the water with his hands clasped around his knees and carry on a conversation with other fellows on the dock. This was his only claim to fame, for when it came to speed swimming his kick was all wrong and his arms lacked power.

But it was decided, two weeks before the meet with Woodlawn, that he would enter in the plunge for distance.

"If you can get a good push-off," Bill Simpson told him, "and can hold your breath for a full minute, maybe we'll make a winner of you yet."

So Fatty proceeded to master the art of plungingg. Twice a day, at eleven in the morning and four in the afternoon, he worked out with the 'varsity swimming candidates. Bill Simpson, the head councilor, whom everybody admired, was infinitely patient with him. Bill was a Red Cross examiner; he had broad shoulders and heavily muscled thighs, and was something of a superman.

"I want you to make good here at Sokokis," he said to Fatty. "And I think that if you try hard enough you can do it."

It was for Bill's sake as well as for his own that Fatty wanted to win the plunge. He liked the head councilor; Simpson was to him all that was best in the life of the camp.

"I can't fall down when Bill's expecting me to make the grade," he told himself.

But this progress was slow. There was another boy in camp, Hood Collins, who proved to be just as good a plunger as Bill. Hood wasn't nearly so fat and didn't have half his bouyancy; but he had a better push-off.

When the trials were held on the Wednesday before the meet, Hood beat him about three feet.

"That's only a small advantage," Bill Simpson told him later in the day. "You've got a fighting chance Fatty, and you've certainly got to come through."

Fatty wished that the fellows in camp would call him Jim. He didn't like his nickname, even though he admitted that it was more or less appropriate. But it always made him think that people were making fun of him. Somehow, almost everybody laughed at a fat boy.

He found himself wondering, as the day of the meet approachde, if he would always be just "Fatty" to the camp. Perhaps, if he should win his letter, the fellows would call him Jim. They seemed to like him well enough, but they didn't know how much he hated his nickname. Perhaps they would change if he could only do something big.

After rest hour on Friday afternoon he walked over to the Point, which jutted far out into the lake, and seated himself on a big rock overlooking the water's edge. Far to the west, the summit of Mount Washington gleamed in the sunshine. He had climbed it with some of the other campers a couple of weeks ago, but because he was fat the going had been hard. That seemed to be the way with him. Always the going was hard.

He noticed that the lake was rough and muddy from the rain which had fallen the preceeding day. For the first time since the camp opened, he couldn't see bottom.

"It's going to be hard to swim tomorrow if the water stays rough," he thought.

After a few minutes, he heard footsteps in the path behind him, and, turning, he discovered Bill Simpson. The head councilor was a senior in college, but everybody called him Bill.

"Hello, Bill," Fatty said.

The councilor grinned at him.

"Why so pensive, old man?"

"I'm just thinking," Fatty answered thoughtfully and unsmilingly.

"About what?"

"A whole lot of things," Fatty decided, suddenly, to confide in the blue-eyed man before him. "I've sort of made a failure of things here. Everybody in camp considers me a joke. I'd give a hundred dollars if the fellows would call me Jim instead of Fatty."

"I wouldn't let that worry me too much," Bill said. "A nickname is something that just springs up, and all the official edicts in the world can't change it."

"I know," Fatty agreed. "There's nothing we can do, I suppose." He looked up hopefully. "But do you think that if I should win the plunge tomorrow or did something else that was pretty big, the fellows might be willing to call me Jim?"

"They might," Bill Simpson answered and stood up. "How about coming down to the dock with me now. I want both you and Hood to practice a few plunges in the muddy water."

Fatty stopped off at his bungalow, which he shared with five other boys, and changed into his swimming suit. Then he went down to the dock where Simpson and Hood Collins were wait-

ing.

"I want you to take only a couple of plunges,"Bill told them. "You'll find it harder to get your bearings when the water isn't clear."

Hood went first, but came up after he had plunged less than thirty feet.

"It's like being in a different world," he said when he had swum back to the dock. "I couldn't see bottom at all."

Fatty took his place at the end of the pool, and crouched with his arms back and body bent forward. A stretch of water about seventy-five feet in length was inclosed on the three sides by the dock and two floats, and on the fourth side by the shore. But even though it was protected from the waves out in the lake, its surface was rough.

Fatty filled his lungs with air and plunged forward. He hit the water awkwardly, straightened out with his hands in front of him, and coasted. But he had made a poor push-off, so before he came to the top he kicked with his legs.

He was surprised at the momentum which that single kick gave him. He went ahead at greatly increased speed, and, just for the fun of it, he decided to finish out the plunge. So he drifted on the surface until he could no longer hold his breath. When finally he raised his head he saw by the markings on the float that he had plunged forty-eight feet.

That was four feet farther than Hood Collins had done in the trials Wednesday afternoon, and when Fatty swam back to the dock Bill Simpson offered his congratulations.

"That's the best plunge any one has made at camp this season,". I think you've found yourself, old man."

Fatty opened his lips to explain about the kick he had taken under water, but the head councilor had already turned away.

"Let's see you beat it," Bill said to Hood.

But Collins couldn't do better than thirty-seven feet; and on his own second trial Fatty kicked under water again and covered an even fifty feet.

"The harder the going, the better you are," Simpson announced happily. "Barring accidents, it looks like a victory tomorrow for Smith of Sokokis."

"Ah!" Fatty gasped. "It will mean my camp letter, won't it?"

"You bet!" Bill answered.

Fatty didn't say anything about kicking under water. No one had seen him do it, and if the lake was rough the next day he could "get away with it" in the Woodlawn meet. It wasn't fair, of course, but it would mean his 'varsity letter. He would wear the small black S when he came back next summer.

At supper Hood Collins announced that Smith had broken the record in practice, and all of the fellows stood np and gave him the Sokokis salute "Yea, Fatty!" they chanted in unison.

For the first time since the season started, he basked in the limelight. Ken Armstrong and Budd Gardner, two of the biggest fellows in camp, joined him on the way to the council ring and sat beside him. Budd wore the 'varsity letter on his jersey, but Ken's insigna was larger—a big blue S with a border around it. Fatty, who had never seen Ken wear that particular sweater before, asked him

what it was.

"Just a letter," Ken said shortly.

But Budd explained at some length.

"It's the block letter, Fatty, given out each year to only two or three fellows. The head counclior awards it to any man who during the season has done something outstanding, who has sort of typified the spirit and ideals of Sokokis."

Fatty's eyes widened. "O!" he said.

They relapsed into silence during the ceremonies of the council ring, and when the last point had been awarded for the week's activities, they stood with clasped hands in a circle around the fire and repeated the camp pledge: "This much Sokokis requires of every man: to play the game fairly, to do the square thing, and to hold honor above victory."

Fatty had never thought much about the pledge. But now, standing between Ken Armstrong and Budd Gardner, he repeated the words huskily, and somehow they took on new meaning. But, later, when he was getting ready for bed in the bungalow, he forgot about them, for the other fellows in the hut began to talk of the swimming meet and his probable victory in the plunge.

"If Fatty wins," Ed Freeman announced, "everyone of us will have a 'varsity letter."

Fatty told himself grimly that if the water remained rough and even slightly muddy, there wouldn't be any doubt of his winning. People wouldn't be able to see whether he kicked under the surface or not. It would be as easy as rolling off a log.

He got up early the next morning and hurried down to the lake. The water in the pool wasn't quite so brown as it had been, but it was rough.

"It's all right," he said, relieved; "I can still do it."

The Woodlawn meet was his final chance to make good at camp, for the season would end on Tuesday, and on Monday night the emblems and trophies would be awarded in the Lodge. All during the morning Fatty went about his duties happily. It seemed to him that the fellows treated him with new respect, and their changed attitude filled him with a strange elation. He resolved that he was going to win his letter, no matter what the cost.

At two o'clock the Woodlawn team arrived in a large motor boat, and after that Fatty was so excited that he hardly knew what he was doing. He cheered thunderously when Armstrong won the fifty-yard dash for Sokokis, and groaned aloud when Bud Gardner was beaten in the back stroke. When the time came for his own event, he was trembling with excitement.

"I've got to win," he told himself. "I—I've just got to do it."

The Sokokis rooters cheered him as he took his place at the side of the dock. He didn't kick on his first trial; he wanted to see what he could do without the added impetus. He made only thirty-two feet.

"We expect more than that of you, Fatty," Bill Simpson said.

He nodded grimly, and on his second trial, after a good push-off, he kicked desperately as soon as he was under water. For the full minute he permitted his body to coast forward,

then he raised his head.

A burst of cheering greeted him, and as he swam back to the dock he heard the announcer's words: "Smith of Sokokis, fifty-three feet!"

One of the Woodlawn men offered his hand.

"That was a great effort, Smith"!

Flushed with excitement, Fatty nodded. He was leading Hood, who was in second place, by more than twelve feet. None of the others were in striking distance of him. No matter what he did on his third trial, he was sure to win. Five points for Sokokis and a 'varsity letter for himself!

As he waited on the dock, Bill Simpson laid a hand on his shoulder.

"We're proud of you Jim," the head councilor said.

Fatty's face crimsoned. He didn't know why it was, but Bill Simpson's words filled him with a sudden shame. Bill had called him Jim; Bill had said he was proud of him!

Proud of him! Fatty stood up. The head councilor had led them the night before in repeating the Sokokis pledge. They had given their word to play fair and square, to hold honor above victory.

"And here I am," Fatty thought, "cheating. And Bill said he was proud of me."

Throughout the day he had thought only of winning. Somehow it hadn't occurred to him that by winning unfairly he had robbed himself of the honor of victory. It had taken Bill's words to make him realize that.

With shoulders back and head held high, Fatty walked down the dock toward the head councilor. But the announcer called out his name.

"Last trial for Smith!"

Fatty made his plunge, but his push-off was bad and he didn't even complete it. But the camp cheered him. He had already won.

While the officials were consulting together, he sought out the head councilor. Timidly he walked toward Bill.

"Bill," he said and gulped very hard, "cross out my second plunge."

Simpson's eyes widened.

"What's that?"

"I kicked under water," Fatty explained.

"O!" The councilor hurried over to the officials and made a brief explanation. A minute later the announcer boomed out the final results.

"Won by Collins, of Sokokis; Blackman, of Woodlawn, second; Hoagland, of Woodlawn, third. Distance, forty feet. Smith, of Sokokis, has been disqualified for kicking under water."

There was a moment of silence; then, after perfunctory applause, the meet continued. Ken Armstrong sat down beside Fatty and regarded him doubtfully.

"I didn't know you kicked under water."

"No one saw me, but I had to tell Bill."

Ken waited a moment.

"That was pretty good stuff, Fatty."

"Thanks!"

No one seemed to care whether Fatty won or not. The team beat Woodlawn in total points, and everybody was satisfied. But Fatty noticed that the fellows didn't laugh at him so much; and on Monday night, at

the Lodge, Ken and Budd sat down with him again.

Bill Simpson, presiding, reviewed briefly the outstanding events of the season. Then he awarded the trophies; the swimming cup, the rifleiy plaque, the baseball cup, and many others. When it came time to give out the 'varsity letters, Fatty slumped down in his seat. He winced slightly when Hood Collins' name was called. But Hood had won his right to it—honestly.

When the last emblem had been awarded, Bill Simpson held up his hand for silence. Immediately everybody quieted.

"Each year," he said, "it is our custom to give a block S to any boy who has done something outstanding during the season; who by deed or action has typified the spirit of the camp. Last year we gave three, but this summer there is only one" He waited an instant, then picked up a big blue S from the table. "Will Jim Smith please step forward?"

Fatty didn't quite recognize his name until Ken poked him. Then he went up to the platform.

"Here is a boy," Bill Simpson said, putting a hand on his shoulder, "who could have won his athletic letter just by keeping still. But after he had as good as won it, he decided otherwise. That's a pretty big thing, it seems to us, and so the camp councilors have unanimously awarded the block S to—Jim Smith."

He didn't say Fatty Smith. He said Jim. And, after a moment, the head councilor himself led the Sokokis salute: "Ye-ay, Jim!"

JUST HOW "TIGHT" ARE TIMES?

When we see crowds at places of amusements, the increasing number of golf courses, and the joy riding on highways, we think the hard times talk is a joke, but when we hear that there are 12,154 fewer automobiles in North Carolina than there were at this time last year we know that money is getting scarce in the Old North State. When money is "tight" people will cut out repairs on property, physical examinations and dental bills; they will cut down on their wardrobes and on good books and magazines, but there is a real pinch when they cease buying automobiles. Times are not hard enough yet, however, to justify so much depressing talk. If something can be done in this state to relieve the tax situation and if every farmer will return to the old-fashioned way of "living at home and boarding at the same place," we will go through this trying period of readjustment with less worry and anxiety. In the meantime, it is wise to cut out needless expenditures. It will be easier to practice self-denial now than to recover from rash investments if the deflation period continues several months longer.—Smithfield Herald.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH MOTHER

(Advance)

Bobbie Gray was hunting around in the hall closet, making considerable racket, and his sister, Edna, was standing before the hall mirror looking at the new cut of her hair, when mother called from the living room:

"Children, it's bedtime. I want you to go right away."

"Mother," called Bobbie, "where's my catching glove? It ought to be in this closet."

"I think it's in the box under the hall tree," replied his mother.

"O, Mother," said Edna, "I forgot to tell you, I'm invited to Hazel Wilson's party tomorrow afternoon; will you wash out and iron my white georgette in the morning?"

"Why, I suppose I can, but I've so much to do in the morning. Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I forgot," said Edna carelessly.

"Mother, here's my glove, but it's got a big rip in it, will you mend it?"

Mrs. Gray sighed and reached for her work basket.

"And Mother," continued Bob, we're going on a bike ride to Baxter's Spring tomorrow. We're starting at five o'clock. Will you put me up a lunch tonight and leave it on the kitchen table?"

"O, Bob, I wanted you tomorrow to run errands for me. Why didn't you ask me earlier about it?"

"'Cause I was pretty sure you'd let me go," grinned Bob, knowing how his mother hated to refuse him any fun.

"You'll do up my white dress, won't you, Mother?"

"Yes, I'll have it ready." And Mrs. Gray leaned back in her chair wearily, but the children didn't notice.

Come now, kiss me good night and get to bed. You know Daddy won't like it if he comes in and finds you up."

So after a careless peck at their mother's cheek in place of a real kiss, Bobbie and Edna ran upstairs.

Saturday morning, Mrs. Gray entered the kitchen with a tired step. She hadn't slept well; in fact, she hadn't slept well for a week. It was unusually warm for the middle of April.

"Where are the children?" said Mr. Gray at the breakfast table.

"Bob's gone with the boys to Baxter's Spring and Edna was sleeping so soundly I hated to waken her."

"Well, Edna's getting to be a big girl and she ought to help you more," observed Mr. Gray as he got ready for the 8:15 train to the city.

"I know, dear," rejoined Mrs. Gray, "but when she's so busy all the week, I like to let her sleep on Saturday."

After her husband's departure, Mrs. Gray got out the white dress, washed it, then started her baking with her mind on the hundred and one things that a busy housewife finds to do on Saturday morning.

About 9:30 Edna came down stairs and mother stopped to fix her some breakfast.

"As soon as you've finished, dear, I want you to wash all the breakfast dishes and then dust the living room."

Before Edna could reply, in came Dorothy, Marion, and Betty. "Come on, Edna," said Dorothy, "we're going along the railroad track for wild flowers. We'll have to be back by noon, though, on account of the party."

"May I go, Mother?" said Edna, pleadingly.

"I don't see how I can spare you this morning," returned her mother, "there's so much to do and Bob's gone."

"O, let her go, Mrs. Gray," coaxed Dorothy, "we'll bring back some lovely flowers too."

Mrs. Gray could not withstand the imploring faces of the little girls. "Well, I suppose you may go then, Edna, but girls you must be sure not to pick any of the flowers in the Forest Preserve. We want to keep our wild flowers for years and years and it can't be done if they are picked by everyone who goes to the woods."

"No, Mother, we won't pick any in the Preserve," smiled Edna, and in a moment the girls were gone.

Mrs. Gray, looking rather white, went about ironing the many ruffles on the white georgette.

That evening when Bob pedaled down his home block about five o'clock, he saw Edna in her white frock just turning into the yard. Then he saw his father come out on the veranda with a gesture of quiet to Edna, while he beckoned to him.

"Children," said Mr. Gray, and his face was very grave, "Mother is very, very ill. She fainted away today, and the doctor says she has been over-doing and it's a sort of a nervous breakdown. We have a nurse, and a maid is coming in the morning. Edna, I've got to depend on you to be a little woman and help all you can and Bob, you must take care of things while I am away. Both of you must be as quiet as possible.

The children tiptoed into the house —but such a different house! The awful stillness; the comings and goings of the strange nurse, and the next day a new face in the kitchen. Then began a long siege of waiting that tried them all to the utmost. Father seldom smiled, and Bob and Edna felt utterly forlorn.

One night when Edna went to bed, it seemed to her she had never wanted her mother so much. She got into bed and looked out of her window at the stars. How cold and far away they looked! She felt so small and alone. She missed her mother's good-night kiss.

"Suppose mother should die? Then she could never tell her how sorry she was for not helping her more. How much mother had always done for her. O, she'd been so careless —she hadn't thought about it before. It wasn't possible that mother shouldn't live?" She shivered and big tears rolled down her cheeks.

Across the hall, Bob was getting ready for bed with a mighty sober face. He wanted his mother as he'd never wanted her before. Gee, what a brick mother had always been, fixing every little thing for him and putting up his lunches. Why, there wasn't a fellow's mother anywhere he'd trade with. And as he crept into bed, he wished with all his heart that mother was there to tuck him in, as she always used to do. He liked her to baby him when no one was around. "A fellow's mother is about

the best thing ever," thought Bob, as he drowsed off to sleep.

Next morning father smiled. He gathered both children to him and told them that last night mother had passed the crisis and that meant that she was going to get well. Bob and Edna were so choked up they couldn't speak, but it was a lovely choke.

Later on, daddy said, "The doctor says if mother continues as fine as she is now, she may sit up awhile Sunday morning."

Edna was so happy, she went singing about her tasks and Bob jumped on his bike and flew down the street in sheer joy. Folding up the newspapers and putting them away, Edna suddenly saw a florist's ad in which "Mother's Day" stood out in big type.

"Why," thought Edna, "why, that's next Sunday, when mother is to sit up." She flew out of the house to look for Bob, who at that moment came coasting down the street.

"Bobbie, come here quick," called Edna. After which there was a whispered consultation and a quiet trip upstairs.

That evening when daddy had settled into his easy chair, Bob and Edna came and perched themselves on either side of him. "Daddy," said Edna, "what day do you think next Sunday is?"

"It's the day mother is to sit up," smiled daddy.

"It's something else," broke in Bob, "It's Mother's Day!"

"Why, so it is," said Mr. Gray.

"And, daddy," urged Edna, "between us Bobbie and I have $4.97; can we get mother some carnations a lot of them?"

"Sure, dad, we've got to get mother some flowers," added Bob.

"I should say we have," agreed daddy.

Sunday morning dawned bright and beautiful.

"Now, children," said Mr. Gray, "Mother's going to sit up awhile this morning, but not too early. So you go to Sunday School, as usual, and she'll be waiting when you get home."

You may be sure that Bob and Edna simply flew home the minute Sunday School was out. They opened the front door softly—and there in daddy's easy chair, with daddy near, sat mother in a pretty negligee, looking thin and pale—but their MOTHER! And on the table at her side was a large bowl of fragrant carnations, and in the window a pot of lilies of the valley, and in a beautiful basket a great cluster of pink roses.

And then mother smiled and held out both hands. With a little rush the children were at her feet, and it seemed to Bob and Edna that there was nothing quite so lovely as "Mother's Day."

Lost—While busily engaged in knocking the firm, an opportunity to make a sale.—Selected.

MERCY FOR MERCY

By George H. Hall

Danger threatened. Victor Bayou was sure of it that clear August forenoon as he rode slowly down the trail leading from his father's plantation to that belonging to his nearest neighbor, Clement DeForest. Danger, he felt, threatened the island of Haiti, yet over the cane fields, the banana groves, and the towering palms, the bright morning sun shone calmly and peacefully. Was it the calm before the coming storm?

By his side rode his father's most trusted slave, the colored coachman, Toussaint. Throughout the eighteen years of Victor's life Toussaint had been his constant guardian and faithful servant. Although their relations were that of master and slave, the young man had for his elderly companion a feeling of love and respect that was rarely found between black and white in that far-away year of 1793. In the silence of true companionship they rode on until they reached the DeForest plantation.

A hail from the cane-field attracted their attention. Clement DeForest, on a beautiful white mount, trotted quickly out to greet them. "Good morning, Victor," cried Clement cordially. "I suppose you have decided to buy 'Pierre.' What?"

"If you still wish to sell him," replied Victor. "Father has given me the money and I never saw a horse that I liked better."

"All right. Let's go and get him." Putting spurs to their mounts the two young men trotted off across the field together. In the pleasure of being with his friend all thoughts of any impending danger vanished, for the time being, from Victor's mind. Clement, since his father's death, had been the sole owner and manager of the DeForest plantation, yet the prominence to which this position raised him had never apparently lessened the close friendship between the two boys. Victor, too, expected to be a plantation owner some day, and as he and Clement had played together as boys so, he hoped, they would work together as men in the years to come. At their heels, silent and faithful, rode the slave, Toussaint.

Suddenly Victor pulled his horse to a dead stop. A cry of horror broke from his lips. "Stop him, Clement! Stop him!" he shouted. To his surprise and consternation Clement was gazing unmoved at the sight that met their eyes. Across their path lay the form of a prostrate slave, while towering over him a huge and cruel overseer was weilding a heavy whip. Thud, thud, thud, the blows fell relentlessly on the back of the fallen negro.

"Why should I stop him?" Clement demanded haughtily. "That boy is lazy and vicious. He is only getting what he deserves."

For a minute Victor was speechless with amazement. Was this the friend that had always seemed so kind and considerate? Could it be that Clement's change in position had wrought so cruel a change in his nature? "But it's inhuman to treat a slave in such a manner," Victor

protested passionately.

"Inhuman!" Clement laughed coldly. "Why, you surely don't think a slave is human, do you, my dear Victor?"

"Of course he's human," contended Victor hotly. "Just as human as you or I."

"Nothing of the kind," asserted Clement. "He's just property, my property. I can beat him, sell him, kill him if I want to. He's mine. Why should you question what I do with anything that belongs to me?"

The hot blood rose to Victor's brain. His first impulse was to spring upon this changed Clement, to treat him as the overseer had treated the slave. But that would not do. Two wrongs could never make a right. The overseer had ceased the beating now and the poor black boy still lay on the ground, writhing in pain. Victor's second impulse was to go to him and help him. That, he realized, would not do either. By all the law of the land Clement had spoken truly. The slave was his property to do with as he wished. Victor knew that he had no right to interfere. What could he do? A thought flashed to his mind.

"You said you could sell him." He addressed Clement as calmly as he could. "What will you take for him?"

A cruel smile curled Clement's lips. His expression of contempt showed clearly that he doubted the sincerity of his old companion. Then he named a price. It was the price that Victor was to pay for the horse, "Pierre."

"I'll take him," declared Victor quickly. Now that he had seen Clement's true character he wished only to complete the bargain and get away. Never again, he knew, would he and Clement be friends. Promptly he drew his purse and counted out the money. "Now he's mine," he declared. "Now I can do what I want to with him and never, Clement DeForest, will he again be treated as you have treated him." Then, turning to the coachman, "Take him home, Toussaint. You are your people's physician. Take care of him and try to heal him."

Gently Toussaint lifted the suffering negro to his own horse, crooning soft words of soothing meaning understood only by the native ear. Slowly he led the horse with its pitiful burden across the fields and out of sight.

"How about 'Pierre'?" asked Clement, as though the passing of the victim from their sight had erased all unpleasantness from his mind.

"I shall not want the horse now," replied Victor shortly. "But let me give you a word of warning. It is just such treatment of the slaves as you have permitted that is going to cause trouble here in Haiti. Some day you and other planters like you will go too far. The blacks will rise in rebellion. Perhaps you have gone too far already. Most anything might happen."

"Don't preach," retorted Clement, curtly. "Where would we be if all of the slave owners felt as you do. I tell you we have got to keep the upper hand. We must let them know that we are the masters. Why, there are a half million blacks here and only about forty thousand whites."

"And when they do rise they will be twelve to one against us," reason-

ed Victor. Then, in a tone fraught with anviety, "Clement, such an uprising may come sooner than you think. I have heard many rumors. The slaves have been holding secret meetings at night. They have sworn strange oaths. Think what will happen to us if they should rise."

"Don't worry," retorted Clement carelessly. "We can take care of them and of ourselves."

Without further words he turned sharply and rode away. Dejectedly Victor made his way home, the feeling of impending disaster still haunting his mind.

Arriving at his own home Victor found peace and sympathy.

His father welcomed his return with approval. Toussaint had already related the morning's adventure and had told of Victor's purchase of the abused slave. "I only wish, my boy, that more of the planters might see the situation as we see it," Mr. Bayou declared. "Cruelty, overwork and ill treatment can breed only hatred and enmity. I am glad to feel that when I am gone you will carry on the work of this plantation in the same spirit of kindness and fairness with which I have always tried to deal with our slaves; if there are any plantations or any slaves left by that time," he added in a tone of foreboding.

"Do you thing there is any immediate danger?" asked Victor.

"I am afraid things cannot much longer go on as they have been going," Mr. Bayou replied sadly. "I feel that trouble is brewing."

"But we have always been good to our people. Do you think they will turn against us?" contended Victor.

His father shook his head sorrowfully. "When the trouble does come I fear it will be on too vast a scale for any one family to expect protection. It will be the black race against the white and the few that are innocent must suffer with the guilty."

Brooding over his father's words, Victor spent the afternoon in his customary duties around the plantation. Was it his over-excited imagination or did he really sense an unaccustomed uneasiness among the slaves that afternoon? He asked himself the question time and again. He could not feel sure of te answer. Certainly there were no open signs that any change had taken place. He would see Toussaint. The old coachman, if anyone, would be willing to talk freely and to tell him the truth. When he sought Toussaint that evening he could not find him.

Worried and uneasy, Victor turned on his pillow that night trying to sleep. The events of the day repeated themselves over and over in his mind. Once more he saw the body of the prostrate slave in the field. Again he heard the dull thud of the whip in the poor fellow's back. Thud, thud, thud! But the blows seemed so loud. Almost like the pounding of a drum they came to his ears. Boom, boom, boom! Feverishly and at last wide-awake, Victor raised his head. What was that? Surely he was not dreaming now. It was a drum! Boom, boom, boom, from far off across the cane fields, loud and clear, came the rythmic beating of the tom-tom. As he listened, from the hills beyond the valley another tom-tom

took up the signal.

With a shudder of fright Victor sprang from his bed. Had the dreaded uprising really come? What else could it mean? Victor well knew that it could mean nothing else. After years of injustice, inhumanity, and tyranny, the blacks were at last rising in rebellion. Boom, boom, boom!

Victor ran from his room in search of his father. Mr. Bayou had also been awakened by the beating of the tom-toms and had lost no time in arousing victors mother and little sister, Lucille. They were gathered in the big living room where the father strove in vain to quiet the fears of his wife and daughter.

"It is probably only some of the slaves holding a tribal dance," he was saying as the boy entered, but in his tone Victor could not fail to detect a note of doubt and anxiety.

"Is it an uprising, Fathr? Do you think we will be attacked? What can we do?" Victor voiced the questions without waiting for a reply. In his mind he already knew too well the answers. It was an uprising and there was very little that they could do. Steadily the drums continued their rythmic beating.

"Look!" Victor cried in horror as he pointed toward the hills. A moment before those hills had been invisible in the darkness of the night. Now they were ablaze with the light of burning buildings. The plantations were being fired. The first to burst into flames was that owned by Planter Turpin, one of the cruelist of all the slave owners. Then followed DeForest's. Ah! thought Victor, Clement and his kind have at last carried their inhumanity too far.

"Quick!" ordered his father. "Close the shutters! Bar the door! We must defend ourselves as best we can."

Victor sprang to do his bidding, but, before he could close the heavy door, a cry pierced the air, distant yet clear, rising above the hideous pounding of the drums. It was the cry of women's voices. Victor shot a quick glance at his mother. Had she heard it? Her blanched face told him only too well that she had. She knew full well its meaning. Better death than the torture that was being meted out to those other women, her neighbors and her friends.

Silently Mr. Bayou took from the gun rack on the wall two carbines. He handed one to his son. "We must hold out to the end," he said sternly as he broke open box after box of cartridges and spread them on the table ready for instant use.

Weapons in hand both men stood by the big door in which a small swinging panel permitted them to view the approach to the house. The whole valley now seemed to be ablaze as plantation after plantation became a prey to the torch. The tom-tom boomed on in deadly monotony.

"They seem to have reserved us for the last," observed Mr. Bayou grimly as the moments of suspense dragged on in agonizing inactivity.

"Perhaps we are to be spared," suggested Victor, trying to put into his words a hope that he could not really feel.

"No chance of that I fear." His father whispered the words that they might not be heard by his wife. "Hark! What is that?"

A moment of strained silence, then

footsteps could be heard coming stealthily down the gravel path. Then through the open panel a figure could be seen ascending the steps. At last thought Victor, our turn has come. of the whip on the poor fellowta

"Halt!" commanded Mr. Bayou, raising his carbine to his shoulder. "Halt, or I'll fire!"

"Master Bayou," came in loud whispers from the approaching form. "Master Bayou. Don't shoot. It's me, Toussaint."

"Toussaint!" With a sigh of relief Mr. Bayou lowered his carbine and hastily unbarred the door. Victor rushed out onto the veranda. Surely he thought, with faithful old Toussaint here they need fear no harm from the other slaves. "What is it, Toussaint?" he asked eagerly, fear for the moment vanishing from his mind. Ignoring the question the slave turned to his master. "The slaves have risen," he announced in awed tones. "I have come to get you away in safety."

"But, Toussaint," Mr. Bayou's voice shook with emotion, "surely you can stop this. You have great influence with your poeple."

The negro shook his head sadly. "Yes," he declared, "I have some influence. I have made them to agree that you and your family shall go free. Not until you are in safety will I join them. There is a French barque in the harbor," he went on in a rapid whisper, "its captain is in the hands of our men and it cannot sail until you are aboard. I will take you to it. That is all I can do, but it will show you that the negro is not ungrateful for your kindness."

"But the others," pleaded Mr. Bayou, "must they perish."

Toussaint shrugged his shoulders. "The others," he exclaimed sadly, "they are different. For their cruelty they must pay the penalty My people are determined. By morning there will not be a single white man alive in Haiti. We must hurry. Get ready."

How strange it sounded to Victor to hear this old and long faithful slave issuing orders to his former masters. But it was clear that his father realized that these orders must be obeyed. He was already packing a few valuables in a traveling bag. "We are ready," Mr. Bayou announced in another minute.

Toussaint stooped and raised little Lucille in his strong arms. "Come!" he commanded tersley as he strode from the door. Silently the Bayous followed, Victor bringing up the rear. The sadness of leaving his home in which he had passed the happy days of his boyhood stung the lad deeply as he passed down the steps, out into the night so hideous with its blazing buildings and wild tumult. Where were they going? What was in store for them? The steady boom, boom, boom, of the tom-tom was his only reply.

Through jungle paths known only to the negroes Toussaint led his charges. Victor would never forget that frightful journey. At times they passed close to the burning plantations, so close that they could see the frenzied blacks at their ruthless work of destruction. Then into dark depths of forest where the heavy growth of trees and vines shut out all light and they must touch each other to keep from being separated.

On, on they went over rocks and stubble. It seemed that they must have toiled for hours when, at last, they reached the shore.

On the beach a rowboat was awaiting them. Its crew of negroes launched it as the fugitives drew near and dipped their oars in readiness to pull away. Toussaint deposited Lucille safely within the boat and helped Mrs. Bayou to a seat beside her. Then he turned to Mr. Bayou. "Master," he spoke in deep and fervent tones, "this night has made us free. Would that this freedom might have come in some better way. But it could not be. Our wrongs have burned too deeply. My people will never again submit to the chains of slavery. But we will always remember the one family that has been kind to us. We are not wholly ungrateful." Then placing his hand on Victor's head, "God bless you, Master Victor. Do not forget old Toussaint."

Before either Victor or his father could make reply, the former slave had slipped quickly back into the darkness of the jungle and was gone.

By the light of the burning homes the negroes rapidly piloted the little boat to the waiting barque. Its anchor was rasied. As the wind caught its sails Victor, standing on the deck by his father's side, perceived a new blaze rising among the burning plantations. "Look, father!" he cried in dismay. "That surely is our old home burning."

Mr. Bayou nodded but was silent, his thoughts too deep for words. Together they gazed in sad despair at the rapidly receding shore. In the smoke and fury of the scene Victor could not then know that a new nation was being born. He could not know that the friendly old guardian of his boyhood days would, in future years, become known the world over as Toussaint L'Ouverture, the redeemer of his people. He could only realize that kindnes to the opressed had brought its rich reward. And fainter and fainter to his ears came the sound of the tom-toms. Boom, boom, boom!

The following is one of the many stories told about the kind-heartedness of the great singer, Jennie Lind, who was called "The Swedish Nightingale."

It is said that during her visit to Edinburgh, in 1865, she went one day into a music shop to buy some songs, and that the young man who waited on her, not knowing who she was, inquired whether she had heard the famous Jennie Lind. "Yes," said the lady; "have you heard her?" "No," replied the shopman. "I should like very much to do so; but, unfortunately, I cannot afford to go to the concerts." The customer then asked the young man if he would be good enough to play the accompaniment of a song which she had chosen. She sang the song all through, and to him, when she had finished the song, "now you have heard Jennie to hmi, when she had finished the song, "now you have heard Jennie Lind."—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys on the barn force have been hauling hay for several days.

Several bushels of grapes were gathered the other day and were distributed among the cottages.

The theatre organ-piano in the auditorium, which has been badly in need of repairs for some time, has been overhauled and is now in good condition. This work was done by a mechanic from Charlotte.

By reason of having made good records while at the institution, twenty-nine boys have been paroled by Superintendent Boger since the first of August. As these boys return to their homes either to work or attend school our very best wishes for success go with them.

The rains during the past two weeks have greatly improved the appearance of our farm and gardens. We are now receiving watermelons, canteloupes and all kinds of vegetables in large quantities. In fact the vegetables are coming in too fast for immediate use and our cannery force is canning them for winter use. One of our boys remarked recently: "We eat what we can, and what we can't, we can."

Mr. Brevard Harris, Jr., young Concord attorney, had charge of the service in our auditorium last Sunday afternoon. After the singing of a couple of hymns Mr. Harris introduced Mr. W. G. Caswell, Concord banker, who read the Scripture lesson. He was followed by Rev. James H. Gray, Jr., who is supply pastor at the First Presbyterian Church, Concord, during the absence of Dr. J. C. Rowan. Rev. Gray made a brief but very interesting talk that was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Last Saturday's game with Harrisburg resulted in an easy victory for the visitors by the score of 12 to 4. Several times this season the Training School boys have thrown away games by poor fielding, but in this contest they displayed some of the most erratic fielding ever seen on the local diamond, making eleven costly errors. This kind of playing will lose any kind of a ball game no matter how good the pitching may be. Russell started on the mound for the locals but was relieved by Rogers in the sixth inning, and the visitors gathered but nine scattered hits off their deliveries. Alexander held the school boys to seven hits and fanned six.

The Training School ball tossers were opposed by the Flowe's Store team last Thursday afternoon and the visitors were defeated by the score of 7 to 6. Lisk attended to the pitching duties for the local lads

and allowed nine hits. The Training School boys played another loose fielding game, errors being largely responsible for four of the visitors' runs. White started on the mound for Flowe's but retired in favor of Kiser in the third inning, the former being touched for four hits and the latter six. Three hits, a passed ball and an error gave the visitors two runs in the first frame. Our boys came back with three scores in their half of the same frame. Hobby, first man up, doubled, but was caught napping off second; McCall then slashed out a homer; Rogers and Easley singled; and both scored a fielder's choice and an error. Flowe's again took the lead in the fifth, when an error and two hits produced two runs The school boys tied it up in their half when Rogers tripled and stole home. The visitors scored another in the sixth on an error and a hit. Our boys added another in the seventh on a double and a single. Trailing by one run in the eighth, the local team scored the winning tallies when two markers were chalked up on a base on balls, a passed ball and two hits.

WHICH ARE YOU

There are two kinds of people on earth today,
Just two kinds of people; no more, I say,
Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.
Not the humble and proud, or in life's little span.
Who put on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.
No; the two kinds of people on earth that I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes:
And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—Author Unknown.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 23 No. 30

Carolina Collection
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LAUGH IT OFF

Are you worsted in a fight?
Laugh it off
Are you cheated of your right?
Laugh it off
Don't make tragedy of trifles,
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles—
Laugh it off

Does your work get into kinks?
Laugh it off
Are you near all sorts of brinks?
Laugh it off
If it's sanity you're after,
There's no recipe like laughter—
Laugh it off

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A SUMMER CREED

I believe in the flowers and their glorious indifference to the changes of the morrow.

I believe in the birds and their implicit trust in the loving Providence that feeds them.

I believe in the prayer-chanting brooks, as they murmur a sweet hope of finding the far distant sea to which they patiently run.

I believe in the whispering winds, for they teach me to listen to the still small voice within my feverish soul.

I believe in the vagrant clouds, as they remind me that life, like a summer day, must have some darkness to reveal its hidden meaning.

I believe in the soft-speaking rains accented with warm tears, telling me that nothing will grow as it is fertilized with tears.

I believe in the golden hush of the sunsets, reflecting a momentary glory of that great world beyond my little horizon.

I believe in the soft-falling dew, revealing the infinite spring of living waters for everything parched and withered.

I believe in the holiness of twilight, as it gives me sense of the presence of God, and I know I am not alone.

And whatever else I believe is enshrined in those abiding feelings that lie too deep for words.—W. W. Argow.

IT WAS NOT WORTH THE GAME

After reviewing the many experiences of life we are apt to look back and express regret over some of the mistakes of life by saying "it was not worth the game"—an old age lament. This is the usual normal condition of the mind

of those who have sought only a good time in preference to a life of real service, or trying to leap into sudden fame by some stunt that startles. But, the fame and glory of such heroes and heroines come suddenly and pass as quickly as the fame was won. There are instances though where these daring-stunt-hero-seekers are sought as movie stars or vaudeville actors, making capital of their experiences, but such is not the good fortune of all performing feats just to show an unusual endurance test. These meteoric flights of fame seekers startle, and furnish a topic of conversation for the time, but interest in such stunts wanes whenever another is recorded in the daily news. The masses of the people are constantly on the hunt for something new, or a change of scenes. The fame of Gertrude Ederle, who successfully swam the English Channel four years ago and was given an ovation at the time that pleased, is an example of the mercurial appreciation of such records. She was accorded attention by many distinguished citizens of the country. But like all similar stunts this one has given place for many others. Today this young woman is making a living by giving swimming lessons in some obscure board walk pool in New York city. She measured up to a wonderful endurance test, but is suffering from complete deafness that will prove a handicap throughout life. She too with countless others of a similar ambition has failed to realize financially and declares "it was not worth the game.'

Everybody in this busy day and generation, is trying to make a record of some kind. The latest record tests that are absorbing the attention of the public are the "tree-sitters." It is well to remember the "slow and the steady win the race"—a lesson taught in old Aesop's fable, in which there is more truth than romance.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

It takes all kinds of people to make the world. But, there is one blessed privilege that we enjoy and that is choosing those to associate with we most enjoy. Above all things give us a person who knows his mind. The wavering, vascillating person becomes a perfect bore, in fact that person never inspires confidence. They usually make friends quickly but lose them just as quickly. A positive mind, but not a stubborn mind, is to be admired. A positive person is one of decision—decision, not necessarily quick decision, is one of the attributes of strong character. A strong character has to be

carefully guided in youth, because like a clock if the hands are turned to the wrong hour they function wrong. One of the most disagreeable persons to deal with is one who never knows what will be the next step. That class is usually acting with a certain amount of mental reservation—just enough to accomplish certain things without the knowledge of the very closest friend. This kind brings to mind a joke we heard about a minister who received a call. He never informed his parishoners as to his decision. He left them guessing. One day some one asked the minister's little son as to his fathers decision. The little fellow replied, "I do not know exactly what father has decided. He is down stairs praying, but mother is up stairs packing." This joke tells clearly the attitude of the person who acclaims, "I never know what I can do." To be evasive is dangerous, it is the worst kind of deception. You might well know that you can fool some of the people part of the time, but can not fool all of the people all of the time, or words to that effect. The best policy to follow is to be honest with yourself then you can not be false to any man.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

SMILING THROUGH

There is a very catchy old song entitled, "Smiling Through." It is wonderful how a smile can carry you through depressing times and troublesome periods. "Smiling through!" yes, but let your smile always be frankly genuine. Strive to think happiness! The smile which is a mere trick of the muscles mechanically lifts the corners of the mouth, it is true, but there its effectiveness stops. Without true tenderness of heart, real optimism of spirit, the mouth still refuses to dissemble; and the artificial smile deceives no one. It achieves a "set expression" which makes the face appear stiff and constrained. The smile which is spontaneously free and natural soon produces an expression of sparkling charm, a flexible grace and mobility which is the first essential of all facial beauty. The "set smile" makes for rigid artificiality, and the obviously artificial is never attractive.

"The prettiest face in Europe is no prettier than its mouth," some one once said to the beautiful Madame Pompadour. She replied promptly, and her crushing "But that, sir, is quite pretty enough," speaks volumes for the importance accorded the mouth by that famous French beauty, whose irresistible charm has remained proverbial through the centuries, though the splendors of the court of Louis XV, which she adorned, have long since

faded into dust. Quite enough it is, indeed, if we make the most of it.

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THE SILLY SEASON IS ON

Summer is regarded as the silly season of the year. Perhaps the hot weather has something to do with people doing foolhardy things. This year proves no exception to the rule, and it looks as if silliness is on the increase. People just tumble over themselves to prove that the above assertions are true

There is a flood of what they are pleased to call "endurance contests." They tax the endurance of the general public. If it isn't flyers doing stunts in the air or refueling their airships, it is men sitting atop poles, walking backwards across the continent, boys sitting in trees, and all sorts of unheard of things that are really getting to be a bore.

The folly of it all is the uselessness of such physical energy, which is literally wasted. They contribute nothing to the world's store of knowledge, or its needs. It only shows what Shakespeare once said, "What fools these mortals be." A little notoriety is all that is gained. It is really too bad this misdirected energy can not be turned into useful channels, and something worthwhile accomplished that will better humanity.

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VAGARIES OF LOVE

An author by the name of Hergesheimer, in one of his stories, makes a young woman who has fallen in love with a heavy drinker and reckless gambler, say, "If you love a man it doesn't matter what he does: what he is. You love him."

Many young women get that way. They marry bad men, morally, and live unhappily ever after. Loving does not justify marriage in such cases, because lovers marry for happiness, and when all the signs point to trouble and distress the woman who gives herself away is a fool controlled by an infatuation. Vivian Duncan, it is reported, was asked for a kiss by a young man, which she refused. Thereupon he gave her a black eye and kicked her shins. Asked by the woman to explain his conduct, he replied: "Because I love you so." He was taken away in a patrol wagon.

Some men like to hurt women they profess to love. Harry Thaw was one of them. God help any woman who returns that kind of love. There is

nothing pleasant ahead of her. There are men who appear to be kind and gentle while courting, but become abusive and cruel after marriage. Any young woman who hopes for happiness will be wise to have her parents "check and double check" the man she contemplates marrying.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

COMING OF OLD AGE

Women more than men, perhaps, dread the approach of old age. This, we take it, is demonstrated by the frantic efforts of women to stay the natural evidences of their years. Gray hairs, wrinkles, physical weaknesses, are all tragedies to women and no wonder. They have so much to lose in beauty of a physical kind; and no charm of character, intellect or learning seems to reconcile them to the loss of their youth. Men, on the other hand, have a certain pride in advanced years. The Chinese, who regard age as an honor, take old age with more satisfaction than any other people. Presumably the wisdom of their great philosopher, Confucius, who was famous in China five hundred years before Christ, and before Socrates was born, accounts for this. His study of human nature, and his books took a hold on his people similar to that the Bible has in Christian nations.

Nature is one thing we cannot avoid. Time wipes us all out. All men desire to live long, even while great age brings pains. The youth of today will desire to marry, to have children and grandchildren, and to leave them when his inevitable end comes, better off than they would have been but for his efforts, economies and influence. Mortal life is a voyage through the years in which we are all hurried along. If we do not regret our yesterdays we may regard our tomorrows with composure, because we have done what we could to protect those we love from the miseries of poverty. That is as far as the majority of us can hope to go.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

The lawyer's best friend is the fellow who thinks he can make out his own will.

—o—

Men put off things they ought to do; women put off things they ought to wear.

—o—

San Francisco has the world's largest windmill, but Washington still holds the record for windbags.

—o—

Just think of Solomon's plight if he had undertaken to drive with all those wives, etc., in the back seat.

—o—

"Cheap money" doesn't mean much to the fellow who can't borrow any.

—o—

Posing as a doctor, an Indiana man fooled twenty-five women. Most of us would be perfectly satisfied if we could only fool one.

—o—

Some probably object to dial telephones because they miss the pleasure of bawling out the patient central operator.

—o—

We have one consolation left us. Any change whatever in economic conditions will probably be for the better.

—o—

It does seem rather tough that the new Lindbergh baby must wait until 1940 to be officially counted.

—o—

It seems that all the unemployed in Texas were candidates for office. Only nineteen of them were running for governor.

—o—

A Kansan has received penitentiary sentences aggregating 223 years. But he'll probably get about a hundred years off for good behavior.

—o—

Some man in Pennsylvania has successfully caught 153 gum drops in his mouth, after each drop was thrown at least 20 feet in the air. Now that he claims the "World's Heavyweight Gum drop Catching Championship," America is safe. I am wondering if the world will wear a path to this man's door. They say if you write a better book, or build a better mouse trap, that the world will do that But they neglected to state anything about the art of catching gum drops. Now I wonder.

—o—

Here is what I'd call real, genuine farm relief. A Mexican farmer found a pot of gold worth $50,000 while plowing a tract of land given him by the government.

THE LAST OF THE WENDELS

(Exchange)

Recently the papers carried a story that the Wendel estate in New York would go to charity when the last of the distinguished tribe, Miss Ella Wendel, now 80, dies

That was the story, but behind it is written a portion of the accomplishments, the struggles, the pathos and the frugality of building up one of the most ostentatious fortunes in America.

If you know New York you know the one private mansion that yet remains as an oasis in the midst of towering commercial buildings on Fifth Avenue where the front foot is most valuable. It is a brown stone house, three generations old, and adjoining it is a vacant lot surrounded by a high brown stone wall. New Yorkers have looked at the landmark of earlier days and wondered what transpired behind its locked portals. Three generations of Wendels have lived there, and their motto has ever been "buy but never sell." They bought their property when New York was young and they tenatiously held on to it until the last of the Wendels, Miss Ella has lived to see the estate grow in value to more than $100,000,000.

Fifteen years ago the only brother, John, died and the estate went to two sisters who lived in the brown stone mansion with their memories. It is said that the massive front door is never opened except to take a Wendel to burial, and that the remaining sisters thought the other members of their family would sometime return to them. The rooms of departed Wendels were kept immaculately clean: sheetings were changed regularly on the beds, and a servant was instructed to polish brother John's boots every morning. The Wendels lived with their memory.

And the vacant lot next to their mansion—you could only imagine what was behind that brown stone wall. People vowed it was a beautiful garden with fountains and flowers and marble statuary, and the rumor was that the Wendel horses and Wendel dogs were allowed to run free on the tract of land in the heart of New York—a million dollar lot for animals to play on!

So the last of that noble clan is now an old lady 80 years gone, and when she dies the vast estate will go back to the masses from whence it came. Truly that is an impressive cycle, eminating from nothing and growing into a tremendous fortune, only to dissolve again into the hands of the halt, the lame and the blind.

The death of Miss Ella Wendel will conclude a fascinating chapter in American history.

"Sometimes after a girl has fished for a man and landed him she doesn't know how to get him off the hook."

A GOOD LAUGH

(Selected)

I found myself laughing the other day because I had started on an errand and forgotten the object of it. This is a peculiarity and an oddity. As a rule, most laughter is disreputable.

I have laughed at the troubles of my best friends. I have been laughed at by my enemies, and heard many a man laugh because he had cheated his neighbor. I have known a few good laughs, but to every honest and uncalculating one there are a hundred scoundrels.

Laughter is not always a sign of merriment, nor an oath of anger. I met an old friend unexpectedly in a strange city and his greeting was, "Well, I'll be sworn." I told him of the good fortune of his cousin, and he said, "He always was a lucky brute." But when he learned that an old sweetheart had lost her beautiful hair of a fever, and was wearing a wig, his face lighted up wonderfully and he laughed.

None but an honest man can afford to laugh. None but the dishonest need attend its cultivation.

Laughter will express scorn, hate, anger, contempt, conceit, disgust, revenge, cruelty, as well as sympathy, hope, surprise, incredulity, delight, and all the natural impulses of the crude. It can be made to flatter. With it one may tempt, console, cajole, encourage, entrap, apologize, deceive.

Those who dare not be natural should cultivate the art of laughing successfully. If you wish to please, learn how to laugh. Most laughter is irritating.

The good laugh minds its own business. It makes no effort to be sociable. It does not seize you by the elbow and insist on your taking a drink. It does not look at you with insistent eyes. It is oblivious of the passing funeral. It knows not if it be alone or in company. It comes forth like the wind from the mountains, and passes away of its own will, It is a god in rags and a pauper with a crown of gold. It asks for nothing, desires nothing, refuses nothing.

The most annoying is the insistent laugh. The most horrible is the cruel. The most assured is the laugh of the intemperate. The most sweetest comes from the lips of confused affection, and the rarest of all is the laugh of the witty.

In these days, when there is money in Bibles and altar-cloths, and a good street-corner traffic in brass images of sacred objects, when industrious politicians pay pew rents out of profitable gaming, and merciless employers find comfort in prayer, when reformers grow rich in converting the benighted and professed believers covet the angels for free messengers, laughter has a commercial value and will convert the mouth of the wise merchant into a mint.

Laugh with the world and not at it, and you will have prosperity for a bookkeeper.

Pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.—Ruskin

THE COVERED WAGON CENTENNIAL

By Julia W. Wolfe

By unanimous vote of Congress and a proclamation of President Hoover the period from April 10th to December 26th, this year, will be observed in commemoration of the heroism of the men and women who traversed the Oregon Trail and opened the way for the winning of the West.

A number of people have formed an association and are endeavoring to immortalize the Overland Trail. The program includes celebration of state birthdays by the various States along the trail, the decoration of graves of deceased pioneers by their descendants or interested patriotic organizations on Memorial Day, a Boy Scout pilgrimage to Independence Rock, near Fort Casper, Wyoming, on July 4th, and various pageants and public programs by schools and clubs to commemorate different incidents of the covered wagon migration. During the period of the centennial the gathering of old manuscripts, diaries, photographs, documents and original tales of the pioneers is being carried on.

Each state along the trail is cooperating. In Nebraska the leaders of the historical association in Buffalo County have purchased the site of the old Fort Kearney, a famous way station and place of protection on the old trail. In Wyoming leading citizens are also active, having purchased old Fort Bridger at the dividing point of the old Utah-Oregon-California trails. This historic site is to be made a part of the state system of historic shrines.

Idaho has for a number of years been at work to memorialize old Fort Hall in a way befitting the strategic importance of this old post which once so prominently figured in our international affairs, and should be held in vivid memory by California and Oregon residents. The state of Washington is taking steps, too, to immortalize the memory of Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman by restoring the famous Whitman mission. Whitman, you remember, came back from Oregon in 1842 with a wagon party that started the rush for that fair land. The Oregon Colonization Society had been formed nine years before (1831) and had issued a "General Circular to all Persons of Good Character who wished to emigrate to the Oregon Country." The object of the society was "partiotic and philanthropic," as the circular states.

It is almost inconceivable to this generation to think of the hardships endured by those emigrants to the West. The only means of conveying themselves and their household goods was in covered wagons. The first wagon trains to go through were organized in parties of from two hundred to three hundred. Sometimes there were several "sections" of a train, and it was only in the high tide of emigration that single wagons went alone. There was danger from Indians and a hundred other things. Outfits of from twenty-five to sixty wagons were common, and many ran even larger. The average number of persons in a wagon was five. These people left their rather comfortable homes in the East; thus the West is

simply the transplanted East. The Oregon Trail was worn deep by Easterners. The name of practically every old line American family will be found among the roster of those pioneers who made the supreme sacrifice trying to reach the West.

The first train of wagoners left St. Louis April 10, 1830. This city was then a frontier settlement. The whole region west was roamed by Indians. Not even a log cabin had been built beyond this spot. It is true that this great Western territory was not unknown to the East, for there had been the Lewis and Clarke Expedition. They had returned with tales of the wonderful climate and vegetation in the northwest. And in 1811 the American fur traders had pushed far north and west. A settlement had been made at Fort Astoria, Oregon, but no wagons had ever crossed the plains.

Many of those old wagons had hoops curving up from their bodies, with canvas stretched over the hoops. Besides the wagons the men usually rode on extra horses, the women often driving the team which carried the household goods. Indian depredations along the old trail were numerous. Not only did the Indians, particularly the Sioux and Cheyennes, steal hundreds of heads of cattle belonging to the emigrants, but often killed individuals. On the trail the emigrant soon found himself in an irresistible tide. A few new graves and an abandoned wagon meant that an entire family had "laid down," but there was no going back. Estimates of the deaths on the trail vary from 10,000 to 20,000 persons. The hardships were unbearable.

Naturally, as the travel grew, the trail widened. No longer in single file, but in double line the wagons rolled on. Ezra Meeker, the oldest pioneer living today, says sometimes there would be no break in the line for miles. Dust rose in great clouds until it was almost intolerable. On either side of the trail the grass was eaten off for hundreds of yards. This meant that the stock had to be grazed far from camp during the night —a temptation to the Indians. Many of the emigrants arrived in Oregon with little more than what they wore. Oxen died under the yoke; wagons broke down; household goods were left along the road. Great herds of buffaloes charged down upon the wagon trains at times. Sometimes drinkable water was not procurable, and yet those who survived went on and settled the golden West.

The California gold rush started in 1847 and hundreds of covered wagons left for it, but their drivers were not of the type of people who were classed as home-seekers. They were adventurers, out for excitement and sudden wealth. Hundreds of these gold seekers never reached their goal; fifteen hundred of them died between the Great Salt Lake and Sacramento.

The Oregon Trail remained the great central highway for over twenty years. It was the road used by the pony riders, and later the same route became the backbone for the first railroad connecting the East with the West. This old road did not fall into disuse until a few years ago. All through the period of 1870 to 1890 it was the route followed by later caravans. In 1910, Ezra Meeker, wishing to repeat the glamorous ex-

perience of his youth, made the journey with an ox team; in 1915 he made it with an automobile, and in 1924 in an aeroplane. But according to writers, little of the old trail is left. "Farms and ranches have been laid out across it, and its broad channel has been plowed under and sown to crops," writes one.

It is well that we are brushing the dust off those stirring tales of adventure over plain and mountain. Young Americans will learn much of the forgotten bits of tragedy, drama, romance and eventual triumph, which, when fitted together, tell the heroic story of the winning of the West.

December 26, the last day of the centennial, is the birthday of Ezra Meeker. And to us, the most interesting spot where a pageant was held, is the Independence Rock that we mentioned before. This huge rock, rising hundreds of feet out of the plain, was given its name by brave emigrants who held a Fourth of July celebration there, just prior to the great rush. These emigrants carved their names in the rock, as others had done before them, giving it in the additional title of "The register of the desert."

NO MAN IS INDISPENSABLE

I care not what your place may be—
  A job that's most laborious,
With mighty little salary
  Or one that's fat and glorious.
But, be your labor great or small,
Some other guy can do it all:
  No man is indispensable!

When you begin to swell with pride
  And cater to the gallery
And put on lots of "dog" and "side"
  Because they've raised your salary;
Why then's the time you'll tumble quick,
  Such ways are indefensible;
Some other guy can do your trick:
  Of this you must be sensible—
  No man is indispensable!

It's well enough to know your worth
And know just what to do with it,
But don't imagine that the earth
  Will quit when you are through with it;
  No, it will roll upon its way,
  And—what seems reprehensible—
Some other guy will draw your pay:
  No man is indispensable!

—The Kodak Salesman.

UNCLE SAM'S X-RAY EYE AT PORTS OF ENTRY

By Everett Spring

In the days of the Georges, smuggling was so popular a calling in England and the smuggler so popular a gentleman even with some of the landed gentry, that even the sedate and high-minded Scotchman, Adam Smith, classified the contraband traffic as a trade, although one of great hazard. Smugglers were lauded in song and story.

Clever, resourceful, reckless, the best sailors and watermen in the world, the multiplication of penalties and punishments and the strengthening of the coast guard seemed only to develop new resolution and fresh activity on the part of the turbulent men then engaged in contraband dealing.

That the smugglers of the eighteenth century had reached a high degree of perfection is shown in the laws aimed at those engaged in the practice. Vessels carrying undeclared goods were forfeitable, as were the goods; high inducements were offered to informers who would betray their fellow workers; persons maimed in arresting smugglers were entitled to a reward of fifty pounds; informers guilty of sordid, selfish treachery were given the same amount for each person convicted on their testimony and the informers were granted immunity. Smugglers were whipped and transported to the plantations.

In 1746 assembling to run contraband goods was made punishable by death as a felony. As the offenses multiplied and the popularity of the smugglers made it difficult to capture them, counties were made liable for their deeds. If goods were captured by members of the revenue staff and afterward taken from them, as happened more than once, the county was fined two hundred pounds. If an officer was beaten in the execution of his duty the fine was forty pounds. If he was killed the fine was one hundred pounds.

English Tariff Evaded

The English tariff schedules at this time were miracles of elaboration, clogged with bewildering formulas. The huge burden of duties imposed by them undoubtedly led to increased smuggling. Men who would shrink from violating laws of natural justice will evade payment of taxes.

Even today many otherwise honest travelers are not overscrupulous about smuggling in dutiable articles if they can find a safe and easy opportunity of doing so. The indulgence of the public of the eighteenth century encouraged the smuggler who was possessed by the thought that his trade was justifiable.

But the smuggler of that period is no longer extant. Like the Indian scout, the buffalo and the desperado of the western plains, he has been crowded out by a complicated civilization.

In these days of the wireless and populus cities and great steamers the smuggler must assume another form and pursue different methods. Cunning rather than strength or knowledge of waves and winds is the req-

uisite qualification of the modern smuggler. Hence women are as well able to engage in it as men, and, indeed, the facts prove that they have an especial aptitude in this line. Even when not following it as a profession, many fair ladies have matched their wits against the customs officers.

In the operation of his customs service, Uncle Sam has an X-ray eye, which sees through all barriers.

Small Pacakages of Large Value

Precious stones, because of the great value in small bulk, are most tempting to individual smugglers, and afford an enormous profit to the professional.

It is a matter of record that diamonds, not properly declared, belonging to two of the most conspicuous men in the industrial world, were seized by the Treasury Department. A little later a prominent trust official declared and paid duty on two pearls worth $53,000. He could have secreted the pearls on his person, and tried to evade the payment of duties, but he was aware that the fact of this important sale had been communicated to this country by treasury agents abroad.

If he had got by the customs with these pearls he would have been shadowed, and a sleepless, tireless watch would have been kept up for the rest of his life, if it were certain that the pearls were in his possession.

While some of the best talent in the country has been directed to the detection of the evasions of the law, ingenuity of a high order has been brought to bear by smugglers of all classes.

A merchant who made frequent trips to Europe and who became tempted to run the risk, after noting all of the government's precautionary measures, hit upon a plan. He realized the danger in trying directly to bring in the goods, for he learned that in addition to the secret foreign intelligence and the usual search of baggage on the dock, there were keen-eyed men, unknown to the uniformed inspectors, who moved about quietly and watched passengers and the process of search.

He made a trip to Paris, and, on the way over, proclaimed that his business was so great that on his return to America he would have to go back to Paris on the same steamer. Returning to this side, he immediately arranged for passage back and secured the same stateroom. He had ingeniously secreted there a quantity of precious stones. When his wife came to bid him good-bye, he turned them over to her and she hid them in her clothing. He sailed away, thinking that the plan had been successfully executed. The woman, however, was intercepted as she was leaving the pier and the smuggled goods were seized.

It is probable that this case became known to the persons who looked with favor upon his "return" method of smuggling, and they at once set to work to eliminate the danger of being discovered at the pier.

Their emissary brought over the goods, and, like the merchant, concealed the goods in his stateroom, but arranged that on the outward voyage he would drop them overboard when the pilot left the steamer at Sandy Hook, and confederates in the vicinity could pick them up. The

men at Sandy Hook were in a catboat, equipped with a motor, and were apparently fishing. When the big steamer slowed up, the smuggler droped overboard his contraband, done up in waterproof packages and attached to coark floats painted white. They were easily discernible from a distance. The float was picked up and the catboat steamed toward the Atlantic Highlands. It had gone scarcely two miles before it was overtaken by a swift motor boat, in which were treasury agents, who seized the goods.

An Affectionate Poodle

An expensively dressed woman who arrived from Europe not long ago, carried in her arms a French poodle. It was elaborately beribboned, and wore a blanket coat, made in the very latest canine fashion. She waved her hand to a friend, who was on that part of the pier from which the outsiders are roped while the baggage is being examined. The dog grew frantic with joy at seeing this person and finally leaped from its mistress' arms and ran to the man. He affectionately petted the poodle, and the woman shook his hands effusively. After the ordinary greetings had been exchanged, she said:

"I think we should send word at once to Martha; won't you telephone?"

The man started off to perform the mission, with the dog capering at his heels.

Then it was that a secret service agent seized the pet, saying:

"This is a nice dog, I think I will take charge of it for a while."

The poodle's blanket concealed pearls and diamonds to a considerable amount. The stones had been cleverly fixed in the hem of the garment, each covered with a little cone of brass, one on each side of the cloth and each exactly opposite the other, so that, in fact, each cone held a stone.

Bonbons de Luxe

A western woman, who had an unusually large amount of baggage, confided to her maid, a young woman whom she had hired in Germany, several packages, including a box of French candies, enjoining the maid to be especially careful of the sweets. The inspector, an ingratiating chap, who was also a German, by the way, looked over the girl's baggage, and in giving attention to the packages she carried, had her open the box of candy.

"That looks very good," said he.

"Yes," said the girl, "they were bought in Paris."

"I don't think I have ever eaten candy like it in my life," said the inspector. "It must be very nice."

The maid looked around to see whether she was observed, and extended the box toward the polite inspector. "Take one of them," she said.

He bit through the sweet morsel and discovered that he was trying to chew a diamond. The box was full of them. It was probably the most expensive box of bonbons ever made.

A bewildering amount of kissing is done on a crowded steamship pier, and it takes a practised eye indeed, and some intimate knowledge of the osculatory art, to decide whether a salutation is entirely normal.

There is certainly one treasury agent who possesses this knowledge. He observed a passenger run to a

woman friend who had come to meet her, and effusively embrace her. It was rather a long kiss and, what was most peculiar about it, there was no smack at its termination. The women immediately separated, and the watcher saw the friend of the passenger remove her handkerchief from her girdle and apparently wipe her lips with it. Then instead of returning it to her girdle, she slipped it in her pocket. She was detained, and it was found that in the handkerchief was a large pigeon-blood ruby of considerable value. It had been transferred in the kiss.

Shattered Grapes

A fashionably dressed woman, landing several years ago, wore a most attractive hat, the top of which was literally covered with grapes. Her baggage had been safely passed, and, for some reason or other, she started to return to the steamship. A high wind was blowing, and, as she neared the gangplank, a heavy gust blew her hat off. She uttered a shriek and grasped madly at the hat, but it escaped her and was blown along the pier for some distance.

She was the object of unstinted sympathy from the rest of the women who witnessed what, under any other circumstances, would have been considered a dire misfortune. But from an official point of view it was even more so, for several of the grapes were broken, and out of each of them rolled a diamond. This very valuable headwear, of course, was at once seized and on examination it was found that each one of the tastefully colored little spheres contained a diamond.

A case somewhat similar concerned a man with pompadour hair. He wore it brushed up from his forehead in a wave almost grotesque. And what was more, he seemed so proud of it that he disdained to wear a hat. If he had not made himself so conspicuous, he might not have come to grief. But the treasury agents had received information that a considerable amount of diamonds was coming over on that particular steamship. "That fellow has enough hair to hide a million' dollars worth of diamonds," said an inspector. "Just look how it bundles up over his forehead."

The suspicion thus aroused led to search, and they shook ten thousand dollar's worth out of his luxuriant tresses.

While the greatest amount of ingenuity is devoted to the smuggling of precious stones, there is no inconsiderable activity in other directions. Three valuable Gobelin tapestries at one time nearly got through as steamer rugs. Each of them was mounted, so to speak, on an ordinary steamer rug, and all three were done up in an ordinary shawl strap. The customs inspector perfunctorily shoved his hand into the roll, and, of course, found nothing secreted there. The western art dealer who planned the ruse evidently thought it had succeeded, and was in high spirits, until a treasury agent stepped forward, saying, "I will take this."

"What is this? A joke?" asked the westerner. "Surely you are not levying duty on steamer rugs, are you?"

"On this sort, yes," answered the secret service man.

In like manner, an attempt was frustrated to bring in two expensive

oil paintings, rolled up so as to fit into a golf bag.

Uncle Sam Knows His Tourists

It's a great game, defrauding government. But the Federal agents are privy to all the common tricks of smuggling. In addition to forces maintained in this country, the government has liaison agents in the diplomatic service, and numerous other people abroad who keep it informed of sales that may be made to Americans, so that it is known beforehand what goods are on their way over and in whose possession.

Putting it over on Uncle Sam is easy. And then, again, it's not so easy. Customs cops have a sauve way of telling milady that somewhere on her person is a diamond tiara that she bought only last week from a jeweler on the Rue de la Paix. Remember that little shop with the gilded front? Let's see: milady entered about two o'clock in the afternoon and stayed there about an hour. After that she promenaded on the Boulevard de L'Opera, just around the corner. Before retiring to her hotel she sipped a demi-tasse at a cafe.

Probably the excitement of landing disturbed milady's memory. Does milady remember? Of course, if she can't recall, would she do the great, kind government at Washington a favor by stepping into this little booth for a moment.

Now, if milady is astute, she will suddenly blare amazement from her frozen lips and, uttering strange symptoms over her lapse of memory, cry out thus:

"Why, of course! I almost forgot the little purchase I made for my daughter. You see, it was a birthday surprise, and I didn't want any one to know."

"Here it is," she will say, pulling a chamois purse from her bosom. "I've been keeping it there for safety." She smiles. She is benign and sweet.

MINING MAY COME BACK

Presence of so many mining engineers in this section is evidence that large mining concerns are making a determined effort to find out the extent of the mineral wealth of this part of North Carolina. A half century ago this was a center of mining activities. Discovery of other sources of mineral wealth where it was easier to remove the ore brought about the long period of quiet that is now changing into activity.

Our information is that the question now is not whether there is valuable wealth in the hills of Davidson, Montgomery and Randolph in particular. It is one of methods for separating the minerals in profitable manner. Somehow we have confidence in the ingenuity of our American men of science to believe they will soon find a way. And when they do a new source of productive wealth will be opened up. We daresay that the former mining operations in our hills merely scratched the surface.—Lexington Dispatch.

SMALL HOLES

By Albert A. Rand

A boy in Paris by the name of Jean Lafitte walked into a bank one day and asked for a job. "I'm sorry," the head of the bank told him, "but I have no place for you."

The boy went away. As he went along the sdiewalk he saw a pin lying there. He picked it up and put it in the lapel of his coat. As he was going on he heard the voice of the bank president calling to him. He went back.

"I have changed my mind," said the man. "There is a place for you here in my bank. You have showed that you have qualities which are necessary for a banker, the quality of thrift and attention to small details."

That boy became the greatest banker in Paris and one of the leading financial experts in all France.

Another young man had a recommendation to a large mercantile firm. It was a good recommendation and he expected to get the position. But he had occasion to write a letter to the firm about himself and in the course of the letter he spelled "Tuesday," "Toosday." Because of that he lost the job that he was expecting.

Still another chap got a job in a bank and became a great banker chiefly because he had a habit, when a bootblack, of being polite and saying "please" and "thank you" to his customers.

A wise man once said this, 'As the daylight can be seen through very small holes so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts, well and honorably performed."

In each of these cases mentioned it was a small hole that allowed the character to shine through. In the case of Jean Lafitte, it was a hole no larger than the head of a pin, yet his character shone through. By picking up that pin he demonstrated that he had qualities of character which would be valuable in a bank and that banker, because of that glimpse of the lad's character that he saw through that pinhole, changed his mind about him.

In the case of the second boy the hole through which he showed his character was not much larger; it was only a matter of two letters. But it lost him a good job, for the man who was about to employ him reasoned that if he were so inaccurate about spelling a little word like Tuesday, he would probably be careless and inaccurate about other matters more important. So the bootblack, who was polite, also gave his character away and won a reward for himself.

None of these boys realized that he was giving others a glimpse of his character. Yet it is just those little acts, done without conscious thought that reveal your real self. Sometimes a single word, a laugh or even a look will mean as much to an observer as a whole chart of your soul carefully worked out. Every boy needs to take care that what shines through the small holes in his life will be that which will help and not hinder.

COCOANUT ISLAND

By Russell Gordon Carter

Fuzzy and I made three trips to Coconut Island. The first was interesting; the second was exciting; and the third was awful! I don't like to think about that third tripi, yet I think about it day and night, and so does Fuzzy. We can't help it! There are ghosts—hundreds of them!

Fuzzy thought if I were to write the story of those three trips, it would serve as a warning to other boys. So here it is, and I hope it will do some good.

Neither of us has lived sixteen years for nothing. We know that some one else is always to blame for trouble that arises. In this case it was Fuzzy's uncle, Rufus Dogberry, from Bridgewater, Conn. I met him for the first time in San Francisco. He was tall and thin and bony. He had big hands, big feet, and a small head with sandy hair. His eyes were blue and deep-set; his nose made me think of a ship's jib-sail; and his wide mouth seemed always about to smile, but somehow never did. In all my life I heard him laugh just once.

He said to Fuzzy, whose name really was Fabian: "Well, Fabe, I've got my coconut island at last."

Fuzzy's curly yellow hair seemed to me suddenly to quiver with excitement. "You've bought a coconut Island!" he exclaimed. "Where is it? How much? Is it a big one?"

"Didn't buy it—leased it ten years—French Government—small island—South Seas—bargain." Uncle Rufus, I soon found, had a way of being very economical with his words.

"And you're going to grow coconuts!" cried Fuzzy.

"Grow 'em and sell 'em. Like to make the trip? You and Dick?"

Fuzzy looked at me, and I looked at Fuzzy. And Uncle Rufus looked at both of us; then he said: "Get parents' consent—sail next week—settled."

Of course we were thrilled and excited with the prospect! But could we get our parents' consent? Well, to be brief, we finally got it, after making all kinds of promises to be very careful. Funny how parents think their boys never would be careful unless they promised! I know now what a promise is sometimes worth.

Friday of the following week Fuzzy and I and Uncle Rufus sailed out of San Francisco harbor on the steamer Cynthia. The long voyage was uneventful. We landed at Samoa, and there Uncle Rufus procured a small sailing vessel with a native crew. Two weeks later the three of us saw Coconut Island for the first time.

Imagine a small low-lying island with a long, sparkling white beach and tufted palm trees rising to great heights, and clear blue water stretching away into vast distance! Viewing it, Fuzzy and I thought of shipwrecks, castaways and monkeys and cannibals. But Uncle Rufus was from Connecticut. He said: "Looks promising—this year pay expenses—next year profits."

So we landed. While the natives began to build us a hut, Uncle Rufus and Fuzzy and I set forth on a tour of inspection. Uncle Rufus rubbed

his big hands together and gazed upward at clustered coconuts. Then he compressed his lips and said: "Hm! Told me 'twas uninhabited. Didn't mention rats, though."

As he spoke, a big rat scurried across the ground in front of us and vanished in the undergrowth. Two others shot out from beneath a clump of ferns and went racing after the first. Then Fuzzy and I, gazing upward saw what had hitherto escaped our notice. There were rats in the cocoanut trees—dozens, scores of them!

Fuzzy said: "I thought there'd be monkeys. Instead there's rats!"

The way he said it made me laugh.

Uncle Rufus picked up a nut; there was a big hole in it that rats had gnawed. "Hm!" he said. "Didn't reckon on rats."

There were other fallen nuts strewn about under the palms, all knawed by rats. We strode deeper into the island. More and more rats scurried about on the ground. We could see rats climbing the tall palm trunks. We could see rats flitting about overhead.

Uncle Rufus scratched his head. Fuzzy said he always did that when he played checkers and it was his move. Back home, Fuzzy said, no one could beat his uncle at checkers.

At the end of an hour we returned to the beach.

Uncle Rufus was scratching his head again. At last he said: "Can't grow coconuts where there's rats"—

"You mean you've got to give up your plan, Uncle Rufus?" Fuzzy asked, and he looked disappointed.

"Wall, no. I leased the island."

"What can you do?" I asked.

"Have to get rid of rats," he replied. "How? That's the question."

Fuzzy grinned up at his uncle. "If we only had some rat traps!"

Uncle Rufus suddenly brightened. "Four-legged ones," he said. "Cats."

"Cats?" Fuzzy and I repeated.

"Cats," said Uncle Rufus. "Better than traps—don't have to set 'em—don't have to bait 'em—problem solved."

That afternoon we went aboard the vessel. We returned to Samoa. I had supposed Uncle Rufus would at once start looking for cats; instead he decided to return to San Francisco. He explained: "Not enough cats hereabouts—too lazy anyhow—South Seas make anybody lazy—back to 'Frisco—cats there—big ones—hungry ones—energetic ones."

So back to 'Frisco we went.

Uncle Rufus chartered a schooner. Then he advertsied for cats in all newspapers, offering a quarter apiece for them. That very day the cats began to come aboard. Small boys and ragged old men brought them—white ones, black ones, gray ones, yellow ones, striped ones—Maltese cats, Persian cats, sleek cats, plump cats, cats with bobbed tails, cats with frayed ears. By seven o'clock Uncle Rufus had bought threescore.

And still the cats continued to arrive! He cut the price to ten cents and chose only the sleek ones and the ones with torn ears—fighting cats, as he called them. Still they came!

At last Uncle Rufus said: "No, not another cat at any price!" He said it to a ragged, red-nosed old fellow who had two of them under his arm.

The old man was indignant. He

frowned and retorted. "Yuh put an ad in the paper, didn't yuh? You wanted cats, didn't yuh? Well, then, it's a contract"—

"Have to pay me to take one more cat!" said Uncle Rufus firmly.

The old fellow scowled and sputtered and talked threateningly of contracts, breach of promise suits, and court charges. It was funny to hear him use legal phrases; Uncle Rufus' wide mouth almost smiled.

Suddenly Uncle Rufus said: "Don't want your cats, mister, but can use you. Job for you—dollar a day—have to go to South Seas, though —long service"—

The old fellow dropped the cats and said: "Scat, scat!" Then he turned to Uncle Rufus and added: "Fer a dollar a day I'd go anywhere! South Seas, is it? All right, I'm your man! It's a contract."

And that is how Bowwow Guber happened to sail with us on our second trip to Coconut Island. We called him Bow-wow, not in disrespect, but because of his bristling iron gray mustache and whiskers and his doggish manner of speaking far down in his throat.

We sailed with seventy cats aboard —and they sounded like seven hundred! From the time of departure there never was a minute of quiet on the schooner. The cats were homesick, and they knew of only one way to relieve their feelings. If you have ever heard two cats howling when you want to sleep, imagine the racket that seventy can make! Seventy cats shanghied from the streets of San Francisco!

We hadn't been out two days before the captain was in a state that bordered on fury. He threatened to turn back. He threatened to heave the cats overboard. And once I heard him tell the mate he had a notion to confine Uncle Rufus as unbalanced, and dangerous. Uncle Rufus needed all his Yankee wits to calm the captain.

The cats couldn't be kept below decks. They wandered all over the vessel—sinewy, hard-eyed cats that fought and howled outside the cabin and chased one another into the rigging; lonesome, respectable cats that crouched in corners and lamented with the full power of their lungs; big strong, muscular cats that sprang at one another from behind coils of rope and various other shelters. Night and day the cats were at it!

By the end of a week I was sorry for them and Fuzzy was sorry, too. We said so to Uncle Rufus, but he just remarked: "Think of the rats —cats ought to be glad—banquet."

"Well," said Fuzzy, "I'm glad I'm not a dog!"

"Huh," growled Bow-wow, "we ought to have a squad o' terriers aboard, just to keep 'em quiet—p'lice dogs! I don't like cats!" he added.

Well, when we finally came in sight of Coconut Island, there were no respectable cats left; they had all reverted to type. And there were more cats than when we had started —many more! As Fuzzy said, they had multiplied.

When the schooner dropped anchor off the beach, the captain shook his fist under Uncle Rufus's long nose and shouted: "My last voyage with cats! Un'erstand?"

That was when I heard Uncle Rufus laugh. Then he said: "Now to

get 'em ashore."

That was a task. The cats didn't want to go ashore, and they gave us all kinds of trouble. I don't know what we would have done without Bow-wow. No terrier could have been more useful than he. I can see him now, in his ragged black suit, coming up the hatchway with three struggling cats in his arms. I can hear him growl each time he dropped them into the small boat: "More rat traps to go ashore!" And Uncle Rufus would reply: "Good boy, Bow-wow!"

It took us the best part of the day to unload the cargo. As soon as the small boat touched the beach, Uncle Rufus would shout, "Scat!" and away the cats would go toward the interior of the island. Following the release of the first boatload there was a succession of shrill squeals and a mad scurrying among the coconut palms, and Uncle Rufus rubbed his hands together and said: "Traps beginning to work!

By the end of the day all the cats were out of sight, hunting rats deep in the island. Fuzzy said: "I feel kind of sorry for those rats!" He was like that, always sorry for something or other.

But Uncle Rufus wasn't sorry. He said: "Mebbe two, three weeks no more rats—coconuts grow nicely—big harvest—profit!"

He turned to Bow-wow. "Leave you here—look after things—live in hut. We go to Samoa—back soon as business finished—need native workers—must arrange for shipping nuts. All right?"

Bow-wow nodded and growled: "Glad to be alone. Always wanted to be king of a cannibal isle!"

The next morning the rest of us sailed for Samoa. We were away a month. Life moves slowly in the South Seas, and even a Yankee like Fuzzy's uncle couldn't hurry the natives. But at last he completed his arrangements, and we left Samoa with various equipment aboard and also half a score of native workers. Uncle Rufus said there probably wasn't a rat left on the island by now, and Fuzzy said, if that were so, what would the cats have to eat?

Uncle Rufus only shrugged his shoulders and began to talk about profits in coconuts.

It was a very bright, warm morning when we saw Coconut Island for the third time. Fuzzy and I stood beside the rail while the schooner drew closer and closer to the beach. Fuzzy wouldn't talk; he just stood there, looking sort of sad.

I said: "What's the matter, Fuzzy? First you were sorry for the cats. Then you were sorry for the rats. What are you sorry for now?"

"It's the cats again," he replied. "With all the rats gone, they'll have nothing to eat!"

"Except coconuts," I added.

"Huh," said Fuzzy, "cats can't eat coconuts!"

"They could drink the milk, couldn't they?" I retorted.

"How could they break the nuts open?" he demanded.

I admit I hadn't thought of that.

We let go the anchor and went ashore in the small boat. There was the hut before us, and there was Bow-wow seated outside the doorway. He stood up and waved to us, and I thought he looked terribly pleased.

Pretty soon we heard a prolonged

howl, then a succession of howls—louder and more dismal than the howls we had listened to on the long voyage from San Francisco. A moment later we spied a lean shape slinking along the beach off to the right. Other shapes joined it—three or four cats with fierce yellow eyes that gleamed in the sunlight.

Fuzzy and I looked inquiringly at Uncle Rufus. He rubbed his hands together and remarked: "Good sign—no more rats—the cats are fishing."

It was true. When we landed, Bow-wow announced: "Ain't been a rat on this island since two weeks ago. The rat traps did a good job. I been enjoyin' myself. Cat's are half starved. They howl all the time. It's like sweet music—a lullaby! It puts me to sleep at night. '

Fuzzy and I stared at him, shocked by his words. I felt now the way Fuzzy had felt on the schooner. The unceasing lamentations from the jungle and the sight of those lean, starved shapes fishing along the shore made me want to weep!

We left the party and wandered into the interior of the island. Just as on the first trip we had seen rats everywhere, we now saw cats. They were all over the place—skinny, fierce-eyed creatures that fled from us. They were in the trees and in the dense undergrowth—cats everywhere, and all of them howling.

We reached a natural clearing, and Fuzzy suddenly halted. His face was bright red, and his eyes blazed like points of blue fire. With fists clenched, he cried: "We've got to do something about it! It's inhuman!" He whirled and started back toward the hut.

"What are you going to do?" I demanded, hurrying after him.

"Going to tell my uncle just what I think of him!" shouted Fuzzy. "He's got to do something for all these poor cats! I'll make him!"

"And I'll help you." I cried.

We found Uncle Rufus and Bow-wow eating bananas beside the hut. Fuzzy strode up to his uncle and demanded: "What are you going to do about all these poor cats?"

"Cats won't bother us much longer," was the reply. "Let nature take its course—cats soon die—maybe eat one 'nother—cannibals."

Fuzzy fairly trembled with rage. "You're a cruel, hard-hearted man!" he cried.

Uncle Rufus stared at him, then turned to Bow-wow. "It's the heat," he said. "Suggest quinine."

"No, it isn't the heat!" cried Fuzzy. "I tell you, if you let all those poor cats starve to death, I'll—I'll—I tell you, I'll"— He seemed to choke on the words.

Fuzzy and I stood there glaring at Uncle Rufus.

He moistened his lips; then he began to scratch his head.

"Well, what about it?" demanded Fuzzy. "I tell you, Uncle Rufus, you've got to do something! Any one who would let cats starve to death is a barbarian!"

Uncle Rufus continued to scratch his head.

"The best thing you can do," I blurted forth, "is to round up all the cats and ship them back to America."

Uncle Rufus looked at me for a long time; then he looked at his nephew. "All right," he grunted.

"A contract," Bow-wow remarked

soberly.

The next day all the supplies were unloaded, and the work of coconut cultivation began.

Two days later the schooner sailed for San Francisco, and Fuzzy and I saided with her, leaving Uncle Rufus and Bow-wow and the natives behind us. Despite Uncle Rufus's promise to do something for the cats, we had had enough of his society. Fuzzy said frankly he hoped he never would see his uncle again.

YOU

When all mankind is turned aside,
  Opposing you in every act;
When no one notes save to deride
  And patience pleads for all your tact,
Do not at such times think, in sad
  And sobbing strains, that this is due
To fate—that all the world is bad—
        It's you

With all the marchers out of step
  Except yourself in life's long walk,
And no one carrying to get "hep"
  No matter how or where you talk,
Do not assume that things are wrong
  With all the world; that right are few;
If one's where he does not belong,
        It's you.

When you have labored good and hard
At what you think you should have done,
In shop or store or woods or yard,
  'Neath moaning moon or swelt'ring sun;
When no one listens to your song
  (Or listeners are mighty few,)
It's not the world, young man, that's wrong,
        It's you.

It's always you. If you have worth
  The world will gather at your feet;
If not, there is no place on earth
  Where you can reap the harvest sweet;
If you can't gain the recompense
  You think you are entitled to,
The fault, you'll find (if you have sense)
        Is you.—Selected.

AN INTERESTING INDIAN TOOL

(The Enquirer)

Ho, boys, here is a dandy tool that you can easily make, and you can certainly have lots of fun using it. It is an Indian wampum drill, such as the Indians use in making beads and ornaments. With it you can easily drill small, neat holes through metal, shell, bone, stone, horn, and other hard materials.

Make a straight, round spindle of some tough, stiff wood, as hickory or oak. Have it about twelve inches long and one-half of an inch thick at the thickest place, which should be about two inches up from the lower end. Square the wood with a gradual upward taper for an inch or two above this thickest point. At the upper end of the spindle drill a small hole, through which to thread the drill thong. Cut a narrow notch an inch deep in the lower end of the spindle.

Cut the flywheel from a good solid piece of board. It should be as round as you can get it, about three inches wide and one-half of an inch or more thick. Make a square hole not quite one-half of an inch wide in the center, so it can be slipped down tightly on the squared portion of the spindle.

Fashion the cross piece of tough wood. Have it about eight inches long, one inch wide at the widest point, the center, and about one-half of an inch thick. At the center drill a five-eigth-inch hole through which the spindle is to be thrust. This hole must always be big enough to allow free play of the crosspiece up and down the spindle without binding it at the least. Make a small hole through each end of the crosspiece through which an end of the thong is knotted.

Make the drill thong of any thin leather thong—shoe string, twisted strip of cloth, etc.

Use pieces of small files, large needles, etc., ground to a pointed shape, for the drill bits and bind them securely in the notch at the lower end of the spindle.

Assemble the parts of the drill together when you are through.

In working the tool, grasp the crosspiece with the right hand, care being taken that none of the fingers touch the spindle, and give the spindle a couple of turns with the left hand, thereby causing the thong to twist about it several times and draw the crosspiece upward an inch or so. Place the point of the drill upon the object to be drilled and press lightly downward on the crosspiece with the right hand, forcing the thong to unwind immediately and twirl the spindle swiftly as it does so. The instant it is unwound the force of the flywheel will rewind the thong in the opposite direction and draw the crosspiece and the hand upward once more. Now press downward as before. Thus, all that is necessary to keep the drill working rapidly and steadily is to alternately lightly press and lift the hand

THE MAGIC ALARM CLOCK

By Irma Morris

"Freddie, get up," called Mrs. Williams, her voice rising shrilly on the "up." "I can't get the boy out of bed," she wailed desperately, as she hastily carried in her husband's coffee.

"Douse him with cold water," growled Mr. Williams, who was never in a very happy frame of mind until after breakfast.

Mrs. Williams looked irresolute for a minute, then proceeded to the kitchen with firm steps. Shortly after, howls came from Freddie's room, and soon the racket in the rear of the apartment announced the fact that Freddie had arisen and was making a wild scramble to get ready for school on time.

Mrs. Williams sang about her work all day, fondly believing that Freddie was "cured." But the next morning her young hopeful seemed to have entirely forgotten his recent unpleasant experience and repeated calls and shakings brought no response.

"Douse him again," volunteered his father. But Mrs. Williams did not relish a repetition of yesterday's wearing scene. So she coaxed and threatened Freddie in "the same old way," till he finally tumbled out of bed and hurried into his clothes.

That afternoon there was a parents' meeting at Freddie's school. A lecturer spoke on "Habit Formation" and invited questions. After listening to several questions such as "How can I make Jane eat?" and "What can I do to make Jack more tidy?" and "What's the best cure for thumb-sucking?" Mrs. Williams rasied a timid voice, "How can I make my boy get up in the morning?"

The lecturer asked a few questions about Freddie and then calmly said, "Getting up in the morning is Freddie's job, not yours. I feel quite sure your boy will be able to meet it. Why not get an alarm clock, telling him you expect him to get himself off in time for school from now on, without any assistance from you? Try it."

After the meeting Mrs. Williams purchased an alarm clock. She introduced it to Freddie that evening. The next morning she listened to its loud peal with bated breath. Freddie jumped right out of bed! Mrs. Williams busied herself in the kitchen and left him entirely to his own devices. Soon he appeared, face shining, hair slicked down, shoes clean. Mrs. Williams served his breakfast. After breakfast, he donned his coat, just like his father, and strode manfully into the kitchen to give his mother a "good-bye" kiss.

That morning Mrs. Wiliams did some hard thinking. "That's the whole trouble," she said to herself. "I've been doing everything for that boy. I haven't given him a chance to shoulder things himself. Why, of course he'd rather mind himself than mind me. I must change." And she did. But she still insists that the clock "did it." She says, "He's as good as gold now and I just couldn't do anything with him before."

A FRIENDLY THIEF

By Dorothy S. Randall

Ralph and his sister Mary went to spend the summer with their grandma in the country. One day Ralph came running into the house very much excited.

"Oh, Grandma, what do you think? A big black bird flew down and carried off one of my marbles. He was gone just a little while, then he flew back again and what do you think he put down? A ripe cherry. He kept saying something that sounded like, "all, all," and so I brought my marbles into the house."

That afternoon Mary left her beads in her room and when she went to get them they were gone. The window was open. They did not see him again until one day they went to spend the day with some neighbor children, who lived over the hill. They were having a little tea party out under the trees and thought they would gather some flowers for the table. When they came back the table was bare, or nearly so; even the little spoons were gone.

"I know it was the children who have just moved into the next house, saiid Jessie, one of the friends.

"I didn't think they would do that, really," said Ralph. "Maybe a dog did it." But a dog would not take spoons, they all said.

Just then, far above, they heard a sound, and as it came nearer they heard it say, "All, all," and a big black bird flew down on the table and, in a friendly way, began to eat the sugar. It turned its head this way and that in such a funny manner they all laughed.

"Why, it is a pet crow," said Jessie, "and it is saying, 'caw-caw.' I know now, it belongs to the new neighbors. Let us go and see," and off they went. The little new neighbors came out to meet them and were so glad to get acquainted. It was their pet crow, Jim, and they all had a jolly time watching the crow to find his hiding place. At last they found it up in the barn. There, sure enough, were the spoons, Ralph's marble and Mary's beads, besides several bright pieces of glass.

Then Jessie remembered that she had thought it was these nice little children who had taken the spoons. Wouldn't they feel badly if they thought she would say that about them? Suppose they had said that about her?

Two sailors in a train were discussing the general situation. Said one: "When I git done with this hitch, I'm goin' to git me a pair of nice light oars, and I'm goin' to sling 'em across my shoulder and start to walkin' inland. When I finally hit a place where people say, 'What are them things you got on your shoulder?'—boy, that's where I'm goin' to settle down."—Exchange.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. Charles E. Boger left last Wednesday night for a two weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. Joe McGaskill, at Montclair, N. J.

Our cannery force has just finished putting up a number of gallon cans of watermelon rind preserves to be used during the coming winter.

The hedges along the National Highway have been neatly trimmed which adds to the appearance of that particular section of the campus.

Mr. Hobby and a group of boys are building a garage down near the laundry. It will house three cars and is being built of some second-hand material found around the place.

The roads about our campus have been improved during the past week. Considerable grading and re-surfacing with gravel has been done by a group of boys under the supervision of Mr. Grier.

Superintendent S. E. Leonard, of the Eastern Carolina Training School at Rocky Mount, recently sent us three large rabbits to be added to our collection. We understand that the business of raising rabbits is being carried on very successfully down at Mr. Leonard's institution.

The Friedman-Shelby Shoe Co., of St. Louis, through their good salesman and our very good friend, Mr. E. M. Ruth, have again contributed to the amusement of the Jackson Training School boys. Their most recent donation was a number of baseball gloves, balls and bats for the use of our youngsters and are being used daily at the ball grounds. We wish to tender herewith our most sincere thanks to these kind friends.

During the past week the boys enjoyed three more watermelon feasts. Due to an unusually dry period it was feared that our melon crop would fall short this year, but after a late start the crop seems to be very good. Up to this time more than 3,500 fine melons have been pulled and our farm manager tells us we may expect plenty more.

Captain Ramsey's Locke Mill team defeated the school boys last Thursday afternoon by the score of 8 to 5. Andrews did the pitching for the local boys and although he held the visitors to three hits, his wildness, coupled with four errors was responsible for losing the game. The Training School boys collected eight hits off Stone's delivery but were only able to chalk up five tallies. One of these hits was a home run by Rogers, a scorching line drive to deep center. It was one of the hardest hit balls ever seen on the local diamond and had it not been for an in-

tervening embankment the old horsehide might have rolled down to the Mecklenburg County line. Our boys made a desperate attempt to stage a winning rally in the last inning when the first two men up were safe, but the next three batters were easy outs.

The Roberta team visited the Training School last Saturday and was defeated by the score of 5 to 4. Lisk was pitching for the school team and with the exception of the second inning when he allowed four hits and three runs, pitched an excellent game. The local boys took the lead in the first frame, singles by Weaver, Alexander and Poole, a sacrifice and an error netting two runs. In the third the school tied the score at three all when Alexander tripled and scored on a passed ball. Roberta again took the lead in the fifth inning, scoring a run on a single by Lefler and two errors. In the next inning our boys evened the count at four all when Easley was safe on an error, advanced on a passed ball and tallied on Davis' double. The school boys put the winning run across in the eighth. Easley was safe on an error by the first baseman, advanced on a passed ball and scored on a single by Poole.

THE DREAMER

I can feel no pride, but pity
  For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
  But the patient lives of the poor,
O, the little hands too skillful.
  And the child mind choked with weeds,
The daughter's heart grown wilful,
  And the father's heart that bleeds.

No, no, from the streets rude bustle,
  From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
  And the meadow's kindly page,
Let me dream as of old by the river,
  And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
  And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 30, 1930 No. 31

TUNE IN

A telegraph operator at a lonely railway station heard peculiar sounds coming from the sounder of his instrument. The first thing he thought of was to take down the receiver of the telephone and put it to his ear. He heard voices from Paris and Havana. Somehow messages on the radio were coming in through his telephone. And the strange thing about it was that only the most distant broadcasting station could be heard; all the stations between were filtered out.

What a grand thing it would be if we could hear only the highest and the best, and if all the mean and vulgar sounds could be silenced! Why not have this in your life? Make an effort to see and hear only the best.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A MAN'S PRAYER

On the walls of the Henry T. Perkins wholesale house of Springfield, Mass., appears the following practical workaday petition to the Supreme Being. Its application is universal—its practice a wholesome habit:

"Teach me that 60 *minutes make an hour,* 16 *ounces one pound, and* 100 *cents one dollar. Help me so to live that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun under my pillow and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain. Grant that I may earn my meal ticket on the square, and that in earning it I may do unto others as I would have them do unto me. Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money and to the rustle of unholy skirts. Blind me to the faults of the other fellow but reveal to me my own. Guide me so that each night when I look across the dinner table at my wife who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal. Keep me young enough to laugh with little children, and sympathetic enough to be considerate of old age. And when comes the day of darkened shades and the smell of flowers, the tread of soft footsteps and the crunching of wheels in the yard—make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple 'HERE LIES A MAN.' "—Chas. F. Henry.*

WHY BAD CHILDREN

Children are much discussed now in papers concerning over ways of raising them, the obvious reason being that parents are all at sea as to best course to pursue with them. It is definitely established that the behavior

of children between 5 and 18 years of age, is not all that is desired by their parents. There has been, unquestionably, a marked "letting down" in their home discipline during the past ten or twenty years, and the results have not been satisfactory. Children have had a larger liberty, and been permitted to decide for themselves to an extent that would have astonished grandparents of today. Old principles have gone into desuetude. Is that really decadence? In none of the discussions have we seen any reference to fundamental teachings in the Bible.

Proverbs has it: "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Our parents had much faith in that. They compelled obedience, they punished bad conduct, and they kept their children under strict discipline, believing the proverb "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Such admonitions as this are not influential now in comfortable homes. There is license instead of parental authority now in comfortable homes. There is license. Indeed, there are families where punishment is regarded as a lapse into barbarism.

And yet it is the truth that discipline is necessary for men, for youth, and for children, if they are to be characterized by good behavior. The virtues taught by our fathers were worth while, and are still worth while, but there are too many weak mothers and weak fathers who do not train up their children in the way they should go.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"SNAP OUT OF IT!"

As a sloganizer Governor O. Max Gardner is it. "Snap out of it!" That's his idea of the present depressed condition of the country and the State of North Carolina. Snap out of lethargy. Snap out of pessimism. Snap out of inertia. People hesitate. Jump into something enlivening, inspiring, helpful, that will bid Old Mr. Gloom farewell.

There is a feeling of hard times throughout the country and, naturally, most folks are holding on to their money. That is all right. Do it if you want to, that is your business, but at the same time do not let this general feeling panic you, or don't let your better judgement be warped by it. There is as much money in this country as there ever was. Some of us have less but that means that someone else has more. People can't eat money. It is

not digestible. It is somewhere and because everyone is treasuring what money they have, the buying power of that good old dollars is more today than it was yesterday. Are you going to hold on to every dollar you have until its buying power decreases or, are you going to be one of an outstanding number of smart people to strike while the iron is hot and while your money is hot. Invest. Start something that will help others.

People always go through these depressing periods in about the same way. Some come out bedraggled and careworn facing the necessity of build-their family fortunes and gaining for themselves the luxuries and privileges poor conditions deprived them of. Others come out richer, more independent, more successful than ever before. It is simply a testing of man's ability, strength and foresight and works like the act of Providence. The weaker a man is the harder the fall. Are you going to be weak and cramped by your little personal problems, afraid and intimidated by conditions or, are you going to take the bull by the horns and throw all your powers of resistance toward bettering your future, toward building while you have one of the best and greatest opportunities to build that you may ever have? Wake up! Snap out!

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A NEVER ENDING WAR

The conflict between truth and error never ceases. It is perpetual, eternal so far as the affairs of this world are concerned. It began when our first parents adopted disobedience in the Garden of Eden It goes on today.

The other day a radio preacher was heard to say that only when the religions of the world unite for peace shall we have peace. Just now that state seems a long ways off. Now ministers take sides in every war between their several countries. The pulpits of Germany, France, England and America gave strength to war when the World War broke out. Peace between nations will not conquer war until religions unite against it, said the preacher.

Now we have been in a debate over the results of the conference at London. What we want to know is the truth about the work done there. Shall we approve it or reject it? How are we to know the truth about it?—Knowing the truth will make us free. Was the United States treated fairly or was it not? We find admirals of our navy answering "no," and our civil-

ian executives saying "yes," with our senate wisdom rests the final decision, divided, part for immediate action for or against, and part for delay and prolonged discussion.

Of only one thing can we be certain, and that is that the people as a whole will never be able to get the whole truth about it all until the years reveal it—perhaps another great war. Wars still seem to be the only decisive things. Why not peace?

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DAYS WITHOUT INCREASE

Some very wise observer has said that "There are days when you can't lay up a cent." That is the truth. But it reminds us that when a young man has this unhappy conviction there is something wrong with his management of affairs. This applies to both single and married men. Living expenses should always be under earnings. When they run along together it is bad, when resources decrease each time current bills are paid, there is trouble in sight.

Zest for work, for business, for the future, is chilled when a man spends more than he earns. He is hurting both his family and himself. Much of the discouragement and discontent in human life finds its origin in a weak consent to permit expenses to grow larger than income by the head of a family. By common consent the head of a family is the man who provides for its necessities by his work. It is a grave mistake for him to consent to expenditures larger than his earnings. He shuts the door to his future comfort when he does that.

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RAIN AND A BARN

The ten-acre "cow pasture" in Hyde Park, Chicago, which has been vacant for forty years, is to be sold for $10,000,000, it is reported, to a New York syndicate interested in a housing enterprise. In this pasture is a barn, in which Abraham Lincoln, when a young man, once found shelter from rain.

There was a time, long ago, when a big, dry, clean barn was a delightful playhouse on a rainy day. The hay loft, with the rain pattering on the roof,

was a fine place for acrobatic ventures, somersaults from the long cross-timber above the hay, handspring into the scattered hay, and once in a while a place of catastrophe, when some acrobat lit in a nest of six or eight eggs which some industrious hen had secreted.

And there was the curly and brilliantly painted sleigh downstairs, a cosy retreat for two or more boys with stories to tell and plans to perfect, and in her stall the gentle driving mare, who was friendly to boys, and quite willing for a group of youngsters to straddle her all the way from her neck to her tail.

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A NEW DIVERSION

A Pennsylvania man has successfully caught 153 gum drops in his mouth after each drop was thrown into the air. Another champion comes on the scene. He has been welcome along with marathon dancers and the tree sitters. He is welcome to his crown, and we give him our share of the 153 gum drops.

Fools there be the world over. How much better would it have been had this same man attempted to bring from the ground of his native State some of the natural resources that abound there. The same time and effort spent in planting corn or wheat would have left the world better. To be the champion oat grower of the world is greater than the title that this man holds. To be even an unsuccessful prospector, still searching for an El Dorado is finer than catching gum drops. To drill a dry hole is more noble than catching candy tossed into the air by another half baked idiot.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

Straws show the way the ice drinks go.

—o—

The smallest tot can "lick" the biggest ice cream cone.

—o—

The only people that I know of that are unspeakably happy in the marriage estate are deaf-mutes.

—o—

Sweden is said to be the home of the safety match. It is also learned that divorces are almost unknown over there. Quite a coincidence.

—o—

One of the mysterious things of the present day is the fact that no matter how low the price of wheat goes, the price of bread remains the same.

—o—

As they are now making articles to resemble marble, in color and weight, from skimmed milk, we may soon see some fellow making beer from the hopps of frogs.

—o—

It is a strange freak of nature that people who have no troubles of their own. will go to their neighbors and friends and borrow some which he never pays back.

—o—

There is a very general belief among a host of people that the "World owes them a living." If it does how are they going to collect it if they haven't a job by which to make the collection?

—o—

One place in which I would like to see a great increase in unemployment is the trade, or perhaps it is a profession, of filling new shirts full of pins before they are delivered to the customers.

—o—

It has long been a puzzle to me that reckless drivers who run up telegraph poles, knock down fence posts along side of the road, and always miss the bill boards, which could stand a knock-down more agreeable to tourists that pass that way.

—o—

As the wheat farmer sees it, there can be no overproduction so long as the governments buys the surplus, and while the government buys the surplus the wheat farmer can be depended on to see to it there is no underproduction. That is a nice little game most of us have no part in.

—o—

Chemistry will play an important part in improving the human race of the future, says a scientist. Here I can not refrain from quoting the late Roy Moulton's remark that "chemistry has already given us some mighty good looking blondes."

—o—

If any husband should feel secure in the belief that his spouse would not run away, a Dr. DeFuller, of New York, whose wife was born without legs, should have had that comfort. Yet it is reported that Mrs. DeFuller, a sideshow freak, did skip out with all her costumes, $2,000 worth of jewelry, and $100 in cash, which constituted all the DeFuller hoard.

There's no telling what a woman, a jury and an election will do to a man. It is very evident that Mrs. DeFuller didn't walk away; she just slipped away.

—o—

Throughout the width and breadth of this world are men and women, hard at work, in office, class room and laboratory, striving to make the world a better place in which to live. Dangers are braved in swampy jungles that human might have the better things of life. Strong armed and determined men drill mighty holes in the bosom of mother earth that our cars might run and that the wheels of commerce and industry might turn. Pioneers seek precious metals that we might continue to mint our coins and retain the high standard of living to which we are accustomed. Science is conducting an never ending search in the hopes of making the burden of humanity lighter. Everywhere, most everyone is doing something that counts for the betterment of mankind. It may be pushing a wheelbarrow, or the running of a typewriter in an obscure office, yet by that effort some one is helped. But what are the tree sitters, the foolhardy stunts in the air, the gum drop catchers, and all the rest of the foolish things done, contributing to the betterment of humanity?

"IF I WERE RICH—?"

Dr. George W. Truett recently said: "Let us remember that our men and women of wealth need our prayers and our sympathy. When I see a man of my congregation increasing in wealth, my heart goes out to him in deepest sympathy. I have no sympathy at all with that outcry against men who make money. If a man can make money he ought to make it. But as men make money they are to remember that challenging word spoken by Moses:

" 'But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God; for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth.—Deut. 8: 18.' "

We often hear it said: "If I were rich I would build churches and schools and orphanages. If I were rich I would keep a missionary on every foreign field to tell of His saving grace. If I were rich I would give my money to Kingdom interests while I live and leave it to tell of His love after I am gone on. If I were rich we would soon have a new and more beautiful Bethlehem in which to worship. If I were rich we would easily reach the goal of $6,000 which has been set for our special Easter offering. If I were rich—"

It is beautiful to think of what we could do if we were rich. But would we do all the good we say we would do ? We can tell what we would do with much wealth, by what we are now doing with little.

—Bethlehem Bulletin.

WHY BRIDGES WERE ONCE COVERED

By C. W. Hunt

A late number of the Uplift has again raised the question of why were wooden bridges formerly covered ove? That same question was discussed by the Charlotte Observer a few years ago, at some length, without the matter ever being settled, then, and is still unsettled. Perhaps if such crossings were being built now, those responsible for them would be able to tell why they were covered over; but in as much as these structures were put up by generations that have passed on, leaving no reason why these were built as they were, the discussion will spring up, ever and anon, as long as any remain to attract the curious.

This writer has crossed many of these structures in both North Carolina and Virginia. The last one he crossed was at North Willkesboro, spanning the Reddies river, and which is still there, unless torn away to make room for the new concrete structure lately named for the editor of the Charlotte Observer. Thirty years ago there was standing across the Yadkin river, at Elkin a very substantial and handsome bridge of this covered type, and was a toll bridge at that time. This was the longest and best built of any of those in the state. It is possible the 1916 flood swept that bridge away, or it may have been replaced by a concrete structure when that place became the crossing on route 26 across the state.

It may be for want of discernment on my part, but the truth, with me, is there was nor could have been but one reason for covering a wooden bridge, namely: to preserve it. These structures were expensive in their time. All people who have had to do with timbers exposed to sun and rain, know full well how soon such decay and rot out at the joints, the most vital parts. Our forefathers learned from experience how much longer timbers lasted when roofed into a dwelling, and this knowledge was transferred to the structures made to cross streams. The putting of a roof and siding over a structure crossing a stream made these valuable timbers as immune from decay as those in the walls of the dwelling. To have built suspension spans over wide streams and left them to the elements meant they would have to be renewed every few years, besides endangring the lives of teams and human beings crossing such when the decay had set in. To cover them and wall up the sides meant these spans would last indefinitely. This contention is amply proven by the length of time these structures have stood the test of time.

Time will come, and right soon, when none of these structures will be left to tell future generations how far sighted their forbears were in the matter of engineering and preservation of what they built. The time may come, when some will doubt such a thing as a covered bridge ever existed. Any other reason for building a covered bridge than for its preservation from the elements, to me, is far fetched and unworthy of consideration; except for the fun it might cause.

Pity that one or more of these structures cannot be left beside the concrete that has superceded these, those exposed and the steel bridge. There was a fine chance to have preserved such at Maiden in Catawba county, but it was sold for the timbers that were in it.

The Sesqui-Centennial Celebration of the Battle of Kings Mountain, the turning point in the Revolutionary War, to be held on October 7, 1930, promises to be the greatest gathering ever assembled to honor the patriots who contributed so decisively to the winning of our independence. The various committees, under the direction of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the S. A. R., are inviting every state to send visitors and delegations to participate in this notable event. The President of the United States has been invited to deliver the address of commemoration, the Governors of the Thirteen Original States, with their staffs, are expected to be present, military forces from the two Carolinas will lend a martial air to the day by their appearance, and many notable visitors will attend.

The work of surfacing highways leading to the battleground is being pushed by both states, means for broadcasting President Hoover's address are being provided, and huge pavilions, band and speaking stands are all provided.

Military and civilian bands will provide music, and patriotic decorations will lend color to the event. Preparations are being made to care for at least two hundred thousand visitors. In this modest attempt at pre-celebration publicity, an effort is being made to portray some of the things of interest, some of the extensive industrial and commercial enterprises that form the background of the two Carolinas, in order that those from a distance may form some conception of present-day conditions in the Piedmont Carolinas, where an empire—industrial, commercial and agricultural—has been in the making during the past twenty years.—Selected.

AMERICANS LIVE TOO FAST, GREEK CHURCHMAN SAYS

(Asheville Citizen)

America is a great country and Americans are progressive and likeable people but they live too fast.

This, in brief, is the outlook of the Most Rev. Damaskinos, a leader in the Greek Orthodox church who is in America as an envoy of the Partriarch of Constantinople. He arrivin Asheville recently and is to spend several days here meeting members of his church.

His title is that of the Most Rev. Metropolitan of Corinth, and his capacity in America is that of Patriarchal Exarch. His rank in his church is somewhat higher than that of bshop in a Protestant church.

He explains that he came to America more than two months ago and is charged with visiting adherents to his church in about 300 communities in the United States and Canada. These members of the Greek Orthodox church are still felt to be under the spiritual jurisdiction of the mother church. He has visited a number of cities and after leaving Asheville is to go to Winston-Salem, Charleston, S. C., Gastonia and then back to his headquarters in New York. He has met President Hoover, Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson, Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York, and other notables and has been very much impressed with the officials and the people he has met. He was in America about two months in 1928 on a visit

The most Rev. [illegible] an speaks virtually no English but got along famously in his conversation with the aid of an interpreter. He is a man of imposing stature, accentuated by the flowing dark robes and his beard. His eyes are kindly and his laugh is hearty, however.

He expressed regret that he could not speak English or that his interviewer could not talk in his language so that he could speak more fluently. So important does he believe knowledge of the English language in his country, he said, that upon establishing a seminary at Corinth he made English and Greek languages of the same importance.

He did not care to discuss the so-called new "war menace" in Europe and the Balkins, explaining that his church and the state are distinct and it was his purpose and that of his church to teach its adherents to be good and kindly people. One of the main purposes of the church with its members abroad, he said, is to make them good citizens and thankful for the liberty and good living their new country affords.

As to the United States, in American slang, he "is sold on it." beautiful country and I believe it is the greatest country in the world," he said. "It's people are more progressive than any others and they are a gentle people." And then he added: "But they are a little too fast in their lives."

The distinguished visitor is stop- [illegible] Park hotel. With [illegible] are the Rev. P. Comninos of New York, and the Rev. P. Stamos of Charleston.

HEROINE OF 1926 PAYS GLORY'S PRICE WITH LOSS OF HEARING AND FADING OF FAME

(Charlotte Observer)

What price glory? This oft and been answered by one who has lived a crowded hour full of the spotlight of fame, and has had homage of the great and the feverish adulation of the crowd. For Gertrude Ederle, the tumult and the shouting has ceased, and the plucky girl, the first of her sex to swim the English Channel, has entered into the awful world of silence inhabited by the deaf. Four years ago, she swam the Channel and today she is just one of a corps of instructors at a board-walk swimming pool at Rye, N. Y. People look at her curiously, as if striving to recall a familiar face, and it is only when someone points her out, or notices her name embroidered on the back of her suit, that the bronzed young moman emerges from the mists of obscurity as one of the greatest women athletes of all time.

As Gertrude Ederle swam through thee choppy waters of the Channel, humming to herself and shouting encouraging words of cheer to her trainers and friends in the accompanying boats, she laughed at the fierce waves beating against her head. Hadn't every precaution been taken for her health and welfare? What mattered as long as she made her goal and added to the roll of honor of her country's great? And so, Gertrude Ederle then just 20 years old, landed on the flare-lit beach near Deal, England, after having finished the grueling swim of 14 hours 34 minutes, a speedier time than was ever made by the five men who had negotiated the difficult crossing before her. The whole world lauded the pluck of the sturdy American girl and the path of fame stretched wide before her. Gertrude came home to New York to those whom the city delight to honor. Her father's butcher shop on Amsterdam avenue in New York was festooned and decorated and thronged by happy neighbors who had known Gertrude since she was a child.

Gertrude established her family in a comfortable home near Pelham with the proceeds of various presents and the vaudeville tour that netted her $50,000 after the $150,000 she had earned had been divided between managers, agents, backers, and others interested in her personal appearances. Her speedy little roadster became a familiar sight in her neighborhood and Gertrude was looked upon as a very fortunate girl until it became known that she was receiving treatment for inflammation of the middle ear, a serious and painful affliction. Then came reports that expert medical attention was being given to the great swimmer in an effort to save at least one ear, and so avert complete deafness. Every day Trudy drove into Manhattan to undergo painful treatment, which she bore with unflinching herosim. And every day, the plucky girl retreated further into the land of silence and obscurity. Her great feat had caused her, partial

and then, complete deafness.

Today, with nearly all of Gertrude Ederle's savings gone in her effort to regain her hearing, she is still cheerful and uncomplaining. She can not face crowds any more and when she is pointed out, she wants to slip away and cry for her lost health and happiness. She wonders if some day, some of those who admired her so, will help her have a pool of her own, where she could teach swimming in her own clever, inimitable smile. She smiles wanly and sometimes the old grin brightens her tanned face, only to fade as she repeats emphatically that it all wasn't worth while, and that if she had known her feat would cost her her hearing, she would never have done it. In no uncertain fashion has Gertrude Ederle paid the price of glory and fame.

A PRAYER FOR CAMPERS

For busy days at camp, dear Lord,
  We thank Thee, and request,
Thy watchful guidance through the night
  And sleep, by heaven blest.

For friends whom we have met while here,
  We offer praise to Thee,
And trust that we may not forget,
  Wherever we may be.

For hills and river, flowers and trees,
  We offer up our prayer;
Because we know that when we seek,
  We find Thee, Father, there.

For skies alight with myriad stars,
  For campfire's lovely glow,
For songs that spring from happy hearts,
  We thank Thee ere we go.

—Mary Lou O'Brien

SEVERAL CLASSES OF CHILDREN ARE GIVEN EXPERT CARE

(Virginian Pilot)

The Infant Sanatarium at Virginia Beach is an agency which takes care of ill babies, as the name would imply, those of whom the special feeding and care such as is given there and the fresh air of the seashore are prescribed. But it has for its major purpose the caring for babies and children living under unfortunate circumstances, who are unhappy and who might become ill if left for indefinite periods in such environment.

The Infant Sanatarium has several classes of children. It has infants ranging in age up to a year and a half years old. It takes the toddlers, those from a year and a half to two and a half, and it has runabouts ranging in age from two and a half or three up to 12 years old. The sanatarium also takes the mothers of children which makes it unusual as compared with other organizations of the kind. At present it has three mothers. These help with the older children and with assorting the linens and such other little jobs that when skillfully performed makes life easier and happier at the sanitarium.

The toddler and the run-about classes are for the most part composed of healthy youngsters. They probably were taken into the sanitarium on the brink of illness. Some of them no doubt had been having insufficient amounts of nutritious foods. after staying at the beach for a few days they became rosy, and they begin to appear happy. They all learn to play at the sanitarium, Miss O. I. Doll, the superintendent, says. On the beach they appear a care free lot of children playing with their sand buckets and shovels under their play leader. They have a play director, Miss Lucille Calura, a graduate of the College of William and Mary. Often the mothers look after the chlidren when they go out to play. If the water isn't too rough they go in bathing.

Feeding Cases

The infants usually are the only class of children who are at all ill and most of them are feeding cases. Except for a very few, these children to the casual observer are all right. Some of them are noticeably pale and a bit underweight, but many of them are healthy babies.

The older children get up at 7 o'clock, have a short play period before breakfast at 7:45 o'clock. They do their morning tasks, such as cleaning the lawn and the like, have their baths and play. They have dinner at 12:45 o'clock, rest an hour and a half and then play on the beach, in the water or hike.

The sanitarium has a large diet kitchen where all menus are prepared and cooked under the direction of a graduate nurse and two pupil nurses. It has large bathrooms for the infants and the toddlers, equipped especially, and it has large sun porches where the children play and sleep. It also has a special room where children suspected of contagious diseases are kept in isolation. The run-abouts

live on the third floor.

The Infant Sanitarium was not always a fresh air camp such as it is now. At one time it was especially for sick babies but the mothers were hesitant in those days about leaving their ill babies and so they were invited to stay with them. Now the work of the King's Daughters, and other clinics has lessened its work with sick children and the sanitarium has changed into an institution for the prevention of illness, its chief project.

"People who live alone never get very well acquainted with themselves."
Careful planning is the first step in careful acting.—Selected.

PRAYER AND INDUSTRY

(Exchange)

Often a man prays for prosperity, and God answers with a frost of adversity upon the tropical growth of material things with which he has surrounded himself. The man cries out in despair that God has failed him; that he has prayed in faith, and God has mocked him; that, instead of adding to what he has, as he prayed, God has taken away even that which he had. Te thinks that God has deserted him. But no, God has been his friend. The man thought only of his desires. God thought of his needs. The man thought of his body God thought of his body only as an instrument of his spirit. The man prayed for prosperity. God has now made it possible for him to attain it.

The trouble is that we have a false sense of prosperity. We have learned to estimate life and its attainments in dollars and cents. God estimates life and its successes according to a different standard. He knows that real prosperity is not conditioned by silver and gold and houses and land. He measures time by heart-throbs, life by deeds, success by character. When a child of God prays for prosperity, God hears his prayer and opens the path over which he must walk to grasp the object of his need. He may not always send the frost upon our budding fortunes. He may pour upon them the sunshine of heaven's approval. Only when we have set our heart upon our fortune and made it the treasure of our heart, only when we have set up a golden idol between ourselves and our God, only when we have determined, it may be unconsciously, to live for our fortune, will God answer our prayer for prosperity by taking away that which we have. For then he knows that our soul is starving, our real life is perishing, the cold hand of moral death is upon our brow, and God seeks to give us another chance to win that for which we have prayed —real prosperity.

RADIO AS A HOME MAKER

(Asheville Citizen)

Speaking at the closing dinner of the convention of music industries in New York recently, Walter Damrosch asserted that music should be given a greater place in the home. He declared that radio programs were doing much to popularize good music and to keep home life intact. Dr. Damrosch deserves attention as probably our leading authority on many phases of musical progress and entertainment. Within the past year he has added much to the general interest in music through broadcasting lecturse on the subject, as well as through his programs on classical music which had been little known and considered above the tastes of the masses. He believes that radio entertainments are building up family life and hopes also that a time will come when there will be a piano in every home again—as was the case before the jazz mania and the broadcasting of music.

In the present age of rush and of outside amusements of all sorts, the home has been neglected. We motor to municipal golf links and along rural highways. The talkies furnsih daily recreation for many families. Parents work and children play. Social gatherings and club functions attract the elders, just as sports of all sorts have a hold on the children. In many an American metropolitan center, the home is merely a place in which to eat and sleep. The endless rush of city life takes us as wanderers far afield from domestic bliss. But Dr. Damrosch says "Music in the home is the very cornerstone of our civilization, and our youngsters should realize that the study of the piano will repay them a thousandfold, not only for the cultivation of classical music, but for the accompaniment of songs and for the participation in chamber music generally".

The hold that rdaio entertainment is coming to have is indeed a phenomenon of the times. Radios are being installed everywhere and we hear musical programs from New York, or Chicago, or San Francisco. Grand opera drifts in via the air from distant metropolitan centers. Chimes cross the Atlantic from London, just as singing crosses the continent from California. Many a family is finding thus a new and powerful attraction to domestic life which is drawing people back from restless outdoor search for amusement. Dr. Damrosch declares that five million school children have become keenly interested in music as a result of his special radio broadcasts of last winter. And he points out that good music, and not jazz, is what is being wanted. Last year the Music Industries Chamber of Commerce spent $120,000 for the advancement of music and to develop and protect the commercial interests of the industry. Over half of this was used to promote good music.

Undoubtedly the hold which music has for the public is being powerfully increased via the radio. As Dr. Damrosch predicts this seems to be playing a part in providing a renaissance of home life. There never was a time

when this was more needed. For well nigh a generation students have been lamenting the fact that domestic life was vanishing from America. The age of jazz since the World War has powerfully promoted this dangerour tendency. But radio today seems to be acting as a strong deterent.

Calvin Coolidge, on July 4, 1926 said: "We live in an age of science and of abounding accumulation of material things. These did not create our Declaration. Our Declaration created them. The things of the spirit come first. Unless we cling to that, all our material prosperity, overwhelming though it may appear, will turn to a barren sceptre in our grasp."—Selected.

WILMINGTON HARBOR

(Conservation and Industry)

A recent flow of goods into North Carovina survey revealed that 532 of the State's more than 3,000 manufacturing plants imported approximately $50,000,000 worth of goods annually. It has been variously estmiated that probably this total reaches as much as two or three hundred million. This does not include the millions of dollars worth of finished goods brought into the State.

Figures just released by the Department of Commerce show that North Carolina during 1929 exported nearly $100,000,000 worth of goods, thus registering a gain of 44 per cent over the previous year.

With such huge volumes of goods flowing into and out of the State, North Carolina can rightfully lay claim to the title of "Leading Industrial and Agricultural State of the South." Likewise with this volume of trade flowing into and out of the State, North Carolina's waterways project takes on added interest.

The recent enacted River and Harbors Bill, recommending the expenditure of $785,045 for the deepening of the Cape Fear River to Wilmington, which money will probably be available in 1931, asures a thirty foot channel as far as Wilmington and the making of this city a port of call. When this work is finally consummated, North Carolina shippers and receivers of goods will be able to save thousands of dollars in freight by using water transportation and routing their goods through this North Carolina port. This saving, which has been going to neighboring states, will strengthen still further the "Old North State's" industrial and agricultural pre-eminence among her sister states of the South.

A VISIT TO BILTMORE HOUSE

(The Robesonian)

A show-place in the mountains of western North Carolina that has never been accessible to visitors before this summer is Biltmore house in Asheville. This mansion and its 12,000 acres form one of the most magnificent private estates in America. The house alone cost several million dollars and was five years in building, during which time the late Mr. George Vanderbilt ransacked the world for treasures to go into it. Originally Mr. Vanderbilt owned 120,000 acres in the mountains, but he turned over to the government 83,000 acres on Mount Pisgah for the Pisgah National Park, and other thousands of acres have been disposed of so that now the estate comprises only 12,000 acres. The Vanderbilt estate reserved 500 acres on Pisgah for the Vanderbilt lodge. After completing this life work in creating this masterpiece, Mr. Vanderbilt, some 16 years ago, at the age of 45, died following an operation for appendicitis in Washington.

Biltmore house has been open to visitors since March 15, last, and since that time an average of 230 to 250 persons have visited the place daily. A charge of $2 per person is made. It is a rare opportunity that no visitor to Asheville should fail to take advantage of.

The following description was written by Miss Courtney Sharpe of Lumberton following a recent visit to Biltmore:

The approach to the Biltmore mansion is made through a lovely, winding mountain road which is at times parallelled by the river and again is bordered by many kinds of trees and shrubbery, noteably those of the mountain varieties. After three miles in which the visitor has just begun to feel accustomed to the splendor of the surroundings, he finds himself startled anew by the grandeur of the house itself, which suddenly comes into view at the farther end of an open rectangle. Closer at hand is a rampart which appears to be built at the foot of a hill for the grounds which rise behind it overlook the house and rectangle.

Biltmore house, a palatial structure covering five acres, was designed in 1890 by Richard Hunt of New York, who assisted by the late George W. Vanderbilt, selected a design strongly influenced by the chateaus of the French Renaissance. Five years were required for its completion. This spring the house was for the first time opened to visitors through the efforts of the Asheville Chamber of Commerce, which gained the consent of its present owner, Mrs. John F. A. Cecil, only daughter of Mr. Vanderbilt.

Entrance to the house is by way of the huge main door of the mansion.

On the left of the entrance is the "grand staircase," a broad stone spiral which extends to the topmost floor of the house without support other than its own arch construction. A wrought-iron chandelier extends through this spiral from the roof of the house to the lower floor.

From the entrance hall, visitors are directed to the "Court of Palms,"

a sunken marble circular area which contains palms of all varieties and sizes. An atmosphere of eastern luxury is given this room by its sumptuous lounges and sofas in various shades of red and rose, and by numerous birds which sing continuously. The central figure of the court is a fountain which is the figure of a boy and a swan, by Karl Bitter, an outstanding Austro-American sculptor.

Visitors then go to the oak drawing room, which is panelled in Norwegian oak. The walls are covered with rows of unsurpassed engravings by innumerable notable artists, many of them after paintings by aLandseer. The heads of deer, buffalo, boar, moose and other big game hang about the room.

From the drawing room, visitors pass along a side of the Palm Court, where there are British museum copies of the frieze at the Parthenon in Athens, into the banqueting hall. This room, which was copied after an old Norman banqueting hall, is one of the most interesting and magnificent to which visitors are admitted. Facing the entrance are two thrones in Gothic style and arranged around the walls are five Gobelin tapestries, the work of Primatice of Brussels, which are embroidered almost entirely in silk and gold. According to tradition, these tapestries adorned the tent of Frances I of France at the time of his historic meeting with Henry VII of England at the Field of the Cloth of Gold in 1515. At one end of the room is an unusual triple fireplace, above which is a beautiful and elaborate carving by Karl Bitter, representing the "Return from the Chase." Grouped above the carving are the flags of all the great powers of Europe at the time of Columbus' discovery of America, and arranged around the wall are replicas of the flags of the original States and two Colonial flags. At the other end of the room is an organ gallery on which are carved scenes from Wagner's operas. Under the organ gallery which is an immence rack containing brass and copper pieces which are Dutch, Spanish and French.

Over the entrance are statues of Joan of Arc and St. Louis, and between them is the Biltmore Estate service flag.

The dining room is notable for its walls of Spanish leather and red marble as well as its fireplace by Wedgewood. The chairs in this room are Italian ones in velvet and gold.

The next place of interest is the print room in the centre of which is a scale moel of Biltmore house. On the left wall is a reassembled engraving representing the family pedigree of Maximilian the Great by Albrecht Durer. Against the north wall of the room stands a rare Italian ebony chest, which contains a myriad of secret compartments and represents infinite artistic endeavor. Outstanding among the many historically interesting things in this room is the chess table and set of chess men once the property of Napoleon Bonaparte, and used by him during his imprisonment at St. Helena. Upon his death his heart was placed in the drawer of this table. From the windows of this room may be had one of the most georgeous views available anywhere. In the distance is the French Broad river winding toward the Pisgah range, which is distinguishable in the

background.

An old Dutch Grandfather clock and a Spanish chest of the 16th century are interesting pieces to be found in a small palm court between the Print room and the entrance hall through which one has to pass again before entering the tapestry gallery. The circle has been made around the Palm Court.

In this entrance hall are a pair of tall wooden French church candlesticks and a Spanish steel treasure chest of the 16th century. Facing the main entrance is one of Cardinal Richeleu's furnishings, showing coat of arms, motto and Cardinal's hat.

In the tapestry gallery are 3 rare Flemish tapestries, which represent "Prudence," "Faith" and "Charity."

An ancient refectory table made of boards perhaps 6 inches thick stands in the center of the gallery. There are also in the gallery twelve Meissen (Dresden) china figures in white procelain, representing the Twelve Apostles, and twelve similar candlesticks which were probably in some royal private chapel. They all bear the Austrian Imperial arms.

The tapestry gallery opens into the library, the walls of which are lined from ceiling to floor with tiers containing more than 20,000 volumes, mostly works on art, landscape gardening and architceture, in which Mr. Vanderbilt was especially interested. The panelling is in walnut and the ceiling is a remarkable canvas by Tiepolo which Mr. Vanderbilt procured from an old Italian castle upon the express condition that the name of its original owner never should be disclosed. At one side of the library is a carved black marble fireplace that is nine feet wide and six feet high. Over the fireplace is an Italian tapestry of the late 17th century. Near the fireplace is a little circular staircase which leads to the gallery which reaches the upper tiers of books. In the room are three large Chinese procelain gold fish bowls of the Ming Dynasty.

From the library the visitors go back through the tapestry gallery and up the grand staircase. On the first landing is a settee upholstered in Italian velvet which bears the private monogram of Maria Di Medici. Along the halls are cabniets filled with carvings and objects of art, tapestries and paintings. At the head of the stairs is the Louis XVI bedroom, which contains fine specimens of furniture from this period. The walls are of red damask. The room is oval shaped and the bed is set back in a recess in the wall so that it is half canopied. The carpet and rugs are Aubrerson.

The first hall is a great room in which hang many paintings and in which also are valuable art treasures. In this hall are the life-sized portraits of Hunt and Olmstead painted at Biltmore by Sargent after the completion of the house. At the opposite end of the hall is a Spanish Wedding Vestment chest and above this an Italian mirror. On the fireplace is a tabriz silk rug of the early 18th century. In the center is a large Isphahan rug which was no doubt a palace rug, probably woven at the court manufacture of the Shahs of Persia. The furniture in this hall is Venetian.

The "South bedroom," which was

Mr. Vanderbilt's is also open for inspection. The carving and paneling is in walnut. The furniture is massive Spanish, Italian and Portuguese of the early 18th century.

From the South bedroom visitors go through the oak sitting room, which was designed particularly to hold portraits by Sargent of Mrs. Edward Bacon and Mrs. Kissam, which face the windows. On the centre table, which is covered with blue and gold 16 century Spanish embroidery ,is a Louis XV inkstand in ormulu and tortoise shell. In front of the two fireplaces are two India prayer rugs and in the centre of the main door way is a Kuba rug. This room is distinguished by an extraordinary collection of bronzes and by the views from its windows.

The "North bedroom," the last room to which visitors are admitted, is a magnificent room the upholstery of which is in purple and gold Genoese velvet.

Biltmore house contains forty master bed-rooms, besides servants' quarters, baths, drawing rooms, a huge banquet hall, kitchens, courts, billard rooms and galleries. It has three principal gardens—the Italian garden, the walled garden and the Spring garden all of which contains rare and beautiful plants and flowers. The grounds and gardens of the estate were planned by Frederick Law Olmstead, who designed central Park in New York city. Directly south of the house is a terrace and the swimming pool. East of this are the Italian gardens with sculptured figures and three lily ponds. Below this, beyond a hedge of holly, are various other gardens which contain four acres of beautiful flowers.

Biltmore house is the center of an estate of 12,000 acres. It once included 120,000 acres, but Mr. Vanderbilt turned over much of this to the Pisgah National Forest. The estate has 17 miles of macadam roads and 120 miles of riding trails and dirt roads. More than 750 persons are employed on the estate. A large number of these work in the Biltmore dairies and allied lines.

It takes about three hours for visitors to go through the house and estate, though one feels that he might spend many profitable years in its inspection. Biltmore house has long been recognized as one of the finest in the country. Persian and Oriental rugs, notable paintings and tapestries as well as various other outstanding pieces of art are too numerous to be mentioned. It is only possible to give by enumeration and slight description an indication of the many beautiful and interesting things which are here to be found. The inspection of the estate alone is well worth a trip to Asheville.

"Efforts without understanding are a waste of energy. The arrow unaimed seldom hits the mark."

LITTLE MOSSBACK AMELIA'S PICNIC

By Francis Margaret Fox,, in The Congregationalist

More than fifty years ago the little seven- year- old girl whose name was Amelia walked eighteen miles through a pathless forest in northern Michigian to live in the woods. Her father led the way carrying a pack on his back and a hatchet in one hand. With the hatchet he blazed a trail to be followed by the mother, who carried a baby boy in her arms, and little Amelia trudging along behind.

The father had been a landlooker and could find any spot in the woods, north, east, south, west, as easily as as any Indian. He had become the owner of many acres of land eighteen miles from what was then the little hamlet of Petoskey. There he made a three-sided shelter for his family, in which they lived all summer, until the new log cabin was built and finally made comfortable

Thus it was that little Amelia became a mossback. She had no chance to go to school, and for years her only playmates were one little Indian boy and his papoose sister. But this same little girl quickly learned all the ways of the woods and of the creatures that made the woods alive and interesting. She was not even afraid of bears, and often picked blackberries with them during her very first summer in the woods, she on one side of the bushes and the bears on the other.

When little Amelia was nine years old there were two more children in her family; so that now she had two small brothers and a baby sister. By this time the little girl had learned to help the mother with the work inside the cabin and her father with his work outside. He earned a living for the family by cutting down his great trees and getting logs out to the mills to be made into boards.

One day when the baby sister had grown big enough to go on long walks through the woods, little Amelia planned a picnic. Five miles from their cabin was Walloon Lake, now a famous summer resort. Then it was a solitude of wild beauty, where flowers bloomed along the shore and deer went down to drink the crystal water. Amelia loved all beauty, and she had heard her father and the Indian boy tell many stories about the lake that she longed to take her family there for one merry day.

So Amelia planned a picnic, and was delighted when her mother promished to go with the children for a day at the lake.

Then one morning a far-distant neighbor called at the cabin in the woods and said that his wife was ill, perhaps dying, and there was no one to take care of her and their flock of little children. Amelia's mother straightway said good-bye to her family and went home with the neighbor to save another mother's life.

The next day Amelia's trouble began. It was hard for such a little girl to cook the meals for so many and keep the cabin clean and in order. But it was harder because the boys were suddenly bad and the baby sister was fretful. Worst of all, her father was cross. One morning little Amelia said to her brothers:

"Will you turn around and be

good if I can manage a picnic at the lake, even if mother is away?''

The boys said of course they'd be good. They would keep the wood box filled, they would bring in kindling, they would go for water, they would churn the butter, they would keep their faces and hands clean if only they could go to the lake. That very hour they stopped being bad and told the baby to be good and help her big sister, so maybe she could manage to get a picnic.

That night the mossback's father listened to little Amelia when she told him that her mother had promised to take them on a picnic, and that if he would only go with them instead of mother, it would make them all so happy!

Fater liked picnics himself. The only reason why he stopped to think a minute before he said, ''Yes, we will go,'' was because he could not easily spare a day from his work. After that the brothers and the baby sister were as good as pie, as they used to say in the backwoods.

Then a new trouble faced the picnic manager. She discovered that the boys had no clothes good enough for the picnic. They were wearing their only shirts and trousers, and they were so soiled that Amelia said the boys were not fit to be seen away from home. She didn't think of such a thing as putting the boys to bed and washing their suits. You see, she was only nine years old herself.

But there had to be a picnic. Amelia remembered that her mother had planned to make new outfits for the boys the very day she had been called away from home. The last time the father had walked to Petoskey for supplies, he had brought home a few yards of cheap unbleached muslin, called ''factory cloth.'' This material Amelia's mother had dyed a beautiful blue. She did it with dye made from the bark of soft maple trees, after the Indian fashion. The shirts were to have been made from the dyed muslin. For the trousers, the mother had dipped old canvas grainsacks in the dye, turning them from dingy white to the same matching shade of beautiful blue.

The little girl consulted her father He was surprised, but assured Amelia that her mother would certainly allow her to try her skill at cutting shirts and trousers. So she found her mother's patterns and went to work. She cut out and made the outfits for the two little brothers, and her father was proud of her work.

The morning of the picnic day Amelia was proud herself when she saw how fine those two scrubbed, barefooted little boys looked in their new suits. With their help she packed slices of brown bread and butter and chunks of deer meat for the picnic dinner. Then she dressed herself and her little sister in their dresses, clean and starched, and told her father his children were ready to start.

They were all barefooted, and as happy as the birds singing in the woods. Five miles they trudged, with happy talk, to beautiful Walloon Lake. They enjoyed every step of the way. Father carried the baby part of the time, but she walked, too, hand in hand with the boys.

On reaching the lake, Amelia and her brothers waded into the clear water, splashed about, skipped stones, and had gay times, until a well-dress

ed stranger appeared. They hoped that he would walk on, for they were a bashful little flock. But instead of walking on, the next they knew the stranger and their father were talking about old times. Amelia's father called his daughter and said to the stranger:

"This is my little girl, and," with a wave of his hand toward her brothers, who were then climbing trees to get out of sight, "those are my boys."

Amelia did wish that her father's old friend would go away, but he stayed and stayed, until father invited him to share their picnic lunch. Now Amelia knew that the lunch was not exactly right for a picnic with a fine stranger present, but the gentleman was so full of fun and stories that she soon ate brown bread and a chunk of deer meat in great content.

Early in the afternoon the stranger asked Amelia what she would wish for, if she could have a wish, to make her picnic perfect.

Amelia laughed and answered promptly: "If I could wish a wish and get it, I would wish for a steamboat ride for the boys on this lake."

"Did you or the boys ever have a steamboat ride?" inquired the gentleman.

"No indeed, sir," was the merry answer. "We never even saw a steamboat, and of course there will never be anything but Indian canoes on this lake."

"Please call the boys and come with me," said the gentleman. Then he led the way around a point of land, and there at a little landing was a perfect steamboat.

"It is mine," the gentleman explained. "Hop in, and we will go for a ride."

Amelia's father was as delighted as the children when he helped them into the boat and climbed in after them.

Then away went the steamboat, puff-puff, puff-puff-puff, ding-dong, ding-dong, out into the lake! Amelia believed that she must be in fairyland as they steamed on and on past gorgeous scenery, seven miles to the end of that lake, and back again.

Five miles home to their cabin, the quiet children walked after that blissful day, bathed in the glory of the setting sun. There was smoke curling from the chimney of their cabin. Mother had reutrned.

Thus ended little Amelia's great adventure, but the memory of that happy day has left a bright trail down through the years of half a century, and may never be entirely forgotten.

TRIBUTE TO A GREAT HEART

Among the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere
Who, without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

PROMISE YOURSELF—

(Selected)

That you will not say an unkind thing about another; that, instead of adding a bit to it and passing it along, you will try to stop all unfortunate gossip; that you will never listen to it.

That you will keep growing, improving your mind a bit each day by reading something helpful and inspiring, by right thinking and living, by absorbing useful information from others, by learning something new every day.

That you will do some kind act every day; that you will let no day pass without making somebody happier, encouraging somebody, cheering up somebody who is discouraged and despondent.

That you will radiate good will, friendliness, cheerfulness, helpfulness, wherever you go; that you will always and everywhere scatter your flowers as you go along, because you may never go over just the same road again.

That you will put the best of yourself into everything and make every occasion a great occasion, because you cannot tell when somebody may be taking your measure for a larger place for you.

That you will try to make each day worth while, a little advance on yesterday; that you will always try to lift your life up to the level of your highest gifts.

That you will be a whole man—all there is whatever you undertake—and dead earnest in your determination to make yourself felt in the world and stand for something in your community.

That, whether you see it or not, you will head toward your goal every day; that you will keep yourself fit, at the top of your condition, so that you will always be ready to do the biggest thing possible to you.

That you will keep your conscience clear; will never permit it to be bribed or dulled by any selfish interest, by any party or organization, by any lust for power or place or wealth; that you will always be true to the best you know.

That you will control your temper, master your moods and maintain your cheerfulness and poise throughout the year, however trying the circumstances or aggravating the conditions by which you may at times be tested.

That no matter how hard the road, how distant your goal, how formidable the obstacles block the way, you will never show a yellow streak; never lay down your arms while you have life to wield them.

Keep your promise to yourself, as a man of honor keeps his word to whomsoever plighted, and you will be the greatest of all human successes—A MAN!

"A grafter by any other name would still be a thief."

A PLEA FOR USEFUL BIRDS

(Selected)

I came across a couple of boys the other day with their guns. "What are you hunting?" I asked. "O, just anything we can find," one of them answered. I don't think they even stopped to see if they had killed the birds or not.

I have killed quite a few birds. If I do say so myself, I was a fairly good shot with a slingshot, as slingshot-shooters go. Most of the time I missed, but so do all wielders of the slingshot or zipper. It is also true that my missile found its intended mark quite a few times. I like to kill birds, but I have, to a certain extent, quelled that impulse.

Now, according to a certain writer, it is only natural for boys to kill; it is an instinct inherent in them. He is right; very nearly all boys are young savages at heart when it comes to killing or inflicting pain. They are all endowed, some in larger "doses" than others, with the love of killing; and some have quelled that desire totally, others partly, and some not at all.

I extinguished the desire partly through killing, by mistake, a mocking bird. I have a great deal of respect for the mocking bird's vocal ability; there is one which sings nearly every night during the month of June, sitting on a branch just outside my window. At various and sundry times I am smitten with the desire to kill; but before I can procure the wherewithal to kill with, the desire has departed. Laziness, then, can be a blessing. I enjoy the sight or the song of a bird much more than I do the gratifying of my own wishes to test my skill at the bird's expense. Sparrows I have no use for whatever; I dislike to even look at them. There are exceptions to every rule. Sparrows are the exception to this one.

I am not trying to preach too much; but I am writing against the useless and foolish slaughter of song birds and really useful birds. If you wish to shoot, shoot game birds. They were put on this earth to be eaten. But don't kill just to be killing. When you've bagged the limit, stop. The other fellow might like a few shots. There is no sense in trying to exterminate a species of birds. Shoot within the season, and you'll have something to shoot at next year. If you need practice, shoot at a mark, try your hand at trap shooting, or shoot a few sparrows. Even Uncle Sam doesn't like them. But—for the sake of sportsmanship if no other—leave the song birds and useful birds alone.—Davenport Steward, Augusta, Ga.

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—Longfellow.

WILL INTEREST OTHER STATES

(Norfolk Virginian-Pilot)

North Carolina's increase of population of 606,023, or 23.68 per cent, showing a population of 3,165,146, will need and will repay intensive study, as the Virginia returns will when they become available For North Carolina is one of the older, long settled States, far removed from frontier stampedees and lacking such extraordinary stimuli of population growth as the opening of new areas, the development of tremendous new industries, the discovery of important natural resources. It has had no Hollywood, no oil discoveries, no Florida land boom, no gold finds, no striking port develolpments. Yet indications are now that North Carolina will show a population increase close to the top in the South and well up with the leaders of the whole nation. The rise of tobacco and cotton and the increase in truck and fruits have helped agriculture, and textile, tobacco and furniture manufacturing have stimulated industry, but these do not explain everything. Governor Gardner, viewing with pride, attributes much of the gain to the highway construction begun in the Morrison regime and the financial policies which marked the McLean administration. Whether those are the off-hand declarations of the political mind remains to be seen after further analysis has explored the decade's growth. The results of a complete study will interest many other States. Meantime, the glow of satisfaction from one end of the State to the other is thoroughly understandable.

To illustrate effectively the specific business benefits from roads, let us take just one state as an example: North Carolina. Between 1919 and 1926 that vigorously progressive Southern commonwealth constructed 125 million dollars' worth of highways. And largely as a result, 40 new and active cooperative farm marketing associations were developed in North Carolina—and found new markets within and outside the state for poultry, eggs, fruits and vegetables, which previously had scarcely moved beyond their own gate posts. The result was that the farm women put modern conveniences into their homes, dressed themselves and their children better, painted their houses and beautified their yards—and themselves—thus creating substantial business for a variety of merchants. Since 1900 the true value of North Carolina property has multiplied eight times; that is double the rate of the entire United States. As a direct accompaniment and outgrowth of the new good roads, North Carolina built consolidated rural schools valued at 35 million dollars.

Those are concrete proofs of the business benefits from highways—not idle theories, but authentic and attested facts.—Julius Klein.

INSTITUTION NOTES

A group of boys under the supervision of Mr. J. H. Hobby have been preparing the foundation for an addition to our garage for the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Carriker and little daughter, Dorothy Jane, have returned to the school after spending a vacation in the mountains of western North Carolina and more distant points.

Robert McNeely, a member of the printing office force, was paroled last Friday morning by Superintendent Boger. He will go to his home in Monroe where he expects to obtain a position in a print shop.

During the month of August fifty two boys have been dismissed from the institution. That sounds like we might be going out of business unless one considers the number of applications received for admissions! Among those going out are some mighty nice fellows, and they all have the best wishes of the school.

Dry weather had produced a great scarcity of vegetables at the school, so it was with rejoicing that the boys gathered such an amount last Wednesday that it really amounted to an over-abundance. "More than we could eat" means a whole lot when it is applied to anything the Training School boys can consume!

Mr. Leon Godown, printing instructor, was called to his home at Lambertville, New Jersey, Tuesday by the death of his step-father, Mr. F. E. Buckman. Mr. Godown will likely spend the next three weeks with his mother there. Mr. Buckman had been seriously ill for several weeks, and his death was not unexpected.

Miss Roma Sawyer of the graduate school at Duke was a pleasant visitor at the school last week. Miss Sawyer spent several days in Concord, coming to the school during a part of each day to gather first hand material for her thesis, the subject of which is, "Pardons, Paroles, and Commutations." She expressed herself as much pleased with the institution. Miss Sawyer was especially interested in the records of the boys who have gone out from the school.

—o—

Mr. J. Y. McEachern of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A. was in charge of the Sunday afternoon services at the school in the absence of Mr. Shelton, Boys' Work Secretary, who is away on his annual vacation. With Mr. McEachern were Mr. Guy Carswell of the Charlotte bar, who spoke very effectively to the boys on, "Giving Your Best;" also, three young ladies introduced as the Little sisters, who furnished special music. Following the services in the auditorium the visitors were invited to participate with the boys in a watermelon feast on the school campus.

Whatever else may have failed, there has been little complaining about our crop of watermelons. The

first of this week several hundred were gathered, and the boys had a big feast Tuesday afternoon. Later in the afternoon the base ball team won a victory over Harrisburg High School by the score of 11 to 2. The boys are looking forward to another feast later in the week, and the school hopes that base ball will be played as effectively as the melons are eaten. Watermelon and base ball may not have so much in common, generally speaking, but when the school "knocks off" long enough for a melon feast a ball game is usually scheduled to follow.

A SONG OF THE SUMMER

A song of the summer, the giver of flowers,
  Of wonderful woods with their shadow and sheen;
The season that nature so lavishly dowers
  With treasures of gold and garlands of green—
  The richest of gold and the rarest of green!

The winter was long and the spring it was laggard,
  But both seem to memory now as though not;
Fresh color has come to the cheeks that were haggard,
  And all that was wearisome quite is forgot—
  The days once so dreary are wholly forgot!

So griefs of the present as surely shall vanish
  When heaven at last doth the spirit control,
All sorrow and anguish forever to banish,
While gladness unending shall rapture the soul—
  Joy's summer unceasing shall ravish the soul!

—Philips Burroughs Strong.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER, 6, 1930. No. 32

THE TONGUE

"The boneless tongue, so small, so weak,
Can crush and kill," declares the Greek.
"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turks assert, "than does the sword."
The Persian proverb wisely saith:
"A lengthy tongue, and early death";
Or sometimes takes this form instead:
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."
"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed";
While Arab sages this impart
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."
From Hebrew writ this saying sprung:
"Tho' feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."
The sacred writer crowns the whole:
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

SOME MAXIMS

Dean Swift has said, "A wise man should have money in his head and not in his heart."

Lord Bacon, "Money is like manure—of little use except it be spread."

Byron. "Ready money is Aladdin's lamp."

Franklin, "The use of money is all the advantage of having it."

Horace, "Money is a hand-maid if you know how to use it, a mistress if you do not know how."

President Hadley, "If a man gets money in ways that prove injurious to society instead of beneficial, this furnishes him no more reason for giving him social consideration than it does in the case of the forger or burglar, who has managed to escape state's prison by a technicality of the law."

Asbury, "I could send my Journals to England and get a price for them, but money is not my object."

Begbie, "In what country but ours would a parish ball have been gotten up to buy a parish hearse?"

St. James, "The love of money is a root of every kind of evil."

THE OBJECT OF LABOR DAY

There has been some dispute as to the origin of Labor Day, a day wherein all classes mingle for one purpose—to celebrate in honor of a nation of workers, who contribute to the upbuilding of the country and the uplifting of civilization. It was first observed in 1882, nearly a half century ago, by the central labor union of New York. In 1887 Colorado passed the first

law making the day a legal holiday; in 1894 Congress made Labor Day a holiday in the District of Columbia, including all federal departments. The first Monday in September is accepted as Labor Day and observed, most especially in cities where trade unions flourish, with appropriate programs of entertainment including games and other kinds of recreation. There are many who think that Labor Day is observed specifically as a holiday for the laboring class, but that is an entirely wrong conception of the real significance of the occasion. It is the nation's annual tribute to its vast army of workers—rich or poor, high or low, regardless of creed or color—a fitting recognition of the dignity of honest toil. There is no happiness without some kind of work, besides idleness (according to a time worn expression) is the devil's work shop. In fact it is far better to wear out from honest toil than rust out from idleness.

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BACK TO SCHOOL

Within a few days the streets of Concord will be thronged with an army of school children wending their way to the different units of the graded school system. The objective of all of this splendid work is to prepare each student so as to cope with the problems of life. It is quite impossible to visualize results of the year's work, but there is a latent hope that this year, 1930-1931 will be the very best, and the machinery of the school will run smoothly under the guidance of the superintendent, A. S. Webb and all of his co-workers. There is no reason that all will not go well if teachers and pupils buckle down to work with no other objective than getting good results. We realize that some pupils attend school because they have to; there are others who realize the value of the privileges offered and do not abuse their opportunities, and there is another group who go out for sport and quite naturally prove a stumbling block to progress. The teachers and pupils play a conspicuous part in shaping the mental attitude of the child. To make a strong student body the parents have to be devoid of the frills and fancies of the social life, and emphasize the importance of a conscientious application to the duties involved in the school room—and the teachers too have to be a fine companion piece to parents, by putting school duties first. The parent shapes the destiny of the child in the home, and the teacher molds the ambition of the child in the school room. Each holds

a responsible position. The making of the future citizenship depends upon a co-operative and sympathetic interest of teachers and parents.

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WE CAN NOT UNDERSTAND

There was every reason for thinking that the financial depression much talked, and too frequently discussed, would most naturally cut down attendance of students of the many colleges this fall. But, if one is to judge from the news items there is no halting in the educational activities of our colleges. From the University news of North Carolina the Registrar has been kept very busy passing upon freshman certificates of application. The report is given out that the enrollment at the University this Fall will be probably larger than the attendance record of last Fall. President Graham has been broadcasting propaganda that no doubt has had its effect upon the parents and high school graduates of the state at large. He, strong in his convictions, states unhesitatingly that "the men or women who fail to prepare themselves by attending college will weaken their chance of advancement for the reason competition is strong for good jobs". Such admonition from a man of President Graham's calibre has its weight, besides the influence of high school life gives impetus to college training. Already at the University seven hundred and eighty certificates of freshman have been approved, not a complete report, besides there are other colleges in the state to be heard from. North Carolina has started upon the upward trend educationally and there is no calling a halt—in fact what a man wants he gets.

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THE LONG UNANSWERED QUESTION

A short time ago the Chicago Tribune an article headed, "Conan Doyle's Family Awaits Spirit Message." This was published some time after Conan's death. Thousands of years ago in the land of Uz there was asked the question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Since then incredible things have come to pass.

A man may speak into an instrument in any city or town and be heard

around the world; automobiles dart over the country where before men trudged or rode wearily astride patient beasts. Voices have been captured into ribbed disks; tall buildings move up to the sky; more and more intricate machinery has lifted labor from the backs of men. The speed of light has been measured to the fraction of a second and the movement of stars charted in their courses; ships zoom through the sky and sail under the seas, and man's knowledge has encompassed the world and stretched from pole to pole. But still we ask the same question that Job asked on the plains of Uz "If a man die, shall he live again?" Still there is no answer. Still

"Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud—and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word. But in the night of Death Hope sees a star and listening Love can hear the rustling of a wing."

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THE CHANGE IN FACTION

We doubt if many parents are aware of the kind of reading their children are doing in these days of much trashy literature. We have been horrified at some of the latter-day novels and other literature which is now falling into the hands of the young. It is anything but wholesome.

Our taste is for the fiction of other generations, written by Dickens, Irving, Dumas, Hawthorne and other masters of the art of story-telling. All these are abandoned for novels that had and still have their day since the World War. In all the acres of printed pages we have perused, many of them highly interesting, we have found nothing so satisfactory as would have been a re-reading of the ancient Greek and Latin classics, and one thing stands out—the sensual and sex appeal of the latter day fiction. Perhaps forty of the most worn of these books in a typical small town library would not have been tolerated for general reading thirty years ago by any respectable library board in a moral community. One of them copyrighted this year, has had three printings already. Its author is an Englishman, and it has pages devoted to all the arts of seduction and sexual passion, with scandalous descriptions of the feelings and emotions of men and women who adventure in adultery. We have found the English novelists more "advanced" in this direction than the American authors, with pages we do not believe any American newspaper would dare reproduce because of their offensiveness to all moral sense.

It seems that the covers of a book are regarded as a sufficient pro-

tection for young people, yet these novels are read by school boys and girls. No wonder they are "wise" about everything. No wonder they talk together about things that would have shamed parents thirty years ago. We used to think the flashy, vulgar magazines a major menace. We now believe many novels now to be found in respectable homes a worse influence. The freedom of the period, now extended down to boys and girls in their middle teens is not liberty, it is license, which leads them to a cowshed as the scene of immoralities in this book we have just read. Now we understand why good women and virtuous young wives want sons. It is because they fear the atmosphere, literary and social, that surrounds attractive daughters.

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We hear and read much about the unemployed. There is reason for alarm especially among the colored people. Their jobs, servants in the homes, and doing public work, are not so plentiful. Stringent times have necessitated the many homes to curtail help, and the public work where the men realize their maintenance, is not to be had. These are the conditions that are making the old faithful servant feel the pinch. It is nothing unusual to hear some one of the race say with a distressed look "what is wrong, never seed the like befo." It is evident instead of hunting for servants as we once had to, and pay the price, the colored men and women appear at your back door and ask for work without a question as to wages or the kind of work. We have no disposition to be an alarmist, but unless public work of some kind speeds up there is every indication living will be hard among the negroes. If you have observed you will see that there are more house keepers doing their work than previously, so by eliminating the maid and the butler of the many, many homes is adding greatly to the unemployed. This is one instance of adding to the unemployed, and we refer only to the negroes who once found work in every home.

COUNTY MERGER PROPOSAL

Stokes county citizens who recently met and appointed a committee to propose a merger with Forsyth county may have started a movement that will be far reaching. During recent weeks there has been much serious discussion in the state of merging counties, merging county institutions and taking other steps to lessen the number of divisions of local government. Of course, the Stokes overture may not amount to anyhting. But it does appear to be a symptom.

If the hundred counties of this state could be reduced to fifty there ought to result a very considerable saving in governmental operations. And every dollar that can be saved in public expense is a dollar left in the taxpayer's pocket. The taxpayer is the man who ought to be most interested in such proposals.

There are, of course, a number of counties that are so much larger than many of the other counties and so situated with respect to adjoining counties that merging of territories would not be convenient, unless present counties might be split up into parts and attached to more than one county.

Davidson, for instance, would find its territroy over large by combining with Randolph, the county it borders for the longest distance. Its contact with Montgomery is so limited that geographical difficulties would be encountered. Stanly is a little too far away from its geographical center.

But from the standpoint of arear and population such mergers as Stokes Forsyth, Surry and Yadkin, Alleghany and Ashe, Watauga and Caldwell, Avery and Mitchell, Wilkes and Alexander, Lincoln and Catawba and others might be worked out conveniently.

One thing that would hamper in the Piedmont and mountain counties would be political balances of power that might be created or upset. But after all, perhaps local political balances of power may not be as important as governmental efficiency and economy.

THE UNSAFE HOME

While we turn our attention to the hue and cry about the hazards of travel by air, automobile, and water, it is of interest to know that nearly one-fourth of all fatal accidents occur in the home. The best information, according to the manager of New York's State insurance fund, is that there were approximately 100,000 persons killed in accidents of all kinds in the United States last year, and that some 25,000 of these fatal accidents occurred in the home; and among the causes, falls take the lead.—Hollands.

INSTALLMENT PLAN OF PAYING TAXES

(Smithfield Herald)

County Commissioners of North Carolina, in their annual meeting at Wrightsville Beach, went on record approving installment payment of taxes instead of paying taxes in a lump sum annually.

The Herald, in the issue of July 9, 1926, advocated editorially this method of collecting taxes and reprinted at the same time an editorial from the Manufacturer's Record which set forth a number of reasons in favor of the plan. Attention was called to the fact that the Federal government allows income tax payments to be made quarterly, without penalty. If this system is helpful in relieving income taxpayers, it should be helpful to city and county taxpayers.

The installment plan will involve a little more bookkeeping, but, at that, it will be far less expensive than paying interest on money that, under the present system, is borrowed each year in anticipation of taxes to be collected. "The dollar down and dollar forever" plan of buying merchandise seems to have got a grip on many of our people, because it is easier to pay small amounts than large amounts. In our opinion, a larger per cent of the taxes will be paid when taxes may be paid in installments. It will lift from many a taxpayer the burden of trying to pay his taxes in full at one time in order to keep his property from being sold under a tax sale.

ASHEVILLE HAS MILLION DOLLAR HIGH SCHOOL

North Carolina is noted for its educational facilities and the Asheville district is well in line with the rest of the state, if not distinctively in the lead. Its school structures are modern, finely equipped and present a most attractive appearance.

The new million dollar Senior High School, which was completed and first occupied in February, 1929 is one of the finest and most impressive school structures outside of the largest colleges in the country. It is constructed of stone and presents a magnificent appearance, with its terraced lawn, stepping up gradually from the boulevard a distance of about 300 feet.

Stone steps lead up gradually through the center of the terrace and a circle drive leads from the street to the immediate front of the building. An immense auditorium permits of large assemblages and entertainments and the class rooms that accomodate thousands of pupils are well ventilated and lighted and all are equipped with every modern device for the advanced education of students.—Asheville Citizen.

WASHINGTON DUKE WAS BORN ON OLD FARM NEAR BAHAMA

By A. A. Wilkinson

The farm on which Washington Duke, founder of the philanthropic southern family whose aggregate benefactions to various causes approximates 90 millions, was born, has been brought to light after having losts its identity for many years. It is 11 miles from this city near a small community, Bahama, which has grown up long since the Duke family moved to another part of the country.

Many things entered into the formation of the unusual character of Washington Duke, the family's founder, not the least probably being his civil war experience. The 25th anniversary of his death on last May 7 recalled many notable traits of his exceptionally sturdy character, incidents of his life, and influences he wrought directly and indirectly on a host of persons. There can be but little conjecture in the thought that his birthplace and boyhood home, recently re-discovered and photographed for the first time, has an important part in the direction of so fruitful a life.

Washington Duke passed nearly a score of years on this farm of his father, Taylor Duke, captain of the Orange county militia and a cultivator of 150 acres on the northern bank of Little river. The farm was and still is, plain and rugged as were most of the tracts in that section of North Carolina. It is not strange therefore that something of its ruggedness went into the character of Taylor Duke and his children. Not known for unusual fertility, the old farm brought forth crops only under the stimulus of painstaking cultivation. Ten brothers and sisters very early learned to bear their share of the household and farm duties, and there was much to be done even by the youngest. In the light of their later lives and the lives of their children, the Taylor Duke farm was destined to play an important part in North Carolina education and philanthropy.

Of Taylor Duke's ten children Washington Duke was the eighth. Until his last years Washington Duke loved to visit the old home place and and chat with neighbors whom he had known as a boy.

The topography of the country is unchanged. Under several venerable locusts, whose present state of decay indicates that they will not long survive, the old homestead was situated on high ground which afforded a splendid view toward the south and west. From this point the spire of Duke university's new chapel will be visible, and with a favorable wind one might hear there the musical tones of its carillon. Besides the larger cultivated fields there is a half-acre tract adjoining the house which was used as a garden and here young Washington spent many hours. Today the same garden is being cultivated, its pulverized soil turned and returned so many times that it is virtually without a stone.

A hundred yards down a gentle

slope, shaded by venerable trees, is the old spring, its crystal clear water-swelling from solid rock. Countless times did the father of "the Duke boys" make round trips to that source of life, carrying oaken pails, earthern jars, and gourd dippers.

Life in those days was highly individualized, and most farms were virtually social and economic entities practically self-sustaining and independent of the outside world. Trips to Hillsboro for coffee, salt, and iron, and occasionally for fancy cloth for the "women folks," were significant events.

The old Duke home was in two units, the living quarters and the kitchen being separated by approximately 50 feet. Built some years before the "cook house," the dwelling was smaller and more primitive. Today the dwelling is gone, only its stone foundation and ruined chimney marking the site; but the kitchen is in fair repair. The kitchen was the larger of the two structures, for when it was built the Duke family circle had grown and a part of the new unit was used as living quarters. It is two stories high, and the lower floor is divided into two rooms. Constant renovations have replaced many of the original timbers, but the general appearance of the old kitchen is about the same as it was when built.

On the place there is as old crib of obviously great age. Residents of many years in the community recall that the little structure was weather-worn even in their childhood. While there is no proof that it was built by Taylor Duke or by members of his immediate family, its condition indicates such a possibility.

The father of Washington Duke passed away in 1850, and the place of his burial is not fully determined. It is thought, however, that he was laid to rest in the burial ground at Old Hebron church, the antecedent of the present picturesque little Duke's chapel. In the old cemetery there are a number of unidentified graves.

Taylor Duke, records in the courthouse at Hillsboro reveal, was a man of occasional business affairs in addition to his steady role as farmer and militiaman. He was thoroughly familiar with legal procedure connected with the buying and selling of land, the giving of mortgages, notes, and other documents. It is from these records at the Orange courthouse that the nature of his old homestead can be reconstructed to many close details. One document, filed on May 7, 1825, when Washington Duke was three years old, made between Taylor Duke and W. J. Duke and C. Hopkins and James Gooch, lists the personal property of Taylor Duke at that time. It gives a vivid picture of Washington Duke's childhood surroundings.

Items listed in the document include the following: One sorrel mare, two bay colts, two cows and calves, two heifer yearlings, 11 head of sheep, 25 head of hogs, one crop of corn, one crop of wheat, one crop of oats, "one crop of tobacco I expect to plant, and one crop of cotton I expect to plant," three beds and household furniture, one grindstone, the kitchen furniture. This was considered a fair list of possessions in that isolated community 107 years ago.

Few farms in the immediate section today have a more diversified list of possessions.

The farm has been in the possession of but one other family since it passed from Duke ownership. William Duke, Taylor Duke's eldest son and partner in many business enterprises, inherited the land in 1850 and held it until his death in 1883. Then the father of R. N. Blaylock, the present owner, purchased the old tract.

There is a second Duke homestead near Durham, the farm of Washington Duke during his mature years. Here Benjamin N. Duke and James B. Duke were born. They and their brother Brodie here began with their father the manufacturer of tobacco. It is an important link in the family history. But there is something overwhelmingly fascinating about the older Duke homestead a dozen miles away, where the strong character of Washington Duke was first shaped, and where the ideals that he handed down to his sons were made his own.

A KING'S HOBBY

Collecting postage stamps is an interesting hobby for both the poor and the rich. Most interesting collections are in existence in some of the very poorest homes. On the other hand—the King of England is an ardent collector. He became fond of it as a boy and has kept it up ever since. Not every collector can give up a whole room to it as King George has at Buckingham Palace—for some collectors have only one room in their entire home: ranchers in Western Canada, for instance. King George's collection in this special room at Buckingham Palace is supposed to be worth from $500,000 to $600,000. When in residence at this particular palace he nearly always spends several hours each week with his stamps and derives much pleasure from it. This year he was able to add to his assortment a valuable collection of Australian stamps, put together and sold to the king by a man from Melbourne, Australia, for the price of $10,000. Philatelic shows are now quite common in large cities, and at most of these in London the king usually exhibits some of his. I have an idea that those containing his own "head" are not very popular with him .—Marion Wathen Fox.

COUNTY HOSPITALS

(Public Welfare Progress)

County hospital facilities are needed to fill the gap between the county home and the private hospital. The money now being spent on the wasteful county home system could well be diverted into county hospital facilities which would serve not only the paupers who must be supported by the public, but the very poor man who can pay nothing for hospital treatment.

By the method of the present, only a few receive medical treatment in proportion to those who need it. Yet the taxpayers are paying sufficiently large amounts for poor relief to buy medical treatment for a large number if the funds were wisely expended.

In Virginia, 22 counties, two cities and one town have consolidated their almshouses into four district homes, built and equipped at an average cost of $500 a bed or $50,000 for an institution of 100 bed capacity. The average per capita cost is less than $20 a month for four homes, whereas the average per capita cost for the almshouses supplanted was $30.

The State Board of Charities and Public Welfare for some time has advocated in place of county homes the gradual substitution of county hospitals, or, in certain areas where the population is sparse, the district hospital-home. If the county home system is to be retained, manifestly it seems absurd for every county to attempt to provide a separate home, since onehalf of the county homes have 20 or fewer inmates.

When we come to consider hospital facilities in North Carolina, we find that here as in the other social institutions there is a deplorable difference between what their status is and what it should be considering our material prosperity. Thirty eight states have better hospital facilities than North Carolina. Forty-one of the 100 counties of the state are without hospitals. The ratio of general hospital beds to our population is one bed to 610 persons, as compared with a national average of one to 330

Vance county has arrived at a sensible and economical solution to the problem of caring for the county aged poor and the indigent sick at the same time.

Seven years ago, the Vance county home, a typical "poorhouse" which consisted of a few unsightly wooden shacks with no modern convenience or sanitary regulation, with 20 inmates, cost $7,000 a year. Outside pauper relief increased the cost to $8,800. Today a 22 bed county hospital, serving annually more than 200 individuals, a tuberculosis hospital with a capacity of 14, the care of the Indigent Negro patients in the local Negro hospital, and the poor relief list, cost the county a sum which is no larger.

Bertie county has devised a way to take care of its indigent sick. A transformation has taken place at the old abandoned county jail. It has been made over into a hospital for the indigent sick under the auspices of the local chapter of the Red Cross, of which Mrs. Francis D. Winston has been chairman for eleven years.

Increased hospital facilities for all

classes, particularly including free hospital facilities provided by the public for the very poor, will help reduce the burden of ill health and dependency.

HERBERT HOOVER, THOMAS A. EDISON AND HENRY FORD SPEAKS FOR TEMPERANCE

The best known men in America are friends of prohibition; and the three best known men are Herbert Hoover, Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford.

Herbert Hoover, who won a most spectacular presidential election with the greatest popular vote ever accorded any man on earth is no swashbuckling drinking hero. He is in the sixth generation of Quaker folks and was educated in total abstinence from childhood. What a record he has had. He helped more than thirty countries solve their knotty problems; as an engineer he has undoubtedly put more study on bread and butter propositions, and mining, railway and waterway problems than any other man. England offered him a title and a seat in the cabinet if he would become an English subject. The king of Belgium asked him to name his title. He refused both offers. After he had saved 25 millions of Polish people from starvation, Poland dubbed him the only "honorary citizen" of that country.

Thomas A. Edison, who has no use for liquor, has declared that drink is absolutely out of date with the modern progressive thought in America. And Thomas A. Edison, in addition to being one of the best informed men in the world has done as much as any other man to change for the better our modern civilization.

No man is closer to the hearts and thoughts of the people than Henry Ford, who also is one of the modern heroes of the progressive civilization putting a luxury within the reach of almost every family. A little more than two decades ago Henry Ford was scarcely known outside of his own neighborhood. He has made himself the wealthiest individual on earth and one of the most useful because he has made Americans happier and richer through his labors. Henry Ford has said that the spirit of the American home is dry.

PRESIDENT MONROE'S HOME IS NEW TOURIST ATTRACTION

By Florenz K. Buschmann

Another charm has been added to the tourist's drive from Washington, D. C., to Asheville.

People coming into this city from the North have been unanimously enthusiastic in their praise of the beauty and historic interest of the country's newest patriotic shrine, Ash Lawn near Charlottesville, Va., the home of James Monroe, fifth President of the United States and author of the Monroe Doctrine.

Ash Lawn has been open as a place of public pilgrimage only since April 28. Jay Winston Johns of Pittsburg, who purchased it and its surrounding 600 acres, restored it to the conditions of Monroe's day, put into it the furniture that Monroe used there, and announced that, in making it a patriotic shrine, he proposed to add as fast as possible to the Monroe relics, documents and antiques which he had already collected for it.

Near Monticello

Ash Lawn, crowning a beautiful hilltop, two miles from Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, four miles from the city of Charlottesville and only 140 miles from Washington, D. C., is a spot of restful beauty, from which the great Virginian journeyed forth to begin his eight years' service as President.

One hundred years ago, on the first day of February, 1830, the clerk of Albemarle County, Virginia, delivered to one E. A. Goodwyn an original deed to James Monroe's farm house or estate known as Ash Lown—ownership of which, had he not impoverished himself in public service, Monroe would never have relinquished.

A century later, after the old homestead had passed into the hands of seven different owners, Mr. Johns believing it important to rescue such an historical landmark from barter and sale, division and obliteration, purchased it and was issued a deed to it on the 100th anniversary of the day that Monroe was forced to sell it.

The approach to this shrine is full of interest and beauty. A winding highway outside of Charlottesville leads through the timber covered hills, passed entangled masses of fragrant honeysuckle and roses, and stretches its smooth serpentine way through shrubs, trees and flowers. One can easily imagine Monroe and his friends riding many times over this same path, now widened to a broad highway.

About one and one-half miles outside of Charlottesville on the same road to Ash Lawn are the gates to Monticello. Jefferson himself designed and completed this beautiful mansion in 1781 and therefore was able to offer valuable suggestions and help to his close friend Monroe, when the latter decided to build his home on the adjoining hilltop, within view of Monticello.

Tucked away from the road, snug-

gled in a group of trees and shrubs, stands Ash Lawn. Before it is possible to get a full view of the house one passes between gorgeous specimens of green hedge. At the right of the garden entrance, moss covered and gray with age, rests the original mounting block, a massive old piece of granite at whose base stood such men as Jefferson, Madison, Patrick Henry and other political leaders of the early days. In addition to the historic interest that shrouds Ash Lawn it is also famous for its unique box wood garden, that was planted by Monroe more than a century ago. Distinctly French in its conception, the garden has no equal in this country. (Monroe having spent several years in France as American Ambassador, brought into play his love of French design in gardening as well as in the architecture of his home.) Wallace Nutting, who spends his time seeking beautiful pictures in nature the world over, has said that it is the loveliest garden of its type that he has ever seen. Flanked with tall box at the eastern and western ends, there leads to the house, from these massive clumps of green, the original old brick walk over which one may fancy, promenading the ghosts of Monroe and his friends. A tall inspiring Norwegian pine, brought from Europe by Monroe stands like a sentinel in the center of a large oval formed by box wood. A guadruple row of English dwarf box parellels the walk leading to the house, and while its four feet in height may not seem inspiring, it is to be more respected when one calls to mind that this particular species grows only one-half inch annually under excellent care.

Ivy clad trees and crepe myrtle add a certain aged beauty to the place. Standing to the left of the entrance there is a magnificent example of oak, measuring fifteen feet in diameter, and said to be the oldest tree of its kind in that part of the country. Numerous ash trees surround the house, and from these Ash Lawn derives its name.

The house originally was built one story in a T-shape pattern in 1799. it stands today just as Monroe planned it, except for the front having been remodeled on a former design in 1962.

It is a house that rambles, yet is all in all, compact and friendly. Bearing away from the formal colonial fashion, one feels the French influence of Monroe's plans, especially because of the windows of a typically French type, and a low archway that leads to the side entrance facing Monticello.

Original Furniture

All the furniture and pictures now there have been loaned by descendants of Monroe, and are the original pieces that were used by him when he made his home at Ash Lawn. The back of the house, one story in height, is the original mansion, without any rebuilding or restoring.

Another interesting feature of the building is the doors of cross design, which in the early days was supposed to have the power of keeping witches from entering, according to the superstitions of that period. Likewise the quaint but attractive H. and L. hinges used on the doors, bore the significance of a religious belief. They are sometimes known as Holy Lord hinges.

It was at Ash Lawn that Monroe spent his early manhood and prepared hmiself for his eventful life. His posts were many and important, as well as varied in their duties. Among his honors was his service as Governor of Virginia three times and as Minister to France and to England. He was twice President of the United States and he promulgated the Monroe Doctrine.

Ash Lawn stands in the centre of a section literally dotted with houses and estates rich with historic interest and significance. Within an afternoon's ride are Montpelier, the home of President Madison, in Orange County, an estate which is now owned by the wealthy du Ponts; Mirador, where Lady Nancy Astor lived as a girl; Pine Knot, the summer home of President Roosevelt and the Rapidan fishing camp of President Hoover in Madison County.

Ash Lawn is the newest link to be forged in that extraordinary chain of Presidential shrines in Virginia, all of them lying within a short radius of each other and all rich with the historic interest that makes dim centuries of the past seem like yesterday.

THE UNITED STATES TREASURY

The United States Treasury closed its books on June 30, the end of the Federal fiscal year, with a surplus of $184,000,000. The total receipts and expenditures for the past year were each more than four billion dollars. Of the $184,000,000 surplus, $76,000,000 came from foreign governments on account of war loans. The public debt was reduced by $746,000,000, leaving the present gross indebtedness at $16,185,000,000. In the past eleven years since the close of the World War, the national debt has been reduced by more than ten billions of dollars.

The total expenditures were last year $3,994,000,000, an increase over 1929 of $146,000,000. This has called forth from certain circles the charge that the Seventy-first Congress has exhibited a ''riot of extravagance.'' Administration leaders, however, point to such constructive legislation as $100,000,000 for agriculture stabilization, $33,000,000 for highway construction, $17,000,000 for the improvement of inland rivers and harbors, $19,000,000 for public grounds and buildings, $28,000,000 for war veterans' relief,, $5,000,000 for the gold star mothers' pilgrimage to the graves of their loved ones in European military cemeteries, etc. The increasing demands from the Federal treasury have resulted in these enlarged expenditures, and there are those who consider the charges of extravagance as meaningless.—Exchange.

THE CASTAWAYS

By Eva M. Muma

"I believe, Joy, we had better postpone our exploring across the bay until another time. I don't just like the looks of things this morning; I think we're going to have a hard blow."

"Oh Larry, do you really think so?" exclaimed Joyce Westfield, as she joined her brother in front of their cottage on the bay shore. "Frances will be awfully disappointed; she has planned so much on that trip, and it will be about the last opportunity before she has to return home."

"Yes, I'm sorry too, but you know how Dad hated to go to the city and leave us here for a couple of days—he wouldn't have either if it hadn't been mighty important—and he trusts us to be careful and not take any risks."

At that moment their cousin, Frances Mitchell, came skipping around the end of the cottage. In spite of her eighteen years, she looked like a vivacious child in her dark brown knicker suit, with a bright orange kerchief at her neck, and orange band around her head to hold back her raven black curls. She was short, slim, and very dark, with a sparkling smile when she was happy, but an equally ever-ready pout when things were not to her liking. She was a decided contrast in every way to Joyce, who was fair, plump, and of a quiet, even-tempered disposition.

"Oh, isn't this breeze grand"! cried Frances, as she threw her arms around her cousin and whirled her about. "I can hardly wait to be out on those bounding waves. When do we start?"

"We're so sorry, Fran," replied Joyce. "But Larry think's we're going to have high winds, and that it wouldn't be advisable to go so far in the launch today; so we'll make some 'on land' plans."

"Pooh," sniffed Frances, turning to Larry, "I didn't suppose you were that easily scared out. Look at the sun shining, and those waves are scarcely more than ripples."

"Yes, I know," said Joyce, "but that's just the beginning. By afternoon when we'd be coming home, it might be quite different. Dad has taught Larry a lot about reading weather signs, and I'm willing to trust to his judgement."

"We're surely sorry," added Larry, "and if Dad were here and thought it was all right, I wouldn't hesitate a minute, but he's left me in charge and I don't want to run any risks."

The determined pout was beginning to appear around the corners of Frances' mouth. "Well, don't run any risks then," she exclaimed. "I'm not afraid, and Uncle Ned said I might take the Sprite whenever I wanted to. I can run a launch just as well as anybody, and as you aren't going to be needing it today, I'll go for a little trip myself." With which ungracious remark she flounced off toward the beach.

Larry and Joyce looked at each other in consternation.

"Well, what do you know about that?" declared Larry with a low

whistle. "I knew she was selfish, and spoiled about having her own way, but I never thought she would go that far."

"What shall we do?" wailed Joyce. "Father would never forgive us if we let her go alone, and I just know she'll try it."

"I suppose I could lock the boat," replied Larry. "I don't see any other way to stop her".

"But that would make her so angry it would spoil all the rest of her visit, and she would go home and tell Uncle Dick and Aunt Ruth that we had abused her and treated her like a child. Don't you think it would be safe if we didn't go far, and had our picnic lunch and came home early?"

"Yes, it probably won't get too rough at this end of the bay for a few hours—and she'll come back when I say so," Larry added grimly but firmly.

Joyce was spreading sandwiches when Frances re-entered the cottage. "Larry says he'll take us to a pretty cove he knows farther down the coast, and we can picnic there and then explore for a while," said Joyce.

The pout disappeared and smiles wreathed France's face again—for all the world, thought Joyce, like a child who had been given the toy for which it was crying.

It was a glorious morning on the bay. The breeze was fresh and the air keen and invigorating. The young people were soon laughing, and singing popular songs to the accompaniment of the chug-chug of the motor. Joyce and Larry could not easily forget the unpleasant incident caused by the selfishness of their guest, but they would not allow their feelings to be manifest in their hospitality.

The place Larry had chosen was an ideal spot for a picnic. A small stream formed an inviting cove, with low overhanging branches which almost dipped the water, and farther back tall majestic pines that filled the air with their spicy fragrance.

"This is a trout stream," remarked Larry, as he drew alongside the shore and stopped the motor. "I guess I'll try my luck at catching a few for dinner; and I think you will find an abundance of low buch huckleberries in the woods if you care to pick some for dessert."

The girls were delighted and soon had a pail full of the luscious blueblack berries. The picnic was a huge success. Larry caught several fish and these they cooked over an open fire, and roasted potatoes and ears of corn in the coals.

"Food never tastes as good as it does out in the open like this," declared Larry as he leaned against a tree trunk with a sigh of content.

"Well, we all certainly had an appetite," affirmed Joyce. "This basket was just full and now there's scarcely a thing left."

"And we had those delicious fish and berries besides," added Frances. "Say, Joy!" she suddenly exclaimed. "let's fill our lunch basket with berries to take home; there were some perfectly grand ones in that last place we picked."

"All right, then; if you are going to pick berries, "I'll try to get a few more fish," said Larry, "but don't go far as we want to start back soon".

"We'll stay within hearing of an 'halloo.'" replied Joyce, "so just call when you're ready."

For a while the girls chatted gaily as they picked berries, but they soon became separated and were too busy for conversation. Time passed rapidly and it seemed only a few minutes to Joyce before she heard her brother's bird-like signal whistle. She answered it and called to Frances, but received no reply. When her repeated call brought no response, and a search among the trees also proved fruitless, she became worried, and gave a shrill whistle which brought Larry hastening to her.

"What's the trouble?" he exclaimed.

"Frances has disappeared," cried Joyce excitedly; "it seems just a few minutes ago that she was right over there by that clump of bushes, and now I can't find her and she doesn't answer my call."

"Probably trying to play a joke on us with a scare," replied Larry.

However, the next hour's vain search proved it was not such a joke. Meanwhile, the few patches of sunshine had disappeared and the soughing in the treetops indicated that the wind was raising. Finally their repeated call was faintly answered from the distance and soon afterwards Francis came rushing toward them.

"Oh! I thought I would never find anybody," she cried breathlessly. "I got so dreadfully lost all because I started to follow a funny little bird that jumped out of the bush where I was picking berries—it was so cute, it did lead me a merry chase, and got away after all. Then when I started back everything looked so strange and I didn't know which way to go, but I hated to call and admit that I was lost, and I was sure I could find the way so I kept on going—but I guess I must have gone in the wrong direction most of the time—and then I did call there was no answer. I certainly felt scared; it was so dark and quiet in the woods alone;—but it's all right now," she finished cheerily, "and I've had a real adventure. I'm sorry I made you so much trouble though," she added.

"We're only thankful to know you are safe," replied Joyce; "we were afraid you had got hurt or something."

By the time they reached the launch the distant thunder was rolling and it was growing darker, but the wind in the cove did not seem dangerous and Larry thought they could reach home before the storm broke. In the bay, however, they found the offshore wind much stronger than they had suspected. Nevertheless, it was exhilarating to meet the oncoming waves, to see the launch cut swiftly through them, and feel the shower of spray in their faces.

Suddenly and without warning the motor gave a few spasmodic coughs —and stopped. At almost the same instant the launch was seized by a swift swirl of wind and water.

"Quick, get ready! I'm afraid we're going over!" cried Larry.

But miraculously the little craft did not capsize, but was held in the turmoil of water—like a piece of bark in a whirlpool—until its direction was reversed and it was being borne rapidly toward the open bay. Frantically Larry tried to start the motor but to no avail. Meanwhile the Sprite, a veritable sprite indeed, was running before the wind; light as a cork

it appeared as it rose and fell rythmically on the waves.

Twenty minutes, half an hour passed, and the wind and rain continued unabated. Frances was sobbing. "Oh, isn't there anything we can do? We'll be lost, I know we'll be lost," she wailed.

"I'm sure we will get through all right somehow," soothed Joyce, although her pale, frightened face belied her encouraging words.

Presently the rain ceased, and the wind began shifting. They could feel the launch being gradually swung around. Larry aided all he could with the steering wheel. Occasionally the crest of a wave would break over the edge of the boat, deluging its already rain-soaked occupants.

By the end of another hour, the storm clouds had drifted past, and the sun was sending its warm rays across the gleaming expanse of water, but the wind held steady.

Suddenly Joyce gave an excited cry of "Look straight ahead, its land."

However, the sun was setting in a glorous splendor of rose and gold by the time they approached near enough to the shore to discern the rough, rocky coast. It was not an inviting place to attempt a landing but they had no choice. Soon they were in the breakers, which slackened their speed, but were not strong enough to materially hinder their advance. They shipped considerable water, however, and sometimes feared they would be submerged, but the faithful little craft rose bravely from each ducking.

Closer and closer they advanced toward the jagged shore. The girls were bailing out the water which had recently deluged them, and Larry was vainly trying to steer toward a narrow opening between the rocks, when they were suddenly lifted on a huge wave and carried forward with such speed and violence that almost before they had time to realize what was happening, the launch was hurled with a crash upon the rocks, where it firmly wedged, tipped slightly on its side.

Joyce and Francis struggled up, Jarred but uninjured. But when Larry attempted to rise, he sank back with a moan of anguish.

"Larry, are you hurt?" cried Joyce as she scrambled to his side.

"I struck my side against the wheel, and guess I've smashed a few ribs," he groaned.

It took some care and time to get Larry out of the launch and over the rocks. Every movement was agony to him, and when they finally reached smooth ground, he dropped down weak and exhausted from the pain and effort. There was not much they could do in the way of first aid with this kind of injury, but they made him as comfortable as possible with cushions from the launch.

The girls were very tired from the excitement and tension of the past few hours, but they went cheerfully about preparations for the night. They brought the lunch basket from the boat, and gathered sticks and brush for a fire which would serve the double purpose of cooking the fish Larry had caught that afternoon, and also of attracting the attention of any passing boat, which was most important. Imagine then their consternation when a thorough search revealed the fact that they hadn't

a single match.

"The matchbox must have slipped unnoticed from my pocket when I threw my coat on the ground after starting our fire at noon," explained Larry.

It was a disheartened little group that made their supper of huckleberries and water-soaked cake. The few sandwiches they decided to leave for breakfast. Presently Larry managed to get to his feet and walked slowly to where they had left the Sprite; there he gave directions, and although it was an exceedingly painful effort, he assisted the girls in making the launch fast; so that it could not drift away in case it broke loose from its wedged position between the rocks.

By the time they returned to the nearby place they had chosen to camp, they were all too weary to make any further investigation of their surroundings. Joyce was soon sound asleep; and Larry in spite of his aching side, also found respite in slumber. But Frances could not go to sleep. It was her first night in the great open spaces, with only the trees for shelter. The silence and vastness of it oppressed her. And even more overwhelming than the silence was the unpleasant thought that all this misfortune was really her own fault; a wrecked boat, Larry's injury—possibly more serious than they knew—and the three of them castaways on an unknown shore, just because she had insisted on going out in the launch when Larry and Joyce had advised against it; and they to avoid trouble had conceded in part to her wishes because she was their guest. It was not a pleasant realization.

Finally she crept from her place by Joyce's side, and stole quietly to the ledge of rocks which lined the shore, and climbed to a seat on one of them. The wind had gone down and the waves lapped gently upon the rocks. The sky was a myriad of stars, and the moon, just peeping over the tree tops, cast its silvery shaft of light into the mirror of water. It was a scene of peace and rest; but Frances did not feel peaceful. Never before had she been so face to face with the results of her own selfishness, and the thought of the possible consequences filled her with terror. Before she slept that night she had made a firm resolution.

It was not easy for Frances next morning to admit her wrong and ask her cousin's forgiveness. "I've always been a selfish little cat," she declared, "but I'm never going to be like that again; I've learned my lesson."

"That's all right, forget it," was Larry's brief though not unkind response, "we all make mistakes sometimes."

"It's worth it," said Joyce gently as she gave her cousin an affectionate kiss; and Frances understood.

It was a day of discouragement for the castaways. Upon investigation they discovered the overwhelming fact that they were stranded on a small island, from the opposite side of which they could see what appeared to be the mainland. They thought the distance about half a mile, but as Joyce groaned despairingly, it might as well have been fifty, so far as any chance of getting there was concerned; for the launch was too much disabled for their ability to repair; and Larry was too sick. He had weakened

in great pain, with a fever which had increased steadily throughout the day. It was very hot on the island with scarcely a breath of breeze. All day they vainly watched the glimmering water for a sign of life. Once during the afternoon they thought they saw smoke arising from among the trees on the other land, but all their efforts to attract the attention of the possible unknown person proved of no avail.

By evening the extreme heat, pain, and restlessness had brought Larry almost to delirium. Joyce was nearly frantic with anxiety, but knowing Frances' feeling of remorse and self-denunciation for the predictment they were in, she tried bravely to hide the extent of her own misgivings. But as darkness descended and they faced another night alone with Larry so ill, it seemed as though she could scarcely bear it. They had done all in their power with their limited resources to relieve him, but with little success. Their food was gone with the exception of a few of the huckleberries, and they had been unable to find anything edible on the island.

"Father will probably reach home tonight," said Joyce. "I just hate to think how terrible he'll feel to find us gone. He will have searching parties out at once, but no telling how long before they can find us, as I'm afraid we're off the regular cruising lines or we surely would have seen a boat by this time."

Slowly the night wore on. Larry dozed fitfully; the girls could not sleep, but kept close watch over their patient. As Frances looked off across the quiet moonlit water, she was suddenly seized with an idea. Why not? What was the good of being a champion swimmer if she couldn't put her ability to practical use in an emergency? She was sure she could swim to that other shore; but oh, the horror of taking that trip alone into the unknown! However, she was determined to try, in spite of her fears. Swiftly she made her plans: she must not tell Joyce her intentions, but she remembered seeing Larry take a notebook and pencil from his pocket when he was searching for matches, so she would leave a note. How fortunate that she had worn her bathing suit under her knickers in case she wanted to swim. Well, she would have the swim all right!

Impatiently she waited an opportunity to escape unnoticed. The first streaks of dawn were tinting the sky before Joyce finally slept. Larry was still in a feverish stupor. Silently Francis secured his notebook and pencil and tearing a sheet from the book, scribbled a hasty note. This she stuck under the edge of the pail of water, where Joyce could not fail to see it. Then she quietly stole away.

The journey through the woods filled her with terror, but once upon the opposite shore of the island ready to step into the water, she possessed renewed confidence. The water was warm and still, and she swam with slow, easy strokes to conserve her energy. Occasionally she would rest by floating on her back and looking up at the glory of the morning sky. The distance, however, seemed much greater than she had thought and she found herself weak from lack of food and rest, and the severe heat of the preceding day. Long before she reached the goal she felt her strength ebb-

ing. She changed strokes and rested frequently. The last few yards seemed to take the last ounce of her will-power, and she fell gasping and exhausted on the beach.

When she opened her eyes she was looking up into a ruddy face. She quickly roused herself, and explained their urgent need.

"Well, I reckon that Nat Perkins and Spitfire ain't never refused to lend a hand when they could," replied the stranger.

Spitfire proved to be a bulky motor boat, battered and dingy in appearance. "She don't look so pretty," said the fisherman, waving toward the craft, "but she ought to get the sick lad home by noon."

True to his prediction, Nat Perkins landed the castaways at their own dock by mid-day. There they found Mr. Westfield just ready to start on the search in a highpowered launch. He had been delayed returning home, and had been back only a short time. He hastily despatched the waiting launch to the nearest town for a physician.

When the doctor arrived he pronounced Larry's injury not dangerous, but said if he had gone much longer without medical treatment, his condition would have been very critical.

"Then Frances is the one who has saved his life," declared Joyce, "for it was just her pluck and courage which brought rescue so soon."

Frances had won a great victory.

THANK GOD FOR CLOUDS

Thank God for clouds that keep the blazing sun from withering down mankind in summer's heat,
For clouds that crown the mountain's rugged brow where earth and heaven meet,
For clouds that bring the quiet rain to cool the parched earth's breast,
For clouds without which there would be no flaming sunset in the west.
Thank God for clouds that touch these lives of ours to cool their passion, bringing calm and peace;
That hide the things too bright for us to see, until our strength increase,
For clouds that meet our moods and help us see the beauty of His sunshine all the more;
That make us know—no matter what may be, He'll give us clouds—and things worth living for.—By Emery L. Rice.

LINDBERGH NAME IN OLD COUNTRY WAS 'MANSSON'

(Virginian Pilot)

"Down in Southern Skane, in the pleasant little village of Gardlosa, 80 English miles from Maloma and 20 from Ystad, is the ancestral home of Charles A. Lindbergh," writes Harry A Cranck in "A Scandinavian Summer."

"The house, forming with its barns, also of stone, a square about a large cobbled farmyard, and rebuilt in 1871 by Per Bondesson after a fire in 1869, has changed hands many times since Ola Mansson, "Lindy's paternal grandfather, left for America. It is an excellent house, even if rather low and squat, with very large rooms, well furnished and specklessly kept.

"Ola Mansson was obviously not driven to the United States by poverty But then, in rich, rolling Skane, it is a rare farmer who is not at least well to do.

"'Ola Mansson's former home suddenly became so famous in 1927 that even French newspapers were trying to spell its name. The many Lindbergh families of Sweden who were searching among family traditions and Bibles and memories for those relatives who had emigrated could have wept when it was discovered that Ola Mansson, of Gardlosa, had changed his name to Ola Lindbergh when he got to Minnesota.

"That was a common practice among our Scandinavian immigrants whose names were difficult for Americans to pronounce.

"When the facts were established there was astonishment as well as sorrow in Skane. For the memory of Ola Mansson, four times a member of the Swedish Parliament between 1847 and 1858, still lived in the minds of the older people down there at the southern tip of Sweden. During most if not all of his four terms Mansson had represented two parishes and had two votes.

"His peers in the Riksdag made him a member of the finance committee and a representative on the board of the Malmo branch of the Bank of Sweden.

"He is described as a man of unusual strength and vigor, a very prosperous farmer with a good deal of education, and a close personal friend of Charles XV. As a Riksdag member he was an eloquent speaker, and although noted for his typical Skanian phelgm, he could also get excited and even choleric.

"He was a man of decided opinions, rather advanced for that age, but a Swedish encyclopedia asserts that 'his never doubted honesty made even his opponents respect him during the hottest debates.' He was especially interested in the building of railways, just then the much discussed new means of communication, considered 'impossible' and 'visionary' by many of Mansson's colleagues and contemporaries.

"It is said that none other than his friend Charles XV, while crown prince, advised Mansson to cut the Gordian knot of his difficulties by emigrating. For in his relations with

others the man was self-conscious and stubborn, and as the years rolled on his self-confidence grew worse until at last he lost his seat in the Riksdag. A writer of memoirs said of him: 'Ambition and imperiousness have ruined tis man's promising attributes.'

"After his defeat it was impossible for a man of Mansson's kind to remain among old neighbors, and in the summer of 1858 he left Sweden and settled as a farmer in Minnesota. With him he brought a son only a few months old, who afterwards became a lawyer and a congressman and the father of 'Lindy.'

"It was noticeable no pictures of 'Lindy' were displayed in Gardlosa, though at that time his boyish face adorned most windows in the United States, at least in rural parts.

"But more and more Americans are coming to see the former Mansson homestead, and Johan Johnson, the present owner, urged on by more wordly-minded persons, threatens to have postcards made or to charge admission for letting others see and photograph his historic house."

A HISTORIC SHRINE IN A HISTORIC CITY

By Antonia J. Stemple

Philadelphia is one of the most interesting places in the country, especially to anyone interested in the beginnings of the United States. It is a city where history and momentous events in the early days of the colonies and the republic take on new meaning. A student could not spend a holiday more profitably and pleasurably than in rambling about the City of Brotherly Love and making first hand acquaintances with sites which he has read about. Philadelphia abounds in many fine old buildings where distinguished persons have lived or with which they have been identified, and the traditions of the past are kept green.

Independence Hall is undoubtedly Philadelphia's greatest historical shrine, but it is by no means the only one, for there are numbers of almost equal interest, though not so well known.

One of these important and interesting buildings but one which is often overlooked or neglected by the casual sightseer is the plain brick structure known as Carpenter's Hall. This venerable building is tucked away in an obscure narrow court off busy and noisy Chestnut street, one of the most important business thoroughfares. The person who is not aware of the location of Carpenters' Hall or is not looking for it, is quite likely to pass it by. As a matter of fact, however, this ancient, well preserved structure, which looks so much like a church, is second in importance only to Independence Hall. It was in Carpenters' Hall that the spirit of

liberty was conceived which had its birth in Independence Hall. Carpenters' Hall was built by the Carpenters' Company, organized in 1724, and was the scene of great and stirring scenes in the momentous days of the American Revoution. It gives one a thrill, when standing in its simple, diginified precincts, to think of what this shrine stood for and what took place within.

The First Continental Congress met in the unfinished building on September 5, 1774, and two days later the first prayer ever made in Congress was offered here. In 1787, the convention held to frame the Constitution deliberated in this hall for four months, behind closed doors. The result of their deliberations was agreement upon a Constitution for the United States of America. Within these walls have echoed the voices of George Washington, Patrick Henry, John Hancock and John Adams, among others, and here the delegates were inspired with nerve and sinew for the toils of the war for independence. During the Revolution the basement was used as a magazine for ammunition and from 1791 to 1797 Carpenters' Hall was the home of the First United States Bank. It is easy to see, therefore, why the importance of this modest, dignified building is second only to that of Independence Hall.

Many interesting relics are preserved. One may even see the original chairs used by the members of the Continental Congress. They are preserved in an enclosure sacredly partitioned off. Here are old flags, charters, deeds, and the like, all of absorbing worth. There are many rare portraits also, as well as pictures of peculiar interest. Among the other relics is the first Liberty Bond issued, No. 1, for $5,000, which was bought by the Carpenters' Company and which now hangs in a frame on the wall.

The interior of the building is very attractive in a severely simple, austere way, with pillars, great fan windows, and formidable locks and bolts on the doors. A picture of great historical value and appropriately hung here, in the very hall where the Congress met, is a huge oil painting, "Patrick Henry Addressing the First Continental Congress." It is one of the most valuable possessions in the hall.

The Carpenters' Company was a guild, like the ancient guilds of England. It was composed of master carpenters and architects. The company still maintains its organization and conducts trade schoods, charities, and the like. The building is kept open to the public at its own expense as a matter of patriotic duty and civic pride.

Train up a child in the way it should go, and go that way yourself.
—Larned

THE MARK

By Stockton Porter

The significance of the word "character" increases the more clearly its inner meaning is revealed. For it stands for something much higher and holier than a careless interpretation will give. And all its companion words are thought producing!

Character means many high and holy things that are well worth storing in the mind's jewel box of true words. Reputation and character travel hand in hand, and thrice blest, indeed, is the one in whose life the words have the same meaning. Reputation is what one is thought to be. Character is what one is.

"Character," writes a French sage, "is the force with which we endow ourselves; it is the glorious and difficult achievement of the free will." Character is really what we make of the mental and spiritual material we have. It is the garment that each soul weaves for itself out of itself! It si what a man thinketh, brought forth into visible manifestation, often revealing the startling truth that one's secret thoughts make a clear record; that secret thoughts, if held to with tenacity, whether good or bad, will, in time, become appallingly legible to all the world.

Character means a sign, a mark. And it is right up to each individual soul what its mark in life will signify. A noble life is as possible as an ignoble one. The same block of marble can be used as a stable doorstep, or it can be chiseled down until an angel is revealed. One's inmost vision held in the heart, whether it be high or low, becomes one's destination; the terminal point to which one directs one's course, the final mark. The higher the vision, the higher the mark. But the high vision must be released in the life; it must not remain shut up within the heart, or it will shrivel and vanish.

Noble virtues are within each soul, waiting to bloom and make a lofty character. If they are not developed and used, it is not the fault of the virtues. It is not the high road's fault if a man refuses to walk upon it but prefers to wallow in the muddy ditch beside it.

The high mark belongs to him "Who will, who knows, who prays. But he must will; he must know;he must pray. He must possess and use force and wisdom and faith".

With these mighty virtues working in a life, a character cannot be a mere stain; it will become the mark of a star, a beacon of light that will reveal to many a high and a holy path that leads Godward.

A noble aim, faithfully kept, is a noble deed.—Wadsworth.

HONOR ROLL FOR AUGUST

Room No. 1

—A—

Howard Atkins, David Fountain, Edward Hedrick, Willard Johnson, Lynwood Dorman and Vance Springer.

—B—

Bill Barkley, James Davis, Henry Easley, Milton Mashburn, Andrew Watson and Fern Dunlap.

Room No. 2

—A—

Oley Gilbert, Phil Gibson, Morrison Talbert, Everette Wheeler and Fred Miller.

Room No. 3.

—A—

Clarence Saults, Clyde Wheeler and John Thompson, Cecil Bailey, Neusome Caloway, Otis Floyd, James Chappell and Henry Oldham.

—B—

Robert Truelove, Charles Miller, Joe Baughcum, Thomas Hicks, Ernest Carter, Garland Moore and Dewey Doby.

Room No. 4.

—A—

John Williamson, Francis Trexler, Carl Griffith, James Bundy, Obie Blanton, James Battle, Walter Bollinger, Billie Camden, Ben Clayton. George Downs, Ray Hager, Earl Irby, Therman Knight, Ralph Martin, Joffre Narron, James Rivenbark, William Rose, Percy Wiggins and J. B. Wells.

—B—

Daniel Brown, Harvey Causey, Clinton Coates, Lester Caudle, Cecil Farr, Bill Goodman, Sidney Logan, Alton Littleton, James O'Brien, Jerry Quinn and Walter Scott.

Room No. 5

—A—

Hiram Boughman and Jim Kellam.

—B—

William Hardford, Charles Smathers, Homer Smith, Douglas Brady, James Chapman, Haddin Gunter, Clarence Lyerly, Joe Roughton and Williard Kirby.

Room No. 6

—A—

Lawrence Young, Lawrence Dorsett, Russell Dorset, Albert Roe, Henry Chester, Mack Broome and Lawrence Thompson.

—B—

Jim Turnage, Worth Johnson, John Flannery, Woodrow Gaskins, J. P. Williamson, Mitchell Morris and Allen Braddock.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Twenty-three boys were admitted at the school since last month, and ten have come in so far this month to swell the attendance.

The farm force is busy now cutting corn and storing it in the big silos at the dairy barn. This makes fine feed during the winter, and a good crop is hailed with rejoicing.

Mr. Carriker has returned from his

vacation, and with the boys from the shop has resumed the painting of the woodwork on the varous cottages. This will add a great deal to the appearance of the school as well as the individual cottages.

The base ball season has closed at the school, and there was no game last Saturday afternoon. However, there was a half-holiday with a watermelon feast, and games among the boys on the athletic field afterward. So the day was rather enjoyable anyway.

Church services were conducted in the auditorium Sunday afternoon by Dr. P. E. Monroe of St. James Lutheran church, Concord. His discourse was uplifting, and fitted to the needs of his audience. Dr. Monroe was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Paul Monroe, an attorney of Gastonia. Following the services, both visitors joined the boys in a watermelon feast.

The school regrets the departure this week of Mr. George Grove of the school faculty who goes to the High School at Smithfield, Johnson county. Mr. Grove, during the year he has been connected with the school, has proved to be a successful officer and teacher, and a conscientious worker. The best wishes of his friends here follow him to his new work.

It is rare that twins are admitted to the school. Lonnie and Lummie McGee were here some years ago. They were so nearly of a size and their names were so nearly alike that they even had their papers filed together, and were spoken of as "Lonnie and Lummie" without much distinction as to which might be which. But the dairy has come to the front. Howard Keenan is mighty proud of the fact that one of his best milkers boasts twin calves. That is, Howard boasts, and of course the "bossy" must feel rather proud. So unusual an event is, of course, of interest to all the school.

Mr. Roy Goodman, Cabarrus farm agent, Dr. A. J. Pieters of Washington, D. C., senior agronomist of the United States Department of Agriculture, and E. C. Blair, crop rotation specialist of Raleigh were guests at the Lesospeza demonstration at the Training School Wednesday, and were also dinner guests at the school. With these experts were the agents from near-by counties, and farmers from Cabarrus who were interested in the demonstration. All were served watermelon at the school after inspecting the school plot. In the afternoon a demonstration was held at the farm of Mr. Floyd Parish, near Harrisburg, who has an especially fine plot.

No height is so high but you can fall from it.—Alex Smith.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30	to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136	to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36	to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46	to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34	to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12	to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38	to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32	to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40	to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29	to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31	to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33	to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39	to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11	to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37	to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45	to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135	to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35	to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

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U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 13, 1930. No. 33

BE STRONG

"Be Strong!
"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.

"Be Strong!
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

"Be Strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song."

—Maltbie D. Babcock.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

IT DOESN'S PAY

A newsboy came to a residence street at bedtime, a thing which was out of the odinary. He cried his papers so loudly and earnestly, calling every now and then, "Extra! Extra!" that people came out of their houses to buy a paper, thinking that something unusual had happened and that an extra paper had been printed.....But when a man bought a paper, paying more than double the usual price—the price the newsboy asked—he found that it was only the regular morning issue. The boy had deceived him and others.

The fellow may have sold more papers than usual that night, but people know his voice and will not be deceived again. He will find that it does not pay to lie and cheat. The surest way to success is by the route of honesty in word and deed.—Selected.

HOW TO LIVE CONFRONTS OUR COUNTRY

Normalcy in the way of living, despite the fact it has been discussed from every angle and every source, by preachers, capitalist, financiers and in the press, has not been accepted, or practised. No one is willing to go back to the old manner of living—content at home with an occasional outing just to break the monotony. How to throw off the high tension every one is laboring under is the question. It is a question too that will have to be solved not collectively, but individually by those capable of discriminating between right and wrong, and not by the masses. The first lesson to be learned is to accept conditions and

live your own life, and not according to the schedule of some one else. The old saying "if impossible to have a whole loaf, take a half" is not practiced, but on the other hand a point is strained to keep up with the other fellow even done at the risk of a financial embarrassment. The head of each home could play a conspicuous part towards adjusting living conditions, if willing to have a 20 per cent cut as accepted in managing the affairs of the state. There surely would not be such a cry of hard times. In fact we grow weary of hearing hard times discussed, because from all we see people are riding in automobiles as usual, the summer resorts are crowded with tourist, 250,000 visitors witnessed the Passion Play at Oberammergau this summer, and according to statistics our own country has more than three times as many motor vehicles as all the rest of the world put together. The movies are crowded, the tennis-courts and golf links are not suffering for patronage. We repeat the economic question is one to be answered by the individual. How to live is the question that confronts the country—it is just a matter of knowing how to discriminate between the essentials and non-essentials. There is plenty of money whether spent wisely or not.

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AUTHORITY IS MASCULINE

Dr. Angus McLean, of Columbia University, said not long ago that "Children view God as a man—a big man up in heaven." We do not doubt it, for what could be more natural? They see pictures of Christ, the son of God, as a man—and a man he was.

This brings to us a belief we have long held, which is that women think of the Saviour as a man, and because of that have more faith in Him and His teachings than they would if He were a feminine divinity. But we do not believe men would incline to a feminine goddess as an authority over the universe, as they do to a masculine deity.

The ancient Greeks and Romans had in their mythology both gods and goddesses, but Zeus, called Jupiter by the Romans, was the greatest of the Olypian gods, and was pictured by the Greeks as a full-bearded man. It is significant that Christ also wore a beard.

There is nothing strange to this. Man has a natural authority in human affairs, because of both his physical and intellectual strength. He fights the battles of the nations; he is the head of greatest human institutions, the

family; he is the provider and the protector of the family. This comes in the natural order of events. There are those who hope for a reversal of all this, but it will never come, simply because nature, or nature's god would not have it so. Women are more devoted to their Saviour because He was a man on earth. They like masculine authority and do not take much stock in husbands who are too weak to exercise their proper authority.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

HOW TO CUT AUTO ACCIDENTS

A strict state-wide drivers' license law, and an adequate highway patrol in the opinion of Clerk R. O. Self, of Corporation Commission, is the only thing that will stop the appalling number of automobile accidents. That is the only thing that will make impressive "careful driving"—is to realize if an accident occurs, and it is the fault of the driver, this same driver will be deprived of the right and privilege to drive an automobile. This is the conclusion reached by Mr. Self after his extensive experience with motor bus drivers, and he thinks the same regulation would prove effective if applied to automobile drivers. Clerk R. O. Self states:

> "When we first started regulating bus drivers we found every type of man among the drivers, often the most irresponsible and reckless type." "These drivers object strenuously as did the bus companies when we insisted on a strict physical examnation as a part of the general examination we required from the first. They also objected to our ruling that any driver who had as many as three consecutive accidents should lose his job and drivers' license, or should be suspended two weeks without pay after his second accident.
>
> But these regulations along with the drivers' license, is what has made the North Carolina bus lines the safest in the country. For now the bus operators see that these regulations were the best thing for them after all and now pay a bonus to every driver every year he goes without an accident. Thus the drivers know that if they are careless they will lose their jobs and license, but if they are careful and have no accidents their pay will increase steadily."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE PASSING OF A VALUABLE CITIZEN

The sudden passing of Dr. Charles O'Hagan Laughinhouse, one of the finest and best in his profession, brought genuine sorrow to a legion of friends

of this distinguished citizen and renown physician. He was not only recognized because of his skill in his profession, but for the superior heart qualities—sympathy and interest in mankind—these made him more than merely a professional man. No finer tribute could be paid Dr. Laughinhouse, who passed it seemed to us when just ready to render a great service to his state, than the words as taken from the News and Observer: "Loyal to his profession, his country and his God, Dr. Laughinhouse had the lively interest in his fellow man, he had the human touch, the artistic sense, the stability of character, the spiritual insight of a Knight of the Holy Grail. His death removes one of the State's most useful citizens.

We trust that his mantle so nobly worn may fall upon one who will carry on a work, that means so much to our people, as successfully and faithfully as did Dr. Laughinhouse. The going of this real man and genuine friend has left us all the poorer.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

BACK TO GRAND OPERA

Marion Tally, the Metropolitan Opera singer, has abandoned her western farm and returned to her first love—grand opera. Quite a difference between alluring attraction of the footlight of grand opera, and the quiet, unpretentious life of a farm. The youthful opera singer states that the drought was the occasion of her changing her mind about operating a farm. It might be that the responsibilities of the farm were greater than she anticipated, that we are inclined to believe. It is an experience though that will serve her well in the future—she will have a fellow feeling for the farmer in his ups-and-downs—mostly downs. Farmers are plentiful, but grand opera stars are not. This is one field where there is an abundance of room. The world is not crowded with voices that can hold you spell bound during the cadence of operas of all kind. You may rest assurred that a year on the farm has given Marion a finer appreciation of nature, and she will hereafter sing with a depth of feeling that could not be otherwise acquired.

A TRIBUTE

By Ada Rogers Gorman

The death of Dr. C. O. Laughinghouse took from our midst a distinguished citizen, and one of the best friends of my entire life. I knew him intimately from young manhood, and he measured up in every respect to the glory of his distinguished forebears. At all times he proved true to the faith of his Master, loyal to his friends, brave but humble, loved his profession and used it, as God intended, for the sake of humanity. He was truly great, knowing the majesty of little things, a characteristic that tends to the making of noble ambitions and high ideals. The passing of Dr. Laughinghouse brings to mind the untimely death of J. Bryan Grimes, the late Secretary of State. They were close friends, reared on adjoining plantations in Pitt county, brothers-in-law, but truly brothers in spirit and truth, and both came from a long line of distinguished and cultured ancestry with an ambition only to render a service of love to their State. There is an occasion to cherish the memory of these two men, because their enduring fame is the record they left—devotion to duty and love to their fellow man.

CELEBRATION PROGRAM READY

Percy S. Bullen, representative of the British government, will accept the monument to be unveiled at the grave of Col. Patrick Ferguson, British leader who fell at the Battle. The unveiling ceremony will follow the address of President Herbert Hoover.

The program as announced by Col. T. L. Kirkpatrick, former judge advocate general of North Carolina, who will preside, follows;

Dedicatory prayer by Rev. Judson L. Vipperman, D.D., of Spartanburg, S. C.

Presentation of the monument by Heroit Clarkson, associate justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina.

Unveiling of the monument by Miss Nancy Reynolds Kirkpatrick.

Acceptance of the monument by Percy S. Bullen, representative of the British government.

Colonel Kirkpatrick, said that the exercises would be brief and the speeches very brief. He received the acceptance of Mr. Bullen Saturday. Mr. Bullen wiring from New York that he accepted the invitation with great pleasure. We wired that "The dedication of the Ferguson monument will, I feel, arouse the liveliest interest and good will of the English-speaking world. I shall be proud indeed to be with you October 7."

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

I'd rather do a little deed
  Than to do none at all,
Sometimes it is the little deeds
  That count the most of all.
It's not the great big deeds you do,
  But it's the way you do it,
And if you do an unkind deed,
  Forever you will rue it.''

—o—

It is good religion to take care of your morals. And it is equally so to take care of your health.

—o—

A German genius has built a motor that will fit in a quart bottle. But what concerns the Americans most is the motive power already found in the quart bottles on this side of the big pond.

—o—

Yes, there is plenty of money in circulation. But the trouble with most of us is, we are outside of the zone in which it circulates.

—o—

A family in Black Mountain calls up their chickens by the ringing of a small bell. The generality of people ring the chicken's neck.

—o—

Miss Ethel Cruise is in charge of a traveling bureau at Asheville. And B. Good is a seller of gasoline on the Asheville-Black Mountain highway. This reminds me that Amos J. Pop-corn sells it on the Dixie highway, near Jonesboro, Ga.

—o—

A chemist claims the discovery of something that is two hundred times sweeter than sugar. But he fails to give us the lady's name.

—o—

It is reported from Chicago that the women folks are complaining because no women are included in the list of 50 folks who are supposed to be running this country. Gosh, the way things have been going for the past year, I should think women would be tickled to death not to be blamed for it.

—o—

A column writer recently remarked in his writings that the movies and talkies are fit only for morons, and that morons are intellectually equipped to enjoy the movies. That, I think, is either pretense or affectation with a superiority complex behind it. Lon Chaney, recently deceased, Douglas Fairbanks, and a swarm of male and female performers in the movies have won distinction that held the interest and entertained men of great achievements. I recall ''The Covered Wagon'' and some of the war pictures as remarkably instructive and thrilling because they were to all intents and purposes, reproductions of actual occurrences in the winning of the west, and in the trenches and No man's Land in France. The movies bring to millions forgetfulness of their troubles, and this may justify their popularity; and the education in America scenes and localities that otherwise would never have reached the masses, has been a fine service. Child life has been admitted to enchanting delights unknown before the perfection of the moving pictures.

Announcement of the perfection of a new robot that can match colors and do various other stunts adds just one more of these peculiar creations to a list that is already growing large. We have robots that can tend the furnace, clean house, direct traffic and do almost everything except sign checks that will pass muster at the bank when an account is overdrawn. It begins to look as though the time may be coming when each of us can have his own private robot to act as valet, laborer, yard man and personal slave. Then, when the robots do all the work, what will the rest of us do? About the only people who will be able to lay off will be movie actors, doctors, robots tinkers and editors—and perhaps the editors will be chased off. When that time comes engaging in war won't be so bad, if the robots have to fight it. About the only distress will be created among the cooties, who will find that war far less nourishing than the last.

—o—

As I see it right now business is afflicting the country with far too many perambulating dispensers of gloom. If the people generally would spend less time whining and more time working, the results certainly wouldn't be harmful. Business seems in danger of losing the fighting spirit it displayed two decades ago. Perhaps that is due to the influence of our professional pacifists, who preach non-resistance to such an extent that it is being carried into every field. Twenty years ago when a business man found competition encroaching on him and endangering his trade, he put up a fight. Invading another man's territory in those days meant warfare. Today a business man who finds competition threatening is far too likely to appeal to a trade commission or some other organization for aid. He becomes a trade mendicant. He puts his fight up to somebody else—and somebody else don't fight either. Twenty years ago business men sent out hard-boiled salesmen who sold goods. Today business sends out contract executives, who pussyfoot softly and sell service. If they are unable to sell, they blame business conditions, crops—everything except their own incapacity.

The little daughter recently born to the Duchess of York in Glamis Castle, Scatland, is third in line to the British throne. It is likely that all the royal family were hoping the baby would be a boy, and especially the child's uncle, the Prince of Wales It is rumored about that the Prince had promised his family and those high in political authority that if the baby were a girl he would marry within the next year. The future of the British throne must be looked after.

Prince of Wales is said to look longingly at bachelorhood but he is finding it increasingly difficult to withstand the demands from his government that he take a wife.—Lenoir News.

SOUVENIRS

By Lillian Easter Dillow

(Editor's Note:—Miss Lillian E. Dillow, of Baltimore, Md., author of this sketch, recently visited North Carolina, and her impressions of the State were sent to her kinswoman, Mrs. Frank M. Carlton, of Durham, who in turn passes it to The Uplift for publication.)

It is surprising to see the odd things brought back by persons as souvenirs from vacations. Most of it represents mere junk that litters up the house for a few days and finally is cast out. In other days a "whatnot" caught such articles. But the collection of souvenirs will never cease as every vacationist and traveler knows.

After a recent visit to North Carolina, the beautiful land of the South, I made an inventory to ascertain what I had brought back as souvenirs. I carried, with my traveling bag, only one souvenir, a piece of long leaf pine. But my collection of souvenirs from that attractive city of Durham was large. They constituted for the most part vivid memories that will last many a day. I lay the collection before you.

First, there is the long ride to the "Southland" with the view en route of the cotton and tobacco fields and magnolia trees. The picturesque cabins along the way and the negroes in the fields working leisurely. Then as I crossed the many bridges the sound of water swirling and dashing over the rocks is borne to me through the open window. A thrilling dawn, a lovely sunset comes to abide in my memory and brings me moments of joy. But this is not all. The birds! Song of robins and blue birds. A view of them in trees that literally brush my window sill all are mine though they have passed out of sight. Then there was the delight of nighttime in Dixie with its silvery moon and stars, veritable clusters of them, in dark blue of night as if a prodigal hand had strewn them.

Perhaps my souvenirs mentioned may be duplicated, but one souvenir better than all the rest I have kept until last and that is not duplicated in any other place—Friendliness. They call Durham the friendly city and well they may. One seems to have met these wonderful folks before because we meet them not as strangers but as friends long known.

SERVICE

There are strange ways of serving God;
You sweep a room or turn a sod,
And suddenly, to your surprise,
You hear the whirr of seraphim
And find you're under God's own eyes
And building palaces for Him.
—Herman Hogedorn in Christian Herald.

OLD HURRYGRAPH STILL YOUTHFUL

By' Mrs. Carl K. Parrish

A personel interview with "Old Hurrygraph," former writer of "Black Mountain Breezes," revealed entertaining and interesting facts.

"I came to North Carolina when quite a youth," he began.

"Then you are not a native of this state?" I immediately asked.

"No. I was born in Virginia—Orange, Virginia, July 11, 1854."

"Who were your parents, Mr. Robinson?" (His full name is James A. Robinson).

"John J. Robinson and Georgiana Robinson. I was the oldest of 10 children. My father had six boys and four girls, and his father had six boys and four girls."

"Is there any unusual history attached to your ancestry?" I inquired.

"Nothing except we were just plain common folks and good livers. We never did anything sensational—never made any big splurge in the world."

As "Old Hurrygraph" finished this remark his eyes twinkled and the corners of his mouth twitched into a broad smile.

Was Printer's Devil

By further questioning I learned that Mr. Robinson, at the age of 15 began work as a printer's devil. That's a place, he told me, "you get smutty—all blacked up."

At the age of 19 he was senior partner in editing his first newspaper in North Carolina; namely The Oxford Torchlight at Oxford. That was in 1873.

Six years later he edited The Winston Leader at Winston-Salem. Ensuing years found him in newspaper work at Goldsboro and Charlotte.

In 1889 he began publishing the Durham Sun at Durham, and for 23 years that paper came from the press without missing a single issue.

In 1911 Mr. Robinson sold The Durham Sun. Since that time he has become a free lance writer of sketches for both The Durham Sun and The Durham Herald.

In the last few years "Old Hurrygraph" has turned his attention to song writing. Some of his published songs are: "Twilight Dreams," "When I Miss You Most Sweetheart," "Everybody Loves a Little Loving Every Day," "A Kiss at the End of the Day."

"People tell me I am getting sentimental, but I tell them I'm just getting ripe," and with that remark Mr. Robinson laughed heartily.

"What is your hobby?" I inquired.

"Writing short paragraphs."

"To what do you attribute the success of a newspaper reporter?"

"Hard work in that it requires diligent search for news."

"What do you think of Western North Carolina papers?"

"They compare with the best of any other section."

"What's your philosophy of life?" I questioned.

"Smiling through and making others happy."

"What do you consider the chief things that make for success in life?"

"The text the minister preached

from at Montreat this morning—Faith, Hope and Love.''

Thus ended an interview with Mr. Robinson who for six weeks has lived and walked among us, and who possesses an enviable place in the hearts of the Black Mountain folks.

When "Old Hurrygraph'' departed Tuesday for Durham, he took part of the ''Black Mountain Breezes'' with him, for a refreshing, and inspiring, a unique character has gone

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A RESULTANT BENEFIT

(Smithfield Herald)

Pellagra is giving a lot of concern throughout North Carolina. In some communities it is a grave problem. In others it is not so serious. This is not a matter of transmission for the disease is not ''catching.'' Doctors well agree that it is a matter of diet and living conditions. Local practices largely affect diet and general living conditions. And herein is cause for Davidson County to be glad of the fact that it is one of the most nearly ''live-at-home'' counties in North Carolina. Davidson is away down toward the bottom in both the total number of reported pellagra cases and in the ratio of cases to the total population.

In some counties in North Carolina the disease is so prevalent that one out of every twenty is a sufferer. In others one of fifty and in quite a number one out of a hundred has the disease. The latest available reports indicate that not more than one out of each thousand of the county's population has been reported afflicted during the calendar year. The statistics may not be quite complete, but we dare say that they include most of the pronounced cases, and some cases that really arose before the first of this year. Many of these have improved considerably since treatment was begun. There will be other cases since our county as a whole cannot escape conditions resultant from the existing economic depression. But local food production is a barrier against alarming increase.

Several months ago C. A. Sheffield, assistant to the state director of farm extension work, spent a couple of hours here explaining to a group of eager farmers a chart showing how well this county is producing its own milk and butter, vegetables, eggs and chickens, its corn, wheat and other food and feed products. The chart showed Davidson is far ahead of the state record and vastly in advance of many counties. We have been reading some of the reports from various counties as to the estimated number of pellagra cases, and find it hard to separate these statistics from the food and feed statistics on the Sheffield chart. The relation appears definite and positive.

OBERAMMERGAU—THE PASSION VILLAGE—1930

By T. C. Bradley

It is called a "play," but in reality it is the passionate fulfillment of a scared vow, in a manner so sincere, so unaffected, so whole-souled that every aspect of the life of the charming village cradled in the embrace of the lovely Baravian Alps is permeated with the ennobling effects of devotion to an obligation undertaken three hundred years ago.

Many special trains from Munich and other railway junctions, as well as scores of motor busses from Innsbruck, Bolzano, and other centers poured a constant stream of visitors from all parts of the world into Oberammergau for several days preceding Sunday, May 11. One marveled at the capacity of the town to afford hospitality to the five thousand and more guests who were to assemble in the new auditorium just completed.

As the visitors arrived at Oberammergau, spellbound with the beauty of the great snow-capped encircling mountains, they were further thrilled by being met by quaintly dressed young men and boys, with hair down their shoulders and faces radiant with kindliness, eager to carry the hand baggage and pilot the visitors to the homes in which they were to be entertained. Interest was heightened upon learning that these helpers were to take part in the Passion Play.

For the past eight years the men, women, and children of the village have been preparing for this day. Virtually all the homes have been tastefully painted, within and without; every available room in the village has been prepared for guests; new supplies of bedding, linen, and tableware have been provided, and every home has been assigned its quoto of tickets for admission to the performance, truly a community enterprise in which every member takes a wholesome interest and bears a responsible share.

Not Commercialism

The villagers and housewives must have made large investments to insure the comfort of their guests, but if the home of Eduard Schmid is typical of the other homes in Obrammergau, no trace of "commercialism" is noticeable and the guests are conscious only of a most genuine desire to make them "feel at home" and as comfortable as possible. Open hearted friendliness and a desire to serve—not as of necessity but as a high privilege—created an atmosphere in the home which was a fitting prelude to the spirit which animated the presentation of the life of Him who came to be the servent of all.

The guests assigned to the home of Guido Mayr, who represented Judas in such a masterful manner, were served at the table by his daughter, a charming, unassuming girl who sang the leading soprano parts in the chorus. Thus from nearly every home came one or more members who participated in the performance. And herein lies the fascination of the presentation; their parts on the stage

were enacted with the simple grace and fervor and lack of professionalism, and in the same spirit of humbly and thankfully fulfilling a sacred obligation, as was the service rendered to the guests in their homes.

An offer of twelve million dollars from one of the leading moving-picture corporations of the right to screen this production was resolutely declined as being out of harmony with the original intention of the play. Every effort to commercialize the performance has been resisted, and this serious purpose to maintain the spiritual integrity of the performance and to hold to the ideals of discharging a sacred mission, seems to inspire the villagers and to give dignity, grace, and spiritual fervor to the participants.

"As the Hour Comes"

The morning of the first performance, Sunday, May 11, was rainy and cold. Cushions and rugs were required for the comfort of those who were to sit in the semi-open auditorium for eight hours. But physical discomforts were soon forgotten as the soul-stirring drama was introduced with the prelude and the chorus interpreting the first tableau. Then Anton Lang, who for so many years has held the admiration of the world for his remarkable representation of the Christ, stepped from the center of the semicircle of forty-eight uniformly robed members of the choir, and in clear, well-modulated tones extended a "welcome to all whom here the tender love of the Saviour united," closing the prologue with the earnest request to all to "pray with us, as the hour comes, when the debt of our sacred vow we pay to the supreme God."

The inclement weather continued throughout the day and as the front of the stage was open to the sky, and since many of the scenes were represented as being out-of-doors, the elements had a marked, though at the time almost unnoticed, effect upon the spectator. After being dark and rainy during the judgment scenes, the sunlight streamed forth in brightness upon broken-hearted Peter, as though symbolic of the Master's forgiveness and the brightness of the faith and courage which were to distinguish his discipleship in days to come. Rain failed to disconcert the choir, or those whose parts took them onto the open stage. All of them stoically continued the performance without a suggestion of hesitation. Clouds, rain, and wind came as a natural accomplishment of the crucifixion scene and heightened the sombre effectiveness of the stage setting. Thus the weather, as the music, wove itself harmoniously into the great theme and seemed eager to make its contribution to the earnest efforts of the humble actors in their passionate desire worthily to fulfill their vow.

The music, which is furnished by an orchestra of fifty pieces and a choir of forty-eight voices, is one of the outstanding features of the performance and suitably carries forward the movement of the drama in a dignified and impressive manner. Technical training has not been allowed to rob the voices of the charm of naturalness, and the choral pieces show the effects of careful training. It is remarkable that musical talent of such exceptional quality should be available in so small a community,

and that musicians should be found in that remote valley capable of adapting and composing music so effective in its appropriateness and simplicity.

OPPORTUNITIES COME DAILY

(Exchange)

Every life is periodically confronted with emergencies. Some people can call them opportunities. What you do in your emergencies determines your advance or your going back.

Here is an instance which will serve to make the point.

Years ago a farmer boy walked into a foundry and asked for a job. The foundry was laying off men instead of hiring them. But this farmer lad insisted on getting a job. It was in the dead of the winter. He hung onto the steps of the foreman until the man got angry. He was on the verge of throwing the rustic chap out when he remembered that there was a large chunk of iron out in the yard that needed breaking up before it could be thrown into the cupola. It was tons in weight, the result of the bottom falling out of the cupola a short time before.

"Come here," he shouted to the farmer boy. "I've got a job for you."

Taking the lad out into the lot, the foreman showed the youngster the block of iron and asked him if he thought he could get it broken up in time for the charge next day.

"Sure, I can," came back the lad. "Get me a dril, a tap, and some plugs, and I'll fix you all up."

The foreman, puzzled, but willing to humor the lad, got him an air drill, tap, and plugs.

The youngster drilled the chunk of iron full of holes, tapped them all, and then filled them with water and screwed in the plugs.

The water froze. The block of iron fell into as many pieces as there were holes—or nearly as many.

The farmer boy got a steady job —and later in life became the foreman of the same foundry.

Life is pretty much that way all around. The emergencies presented must be met by somebody. Are you capable of meeting them successfully? Are you training your mind to cope with trying situations should they present themselves? If you're not, why not?

"What is the matter?" asked the mother of a six-year old girl as she came home almost in tears after her first day in school.

"I don't like the teacher," she said.

"Why, you hardly know her. What has she done to you?"

"When I went in she said, 'You sit here for the present,' and she never brought it."—Exchange.

CARE FOR THAT TREE

(North Carolina Christian Advocate)

"Woodman, spare that tree," is the old injunction. But we have come to a more far-reaching consideration when we deal with the trees of the forests. Care and cultivation go along with preservation. Our reckleess destruction of the fine forests of America is our shame and it will yet prove our ruin unless we give more care to our woodland. Not many of our people appreciate the reckless way in which we have laid waste the glorious forests that have been centuries in the making. Especially true is this in the vast reaches of hill and valley east of the Mississippi.

Even here in North Carolina it is becoming plainly evident that something must be done to save us from the destruction being wrought by fire and the reckless hand of man. Many of the counties will not make a slight expenditure to save their lands from the ravages of fire by providing fire wardens. We are always much pleased in traveling along the highway to read the markers indicating the residence of a fire warden. Would that these were in every county! What a saving it would be from the desolation of forest fires.

Will we ever come to appreciate the necessity of caring for our pine lands of the east and our hard woods of the west? The water oak is a tree of such symetry and beauty as to render eastern Carolina one of the most beautiful lands under the sun were we to use it to best advantage. Vast stores of wealth and fine possibilities of landscape glories are wrapped up in our timber lands were we only wise enough to make the best possible use of these vast stretches.

Duke University has announced a department of forestry. Other efforts are being made looking to the same ends. Is it too much to hope for a better day in the care and culture of our forest lands? Is it possible for us to stop the wanton destruction which has been so widespread and serious for more than an hundred years?

Historic trees since the days of Abraham under the oak down to these present decades have taken deep hold upon the heart of men. Some of these trees are most dear to us and render sacred the scenes of our childhood. We are prepared to sympathize with Harry Williamson when he writes in the Progressive Farmer:

"Now I believe in capital punishment. For a long time I opposed the practice. The current 'crime wave' caused me to weaken, but now I am an out-and-out advocate of the death penalty—somebody has cut the shade trees from the yard of my old home place.

"The big walnut that stood so majestically in the corner of the yard, under the shade of which the family used to gather at the noon hour or in the evenings, has been sold for lumber. The old white mulberry out from the kitchen door beneath whose branches we played marbles, ate watermelons, and prepared the vegetables for cooking and canning, has been

cut for wood and the space around it, once shaded, put into a garden. The fruit trees, the cedars, and all the others are gone, and in their places there is nothing but bare, sun-stricken earth.''

HOME SENTIMENT

(Selected

A London paper offered a prize for the best definition of home. Here are some of the answers sent in:

The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is ''mother.''

The world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

An arbor that shades when the shunshine of prosperity becomes too dazzling; a harbor where the human bark finds shelter in the time of adversity.

Home is the blosson of which heaven is the fruit.

Home is the person's estate obtained without injustice, kept without disquietude; a place where time is spent without repentance and which is ruled by justice, mercy and love.

A grand old mirror, through which both sides of us are seen.

That source of comfort which youth does not appreciate, which the young men and maidens love and desire, which the middle-aged generally possess, which the old rightly value.

A hive in which like the industrious bee, youth garners the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed on.

The best place for a married man after business hours.

Home is the cosiest, kindest, sweetest place in all the world, the scene of our purest earthly joys and deepest sorrows.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failures of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

Where you are treated best and you grumble most.

Home is a central telegraph office of human love, into which run innumerable wires of affection, many of which, though extending thousands of miles are never disconnected from the great terminus.

The center of our affections around which our hearts' best wishes twine.

A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its care and annoyances.

A popular but paradoxical institution, in which woman works in the absence of man, and man rests in the presence of woman.

A working model of heaven, with real angels in the form of mothers and wives.

The place where all husbands should be at night.

THE YOUNGEST COUNCILOR

By Helen White Munro

"Go it, Sallie! Go it, Prue! Faster! Faster! You'll get there! Go! Go!"

Betty Barlow, the youngest councilor at Camp Kiwani, listened to the chorus of excited, girlish voices and watched the llong, even strokes of the swimmers. She tried to feel glad that the girls of her own group nine were coming out ahead in the race. But in spite of her best efforts, a lump kept filling her throat and her heart was heavy with homesickness and discouragement.

"Go it, Prue! Go it, Sallie! Faster! Faster!" The excitement was tense now. Sallie Salls, the strongest swimmer in group nine, was leading them. Prudence Foster, the best canoeist of the group, was showing herself almost equally as good a swimmer. To have one winner in group nine was an honor. But to have two of her girls come out ahead—Betty realized that she ought to be thrilled beyond words.

She would have been, she knew, had she been Miss Macon, the swimming instructor. But to be merely a new little hike leader—what did it matter whether the five girls in one's group accomplished anything or not?

There, it was over! Sallie had won, with Prue a close second. Miss Macon was congratulating them. So were a dozen others. Well, there was no way but to add her praises to the rest. No chance, even, to slip away alone for a good cry as she always had done at home when things went rong.

"We did it, Miss Barlow!" Sallie panted, clutching Betty's two hands in a mighty grip. "We've put group two 'way into the background, and they were our closest rivals."

"Good for you!" Betty managed to make her voice sound as though she really meant the words.

"Good work!" a big voice boomed in back of her. It was old Mr. Squires, the guest of honor and uncle to the camp director, Miss Henrietta Squires. "Shows good training. You girls are to be congratulated, I am sure, and your instructor, too."

How high Miss Macon held her head! She'd be more unapproachable than ever after this.

"My uncle has something to tell you girls," Miss Squires announced. "Listen, everybody!"

"I've been talking with my niece, here," the old gentleman asserted ponderously, stepping up onto one of the benches that overlooked the little lake, where everybody could see him. "She says that you've had every kind of a contest or race here. Only she had to own that your hiking, as you young folks call it, has been left out of the list."

He paused impressively. His audience waited with breathless anticipation. Wealthy and childless, old Mr. Squires had been their patron for years. Some of their most delightful doings had come through his planning.

"Now, I'm sort of old fashioned," he went on at last. "I believe that folks nowadays don't use their legs for walking half enough. Swimming's all right, but walking is better. Some scientists say that if we keep on rid-

ing in automobiles, we won't have any legs at all after a few generations. So, to avert such a sad fate as that, I'm going to encourage hiking all I can.''

Betty was listening hard, a new look of interest brightening her face. Could it be that there was actually to be that there was actually to be a chance in her own special line? Fay Morrison, the hardiest hiker in group nine, came and slipped her arm around her, aquiver with excitement.

''So I'm offering a silver cup,'' old Mr. Squires went on, "to the group that wins in a hiking contest I've planned out. It may not be a contest arranged according to rule, but it'll show whether you can walk, all right. And in addition to the cup,'' he fairly stood on his toes, he was so excited himself, ''to the girl who proves to have been in the best trim for the trip, I'll give a pair of the best snow shoes on the market.''

"I'll read the conditions of the contest at assembly tomorrow morning,'' Miss Squires announced in a tone that dismissed them all without further talk.

Long after the girls were in their cots that night, in the cabin occupied by group nine, the excited chatter went on in low undertones. Betty, in charge, did not reprimand them. She sat down on the steps to think it all over.

The other councilors had built a camp fire down near the lake, but she had no desire to join them there. They all seemed so much older and more capable than she that never, during the two weeks she had been here, had she felt one bit at home with them.

How excited she had been, back there at home, when Aunt Mary secured this position for her—Aunt Mary, who could always manage so efficiently.

''They wanted to know if you could swim and do half a dozen other similar things,'' Aunt Mary explained that night, ''and I had to own that you couldn't. But when it came to hiking—I knew we had them there. You haven't tramped all over this county, from end to end, for nothing. They thought you were rather young, but I convinced them that you'd do.''

So Betty, full of happy anticipation, arrived at Camp Kiwani. She had pictured herself taking charge of her group of girls with beautiful dignity, in spite of her mere eighteen years and her extremely small stature.

Her heart rather misgave her when she saw her charges. None of the five had reached the age of fifteen. But they happened to be well grown girls, all of them. Fay Morrison and Sallie Salls were each several inches taller than Betty. Emma Wallace was many inches wider. Helen Prentice and Prudence Foster were as tall, with large, square frames that made Betty look tinier than ever.

It was there that the trouble began. The minute those girls saw her, they liked her, she could see. But as for dignity—why, they didn't even give her a chance to have any!

''Isn't she sweet!'' she overheard one of the girls saying to another. ''And so little!''

''Yes, she's dear!'' the other returned in a funny, grown-up tone. ''But she's altogether too little and young to be a councilor. I heard Miss Squires say so, herself. She said she'd never be able to keep our group

in order."

"We'll have to keep ourselves in order, then," the first said. "It would be a shame for such a sweet thing as she is to get in dutch with Miss Squires."

The five girls assumed a protective air after that. Cabin rules were strictly adhered to. No group of girls stood higher as to order and conduct, much to the mystification of Miss Squires.

The other councilors were pleasant but, it seemed to sensitive Betty, very, very condescending. They, too, assumed a protective manner that was irritating in the extreme. They made frequent remarks about how little she was, how young to be a councilor—why, just out of high school! It almost drove Betty to thoughts of giving up the whole thing.

As for her hike-leadership, however, no one could criticize that. Tirelessly, she took one group after the other on long, delightful tramps. She seemed by instinct to select the most interesting routes and find the most enchanting things on the way. She knew the trees, the flowers, the birds, and could create an immense amount of enthusiasm about them among the girls. She taught them to build a camp fire of almost nothing and cook a delectable lunch over it in no time at all. Miss Squires, whose keen eyes and ears let nothing escape them, was filled with satisfaction, though Betty had no suspicion of that.

If group nine could win in that contest, Betty considered as she sat there on the steps, and the contest be really a notable one—that would be something worth while. She could hold her head as pridefully high as Miss Macon had over the swimming. It would show them that, in spite of her youth and smallness, she was as successful in her line as the very oldest and most experienced councilor in the camp.

The rules of the contest, which was to cover several days, were given out the following morning. The girls were full of glee. The five mile course, across the big pasture, over Cobble Hill, around by the little village and home again, was familiiar tramping ground for all of them. Each group felt sure that victory would be easy.

The camp was to be divided into two sections. Miss Landers, the last year's hike leader, was to have charge of five groups, and Betty of the other five. Group by group, they were to compete against each other until the poorest were eliminated and the fittest stood victorious.

"Girls! Let's show them!" Betty's voice was very, very eager on the last morning of the contest. One by one the groups had lost out. Now group nine and group two stood alone for the final showdown. Even the usual assistant councilors were eliminated. Betty and Miss Landers were to lead alone.

"We'll show them; don't you worry!" Fay Morrision assured her. "We haven't done all that extra hiking with you without being in pretty good trim."

"Haven't we put every other group we've been up against into the discard with no trouble at all?" Sallie asked staunchly.

"Group two is a group of natural hikers." Unconsciously Betty was assuming some of the dignity of her

position. "They, also, have won easily over the others they've met. They're our closest rivals in every line. They won't give up in this without putting up a big fight—we may as well recognize that fact."

The route across the big pasture was rough and stony, but nobody noticed that. Group two,, with Miss Landers, kept well abreast of group nine for the first half hour. There was a great deal of good-natured banter, merry joking back and forth, and snatches of song from both sides.

At Cobble Hill the route divided. There were two peaks to Cobble, and the distance was exactly equal. Group two chose the left hand trail. Group nine took the one to the right.

"Remember, this isn't a running race," Miss Landers reminded them as they parted. "And you have to keep together."

"As though we didn't know that!" Fay exploded when they were out of hearing.

The hill climbing was not so easy, but every girl in group nine reached the summit fresh and smiling. They wave at group two which had reached waved at group two which had reached time.

"This contest may prove to be a tie," Prudence remarked as they began the descent. "Here we are, nearly half way, and as even as we were when we started."

"It mustn't be a tie—we've simply got to win," Betty's voice was full of determination.

She saw the girls glance at each other at that, and nod understandingly. Their pace quickened perceptibly. What dears they were to try so hard to please her. And what hikers! The only difficulty was that group two was comprsied of superior hikers, too.

The way lay through a stretch of wood-land now—close-growing spruces that shut out the view on every side. Would group two meet them when they emerged from the woods at the place where both trails entered the highway, a quarter of a mile farthon? That was the question that was on every tongue as they strode along tirelessly. No one was singing now, nor even joking. Their breath must be saved for the long pull around by the village.

Sunshine, at last, out in the open. The cross road, little traveled but smooth and inviting, lay just over the low rail fence. The girls of group nine paused a moment at the brook for a drink, watching and listening for their opponents. Could they be late in coming? Or was it possible they had already gone on. The road curved in and out among the knolls and trees. It was impossible to see far ahead.

"Don't waste an instant," Betty urged, leading the way over the fence. "If we're in the lead, now is one chance to gain on them. If we are—"

She did not finish the sentence.

A very small girl with very red eyes was accosting them as they started along the road. She came from the dilapidated farm house near by.

"Are you going to the village?" she asked in anguished tones.

"Why, yes," Betty returned, patting the ragged shoulder reassuringly.

"Will you stop at Mrs. Wellington's," she begged, "and tell my mother—she's Mrs. Blake and is work-

ing there—that grandma says to come home quick and bring the doctor—the baby's worse.''

''But—but'' Betty gasped uncertainly. She actually turned to Fay Morrison, hoping she would take the lead in this unexpected turn of events.

But Fay looked as helpless as she. So did the other girls. It was almost impossible to resist such an appeal. The poor child seemed nearly frantic. And a sick baby—

''Have any other girls gone past here?'' Betty asked with a sudden thought.

''Yes,'' the little one sobbed. ''I asked 'em to take the word in. But the cross-looking lady said they hadn't time—that I'd have to watch for an automobile. But automobiles don't go by here much. And the baby chokes so—''

''We haven't time either—'' Sallie Salls began. All the girls looked expectantly at Betty. Quite evidently they felt that Miss Lander's example ended the matter.

Why did this have to come up? It seemed to Betty the most unopportune event possible. Group two was ahead of them—gaining every instant while they hesitated here. And if they stopped to hunt up a house in the village! Yet that baby—

''We ought to take the the message,'' she asserted with sudden determination.

The girls' faces, as she turned to them, grew suddenly obstinate. Not a single one seemed to agree with her. What if they refused—insisted on finishing the race without interruption? They wouldn't listen to her, she could tell by their expressions—they'd do as they liked regardless.

''And let group two beat us?'' Fay Morrison demanded savagely.

Fay never had looked so big and overwhelming before. All five seemed to tower above Betty in an indignant, menacing mass.

But the real perspective of the affair had suddenly become very clear to Betty. What was winning a race—compared with a life—compared even with a humane act to relieve a child like this?

''There are bigger things than races,'' she told the girls very, very quietly. ''We'll take your message, little girl. Give us the names once more to make sure.''

Would the girls of group nine mutiny? Betty's heart stood still at the very thought. But right was right.

She started on, her head held high. If only she were Miss Landers, now, the girls would listen to her. Why, they had listened! They were hiking along beside her looking, one and all, as though she had done the one and only thing that could have been done under the circumstances.

''Double quick, girls, and we'll make up for the time we'll lose finding that Mrs. Blake,'' Fay ordered, and they all redoubled their efforts.

''There's group two,'' Prue exclaimed a few moments later. ''Someone's having shoe trouble and they've all had to stop and wait for her. Hurry! It gives us a chance.

It was not far into the village. The question was where to find Mrs. Wellington's. ''It's a brick house,'' the child had told them. But the village seemed full of brick houses. It was a matter of time to locate the

place and give the word directly to the weary-looking mother whose eyes brightened with gratitude before anxiety filled them again.

"They're well ahead of us," Sallie said as they started on at last. "But we'll catch them yet."

It did seem as though it might be done. Swaying along in the best of trim, they gained steadily on the group ahead. Then with a sudden spurt and derisive yell over their shoulders, group two regained their advantage. They did not keep it long, however. Group nine by a mighty effort nearly closed in on them again.

"If only the camp were a little farther off," Fay hissed through set lips, as the Kiwani buildings came in sight.

"We'd make it if we could, Miss Barlow," Sally panted apologetically. "They've got too much of a start on us. It's beyond anybody to get ahead of them now."

"Did—are you sorry we did what we did?" Betty managed to ask. Her own breath was coming quickly and she felt a sudden overwhelming weariness. It was heart-breaking to lose this race when so much depended on it. But right was right. And that mother's eyes—oh, it was worth while!

"Sorry! I should say not," Fay told her. "We'd be feeling pretty miserable by now if we hadn't done as we did."

So it came about that, at the final assembly, the cup and the snow shoes were presented to group two by the beaming Mr. Squires. Betty and her girls sat very close together, trying hard not to let any regrets at their part in the race creep in. It hurt not to be the victorious ones. But there was a satisfaction—

What was Mr. Squires saying! He was holding another cup in his hands —the most marvelous cup ever seen at Camp Kiwani.

"For several years," he was explaining, "this cup has been waiting to be claimed. To win it is the high-honor obtainable here. It goes to the group which has saved a life during the season. For the first time since the organization of Kiwani this has been done. We have had to piece the story together from fragments obtained at the village. All the details are not clear. But the fact is indisputable that word carried by group nine under rather difficult circumstances brought mother and doctor barely in time to save a baby's life. And so I am happy to present—"

Five minutes later Betty stood holding the wonderful cup, the girls of group nine gathered close. The other groups were cheering wildly.

Betty Barlow listened to the chorus of excited, girlish voices. She met the approving eyes of the older persons in the assembly. Even Miss Squires was smiling at her without a hint of condescension.

Being the youngest councilor, she decided, was not so bad, after all. Group nine had indeed been the winners.

"Success does not consist in showing how bad your competitor is."

THE VALUE OF TRUTH

(Boys' Industrial School Journal)

Once upon a time there was a boy who owned a toothless, useless, old Shepherd dog—even as many other boys.

The dog was a faithful, old fellow who, like all good and true dogs, would have given his life to save his young master from even the slightest harm.

The boy was a normal boy, like many other otherwise good and true boys, would lie on time when he could have gotten the cash for the truth.

And thereby hangs the tale—the faithfulness of the dog and the willingness of the boy to lie.

Like every normal boy, our young villian was tenderly, yet roughly, fond of the faithful, old dog.

In fact, there were times without number almost, when the faithful, old dog risked his life to protect not only the untruthful boy, but also the bad boy's little brothers and sisters In truth, the dog was a noble beast —a real dog, possessed of every good trait of character a faithful old dog should have.

Once, so the story goes, and herein told merely to illustrate the intelligence and faithfulness of the old dog, the bad boy's younger sister was playing about a newly-dug water well unknown to her parents. The well was uncovered and unwalled. The little sister was curious, like all girls, and thought she simply must gaze into the new well. But the faithful, old dog knew it was not best that little sister look in the well, so he, guided by instinct or intelligence—call it what you will—stubbornly maintained a staunch position between little sister and the well, edging her back and away from it. She imagined the faithful old dog rather mean, but he merely acted, when discovered in his noble work, as though he was simply doing his duty to his young master, for his young and untruthful master was sincerely fond of little sister.

The untruthful boy had a father even as all good and bad boys. whether or not the bad boy's father fully realized the untruthfulness of his young son, the chronicler of this tale knows not. The story does say, however, that the bad boy's father was a stern father, one of the fathers who honestly believed that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. It happens, however that the rod of the stern father did not correct the untruthfulness of the bad boy. The bad boy persisted in his untruthfulness until—

The stern father of the bad boy decided the days of usefulness of the faithful, old dog were past and that he must die. The stern father did not tell the bad boy of his intention. He merely procured a gun and tendered it unto two semi-mature youths with instructions to take the faithful, old dog out to the city dumping grounds and there slay and bury.

Like all bad boys our bad boy had a chum. This chum learned of the impending murder, of the bad boy's faithful, old dog, and forthwith informed the bad boy of the instruc-

tions given the youths.

With tear-stained face and quivering lips the bad boy ran to the stern father and plaintively begged him to spare the life of his faithful old dog. This is the only time history records the stern father wavered in a decision, and finally gave way to the impassioned, tearful pleas of the bad boy.

"Son," said the stern father, "little did I realize your fondness for 'Old Shep' or never would I have given this order. It is fully two miles to where Shep has been taken to be killed. If you love the faithful, old fellow as you say you do, run and tell the boys I said Shep was not to be killed."

Picture you the joy of that young heart at these words. Never did young feet travel faster than on that long-ago day as the bad boy fairly flew down that long, country road to the rescue of his faithful, old dog.

After what seemed hours to the bursting lungs and aching heart of the bad boy, he arrived at the entrance of the ground selected where Old Shep's noble blood had been ordered let out upon the green earth.

A prayer of thankfulness in his soul, the bad boy reached the side of his old pal, who, because of the flying feet of the bad boy, still lived and wagged his tail in eager welcome to his young master.

Throwing himself upon the body of his faithful, old dog, the bad boy, gasping for breath between words, imparted to the youths the orders—the pardon—the stern father had issued.

No hard-hearted villian's laugh of scorn at the helplessness of his victim ever rang through the calm air more tauntingly or jeeringly than did the unbelieving voices of the youths. They did not believe! They knew the untruthfulness of the bad boy and thought this merely another untruth. Why should they believe him? Was he not a known liar?

So while one of the executioners held the bad boy, the other tightly tied Old Shep and murdered him—for his murder it surely was to so wantonly take the life of the faithful old dog.

The then bad boy, now long grown to manhood, can still vividly see the life blood gushing from the cruel wounds of the faihtful old dog. Oh, God, what had Old Shep ever done to merit such an ignominious death? And his young master—his pal—cruelly held helplessly within his view. Every bullet a bullet of bitterness, lodged in the heart of the bad boy, welling until his young heart was filled with murder! Helpless, both he and faithful old Shep. Heaven sent unconsciousness spared the bad boy witnessing the end.

Hours later, it seemed, the bad boy sobbingly awakened in his room. He was being tenderly watched over by his always kind and loving mother. Vainly she tried to quiet the tears and sobs of her son, who seeming could say nothing except:

"Mother, they have killed Shep. Why, oh, why did they kill him?" This phrase he aimlessly, heart-brokenly repeated, grief-stricken as only a boy can be.

Finally the bad boy became quiet enough for his mother to talk to him and make him comprehend.

These were the words of wisdom spoken on that day by the bad boy's

mother:

"Son, listen. Father told the boys to kill Shep and afterward told you to tell them not to."

"Yes, Mother; but they wouldn't believe me and I saw them kill him."

"I know son: they killed him because they had no reason to believe you. Mother knows as the boys know, that you tell lies. Maybe Father does not—I do not know. Son, it is because you lie that Shep is dead. If you had been a truthful boy, Shep would now be here with you, resting his loving old head in my lap as I talk to my dear son. He would be listening and seemingly understanding every word I speak to you. But, my boy, you are untruthful, and this is your punishment. I love my boy too much to hurt him, but, my son, take heed and speak not falsely, or some day it may mean the loss of a life far more dear to you than even that of Old Shep." Old shep was gone, never to return; but everfaithful he died not in vain, for upon his blood there grew a truthful man.

And the moral of this true story is: Be truthful, always.

MEMORY OF AMERICA'S FIRST WHITE CHILD IS HONORED WITH DEDICATION AT MANTEO

The state and the nation tonight had memoralized the birth 343 years

The state and the nation tonight had memorialized the birth here 343 years ago of Virginia Dare, first white child of English parentage to see the light of day under new world skies.

A memorial gateway erected by the United States government on the site of Sir Walter Raleigh's ill-fated colony where Virginia Dare was born seven days after the landing, was dedicated.

Dr. Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, delivered the dedicatory address.

To Manteo, faithful Indian friend of the colonists for whom this town was named, honor also was paid. A pillar of the gateway is dedicated to him.

Virginia Dare was the child of Eleanor Dare, wife of Annanias Dare, and daughter of John White, governor of the colony. Not long after her birth the pioneers disappeared, leaving no trace save the word "Croatan," the name of a friendly Indian tribe, carved upon a tree. Their fate remains a subject for legend.

Dr.Henderson in his address termed Sir Walter Raleigh "the creative colonizing mind of the Elizabethan age." The chronicle of the new world had its introduction with the Raleigh patent in 1584 to search out and discover lands "not inhabited by Christian people," he said.

Captain W. H. Kindervator, of the United States army reserve corps, was in charge of the construction of the memorial. Dorothy Pruden, of Edenton, accepted for the Roanoke Colony Memorial association.

THE DINING ROOM MIRROR

By S. S. Times

Mrs. Butler had been ill a long time, and Ruth and Herbert and John had been left to the care of a housekeeper, who was a good woman, but rather careless, and the three children—well, I don't like to tell it, but it may help some children—had dreadful table manners. Mrs. Butler was much distressed about it, but he was a busy man who had to leave home before the children were up in the morning and often was kept out until after their bedtime, so that Sundays were almost the only days when he had a chance to help them, and then it seemed hopeless.

Finally Aunt Fanny came to stay with them for a while, and Mr. Butler talked very seriously to the children about being nice and showing Aunt Fanny what good children they could be. Of course they all promised, but the very first day they all forgot, and Aunt Fanny was shocked. But being a wise lady she said nothing.

"Why, Aunt Fanny, you've changed the furniture around in the dining room!" cried Ruth when dinner was served next day. "How odd it looks."

"Yes, I rather like to turn things about," said Aunt Fanny. "Ruth, you may sit next to me, though I'll not promise that you'll have the same always, for it's nice to shift about".

Right in the midst of eating her soup Ruth laid down her spoon and stared. In the mirror opposite was a little girl cramming crackers in her mouth at a great rate, and both her elbows were on the table. At last the little girl in the mirror took one elbow off and then another, and although it was a cloudy day Ruth saw who the girl was. She turned as red as a poppy and kept looking back often to see if the girl was doing anything wrong.

"Well, how nice and clean your place is at the table, dear!" said Aunt Fanny. "I do love to see well-behaved little girls."

Next day John was allow to sit by Aunt Fanny, and he saw a small boy with a bushy looking head and a necktie all awry before Aunt Fanny came in from the kitchen, where she had been called by the housekeeper. "Will you please excuse me a minute?" asked the little boy, slipping down from his place.

When he came back the tie was straight and his hair was brushed. His hands were still wet on the backs and aroung the wrists, but nobody said anything about it. He kept looking at the boy in the mirror and for the whole meal his elbows were where they ought to be and his mouth was not stuffed full of food, though there was chicken that day.

"It's a pleasure to make good things for nice children," said Aunt Fanny, never looking at Herbert at all. "Now some children get gravy on the cloth and spill things dreadfully, but John's place is tidy".

"So is mine!" said Ruth, who had twisted around, for glimpses of the little girl several times. "I think of Herbert could have a mirror oppo-

site him he'd soon do better, too, Auntie."

"Is that why you changed the buffet, Aunt Fanny?" asked Herbert with wide open eyes.

"Yes, one reason for it. I wanted you children to see yourselves as others see you. That is what mirrors are for, you know."

"Yesterday I saw myself in the big mirror in the living room when I was angry," said Ruth, "and it was dreadful. But Aunt Fanny, we can't have a mirror before us all the time, can we?"

"Yes, dear, in a way we can," said Aunt Fanny. "The Bible is our mirror, and when we look into it we see the things that are wrong in our lives just as clearly as you see table faults in the dining room mirror. What was your verse yesterday, dear?"

"'Little children, love one another,'" said Ruth, with downcast face. "And I quarreled with Edith," she added in a low voice. "I guess I was looking away from the mirror when I got angry with Edith."

"Even grown folks are careless, dear," said Aunt Fanny. "And now, do you want the mirror moved back where you cannot see yourselves at the table?"

"No! no! no!" cried three small voices. "We want it to help us."

So the mirror is there to this very day, but it never shows any children with shocking table manners any more, only well-behaved, polite boys and a small girl, who are the delight of their father and the comfort of their mother who is back at her old place at the table well and happy.

SUMMER MORNING

On summer mornings early
  I go out all alone,
Before the rest are up, to see
  How much my garden's grown.

I like to see the sun get up
  And climb into the sky,
And watch the mother birdies teach
  Their babies how to fly.

I like the summer morning time
  There's such a lot to see;
And I just feel that every bit
  Of it belongs to me!

—Apples of Gold.

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT

(The Enquirer)

"There's the last of these old plantain leaves," cried Richard, flinging a bunch over the fence. "Now the flower beds are weeded and I can sit down and rest."

"And so will I, too," put in Uncle Dick, as he seated himself beside Richard. "Was it hard work weeding plantains?"

"My back aches," replied Richard. "I hate weeding plantains, they are so hard to get rid of."

"Did you ever find any growing out in the woods?"

"I don't believe I ever did; only in lawns or garden's close to somebody's house," Richard replied.

"The Indians call plantain 'The White Man's Foot,' because they believe that wherever the white man chooses to dwell this weed is sure to spring up. They have quite a pretty legend as to its origin."

"Tell it," urged Richard. So Uncle Dick told his nephew this story:

"Once, a long time ago, there lived a beautiful Indian princess named Wawonda. She was the only child of her father, the great chief Grey Eagle, and the idol and darling of the tribe.

"Her home was in a beautiful valley, where her people lived in peace and plenty, spending their days in hunting and fishing, and tilling the rich land, in fashioning bows and arrows and curious pipes out of red sandstone.

"For three moons, she had been betrothed to White Wolf, a brave of remarkable strength and prowess. Before the next moon, being the moon of blossoms, she was to become his bride.

"Great was the rejoicing among the tribe at the prospect, for, said they, 'Were Grey Eagle now to die, still our tribe would have a chief.'

"One day, the white men came from a far away land.

"The kind-hearted Indians took them in and gave them the best they had.

"When the white men suddenly left, the beautiful princess disappeared with them.

"Great was the grief among the Indians. Search parties were formed, but the white men had covered up their tracks so skilfully that the Indians could not find the trail.

"At last a clue was revealed to the great medicine man, or priest. Kneeling, he pointed to something on the ground. It was only a little plant, but different from any they had ever before seen. It was the plantain leaf.

" 'This is the white man's foot,' said the medicine man, 'it will guide us in our search.' And after many days they at length found the white men, and rescued the captive princess.

"And that's why the Indians say the plantain is so hard to get rid of," concluded Uncle Dick. "'Tis the curse on the white man for ingratitude and faithlessness."

INSTITUTION NOTES

next issue of The Uplift goes to press.

Mr. Wm. J. Wingate, of Lincolnton, the latest addition to our teaching staff, has taken charge of the boys of the schoolroom left by Mr. George Grove, who is to teach in the Smithfield High School.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Scarboro, officer and matron in charge of the sixth cottage have returned to the school after spending their vacation at the beach.

Miss Vernie Goodman, secretary to Supt. Boger, is away on her vacation. We wish her a pleasant time.

James Ivey, one of our old boys, has been visiting us for the past few days. James has been employed in a West Virginia coal mine for several months. He was paroled by Supt. Boger three years ago.

For the past few days the barn boys have been hauling coal and gravel. Due to wet weather they have been unable to work on the farm.

A group of boys, under the supervision of Mr. Sappenfield, have been sorting Irish potatoes which are in our school basement.

Twelve boys were paroled last week making a total of seventy-two since the first of August.

Rev. Paul Harding, Jr., pastor of the Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His sermon was enjoyed very much by all present.

The boys of the Printing Office have been very busy for the last few days printing our Biennial Report. We hope to have it finished before the

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GREED AND FEAR

Otto H. Kahn, nationally known financial figure, in an article in which he gives some of his views on the period of financial depression through which the country is now passing, stresses the necessity of keeping calm and steady during such times as these.

Writing on the dangers of giving away to despair during hard times, Kahn has the following to say:

"The two very worst counsellors in any situation are greed and fear. Too many of us, in the spring and summer of 1929, permitted ourselves to be swayed by the former. Too many of us, now, are being impelled by the latter. The sooner we stop talking one another into a blue funk, spreading the contagion of exaggerated apprehensions, and thereby undermining confidence and laming enterprise, the sooner we shall pass out of the shadow of the present emergency."—Edenton News.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 20, 1930. No. 34

HEALTH

Health is the greatest blessing we can wish to have, for sickness prevents the enjoyment of the blessings that Providence showers upon us. And if we attempt to compare health of body with health of soul, we will find that health of soul is by far the most important. Our bodies are our possession for a limited time, but our souls live throughout eternity. Therefore, it is of vital importance that our souls should be in perfect health. A diseased soul is a tragedy, and when men are willing to pay large sums of money to cure diseased bodies, surely there are those who are willing to spend their time and money to cure diseased souls.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

CANCEL THE UNKIND WORDS

Some of the older boys and girls have doubtless studied cancellation in school But there is another kind of cancellation that can be used by boys and girls of all ages. For example, two boys were speaking of another boy:

"He is so slow in games," said one.

"Yes," replied the other, "but he always plays fair."

"He is so stupid in school," said the first boy.

"But he always studies hard,' answered the second.

Thus, you see, every unkind word spoken by the first boy was canceled by a kind word from the second. Suppose that the next time we hear an unkind word we try to cancel it by putting a kind one in its place.

—Apples of Gold.

SPLENDIDLY OBSERVED

Made-in-Carolina Week received the attention of the people throughout the State. The public spirited officials of big business concerns showed great interest, emphasizing the Carolina made products, placing them in conspicuous places of their establishments. This project, sponsored by the Department of Conservation and Development, with the earnest support of Gov. O. Max Gardner, was an unqualified success. The whole object was to educate and interest North Carolinians in the home made products. This affair should be observed annually, because many changes can take place in the

industrial life of the state within twelve months. In short this campaign has succeeded in bringing closer home to the majority the number and kind of goods made at home and benefits realized from purchasing them. Let our slogan be "know your own state." Governor Gardner's two projects, "live-at-home and made-in-Carolina," have stimulated interest in the activities as well as the needs of the Old North State.

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SHAMROCK V ALL SET

Despite the stormy 23 day crossing of the Atlantic, Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock V, has arrived and is awaiting the international yacht races to be held off New Port, R. I. this month. This will be Sir Thomas' fifth attempt to win the coveted prize that America has held for 79 years. This 81 year old sportsman is a genial Irishman and is receiving an unusual welcome in New York, because of his fine sportsmanship. He has spent millions to regain for England a battered old mug actually worth $150. He is buoyant with the thought that he has the yacht that can turn the trick and thereby take back the "old Mug" that has been in possession of the New York yacht club for many, many years. England prides herself upon possessing some of the finest seaman and sailing craft in the world, so naturally there will be some disappointment if our English cousins are outwitted by the Americans, who can not boast of a history of ancient date. No doubt the genial Irishman thinks the Americans have no further use for the "old mug" since they have nothing to put in it, but the Boston owned "Yankee' will make the contest interesting for the Shamrock V.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

AMERICANS VERY AMUSING

The peerless French flyer, Coste, thinks the Americans are very amusing, and intends, or expresses a desire to take an American on his next flight. This remark from the Frenchman shows that the Americans have been unusually nice to him at least. There is one thing about the Americans, they can be unusually amusing if they so choose, but if they "do not choose" they can adapt themselves to conditions. They are versatile. The flight

from New York to Texas, about 1,700 miles was made by the French flyer in something less than twelve hours—but who would not attempt to make the flight for a purse of $25,000? Lindbergh sprang suddenly from an unknown air mail pilot to national fame; Coste's recent success climaxes a long record of extraordinary flying. Which of the two is the greater hero? Lindbergh, to us, is a prefect hero, he has never lent himself to the ballyhoo of showmanship, and to capitalize upon his heroic achievement has never been permitted. Coste and Bellonts have been universally hailed for their fine flight from Paris to New York—to say the Americans "are amusing" is the Frenchman's way of saying the Americans are clever.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE BOYDEN MEMORIAL ATHLETIC FIELD

The people of Salisbury, not oblivious to the valuable and long service Col. A. H. Boyden rendered for public education, in his county and city, named one of the finest institutions of the kind the Boyden High School—a commendable recognition from a splendid people to a man of great power who loved his people and kept their interest at heart at all times. This institution, in the way of equipment, will be materially advanced by the gift of an athletic field presented by Mr. and Mrs. Burton Craig, Winston-Salem, the later the daughter of Col. Boyden. It will be known as the Boyden Memorial Athletic Field, and when equipped for football and baseball with a stadium seating 2,500 will be just what Col. Boyden, Salisbury's patron of education, would have desired—the whole unit meaning a finer mentality with a finer and better developed physique.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

RESPECT FOR THE CONSTITUTION

Since the courts cannot control universal lawlessness pervading the country it is time to call upon the ministry to emphasize respect for the Constitution. This is timely as taken from the Christian Advocate:

> The ministers of North Carolina were requested to preach sermons appropriate to the beginning of Constitution week which has been inaugurated to secure a better understanding of and respect for the con-

stitution which is fundamental in our government. The preachers of North Carolina will do well to heed this request and if not convenient to preach upon this subject next Sunday grasp the first opportunity to do so. It is the meat and drink of many so-called good citizens to flout certain sections of the constitution of the United States, because it is not according to their taste. Respect for the constitution, for law nad for the courts is the crying demand of these times. The executive department of the government has no right to annul the actions of the courts, and much less a private citizen. Let the preachers turn their heaviest artillery upon those who flout the constitution and disregard the law and your pews will fill with applauding citizens while the guilty parties will raise such a howl as you have not heard for many moons. But when it is all over the righteous will have occasion to rejoice because victory belongeth to God.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

SAY PEW, NOT BENCH

The following advertisement appeared in one of the splendidly edited exchanges that comes to this office: church building for sale, including organ, benches, etc. It sounds so much better to say pews, even if they are home made, especially since they are part of the church furnishings. If impossible to term them pews say seats—it sounds better.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

According to school facts there are about twenty two log school houses in the state. The little log school house has about departed, it will soon be a thing of the past. There are nineteen in Caswell county; one each in Durham, Halifax and Person counties. These are used by negro children. Consolidation has eliminated the one teacher school where the parents of many high school children were taught reading, writing and arithmetic "to the tune of a hickory stick."

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

"Just being happy
  If a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side,
  Rather than the blue;
Sad or sunny musing
  Is largely in the choosing,
And just being happy
  Is a brave work, and true."

—o—

Chance is of itself a thing apart, but it is man's greatest opportunity. The reason we of today are flying in airplanes, riding in automobiles and enjoying luxuries such as the world has never known before is that somebody took a chance. Had it not been for that—or that myriad of somebodies—we would still be living in caves and doing our marketing with flinthead arrows. Somebody took a chance when he decided it might be well for a man to eat the dinosaur, instead of leaving it the exclusive privilege of the dinosaur to eat man. Somebody took a chance when he took advantage of spontaneous combustion, or a lightning stroke, and built a fire to warm his cave and cook his meal instead of eating it raw. Somebody took a chance—and a long one—when he ate the first mushroom. Columbus took a chance. Wilbur Wright took a chance. Benjamin Franklin took a chance. Everybody who has ever contributed anything to the advancement of mankind in general or himself in particular has taken a chance. He has been willing to risk something to gain a great deal. The man who has never taken a chance has never justified his existence. He has been content to live in a chrysalis of cautious safety, like a moth yet undeveloped. He gropes his way through life without gaining anything of merit, either in fortune or experience. He brings nothing into the world, creates nothing and leaves nothing behind him, save a memory which perhaps endures beyond the day of his funeral. Every great and small fortune has been founded by somebody who took a chance, often a wild chance that his more conservative neighbors regarded as folly.

—o—

Keep your hours of relaxation unruffled and sweet. Keep out the worries, and cares that vex and fret you in business hours. The lunch table is no place to settle disputes when things are not going smoothly. These things make for indigestion, just as laughter and the care-free mind insures ready assimulation of the food and the good health which accompanies it. More than happiness is wrecked by the family quarrel. A squabble means that the next meal and probably several thereafter will be undigested horrors and sapped constitutions will be the portion of those who partake in them. This is sound advice, but how many will follow it? The healthy man is the one who leaves his trials and tribulations inside of his office when he goes to the noon meal or to his home for the night The human dynamo who never ceases to figure and who takes his puzzles to bed with him may rise faster and go further in the way of material suc-

cess, although in a heavy proportion of cases this is to be doubted, but he will not live longer and so happily. The digestion is to wait upon good appetite, the mind must be free and at ease with itself and the world.

—o—

We Americans are whole-hoggers. We do nothing by halves. Therefore we are off on a hot trail, using psychiatry on our prospective employes, on our school children; in fact, on everybody except the psychiatrists themselves—and that probably wouldn't be considered good form. Psychiatry is the study of the mind. They say if you "don't do it this way you are a social and business failure." Advertisements scream at us from every printed page showing how vitally important it is for us to have our hair cut on the bias, our faces massaged with gooey mud, our clothes of this or that style. Our breakfast must contain so many milmion calories—count 'em—and we must drink this or that or eat something else at certain intervals during the day. Otherwise our brains—that's what they call 'em—will function improperly or not at all, probably the latter. What is more, by far the greater majority of us seem to take it all seriously and worry over it. We, as sensible human beings, so regarded, can't seem to realize that the people who are telling us how to raise children, in most cases, are those who have never had any, while the erudite writers on subjects pertaining to the importance of personal appearance in making huge business successes and fortunes are mostly employed at $50 a week. And as Shakespeare once said, "How the world wags."

—o—

For some time we Americans have been complaining pretty consistently about our business depression, which has been bad I'll admit. But it it could have been worse. Such things do not last always. Leading economists believe it is now at the turning point, and whatever is will be tending to better times, if we will but keep a stiff upper lip and talk better times. Yes, we have been grumbling, following the contrast with unparalleled prosperity. We didn't seem to realize when we were well off. Sure enough, things have been different. But don't we go too far, and couldn't we become downright Pollyannaic, if there be such a word, if we contrast our national condition with that of many other peoples? Suppose we had the chaos and starvation of China, the unrest of India, the brutal oppression and hardships of Russia, the hurricane and devastation of Santo Domingo, the real unemployment of England, the business depression of Germany, ad infinitum. The United States are a mighty good place to live. Optimism, not pessimism, is what is needed right at this time, and time will show that optimism is justified. A better sentiment is growing and there are prosperous times in the offing. Let not your heart be troubled, oh ye of little faith. Be of good cheer. God rules in the Heavens. The people in their great prosperity forgot God and calamity was visited upon them.

THE ISLE OF ROANOKE

By Col. Fred A. Olds

Many a child and many a grown-up in our North Carolina has dreamed of being on an island, and most of all on Roanoke Island, where American life may be said to have begun, for away back that August day in 1587 the eyes of baby Virginia Dare opened here, and the thunder of the surf upon the beach, the gentle wind through the whispering trees which so bedeck the island, and the fragrance of the flowers which here have all seasons for their own, made up her volume of first impressions. And here the dear Singing Class from the Oxford Orphanage spent two happy days this week, honored guests, pets one may say, on the right little, tight little, Isle of Roanoke, with water all about, like the band of a ring, seeming like a little world by itself.

The Island is a dozen miles long and three miles wide and the oldest part of it is toward the north end, which rises high out of the water, like the prow of the mightiest of all battleships, and not a great distance from this north end little Baby Virginia, named for Elizabeth, who was styled England's "Virgin Queen," and hence Virginia, as well as for the territory of which the Isle of Roanoke was the center, and which then embraced country but little known and reaching back northward and westward into utterly mythical and mystical regions, which one may see hinted at in the first map ever made of any part of the region now the United States, in 1588.

There are only two islands in the United States on which there are court houses, and Roanoke chances to be one of them, the other being Key West, which is large enough to form a whole county in Florida, and which is only ninety-two miles north of cuba. The Isle of Roanoke is not tropical but knows cold weather, and yet the ring of water all about it gives it a climate half its own, for the writer was assured that this year no frost had come since the beginning of March. The Island is a dozen miles long and its principal sections are spoken of generally as the "North End" and the "South End," for about the middle there is a wide stretch of marsh. To the northward is Albemarle sound, which is set down the text books as fresh water, in fact as the largest body of fresh water in the United States besides the Great Lakes. To the eastward of the Island there is narrow Roanoke sound, which looks like a wide river, and to the westward is Croatan sound, which has a similar appearance, its western shore being the Croatan marshes, where some of the quaintest settlements one can imagine are to be found, having quite a foreign aspect.

Dare county, of course named for the little Baby Virginia, has as its county seat Manteo, and the first Englishmen to come steered for the Island through an inlet from the ocean which has been closed for more than 150 years, but which is well shown on a map of 1731, as well as on the earlier maps, beginning with that of

1588, which was made by John White, the first official governor of the "colony," and who in the fashion of that day named the capital after his great patron, Sir Walter Raleigh.

There were Indians, good and bad, on the mainland, on the narrow "banks" between the sounds and the sea, and they visited the Island itself in good weather, though your Indian, but poorly equipped for voyaging on the water, had a wholesome fear of the latter. The best he could get in the way of a boat was a canoe, or pirogue as he called it, burned out from the trunk of a tree, which had been felled and converted into a log also by means of fire. A mighty slow business this canoe-making was, and a canoe was hence a great asset, something to be calculated when the estate of a Red Man was figured on, worth several squaws probably and no end of ornaments and furs besides, for it represented months of work, with digging out by means of shells and stone implements secured from up-country Indians, as the toiling canoe-makers kept pace with the fire which was used to char and so soften and make workable the interior of sometimes large logs.

The Indian's names are preserved in three settlements on the Island, Manteo, Wanchese, and Sykco, but Manteo was the finest fellow of them all and did a most wonderful thing, having been taken across the Big Water to England, speaking to the Queen and showing wild turkeys, tobacco, which the Indians called uppowoc, and corn, which they called pagatowr. He thought England very wonderful and the Queen more so, no doubt, while the Englishmen's eyes opened wide at the sight of him and the wonderful things he brought, and Sir Walter, that prince of promoters of pioneering and adventure, must have felt his heart beat more quickly as he stood there in the royal presence and dreamed dreams of the wonderful things which the new Eldorado of the west would bring to hi sMother England.

Please do not think Sir Walter ever came here. He never saw his Virginia or his Isle of Roanoke, except in pictures, but he is not forgotten, for not only was the first capital on this continent named for him, but happily the permanent capital of this particular commonwealth also, and some day in our Raleigh there will rise a noble statue of this man, whose name and fame are as enduring as the Isle of Roanoke or the mountains on the mainland, which happen to be the highest east of the Rockies in these United States.

You would naturally think that of old Fort Raleigh, built so long ago, 333 years that is, would be not even a hint, yet there it is, likt a five pointed star laid upon the ground, with every angle clear and distinct, as if the fairies had raised it but last night and then had covered it with the dead leaves and the fascicles of the pines like a nature carpet themselves. It is roughly enclosed by a wire fence and you literally step a few yards away from a quaint bit of roadway, hardly more than a trace through the woods, which you are glad is not a formal road after all, before you see little granite posts, rising a foot or so above the ground, to accentuate the outlines of Fort Raleigh, already quite clear, and in

the middle of the star there is a granite memorial stone which tells you the whole story on its broad face, from that far away day in August, when the landing here was made by those pioneer Englishmen, of the birth and baptism of Virginia Dare, and of good and kindly Manteo also, loyal Indian that he was, whose memory is kept green and will be so kept as long as men have memories or places have names.

have memories or places ave names.

They picked a good place for their fort and their village, the latter probably of huts just without the fort, but so placed that upon an alarm there could be prompt flight within the fort. In those days there were a thousand beliefs which seem absurd today but yet existed then; such beliefs as that this was part of the Indies; that gems and gold were everywhere; that streams ran over sands of gold and bore them down, that beasts greater and more terrible than men have yet seen lurked somewhere, and that men as strange as the beasts so pictured in the mind were quite probably beyond. So the settlers kept watch and ward day and night, the men ever looking after their women and children. They were in a rare world, with innumerable dogwood trees, snowy white in April, May and the Holly trees seemed familiar to their English eyes, but many other sorts of which they then made first acquaintance, and among the birds not one of which was in the least familiar to them except perhaps the sparrows, whose English cousins were to come over and make themselves so much at home some centuries later; as unwelcome to the Americans today as were the Englishmen to some at least of the Indians in those far away first days.

From the fort, which was built of double rows of logs cut from woods, stoop up on end and filled in with earth, the sentries walking on its top could have a far view, across the sound, the ocean banks and over a wide scope of the sea itself; across the sounds usually a yellow green in color, and beyond the flashing ocean, green and blue by turns. There, at the foot of the slope which leads up to the old fort, lay their boats, and possibly out in the sound were some of their vessels, though the time was to come whene for them there would be no more vessels, and they, unfortunate creatures as some might term them, were to become the "Lost Colony of Roanoke," shrouded no doubt forever in the mist of the unknown and the unknowable.

The writer cannot but think, after many searches and also talks with close observers, that these colonist, with no relief from England in sight, must have gone, with a few faithful Indian friends, over to the sea beach or the banks, away from the Island, or else northward to the mainland. This would throw them at Nag's head or the Kill Devil Hills, or perhaps at Powells Point. Of them there is a misty trace in the chronicles of the settlement at Jamestown, Strachey, one of the historians of the latter, saying that the Indians brought in news of English men and English women somewhere to the southward, held by the Indians possibly as slaves. They seemed to have been looked for but the search was scant. Scanter still was the search made by the re-

lief expedition which came over in 1590, three years since the last ship had sailed away. The terrors of the silence and the abandoned fort seem to have taken the courage out of the people usually stout hearted, and so they went back to England, never solving one of the great mysteries of modern times so far as this part of the world is concerned.

Nowadays, the 18th of August is a great occasion on the Isle of Roanoke; the anniversary birthday of Virginia Dare in 1587, and then the flag of Queen Elizabeth is displayed at the top of a lofty flag-staff hard by the old fort; a flag which is like the red cross, the Geneva Cross, of today, red on a field of white. This was the Virgin Queen's own flag, for after she was dead and gone and King James came in the flag of England as we now know it, the Royal ensign, came into being, with its quarterings and all its colors, and so to the Union Jack, with its double cross. Nowhere else in all this world is this flag of Elizabeth shown.

On the 18th of August the people come from near and far, the silence which broods forever except for this period around the quaint old place is broken for a day at least, and the rapid fire of the gasoline in the motor boats, coming and going, sounds like a trench fight "somewhere in France." There are speakers and a great dinner, the Island and the region thereabout give of their best. Folks come from Hatteras, some 65 miles to the southward, from all along the banks, from half a dozen counties, and from Collington Islands, just westward from the Kill Devil hills, where there is a quaint settlement, which has been there these 200 years and more. It was at the Kill Devil hills, sand mountains over 100 feet high, that the Wright Brothers first "flew." They chose the place because of its isolation. Roanoke Island is very proud to be the hub of this watery world, where the doctor, the preacher and the tax collector come and go in boats, on the cheapest and easiest kept of all highways in this world of ours, the waterways.

Roanoke Island is like a garden, though to be sure it has only one farmer in all its territory, whose name is Knight when it should be Day, because he is shedding light upon a dark spot so far as one of the basic principles of life is concerned. For like all too many people of the south, these Roanoke Islanders are consumers instead of producers, buyers instead of sellers, and the writer very gravely assured them that they must do their bit in the world war by raising their own food and helping North Carolina and the rest of the Southern states out of the miserable system of buying each year food from the north and west to the amount of $700,000,000. Our good food-master Herbert Hoover, tells the south that it can win the war if it simply stops being a food-buyer. He could go further and say that it could become as great a food seller as the west if it only had the will to take that splendid part and play it as it can easily play it. God plants fish in these watery gardens of Dare County and the folks gather them, and having gathered they are all to prone to sit down and rest until the next fishing season. God doesn't like this at all; surely he

doesn't, for Sam Jones, that original revivalist, declared once in a great talk that "God dearly loves a scuffler, but he hates a knocker and a quitter."

It will readily be seen that the Singing Class found a thousand things on the little island, which little as it is it is considerably the biggest in North Carolina, and in the territory round about, including Old Fort Raleigh, the banks and the giant sand hills, the Coast Guard Station and other features, and in the people themselves, for the Dare County men have in all the far flung line of Uncle Sam's Coast Guard the reputation of being the very best. While you, snug in bed in your inland home, are dreaming of this or that these brave fellows are watching every inch of the coast. There are more Coast Guard stations in Dare than any other part of the whole coast line of the United States.

But after all it is Old Fort Raleigh which grips the memory tightest. On its boundary is a monster pine and atop of this, in a nest at least four feet in diameter, is the home of a pair of ospreys, whose wild and peculiar cries are heard afar. There come also honking of the domesticated wild geese, which are used to decoy the wild ones in the hunting season. The snowy flowers of the dogwood, more beautiful here than anywhere else, glorify the woods. Noble pines with tops like giant umbrellas stand here and there.

The memorial-stone, in the exact center of the fort, bears this noble and impressive inscription, and was placed there by the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association: "On this site in July-August 1584, (old style) was built a fort called New Fort in Virginia, by the colonist, the first settlers of the English race in America. They returned to England July, 1588, with Sir Francis Drake. Near this place was born on the 18th day of August, 1587, Virginia Dare, the first child of English parents born in America; daughter of Ananias Dare and Eleanor White, his wife, member of another band of colonist sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587. On August 20, 1587, Virginia Dare was baptised, Manteo, the friendly Indian chief, having been baptised the Sunday previous: the first celebration of the Christian Sacrament in the territory of the thirteen Original States."....

Boys who drop out of school in the lower grades average, at the age of thirty-two, only $10.25 a week. Boys who stay in school and receive definite technical training average $43 a week. It pays.—Dr. Frank Crane.

A BREADLINE IN CHARLOTTE

(Presbyterian Standard)

The present depression of the business world seems to be universal, but no one would suppose that there would be a breadline in the city of Charlotte, with possibly 300 people each day being fed by the charity of the generous. But such is the fact. This writer was passing down the street one evening last week on his way home, when he stopped to speak to a friend whom he imagined was just drawing away from the curb to go home.

The friend said that he was going to Fifth Street to see about the breadline, and then would go home. The Breadline! What was that? "Why," said my friend, "we have had a breadline since January." Whereupon the editor boarded the car and went to observe the breadline.

Arriving at an old warehouse on the Southern Railway near the passenger station, we found an organized work proceeding. Over 150 white people had already come and been supplied with two or three loaves of bread and handfuls of crackers. They had gone and about the same number of negroes were being served by the ladies of the King's Daughters and Mr. T. M. Cato, who is volunteer superintendent of the work. The colored people had each a tow-sack or paper bag and received their loaves and passed out. The door was guarded by a police officer regularly assigned to this work, who has learned the applicants and knows if each has a ticket. Without tickets no one is served. This to keep out undesirables, such as immoral people and deadbeats.

I inquired of my friend how this movement was financed and operated. He confessed to being the leader and using largely of his own funds, but said he also received money from liberal persons whose names he would not divulge. Because the bakeries turn over their second day bread to to Mr. Cato, and merchants give their produce and other left-over supplies the expense of actual money is around $10 per week, which pays for gas and oil for the truck to gather the food. They use 1,800 loaves of bread and about $75 worth of crackers per week. They often have vegetables, such as onions, potatoes, etc., and if there are some unfortunates with pellagra, they try to furnish a special diet.

These good people who are contributing their services for five days a week to this good work ought to be accorded the sincere gratitude of all Christian people because they are acting as our Good Samaritans. If there be some who would like to make their contribution, they may do this by reporting to Mr. Alfred W. Brown, 115 Latta Arcade, Charlotte, N. C.

There may be other such good works going on which the public does not know about in other cities. If so, this paper would like to hear of it. This article is written so that a little publicity may help, and perhaps other cities may find the same opportunity for doing good.

(This work is sponsored by the local chapter of King's Daughters.)

FIRST VIRGINIA ALMSHOUSE WAS IN UPPER PARISH

(Suffolk News-Herald)

The first almshouse established by the colonists in Virginia was in Upper Parish, Nansemond County. It was ordered built on October 14, 1752 and completed November 14, 1754. It is, therefore, older than the one proclaimed as the oldest which was in Louisa county and was built in 1756, said W. E. McClenny, Nansemond historian, who related the following story, supported with documentary evidence.

The vestry of Upper Parrish of Nansemond county in accordance with an order passed the previous May, appointed on October 14, 1752 vestrymen to agree with workmen to build an almshouse in the town of Suffolk, pursuant to an act of the government lately made for the purpose, viz: for the reception of the poor of the parish. Land was given by Daniel Pugh and the price for the building was 159 pounds, current money.

Later it was found to be more convenient to build the house on Main street on Josiah Riddick's land. The house was ordered to be of brick and plastered and he was authorized to receive 200 pounds sterling as ordered in vestry book, pages 263-4.

On November 14, 1754 the house was completed and accepted by the vestry. The church wardens of the parish were then ordered to convey into it "all poor persons that now are or hereafter shall be maintained at the expense of the parish, there to be supported."

The first master, or overseer, was Samuel Willis. It was his duty as recorded to teach eight poor children to read and write and for these services he was to receive from the vestry of the parish the sum of 20 pounds in current money annually. He was to also instruct his own children and was accorded the privilege of teaching 10 more for his own profit. The record, Mr. MacClenny said, also stipulated the furnishings of the almshouse.

April 7, 1755, the vestry of the Upper Parish assembled at the poorhouse and passed an order to confer with the vestry of the Lower (Suffolk) Parish to ascertain if they would not unite with the Upper Parish for maintenance of the house. There is no record of that meeting.

January 17, 1756 Samuel Willis received a cut in his wage, but continued in his position. He was now to be paid but 10 pounds current money, but allowed to teach 15 pupils for his own profit instead of ten not including the children of the inmates. That plan did not last long. The almshouse was ordered sold and another plan for upkeep of the poor was devised. The site of the first almshouse in Suffolk is not now definitely known.

The present county almshouse was bought from a party named King in 1835. The Lower Parish has been provided with a poor fund from gifts of Governor Richard Bennett, Thomas Tilley and a Mr. Welton. These properties are known as the Poor's Lands, Mr. MacClenny concluded.

THE DROUGHT OF 1930

(The Courier-Journal)

Doubtless the drought of 1930 will go down in history as the worst experienced by the present generation, certainly in Kentucky. Such continued heat and lack of anything like a general rain since April have not been experienced in more than half a century. Probably there are compensations, but the damage is severe and the loss enormous to the agricultural interests, a loss which is felt indirectly by business of all sorts.

Corn cut and shocked in late July has rarely been heard of in this State. There can be no doubt that this crop has been curtailed and injured, although rain at any time during the next several weeks could save many thousands of bushels of late corn. Puny tobacco plants and yellowed leaves on the larger ones, many ready to cut, indicate a huge reduction in the tobacco crop.

A stream with water, aside from the major rivers, is a rarity, Even the Ohio exposes acres of sand beaches below the Falls—beaches which, alas, cannot safely or pleasantly be utilized by bathers because of contamination. Smaller streams used by towns for sewerage disposal have become stinking gullies. Cisterns and dug wells are dry. Only driven wells yield water, and a very few springs. Cracked and checkered ground and withered cattails reveal where once pond or marsh supplied home and food for fish, fowl and furred animals, and water for stock. Thousands of head of cattle have been sacrificed because of the lack of both water and pasture. The year has been disastrous for cattle feeders.

Beeches in the pasture lands turned golden in late July and August; hillsides whose dingy green foliage is largely interspersed with brown and yellow, and crimson leaves here and there on oak or gum tree betray the lack of moisture.

Hauling water is almost at an end because of the drying up of streams. Dust clouds arising from potato diggers or cultivators mark almost the only agricultural activity. Happily, droughts and hard ground are an obsticle to insect propagation.

Burned fields along the railways, the result of seemingly inevitable sparks, and those along the highway, often caused by careleess smokers, teach a lesson. Another is that the destruction of trees whose roots held a water supply which was the source of springs and the supply for streams has been costly. A third is the danger of contaminating streams with sewage. The necessity for municipalities, as well as individuals, assuring themselves of an adequate water supply to meet such grievous times as this is the most important lesson of all.

Be modest. Strength has no bluster about it. Be calm. Just do what has to be done, and leave results with God.—Alex Ribbet.

BE A GOOD CITIZEN

(Boys' Industrial School Journal)

Mankind goes ahead but slowly, and it goes ahead mainly through all of us trying to do the best that is in us, and to do it in the sensible way. We have founded our republic upon the theory that the average man will, as a rule, do the right thing, and in the long run the majority will decide what is sane and wholesome. If our fathers were mistaken in that theory, and if ever the time comes that the mass of people do what is unwholesome, what is wrong—then the republic cannot stand, we care not how good its law may be. Back of the laws, back of the administration and government, lies the man, the average of our people, and in the long run, we are going to go up or down accordingly as the average standard of our citizenship does or does not wax its growth and importance.

The first requisite of good citizenship is that the man shall do the common, everyday humdrum duties well.

A man is not a citizen, we do not care how lofty his thoughts are about citizenship in theory, if in practice his thoughts do not bear him out, and it makes little difference how big his aspirations for humanity at large may be, if he does not behave well himself. He must be a breadwinner; he must take care of his wife and children; he must be a neighbor whom his neighbors can trust; he must act squarely in his business relations. He must do all these everyday duties first or he is not a good citizen. But he must do more.

In this country the average citizen must devote a great deal of time to the affairs of the State as a whole or the affairs will go backward.

If there is one quality that is not desirable, whether in a nation or in an individual, it is radicalism, either is religion or in politics.

The man or woman who makes up for ten days indifference to duty by an eleventh day morbid repentance about that duty is of scant use in the world.

We need good laws, we need honest administration of these laws and we cannot afford to be contented with less, but more than anything else that we need, is that men live right and have in them a feeling that they are bound, in a way to help those that are weaker and combine with them for a common end of social uplift and good government.

It is a great mistake to measure success merely by that which glitters from without.

There must be a certain material basis for success, and the man should be ashamed who does not leave his children a little better off than he was materially and if he does not do this he is not doing his duty by anyone else.

Look back over your lives and see what things you are proudest; you will find that those things are associated with days of effort and not ease, and these are the things which have helped make you worth while and your community is a little better off because you have lived.

Each should be treated according

to his worth—not according to whether he is rich or poor. If a man is rich and crooked—hold it against him; if he is poor and crooked, hold it against him; if a man is square, stand by him whether rich or poor, and distrust all who would place one class above another. Nations have fallen because people have ascended who substituted loyalty to class for loyalty to the people as a whole. Abolish the arrogance of the rich who look down on the poor because if they lost their wealth, they would be the first to plunder the rich.

Good citizens are those who take no account of class or creed, but are bent on seeing that the union shall grow nobler and greater and shall not fail.

THE TRAGIC ERA

The best book we have read this summer is The Tragic Era by Claude Bowers, a brilliant writer and the editor of the New York World. Mr. Bowers hails from the state of Ohio and his book is the finest picture of the years of the reconstruction era that we have ever read from any writer north or south. Indeed the story reads as though it were written by an intense southerner and the days of the carpetbagger and scallawag has never been told more truthfully or with more power than that which glows from the pages of this great book. Andrew Johnston, who has been so vilified and slandered by the lying tongue of villaneous and unscrupulous politicians is shown to be a great and honest statesman worthy to stand among the largest men of his time, while Gen. Grant, who is worshipped by so many of our northern friends, is shown to be a small man, a lover of money more than of men, and while a soldier of determination and courage, is not in the same class with Robert E. Lee, who by force of arms he defeated. The suffering of the south because of its deep humiliation, dire poverty, and ruined civilization is the saddest picture that has ever been drawn of this section of the United States and the bitterness and abuse of the leaders of the party in power and the contempt they poured out upon their conquered foes passes all description. The object of their supreme hatred was the President of the United States, Andrew Johnston, for his courageous defense of the constitution and his determined effort to do justice to the south, his native section which the partisan leaders tried so hard to humiliate still further by hostile and infamous legislation. The book is a wonderful description of a tragic era in our history and of the sorrows of the south in its deep distress. It is all the more wonderful when one remembers that its author was born in Ohio and shows so sympathetic an attitude toward the southern states.—Charity and Children.

DIRECTOR OF GREAT SOUTHERN SCHOOL STARTED AS TEEACHER IN LOG CABIN

By B. G. Robinson

From a single log cabin thirty years ago to a thriving educational center of ninety beautiful buildings.

That, in brief, is the realization of the dream of a Georgia woman, Martha Berry, founder and director of the Berry School for Mountain Boys and Girls, located at Mount Berry, Ga.

Miss Berry early discerned the great need for educational facilities among the mountain boys and girls who lived in her neighborhood. She began in an exceedingly small way by opening a Sunday School in a little log cabin on her own place.

Quick Expansion

The enthusiasm and interest manifested by the underprivileged mountain children and the constantly increasing number of pupils in attendance, quickly necessitated an expansion of the quarters. A larger school building was shortly erected on a plot of land given Miss Berry by her father.

With the help of her students, additional buildings were erected from time to time, until today the Berry Schools are on a par with any educational institution of their kind in the country. There is a Boys' School, a Girls' School and a Foundation School, comprising a complete elementary and high school education medium.

The primary purpose of the Berry Schools is to train young men and women for country life. The entire course of instruction is planned with this object in view. It is emphatically a school fo needy boys and girls, who have character, ability and an earnest purpose in life. It is not intended for those who are able to attend expensive institutions, or for those who are conveniently located near a good school.

Roosevelt Helped Her

Miss Berry has sought the support of the country's most prominent and influential people in her enterprise. During the administration of the late Theodore Roosevelt, she carried her cause to the very doors of the White House. President Roosevelt became so interested and enthusiastic over the work that he lent his efforts toward establishing the Girls' Branch of the Berry Schools. Since that time substantial financial support has been extended by many prominent people of wealth, who caught Martha Berry's vision and became as enthusiastic as she over its realization.

"Do not expect gratitude; but when you find it, be grateful."

BIRTHDAY OF O. HENRY SEPT. 11

(Greensboro Daily News)

Today is September 11 as all America knows. Today, as lovers of fiction everywhere will recall, is the birthday of a man who possessed the power to marvelous power to weave humor, syimpathy, understanding, a knowledge of the raw materials of life, and a genuine democracy into stories that will charm forever. From 1892 to 1910 he lived, and after the first 20 years of his life, spent happily and rather uneventfully in Greensboro, he gathered and incorporated into a new kind of short story drama and excitement and sadness of a rich existence.

William Sidney Porter left the only school he ever attended, taught by his aunt, Miss Lina Porter, when he was 15. For five years he worked in the drug store of his uncle, Clark Porter, on Elm street. It is as the druggist, as the cartoonist who drew pictures of the store's customers, as the wit of that establishment that the youth is best remembered here. The years there furnished Christopher Morley with what is probably the best description of Porter that has been written, and is part of a little poem called "O. Henry-Apothecary." Morley refers to him as "The master pharmacist of joy and pain;" as the apothecary who mixes sparkling potions for his customers while he knows what dark and acid doses life prefers.

The poem, copied in Morley's handwriting, is part of the O. Henry callection at the Greensboro Public library which will be on display today. The collection contains many letters and original manuscripts of the famous author, together with many sketches of him, some drawings that he made of people well known to Greensboro, and the cradle in which he was rocked when a baby.

Finally young Porter left Greensboro to answer an insistent call, the call to an adventure "just around the corner." He followed it to Texas. There he worked on a ranch, got some experience as a newspaper reporter. as a clerk in a tobacco store, bookkeeper, draftsman in a land office, paying and receiving teller in a bank, actor in private theatricals, and editor of a humorous paper; married Miss Athol Estes, and was summoned to stand trial for alleged embezzlement of funds from the First National Bank of Austin. Even yet his friends contend that he was innocent of the charge although he was confined to the Ohio penitentiary from 1898 to 1901. While in prison he became O. Henry, a dozen of his short stories were written there.

Went to New York

When O. Henry left prison he went to New York. With what result such volumes as "The Four Million" and "Voice of the City" testify. C. Alphonse Smith, a biographer, says O. Henry humanized the short story. He did. It is doubtful if there is a better known or better loved story in the English language than his "Gift of the Magi," in which a young wife sold her hair, her most prized possession, to buy a chain for her husband's watch, his most prized possession, and he sold his watch to

buy a comb for her hair.

It is also doubtful if a more lovable character has been created than the temperamental Jimmy Valentine of "A Retrieved Reformation," a story found in the volume "Road of Destiny," A yegg who had turned over a new leaf was Jimmy. He had even fallen in love and got a job in the bank, was prepared to rid himself of all time of the tools of his profession, but while an officer who knew him looked on he opened a safe in which his sweetheart's little sister had locked herself. The detective failed to recognize him.

The Llano Kid of "Double-Dyed Deceiver" is almost as universally known, while countless readers have chuckled over the message of two estranged lovers delivered in delightful slang in "By Courier." "The Cop and the Anthem," story of a man who tried to get himself arrested and couldn't but after deciding to reform while listening to an anthem, was arrested and later sent to jail. "The Green Door" and "Tobin's Palm" contain excellent examples of the chance element that often played a part in a O. Henry story, and a "Municipal Report" contains unsurpassed human understanding and sympathy. "The Last Leaf" is unforgettable. While a girl lay ill, counting leaves as they fell from a tree outside her window, her mind made up to die when the last leaf fell, an artist who was a failure painted a leaf on a wall. Seeing it day by day remaining after all the others had fallen the girl made up her mind to live and recovered. The artist's life was the price of the picture.

A list of O. Henry volumes suggests much of the romance of his life, and much of the experience that went into his stories. Titles like "Cabbages and Kings," "The Four Million." "Hearts of the West," "Options." "Roads of Destiny," "Rolling Stones," "The Trimmed Lamp," "Voice of the City," and "Whirligigs," betray much of the variety and adventure that O. Henry knew.

Morley was right; the author was a master pharmacist. And since his poem, referred to above (found in the volume "Chimney Smoke") is a beautiful comment on the life of the writer whose birthday is being celebrated today, it is given below:

"Where once he measured camphor, glycerine,
Quinine and potash, peppermint in bars,
And all the oils and essences so keen
That druggists keep in rows of stoppered jars—
Now, blender of strange drugs more volatile,
The master pharmacist of joy and pain
Dispenses sadness tinctured with a smile
And laughter that dissolves in tears again.

"O brave apothecary! You who knew
What dark and acid doses life prefers,
And yet with friendly faces resolved to brew
These sparkling potions for your customers—
In each prescription your Physician writ
You poured your rich compassion and your writ."

SCHOOL STATISTICS

(Selected)

One used to remark, when September's leaf on the calendar was turned, that schoolbells are ringing. Such a statement now would be an error: the bell is no longer a part of our educational equipment, unless one includes the klaxon-toned gongs that are installed in modern structures, so that the pressure of a button in the principal's office will warn pupils to reassemble in their classrooms or line-up for a fire drill. The belfry is not simply silent: it has disappeared from the building. We have not seen a new one for years.

But the children go to school: some of them know when by means of wrist watches. The nation certainly believes in their being taught. About one fourth of the population say 30,000,000 is listed as entitled to schooling. Five out of six of the youth between five and seventeen years of age are actually enrolled and there is an average daily attendance of two thirds of them. Over twenty million "bright and shining faces" confront a million instructors, besides those entered in private schools. The annual cost of common school education is over two billion dollars, half of this amount being appropriated for salaries. Accepting eighty billion as the total income, the percentage given to the maintenance of schools is very creditable indeed.

And "public school" education is not the whole story. Of the 30,000,000 children listed as of school age, about two and a half million attend Catholic parochial schools. These it is stated by the Catholic Telegraph Almanac would require $231,000,000 for their upkeep. Whether the existent institutions could take them on without a proportionate increase of state expenditure would be answered in the negative in any community where school rooms are now crowded and classes already too large.

About one per cent of the entire population of the United States was enrolled in colleges and universities last year. These spent nearly $75,000,000 besides the income from more than a billion dollars of endowement. The distribution of educational facilities and the generous support of scholastic training is obviously a characteristic of the United States. And believe it or not, there is still a considerable number of folk in this great and glorious land who cannot read or write. As to the number who do not, or who having read and written, still lack wisdom, we refuse to record our impressions.

The timid soul never is a leader. He is too busy fighting the shadows in his own mind and too distrustful of himself. Fear must be conquered, but one must not go to the other extreme and become bold.

—Arthur Wardlaw.

A SEWING MACHINE ANNIVERSARY

(Asheville Citizen)

France is now preparing unostentatiously to celebrate the centenary of the invention of the sewing machine by Barthelemy Thimonier in 1830. While noteworthy this achievement was but one in many which contributed to the production of our modern sewing machine. As early as 1796 an Englishman invented a crude machine of this type. Then in America Elias Howe, Isaac Singer, Walter Hunt, A. B. Wilson and others improved and developed this priceless domestic implement.

It is an interesting fact that numerous inventors always appear as connected with any important invention, Eli Whitney's name will always be connected with the invention of the first practicable cotton gin. Yet various other mechanics—particularly in South Carolina and Georgia—contributed thereto. James Watts and George Stephenson in England both did much in producing an efficient steam engine. Robert Fulton produced the first satisfactory steamboat on the Hudson. But James Rumsey in Virginia and Pennsylvania and a Longstreet on the Savannah River in Georgia both built working models. And so it goes.

The sewing machine effected a revolution in domestic economy whose extent is hardly realized today—so completely have we become accustomed to it. Before its introduction, all sewing was done by hand—which must have been a weary process. On Southern plantations of the antebellum period the mistress supervised the sewing, which was mostly done by slave women. On small farms the women of the household did the work themselves. It took days to make garments. The hundreds of small stitches had to be firm but not tight, if the sewing was to hold. In and out the needles went, slowly, carefully and laboriously. Not many garments could be made by this process, and so clothing was of necessity simple and not according to exacting methods of style.

Plantation sewing in the Antebellum South was a simple form of factory production. Often there were hundreds of slaves to be provided for. The girls who did the sewing were selected and carefully trained. But even then the work was slow and not specially efficient. Various museums today have exhibits showing the process of plantation economy. It is interesting to gaze upon and read about, but must have been infinitely tedious.

But the introduction of the sewing machine effected a revolution. These machines were sold in rural districts and in city centers by the thousands as well as the millions. They led to better sewing, pleasanter work, and much more efficient and rapid production. Even a child could operate one. In recent years the electric motor has even eliminated the need for hand or foot work in operating the machines.

A modern sewing machnie is a trim little machine set on an ornate table. It is a ornament to the home. When opened it can be put to work and can produce in one day more than ten slave women could do in perhaps three

days, and do better work too. Thus domestic economy has been profoundly affected. And somewhat similar machines are employed in all factories where sewing is done. These include garment shoe, automobile and furniture factories, and many others.

Thus the centenary of the sewing machine is an event well worth remembering.

THE NARROW WAY

I used to love a broad road
  Before I understood
The beauty of the narrow path
  That led me through the wood.

I used to think a violet
  Was just a flower of blue;
But when among the rumpled grass
  I saw one smiling through
The mistness of shadow time,
  Beside the narrow way,
It seemed much more than just a flower—
  That flashed against the gray.

I used to watch the different stars,
  The blue and gold and white,
Not that they stirred me very much—
  Such thousands were in sight—
But on a dim and narrow way
  Where stars and flowers are few,
A star may be a finger tip
  Beconing to you.

The ancient things you think you know.
  You may not know at all
Until you meet them in the path
  That's very very small.
  —Katherine Hymas Williams in Girls' World.

THE BOOK–NOOK

By Clara Bernhardt

"Do you think you'll be going to college in the fall?" questioned Dick Benfield of Bob Hope, as the two friends walked home from the downtown postoffice.

"Oh, I think so," responded Bob, confidently.

"Such luck! I don't know whether dad can afford to put me through."

"Oh, for that matter, mother can't either. But her Uncle Peter has always said he'd see to it that sis and I have a college education."

"Good for Uncle Peter"!

The boys reached the gate to "Hope-house," where they parted until the morrow.

"Say, Bob," called Lyle, his twin sister, standing on the porch, "there's a letter and a huge box from Great uncle Peter!" She waved the letter excitedly and pointed to a large box beside her.

"Perhaps it's our check for college," exclaimed Bob, covering the distance between them with a few quick steps.

"That's what I thought"!

"Don't be too sure," cautioned their mother. "Uncle Peter never promised a check, to my knowledge."

"But he's always said he'd put us through college," Bob responded, drawing the letter from its envelope.

The twins' faces registered blank dismay, as they perused the few lines of firm, squarish handwriting. Lyle bit her lip to keep back the tears, and Bob uttered a long, tuneless Mrs. Hope hurriedly left the porch. She knew what the letter contained! Now let her "chickens," as she fondly termed the twins, fight out their problem!

"Why, the old tightwad!" Bob exclaimed disrespectfully. "He could have paid our first year at college easily, with what these books must have cost. He kicked the box scornfully.

"How we're going to earn money for college from a box of books is more than I can tell," his sister mourned.

They glumly regarded the object of their dejection.

"Well," Bob said finally, "we'll have to make the best of it. Let's open it up."

"Here on the porch?" doubtfully.

"Guess so. It's too heavy to move."

For a few minutes, the ripping open of the box was the only sound that broke the afternoon silence.

"Oh, here are dozens of books I've always wanted to read!" Enthusiastically Lyle lifted out an armful of heavy volumes, with sofe, wine-colored bindings.

"Hurray!" yelled Bob, boyishly, regardless of the dignity befitting his nineteen years. "Here's 'We,' by Lindbergh!" He paged through it eagerly. "Jim Nanton will want to read this!"

"And I know there are many of these that Norma's been anxious to see!" Lyle was standing knee-deep in literary treasures. She sat down suddenly on a pile of books, topped by "Ben Hur." The germ of an idea!

Could it be developed?

"Bob!"

The boy dropped "We," guiltily.

"Bob, we could start a private lending library and reading room!" Iyle's brown eyes shone with a creative bright light.

"Say, we could!" Something of his sister's enthusiasm was reflected in Bob's eyes.

"Charge five cents a night for reading privileges, and—"

"The same amount for loaning a book for a week!"

"Oh, boy!" Bob leaped from his position on the porch rail and grabbed his sister round the waist. They jumped wildly about for a moment, but soon settled down to discuss plans for their "Book-nook," as Lyle suggested calling it. Finally suggestive qualms reminded them that it was past time for the evening meal.

At the table their widowed mother was informed of developments. How glad she was they had thought of the idea themselves! Otherwise she would have had to suggest it.

"I think we should open our book-nook right away," Iyle said, buttering a piece of bread.

"You're right—as usual," grinned Bob.

"You may have the closed room," Mrs. Hope offered.

"Oh, thanks; we were going to ask for that." Absentmindedly Lyle spread her bread on the other side.

"Bob, help me scrub that room tonight?"

"I was going over to Jim's but I can call it off," gamely.

So, until eleven o'clock that night, they scrubbed, rubbed and polished. But they felt well rewarded for their efforts when they viewed the results.

"Sure is clean," opined Bob, rubbinb an aching knee.

Lyle leaned wearily against the wall. "One step nearer college!"

The following day, happily, was Saturday.

"We're trying to have it open by Monday night," Lyle told her mother at breakfast.

"Please let me do something to help," Mrs. Hope pleaded. Last night her offers of assistance had been firmly refused.

"We'll need curtains—could you make them for us?"

"Wait and see! And I have some lovely chintz that will do admirably."

Bob was found in the book-nook measuring the walls for shelves. "I'll have our shelves installed today, if I have to stay up till midnight," he promised, scribbling dimensions on a slip of paper.

All morning Lyle worked feverishly, arranging carpets, chairs, lamps and the countless things that make a room homey.

"I'm slipping downtown now for a few things we need," she said after lunch.

Again it was eleven o'clock before the tired twins called it a day. The newly built shelves were freshly varnished. Rugs dotted the spotless floor. Mrs. Hope's chintz curtains adorned the three windows becomingly. Cozy chairs were placed enticingly about the room. Several shaded lamps shed a subdued glow. The room certainly was attractive.

At four o'clock Monday the book-nook opened its doors to the public. More students patronized it than the

twins had dared to hope.

"Ten books loaned—fifty cents," Bob figured that night. "And twenty came in to read—that's $1.50 altogether!"

"Not so bad for our first night, it is?" Lyle returned. She was systematically straightening books.

By August the book-nook had earned its owners almost $100. About $50 a month was the average receipt.

"There's not much use keeping open all summer," Lyle remarked to her brother one beautiful Saturday afternoon as they worked together trying to beautify a rather unattractive back yard.

"No, there isn't," he agreed. "But we'll open our shop in the fall, Lyle."

"Oh, yes, we'll need to keep on earning our tuition."

"You bet we will! And the part that tickles me, sis, is that we're to pay our own way through college, obligated to no one!"

"Great-uncle Peter!"

But what Bob did not know was that it had been at his mother's suggestion.

AT THE SEASHORE

What a happy time boys and girls have when they go to the lake or to the ocean to spend the day. What fun it is to swim or wade in the refreshing waves or play in the lovely, white sand.

Mary and her little brother Billy had so much fun one day when their parents took them to the shore. They brought their pails and shovels with them, and dug in the sand and made sand houses and forts and castles.

They worked a long time making a beautiful sand castle, and when it was all done, and as they stood looking at it, a great big wave came up and washed it all away in only a minute of time.

I know that most of the little boys and girls who read this story go to Sunday school, and I know you can quickly tell me what lesson in the Bible this makes us think of.

Maybe you would like me to tell you about it. In the eighth chapter of St. Matthew, the Lord Jesus tells the people that all those who hear His sayings and do them, meaning all who believe on Him as their Saviour, are like the wise man. He built his house upon a rock and it stood good and strong when the storms came.

But isn't it too bad that the Lord Jesus had to tell about a man who was not wise, but was foolish? He built his house upon the sand, and when the storms came his house fell. The Lord tells us that the people who will not believe on Him as their Saviour are like this foolish man. Which man do you want to be like?

—G. V. F., in "Sunlight for the Young."

LEGENDS OF THE EAGLE

(Selected)

Benjamin Franklin opposed the use of the eagle's figure on the United States flags and emblems, claiming that this bird was fierce and cruel. But to the majority the eagle represents freedom in its fullest sense—in flight, power, and majestic bearing. It was considered by the ancient people to be a royal bird, and was held in great esteem. There are many interesting legends about the eagle, some of which are quite amusing.

Aeschylus, one of the most famous and popular poets of Greece, was killed when an eagle dropped a tortoice on his head in order to break its shell. This poet had a bald head and the legend tells us that the eagle mistook it for a rock.

It is said that the present city of Constantinople was chosen as the capital of the Eastern empire because of the curious acts of an eagle. At that time there was much controversy as to which place should be selected, and the Emperor Constantine had chosen the site of ancient Troy and sent his engineers to survey that city. While the engineers were at work an eagle swooped down from the sky and seized the measuring line in his beak. He flew away with it and finally dropped it at Constantinople, which was then known as Byzantium. Because the eagle was considered a royal bird the advisers of the emperor objected that fate was against the selection of ancient Troy and that Constantinople should be the capital.

The representation of an eagle's head was always on the scepter of the rolal emperor and it was later made the standard of the army. The origin of this is quite interesting. During the reign of Ancus Martius a wealthy Etruscan named Tarquinus visited Rome. As he sat in his chariot an eagle dipped down, snatched his cap, flew high into the air, and then replaced it on his head. From that time Tarquinus became very successful, and a short time later succeeded Ancus Martin as King of Rome. Therefore he considered that it was the eagle who was responsible for his success, and adopted the bird's head as his emblem.

Another interesting story is told of the time when the Spanish and Moors were fighting to rule Spain. The Spanish knights fought a long battle until the leaders of the two factions met to decide the supremacy. At first the Spanish knight held his own, but in a short time he tired, and it seemed as if his opponent would win; but just as the hope of the Spanish knights were seemingly all gone an eagle flew into the face of the Moor and the battle was won by the Spanish leader.

There are several legends which tell of the capture of kings and princes and of their rescue by parties who were guided to their places of imprisonment by a circling eagle. One of the most famous of these is the one that recounts the efforts of Rudolph, the count of Hapsburg, to find a beautiful princess who had been captured by a band of lepers. He hunted for weeks but could find no

trace of her until one day he noticed an eagle circling a place deep in the woods. Thinking this might be a good omen he and his party went there, rescued the princess, and he afterwards married her.

One of the most fascinating of these legends concerning eagles comes from Mexico. At one time the Aztecs were very powerful, but they were overcome by their enemies and forced to flee from place to place. They were in despair until Tenoch, their high priest, told them that when they should see an eagle holding a serpent in its mouth perched upon a cactus they should stop their wanderings, found their city there, and defend it. For several years they wandered around about, but at length, in a valley, they saw what Tenoch had prophesied—on a cactus was an eagle, its wings spread wide in the sun, and in its mouth was a serpent. The Aztecs immediately stopped their wandering, built their capital, and held it against all invaders, it being now what is known as the City of Mexico. This legend was commemorated by having as their coat of arms the eagle and serpent. The Mexican seal and postage stamp also have it, and for years there was an annual celebration in honor of the eagle.

President Hoover assures us all that he will be on hand at the King's Mountain celebration in October. That a great multitude will gather for this sesqui-centennial celebration goes without saying. But how many know just what we are celebrating? Let's listen to George Bancoft, the eminent historian, as he gives us the results of the battle.

Bancoft says:

"The victory at King's Mountain, which in the spirit of the American soldier was like the rising at Concord, in its effect like the success at Bennington, changed the aspects of the war. The Loyalist of North Carolina no longer dared rise. It fired the patriots of the two Carolinas with fresh zeal. It encouraged the fragments of the defeated and scattered American army to seek each other, and organize themselves anew. It quickened the North Carolina legislature to earnest efforts. It encouraged Virginia to devote her resources to the country south of her border. The appearance on the frontiers of a numerous enemy from settlements beyond the mountains, whose very names had been unknown to the British, took Cornwallis by surprise, and their success was fatal to his intended expedition. He had hoped to step with ease from one Carolina to the other and from those to the conquest of Virginia; and he had no choice but to retreat."—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Vernie Goodman, secretary to Supt. Boger, has returned from her vacation.

Mr. Carriker and his paint boys are still on the job, making things look white. They are now painting the third cottage. A new white coat makes even a cottage look snappy.

All the boys and officers enjoyed honey last Sunday. This honey comes from our own hives. It always tastes better when we know our own bees made it.

The first sweet potatoes of the season were served the boys and officers last week. Reports are that the crop is very good. No serving pleases all the boys better than nice juicy baked potatoes.

Haskel Fleming, of the Second Cottage, returntd last Tuesday from his home in Salisbury, where he has been visiting his parents for the last week. We hope he had a very pleasant time.

For the past few days green beans, corn and greens have adorned our tables quite often.These are enjoyed by all and are good for growing boys.

The boys are all looking forward to the Cabarrus County Fair—this means they are going to be the guests of the fair officials for one day. The dairy boys have already begun preparing the dairy cattle which will be taken over for the cattle show. Each boy is saving his nickels for hot dogs and red lemonade.

Clinton Floyd, of Charlotte, visited the Training School last Sunday. Clinton was a former member of the Sixth Cottage and was paroled by Supt. Boger about three years ago. He seems to be getting along fine.

Rev. T. W. Fogleman, of the McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, had charge of the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His talk was on "Acquaint thyself with God" was very interesting and helpful to the boys and was enjoyed by all present.

For the last week the boys of the work force have been picking cotton. Due to weather conditions the crop is not as good as was expected. The short crop and the low price will make somebodys' pocket book feel mighty light.

Mr. E. C. Blair, State Agronomist, spent last Wednesday afternoon here going over the farm with Supt. Boger and Mr. White. The school is making a great effort to put its farmind interests in line with the best in the State.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

C 364

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 27, 1930. No. 35

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library.

BE CAREFUL

From the thoughts that we think
Come the words that we say.
Be careful what thoughts you are thinking today.

From the things that we feel
Come the things that we do.
Be careful what feelings take hold of you.

By the acts, words and deeds
Of our life we are known.
Let's hasten to make God's will our own.

By Martha Lowry Lee Toughty.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

A great surgeon operated on a poor boy, whose foot was twisted out of shape. The operation was successful and a friend came to take the little invalid home. He said to the boy: "What a beautiful hospital you have been in!" Then the friend spoke of the nurses and their kindness. But the boy replied: "Yes, they are kind, but I like the doctor best." When he brought the boy home his mother was charmed to see her son again. She fell on her knees and looked at once at his foot. "Why, it is just like any other boy's foot now," she exclaimed with delight. All the time the lad was saying to her, "Mother, you ought to know the doctor who made me walk." There is not one of us for whom Jesus has not done a thousand times more than the surgeon did for the boy. We have rarely spoken of Jesus and insisted on making him known to others.—Sunday School Times.

THE OBJECT OF THE CELEBRATION

The highest official of the United States, President Hoover, will honor the South with a visit on the occasion of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of King's Mountain—his visit will make complete the extensive plans for the celebration of this memorable event. Despite the fact Hoover's administration has been censured for the deflation in business, country wide, there will not be a thought (during his visit) of the

"tight-times," but on the other hand the entire southland will unite in giving expression to a proverbial hospitality "to strangers within its gates."

We think just now in the terms of an old minister of the Christian denomination, who said when sermonizing, there is no "business sickness, but a spiritual sickness." His idea fits in with that of Babson, the economist, attributing the present business depression to "a general collapse of moral character," and can be cured only "by moral awakening, spiritual revival and rehabilitation of righteousness". In the affairs that engage our attention there is no trouble to see that there is a laxness in moral, and a remoteness from God. To bring back prosperity people must be 'conditioned' to the right ways of living—physically, mentally and spiritually.

But, "plans for the sesqui-centennial event represent a big undertaking. Scores of individuals and groups are giving generously of their time, means and talent to put it over in a big way, and all indications point toward one of the biggest celebrations on October 7th that North Carolina has ever staged."

The ultimate aim of all interested people in this event is to stimulate interest so that Congress will set aside the battle field as a national park.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A PIONEER IN SOCIAL SERVICE WORK

Jane Adams is recognized as being the peer of any one in humanitarian work. She, at the age of twenty-nine, saw the needs of a settlement house in Chicago, and as a result of her fine spirit we have the Hull House, today. She is authority on every phase of social service work, and her counsel is sought and advice taken by high officials in public offices. She celebrated her 70th birthday this month and continues vigorous, alert and interested. She studied in America and abroad. Her splendid mind combined with a grace of spirit makes her outstanding in the public affairs of the world. The Hull House was established in 1889, of which she continued to be the head resident.

"In connection with and other enterprises her whole life has been devoted to bettering the condition of the poor and the degraded, a work in which she has been highly successful. In recognition of her humanitarian efforts she has been given honorary degrees by several colleges and universities, being the first woman ever to be so honored by Yale."

She has held many responsible offices; president of the Women's Inter-

national League for Peace, president of National Conference of Charities and Corrections, vice-president of the National Women's Suffrage Association and other honors of similar nature have been hers. She can well look back upon her life of three score and ten and feel that hers has been one of genuine service to humanity. She has sought only the real things, and in return her cup of joy is overflowing.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

NOW A RESTFUL AND BEAUTIFUL SPOT

From a vantage view point we are permitted to watch the work going on in the old Presbyterian grave yard. The graves have been cleaned of, old slabs cleaned and replaced. the underbrush cut down, the rough places leveled, trees trimmed with a substantial and artistic rock wall surrounding the plot. The old grave yard, the resting place of many of Cabarrus County's most distinguished citizens, has been transformed into a park like place. This plot is on Spring Street, between West Corbin and West Depot, sloping to the west, with beautiful shade trees and shrubbery making it both picturesque and restful. The work now going on is sponsored by the heirs who were the beneficiaries of the late Bob Phifer estate. It is a generous and splendid work—it is a piece of interest that will preserve history and perpetuate names conspicuously connected with Cabarrus County—the Phifers.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

AN EXAMPLE OF PERSEVERANCE

We have always maintained that where there is a will there is a way. This is proven by facts as given below, taken from the Asheville Citizen. There are instances where imposibilities have become possibilities because of the indominatable spirit that gives hope. Don't stop to bemoan your fate, but get busy and find opportunities—they are right at your door. A resourceful person is usually a successful person—this you will readily understand if you take time to read the results of the commendable undertaking of the Maryville college girls:

That handicaps often prove to be blessings in disguise has become an overworked saying; yet, perhaps there is no better way to describe the

example of perseverance and thrift set by teachers and students in a commendable experiment at Maryville College. Results of the under taking are cheering to the students who face unusual financial difficulties this year

Because their fathers' cotton crops had failed, ten girls told the college officials in 1921 that they would be unable to return in the fall The home economics department turned itself into a small factory, equipped with ten sewing machines, and the girls were induced to come back. More than 100 other girls also came, unexpectedly, and the college managed to help them. By organizing the "college maid shop" and arranging to sell the girls' products, an income was assured for needy students. Workers in the college made uniforms for mill girls and sold them at an exceptionally low price. Thus the factory girls helped the collegians, and the students saved money for the mill workers as well as themselves.

In almost every part of the United States, small schools and colleges have found ways to enable needy students to defray part or all of their expences. The larger institutions accommodate as many as they can, although usually the number of applicants exceeds the available jobs. Such successes as that in Maryville should inspire similar undertakings in Western North Carolina.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE HEALTH OFFICE DOING FINE WORK

In the last issue of the State Health Bulletin was an interesting article telling of the activities of Cabarrus County Health office. It is indeed gratifying to know that our school children of certain ages are having the benefit of a skilled dental surgeon. Besides this county wide health crusade, correcting defective teeth, the children are given another privilege—tonsil and adenoid clinics at a nominal price. This work, under the direction of Dr. D. G. Caldwell and his efficient co-workers, is far reaching—it not only gives the child a chance, making them physically strong, able to do the school work, but gives every assurance that the future generations will know how to better care for the body. This health crusade carried on in the many counties for the benefit of the child, is just as important as having the child attened the public schools—for it is impossible to have a sound mind without a sound body. This excerpt, from the Health Bulletin, is printed in this issue of the Uplift. Read it, so as to know of the real work of your county.

DUKE UNIVERSITY

(The following poem was written by James A. Robinson, better known in Newspaper circles as "Old Hurrygraph," free lance writer, and was dedicated to the last commencement on the Trinity Duke campus, in June.)

Great is Duke! On thy sapphire throne,
  Love lights thy radiant face,
And in the Temple all thy own
  Peculiar glory fills the place.

We praise thee that today we see
  Such loving hearts thou canst command;
'Tis thine for us; 'tis ours for thee—
  Works of thy kind assisting hand.

To name those that give thee glory,
  Is a sweet unction to the breast;
Thy finish'd work's a living story
  That ever is and always blest.

Thy scepter is of glowing gold;
  Thy subject's minds with diamonds blaze;
Thy jeweled knowledge they unfold,
  Unite in thee their brilliant rays.

The polish'd mind that thou does't bequeath—
  In loyal hearts thy lasting tower;
Thine's education's laurel wreath,
  And thine is the golden dower.

Durham, N. C.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

"Just being happy
  Helps other souls along;
Their burdens may be heavy,
  And they not strong;
And your own sky will lighten
  If other skies you brighten
By just being happy
  With a heart filled with song."

—o—

Moonlight on the Mountains

The scenic effects around Black Mountain are things to thrill the soul. One is the moonlight on the mountains. When Fair Luna, the majestic Empress of the sky, full-orbed in all of her golden glory, waves her silvery scepter from the star-gemmed throne of night, she filled the earth with a matchless scene of of indescribable loveliness. Every object seems bathed in streams of stainless lustre, that breathe an odor of peace, of purity, of rest, of love, of happiness and of Heaven. The beautiful trees nodded their heads in gentle recognition of the loveliness and the rippling moonbeams crept in and danced upon the quivering bosom of their trembling leaves, as South wind breezes made the music in the touch of sweetest sighings, and frollicking, rollicing shadows went quivering here and there with all the nervous gleaming of trembling stars when they appear seemingly afraid of and shudder at the shadows of dark-browed night. It is a fitting time to commune with Nature and Nature's God. The firmament showeth His handiwork. It is also the time for the lover's lute for everything appears to feel the thrilling melody of harmonious intermingling and hearts open a channel for the rapture that is felt amid the lovely scene and spell of tenderness that is thus experienced in a sinful world. Black Mountain is not a black mountain on a glorious moon-lit evening. It glows in a sheen of silver, and revels in the touch of a Master hand.

—o—

Songs of a Generation.

"If I had a cow that would give such
  milk
I'd dress her in the finest silk;
I'd feed her on the best of hay
And milk her forty times a day!
  Ha, ha, ha! You and me,
  Little brown jug, how I love thee!"

Was there ever a popular drinking song that had so many singers? This song was born in the seventies. I know it was sung then, because it was going strong when I first became song-conscious, and the amount of feeling a lover of whisky could put into it was tremendous. I think it came in the same decade when "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," and "Shoo-fly Don't Bodder Me," were in flower, along with "Where Was Moses When the Light Went Out," and "Don't You Love Me, Molly Darling," and "Sweet Violets," which were much in the air during the same period. Wonder if there is in existence a book containing these airs, with the music, during the final forty years of the nineteenth century.

—o—

Happiness, success and financial in-

dependence are the results of continuous effort. The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it; so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success. As the tide goes clear out, so the tide comes clear in. In business, sometimes, prospects may seem darkest when they really are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose and determination.

—o—

No Need for a Scare

The business elements of this country appear to resemble more closely than anything else the popular conception of a party of pickaninnies passing through a graveyard at midnight. They don't know what is going to happen to them, but are confident that something is— and that it will be something serious. The fact that they have passed through the same graveyard, and under the same conditions, a score of times before means nothing. They learn nothing from experience. They were scared then and they are scared now, though they have no more concrete idea of why they are scared now than they had on the previous occasion. Basic conditions in this country are the same as they have always been. We have the same natural resources, the same standard needs, the same market demands. There is no excuse for us to go into a tailspin, as business has done, and continue lopping off and complaining. Business is scared. Save a nickel in the pay roll and lose a dollar in the salesroom. Talk isn't going to cure the situation. Action is what is needed. Weird legislative curealls for the relief of this and that is not going to amount to anything. The country doesn't need relief. What it needs is jobs, and plenty of them.

SCULPTOR BORGLUM Work

The papers tell us that Sculptor Borglum is again at work at Stone Mountain We do not know the particulars but we hope matters have been satisfactorily settled and that the great sculptor will be allowed to finish the work begun and interrupted by a lot of men who hoped to make a lot of money out of the carving for themselves and who failed utterly in their attempt. Lukeman, who succeeded Borglum, made an utter failure to complete the picture and has retired from the work entirely. We hope Borglum will be permitted to finish the job and that enough money will be raised to pay for it.—Charity and Children.

CABARRUS COUNTY PRE-SCHOOL CLINICS

(The Health Bulletin)

We know of no county in North Carolina that has been carrying on more interesting developments of interest to health department workers during the past year than Cabarrus. Dr. D. G. Caldwell, health officer of that county, was instrumental sometime ago in procuring subscriptions totaling nine hundred dollars for a three months' extension of the State Board of Health dental clinics in that county. The subscriptions were obtained from a number of different agencies in the county, and it will mean a great deal to the advancing cause of oral hygiene in that section. Dr. Caldwell has sent us a most interesting article describing a health project developed in one of the rural consolidated schools of Cabarrus County this spring. The material was prepared by Dr. Caldwell from the teacher's written report of the project. It is so interesting that we herewith quote in full:

"Through the awakened interest of the boys and girls, and under the fine guidance of the teacher, Mrs. W. L. Harris, an unusually complete health project has ben developed in the Harrisburg School in Cabarrus County this spring. The class whose project is described is a fourth grade in a rural consolidated school.

"Interest was aroused in the health of the class and school by reading 'Boys and Girls of Wake-up Town.' After this book was completed, several others were collected from various sources, health pamphlets were used, The Health Bulletin, and many of the booklets from the State Board of Health on the prevention and care of different diseases were read and discussed. The children were greatly interested in finding new material, and not only brought anything they could find at home but borrowed from friends and neighbors whenever possible.

"Many other subjects were easily correlated with the health activity. Paragraph writing on such subjects as 'The Cleanliness of Other Countries,' 'Good Health Habits,' etc., readily found a place in the English lessons. The new vocabulary needed sent the children flocking to the dictionary, and many new words crept into the spelling lessons.

"For about two weeks, the entire arithmetic period was devoted to problems related to health.

"The drawing period was used in making health posters, and some very creditable designs were worked out.

"A study of the health and cleanliness of various countries fitted into the geography schedule, and Holland and Japan served as shining examples.

"Civic pride was developed among the entire class. Bathing facilities in the rural and city homes were studied, and a survey was made of the number of homes having electric lights and running water. The children looked for and destroyed breeding places for flies and mosquitoes.

Homes and public buildings were observed to see which were cleanest. An interest was aroused in keeping the Clean-up days were observed, and the classroom and the school grounds clean and orderly. A student board of health was organized, consisting of a doctor and a nurse who attended to cuts and bruises received at school.

Walls, wookwork, blackboards and windows were washed, the school grounds were cleaned up, and flowers were planted.

"The subject of play and exercise called for the arrangement of an ideal playground on the sand table. Small models of see-saws, swings, slides, merry-go-rounds, etc., were made by the children, and a small rock fish pool was constructed of putty and pebbles in an old pan. The interest in this activity led to cleaning up a small grove on the school grounds for the playground for the elementary grades. Here several benches have been built. The children themselves have constructed a lily pool and have raised money and bought a slide. Other equipment will be added as fast as possible.

"Another class activity was the writing and presentation of a health play, 'A Sad Accident.'

"But the outstanding classroom activity of the whole project was the hot lunch program, which has produced unsually gratifying results. The children were interested from the start and their enthusiasm quickly enlisted the cooperation of the parents. Many parents became as enthusiastic as the children when the merits of the plans were demonstrated.

"The equipment used was very simple. The children brought cups and spoons from home, and used an electric hot plate for cooking. All dishes and utensils were kept in a curtained cupboard and washed each day before and after using. Hot co-co-malt, vegetable soup, potato soup, potatoes and beans have been served. The children furnished practically all the necessary ingredients for each day's menu, rotating from time to time. After the program was once well started, the children were able to make most of the plans, prepare the food and serve it. Duties of preparing, serving and cleaning were taken by different children in turn.

"The benefits of this hot lunch program have been two-fold. Every child in the class, with one exception, has made a substantial gain in weight. A classroom weight graph has demonstrated plainly the steady gain. The group was weighed each month and interest in the weighing has been keen.

"Also, this group has focussed the attention of the whole school on the advantages of the hot lunch. A nurse experienced in nutrition work was asked to talk before the Harrisburg Community Club on the subject of the hot lunch. With the interest of the school and community aroused, it seems probable that this little fourth grade nutrition program may have big results. Plans are being considered for serving the hot lunch through the whole school next year.

"Altogether, the results of this project have been all that could be desired. It has proved to be a well-rounded development for the children, They know more about the laws of health and their practical application:

the members of the class have increased in weight steadily; they have gained a knowledge of foods, their preparation and serving; their social life has shown great improvement through improvement of personal appearance and eating habits; their civic knowledge and interest has been greatly increased through the study of desirable surroundings. The experience gained in developing this project should be of much value to the children in the years to come."

Cabarrus County conducted for several weeks last summer a preventorium for children who had reacted to the tuberculin test for tuberculosis and, upon examination, indicated the presence of that disease. The work was so successful that another similar period has been provided during this present summer. Dr. Caldwell also sends us an interesting summary of the pre-school clinics held in Cabarrus County this spring which we feel sure would be helpful and interesting to other sections of the State, and so we close this summary with the excellent work being done in Cabarrus County by quoting from Dr. Caldwell's report:

Report of Cabarrus County Pre-

"Pre-school clinics were held in three schools in Concord, three schools in Kannapolis, and the six consolidated schools in the county. The small one-or-two-teacher schools were not reached. No colored schools were included. The total number of schools visited was twelve, and the whole number of pre-school children examined was 390. These examinations were made by the health officer, assisted by the county nurses and by Miss Edna Oliver, from the Bureau of Maternity and Infancy. In all cases the Parent-Teachers' Association was in sympathy, and in some schools furnished splendid assistance. The school authorities were very generous with their time and effort.

"School officials estimate that in those schools where the clinics were held about 1,380 beginners will enter next fall. That makes about 28 per cent who came for the check-up. In the entire 29 white schools in the county, 1,990 entrants are expected, and the number of children examined represents about 20 per cent, or one-fifth of this total. This does not seem a satisfactory percentage, but it does show a considerable gain in interest and understanding of the value of the preliminary examination when we consider that last year only 184 children were brought to the round-up, as against 390 this year. This is a good index to the increasingly favorable reaction to continued health education in our county.

"Two hundred and eighty-three children were found to have physical defects. That makes nearly 73 per cent needing corrections of some sort. An itemized account of the defects found follows:

Defective hearing	5
Defective vision	25
Diseased tonsils	174
Defective teeth	148
Heart defects	12
Orthopedic defects	10
Nutritional defects	94
Other defects	8

"In the six largest schools included in the check-up, a majority of the children come from mill workers'

homes. Unfavorable hygienic conditions and a lack of understanding of the simplest rules of nutrition and health probably account for the large proportion of defects, especially in teeth and nutrition.

"We have not yet been able to check up on corrections done. The nurses are making follow-up visits as fast as their other duties allow, and it is hoped that a call will be made to each home where advice is needed, during the month of June. We also hope to secure a tonsil clinic to take care of many of the poorer cases.

"The clinics revealed a good many interesting cases. Probably the outstanding one is that of Paul, a boy eight years old, who never attended school. He was eight pounds underweight, had evidently had pellagra for some time, and presented a pitiful picture of poverty and neglect. His tonsils were not bad, but he had three defective teeth and was slightly cross-eyed. He was tuberculin tested at once, and the reaction was negative. He was suggested as a possible candidate for the summer Preventorium put on by the local Tuberculosis Association ; so a chest x-ray was made at the sanatorium as a matter of routine, but this was also negative. His teeth have been put in good condition by the State dentist.

"One June 3rd Paul was admitted to the Preventorium. Although he does not at present show symptoms of tuberculosis, his nutrition and general condition are so poor that it is felt that building him up will be a real public health service, by warding off a potential case. Three months of good food and a sensible routine of rest, cleanliness, air and sunshine ought to give Paul an entirely new foundation for health and happiness.

"Another child, in the group of defective cases discovered, is already under treatment at the Orthopedic Hospital at Gastonia for an uncorrected fracture of the forearm.

"We feel that the educational side of the clinics was decidedly worthwhile, as each child's condition was discussed with the parent, if present. If no parent was in attendance, a notice was sent home with the child as to how he compared with the normal child at his chronological age. Quite a large amount of health literature went into the homes, also, as a byproduct of the clinics."

In the Blue Laws of Massachusetts and Connecticut, 1662, is found dire punishment, which says:

"Whereas oftentimes many babbling women often slander and scandalize their neighbors, for which their poor husbands are often brought into chargeable and vexatious suites, and cast in great damage: Be it therefore enacted, etc., That in actions of slander occasioned by the wife as aforesaid, after judgement passed for damages, the woman shall be punished by ducking; and if the slander be so enormous as to be adjudged at a greater damage than 500 lbs. of tobacco, then the woman to suffer a ducking for each five hundred pounds adjudged against the husband, if he refuses to pay. the tobacco."

THE MOUNTAINEERS TURNED TIDE OF BATTLE

By David Rankin Barbee

King's Mountain means to the revolution of 1776 what Gettysburg means to the revolution of 1861. After Gettysburg the tide set in against the Confederacy, and step by step the northern forces, though often discouraged when they went up against Lee's army, moved forward to Appomattox; and after King's Mountain, step by step the American forces marched forward, under discouragements, to Yorktown.

Of all the battles of the revolution none has such unique distinction nor had such far reaching consequences as this one. It should be blazened on every monument in our country erected to a revolutionary soldier or to commemorate a battle in that contest; and more than that it should be written on the hearts of every true lover of this country, for it was the sons of the men who won that battle who later, in the awful controversy of 1861-65, under the leadership of that intrepid and very great man, Andrew Johnson, kept this Union from breaking into two confederacies. King's Mountain is still a vivid reality in their lives, and as long as East Tennessee is East Tennessee it will continue to be so.

"In September 1780," says Greg, "Cornwallis, who had been reinforced by some 3,000 men from Clinton's command at New York, passed into North Carolina; Ferguson, the Marion of the Royalists, moving on his left. The latter was surprised at King's Mountain by a picked body of guerillas, and after a stubborn fight, in which more than a third of their number were killed or severely wounded, the royalist, surrounded, overpowered, and disheartened by the loss of their daring chief laid down their arms. Of some 650 captives a number were hanged in cold blood, on the next morning, under the eyes of the American commander. It was impossible for Cornwallis to abandon the royalists of South Carolina to the mercy of such an enemy. He fell back, suffering terribly from want of tents, fodder, and provisions, amid continuous rain."

In a general order to his army Washington declared the victory to be "an important object gained," and "a proof of the spirit and resources of the country."

"The Loyalists of North Carolina no longer dared rise," says Bancroft. "It fired the patriots of the two Carolinas with fresh zeal. It encouraged the fragments of the defeated and scattered American army to seek each other, and organize themselves anew. It quickened the North Carolina legislature to earnest efforts. It encouraged Virginia to devote her resources to the country south of her border.

In this battle Ferguson, the British leader, commanded 934 troops, only 100 of whom were British regulars. and the balance Loyalists or Tories from North and South Carolina. The encounter took place in the afternoon of October 7, 1780, and lasted

exactly one hour, but that was the bloodiest hour ever a British army had to face. Ferguson refused to surrender and was killed. Two hundred and six of his men fell to rise no more, 128 were wounded, and 600 were taken prisoners. The Americans lost 28 killed and 62 wounded.

It was gotten up by the mountaineers, it wsa planned by their leaders, its ranks were composed of their clans, all Indian fighters, and it was fought just as they had been trained to fight Indians. It formed no part of any strategy of Washington's but it made him as well as Cornwallis change their whole plan of campaign. That mountain army belonged to no one, was responsible to no one but God and their neighbors, and as soon as the battle was over it went back home to North Carolina, Tennesee and Virginia.

Password was "Buford."

One of the first acts of Tarleton was to butcher Colonel Buford's regiment of Whigs arriving too late to give help to beleaguered Charleston. This act of almost unparalleled cruelty greatly discouraged the Whigs of South Carolina, but it was the immediate prelude to King's Mountain. And when the mountain men went into action on that memorable October afternoon their password was "Buford," and every time a Tory raised the white flag to surrender, the shout went up? "Give them Buford's play!" And no quarter it was.

The Whigs in North Carolina simply lived in hell. They were outnumbered by the Tories, who took good care to spy on them, and to see that they were decently hanged in the presence of their families. That was one way to stamp out rebellion. And so they feared that they would be wiped out, and this led them to send the Macedonian cry over the mountains of the Wautaga settlements where Colonel Isaac Shelby who was later to become the Father of Kentucky and Colonel John Sevier who was the Father of Tennessee, were the leaders.

When the messenger from the North Carolina settlements reached Isaac Shelby he mounted his horse and rode like the devil for 40 miles to find "Nolachucky Jack" Sevier, who was the commander of the military forces of Washington county and the adored leader of those riflemen. Of all places Shelby found Sevier at the race track, either riding as a jockey his own pony or matching others and betting his money like the true and gallant Tennessean that he was. To Sevier the messenger reported the message he had brought from Ferguson, who at Gilbert Town had felt a blow dealt by the mountain men who opposed his entry into their country. "Tell them," said Ferguson, "if they do not desist from their opposition to British arms, I will march my army over the mountains, hang their leaders, and lay waste their country with fire and sword."

Too Great a Dare.

This was a dare that no Tennessean ever took, and so they blew the old fox horn and sent out the runners and the fiery cross and then the clans began to gather. They were dressed in hunting shirts and leggins and on their heads they wore coon skin caps with the brush dangling down the back, to tickle their necks when they inclined to be

lazy and to brush the flies off when the insects became too loving. Their arms were their unerring Deckard rifles and their hunting knives. They marched light, for they lived on the country as they went forward.

The riflemen were drawn up before the final march for Ferguson began and told what they were going to do and that any faint hearted men might fall out. None fell. Then they were told they must get Ferguson by all means. A boy who had been in his camp described him as wearing a bright red uniform with a checked shirt or duster, what we now call a smock, over it to keep it clean. "Well, poys," said Colonel Hambright, a Pennsylvania Dutchman who was there as a combatant, "ven you see dot man mit a pig shirt on over his clothes, dot is him and you may mark him mit your rifles." And so they did.

Rebel Yell Originated There

You have heard tell of the terrible Rebel Yell, with which the Confederates always went into battle. It originated at King's Mountain, and it was stolen bodily from the Indians. When these riflemen after marching 48 hours without stopping through a pouring rain reached their quarry the rain stopped and the sun came out and some were stopping to dry out and eat a snack, but the impetuous Isaac Shelby would not hear to it. "Up boys and at 'em" he swore.

They surrounded that mountain and went up as one man at a signal. Ferguson was camped on the plain on top of the knob. He had two women with him, whom he had stolen in Virginia. One was to die with him and be buried in his grave. When 300 yards off Ferguson began to blow his silver whistle and arrange his forces. Above the din of that whistle there rose the shrill war-whoop of the riflemen.

"There are those damned yelling boys!" exclaimed Capt. Abraham DePeyster, the second in command, to Ferguson. "This looks ominous."

Protected by trees, fighting as they fought Indians, the British in the open exposed to their deadly aim, the riflemen just had a picnic of that battle. Ferguson fell, after refusing to surrender. He was a brave and gallant Scotchman. Long years afterwards another Scotchman the Rev. Dr. Lathan, the historian of South Carolina, found his grave and opened it and identified the body by Ferguson's knife engraved with his name on it. His son, Robert Lathan, editor of the Asheville Citizen, has that knife.

After the battle a courtmartial was held and six assassins, all Tories were lawfully tried and hung. Many others were to meet that fate, but Sevier and his gang were anxious to get back home and they were let off. It was time to pull the corn and set the stills to going.

Popularity is not bravado. It is won through the calm exercise of such qualities as kindness, courtesy, ability to see the right thing to do, and a sense to propose it gracefully.—Mabel Walters.

CONSOLIDATE COUNTY HOMES, BROWN URGES

(Welfare Progress)

"The time has come when small counties may well unite their efforts in solving a number of problems," declared R. Eugene Brown, Director of Institutions for the State Board of Public Welfare, in addressing the Gates County Missionary Institute at Sunbury recently.

Consolidation of the county homes and jails in groups of small counties was urged by Mr. Brown, who said that eighty-nine counties in North Carolina maintain separate county homes, with populations ranging from one to 117 inmates, and totaling only 1,800. The maintenance of these homes cost annually over $600,000, while the investment mounts to more than two and half million, according to the speaker. He said, "It is possible to provide much better care in fewer institutions at less than these counties are spending at the present time."

"All sorts of makeshifts are used for county homes in North Carolina," declared Mr. Brown. "Not more than 35 of the 89 county institutions can possibly be classified as modern plants. About 35 others, some brick and some frame, are passable. The others, 19 in number, are unfit to be used for this purpose.

"Considering both the types of care provided and the amount of money expended by the counties, the maintenance of a county home in every county is not economical. If the children, the mentally and physically sick should all be transferred from the county home to special institutions prepared to provide the sort of treatment and care they need, the county home as such would almost entirely disappear.

"While we are thinking of district hospital-homes, let me say that a district jail would help solve one of our most serious institutional problems. Does it not seem inadvisable for six counties to attempt to maintain six jails, none of which measure up to the minimum requirements for the management of jails, when one well equipped and well managed plant, would serve all counties adequately. It seems to me that the time has come when small counties may well unite their efforts in solving a number of problems."

The popular soul achieves distinction along social lines. He is cheery, happy, clear-eyed, vital, enjoys things, like to see others enjoy them, and helps them to do so.—Max Muller.

HARD TIMES IN AMERICA

(The Enquirer)

We are having very hard times in North Carolina; the streets are full of automobiles, going, as Will Rogers says, nowhere in particular but in a great hurry to get there, times are so hard that it is difficult to find parking places for our automobiles; we have in North Carolina approximately 500,000 automobiles, or only about one for every five of us in the state; if times were not so hard, we would no doubt all have an automobile.

We are right up against it: we saw a girl last week so hard up she did not have silk stockings, and rather than wear rayon she wore none at all; of the thousands of girls in North Carolina, it is almost unbelievable that one should have to do without silk stockings, but that is not all—the consumption of cigarettes increased only about 5,000,000 packages in the state last year, whereas everybody knows it should have increased by twice that amount.

Times are sure hard—we were able to obtain a seat at the movie after waiting only 20 minutes, when by rights we should have had to wait at least an hour; the drug store got along by installing only two extra fountains this summer, which shows how bad things really are, but an extra show case for lipsticks, two extra racks for magazines and a lunch counter cut into the druggist's earnings and made him realize how hard times are.

And to make things worse, every vacant lot in America has a miniature golf course on it and it looks like times are getting so hard that they're going to have to start tearing down perfectly good buildings to make room for more "peewee" golf courses. And if a fellow wants to play on one of the "pesky" things he has to wait nearly an hour before he can get to start and then gets run over, knocked down and hit by golf balls before he finishes. Every one of the miniature courses is crowded day and night. Yes, times are hard.

When will times be better? It is almost impossible to find a parking space near a movie theatre, miniature golf course or other place of amusement—a terrible condition. Something really ought to be done to require the hot dog stands to carry on hand a sufficient supply of food to feed the crowds; and this way of building grandstands, movie theatres, stadiums and other places of amusement only half large enough to seat those attending ought to be handled vigorously.

Yes, the times are hard; the grocer can hardly sell any flour, grits or bacon, it takes all of his time to sell canned peaches, canned salmon, canned soup, canned meats and even canned apple sauce; the dry goods merchant is crying because his bolts of gingham, muslin and denim remain on his shelves, while his clerks waste all their time selling such things as silk and rayon; the hardware store has no demand for plows, wire fencing and nails, but he cannot supply the demand for radios, electric percolators, vacuum cleaner, et cetera; yes, the times are hard.

THE WORLD'S BEST NOVELS

(Asheville Citizen)

Several weeks ago there was republished on this page a list of the 60 best novels of all time as compiled by a New Jersey college professor. Another college professor has now been moved to try his hand at compiling a similar list. In his "As I Like It" department in the October number of Scribner's Magazine Professor William Lyon Phelps says that in response to repeated requests he has expanded the list of fifteen best novels which he published some years ago to 100. The latter list is as follows:

DEFOE—Robinson Crusoe.
SWIFT—Gulliver's Travels.
RICHARDSON—Pamela.
RICHARDSON—Clarissa.
FIELDING—Joseph Andrews.
FIELDING—Tom Jones.
SMOLLET—Humphrey Clinker.
PREVOST—Manon Lescaut
GOLDSMITH—The Vicar of Wakefield.
GOETHE—Wilhelm Meister.
GOETHE—Elective Affnities.
AUSTEN—Pride and Prejudice.
AUSTEN—Emma.
AUSTEN—Persuasion.
SCOTT—Ivanhoe.
SCOTT—The Bride of Lammermoor.
SCOTT—Quentin Durward.
COOPER—The Last of the Mohicians.
COOPER—The Pilot.
HUGO—Notre Dame.
HUGO—Les Miserables.
DUMAS—The Three Musketeers
DUMAS—Twenty Years After.
DUMAS—The Victomte de Bragelonne.
DUMAS—Monte Cristo.
BALZAC—Eugenie Grandet.
BALZAC—Le Pere Goriot.
FLAUBERT—Madame Vovary.
DICKENS—Pickwick Papers.
DICKENS—David Copperfield.
DICKENS—The Old Curiosity Shop.
DICKENS—Great Expectations.
DICKENS—Our Mutual Friend.
EMILY BRONTE—Wuthering Heights.
THACKERY—Vanity Fair.
THACKERY—Henry Esmond.
HAWTHORNE—The Scarlet Letter.
HAWTHORNE—The House of the Seven Gables.
MELVILLE—Moby Dick.
STOWE—Uncle Tom's Cabin.
ELIOT—Adam Bede.
ELIOT—The Mill on the Floss.
READE—The Cloister and the Hearth.
BJORNSON—Synnoye Solbakken.
BJORNSON—In God's Way.
GOGOL—Taras Bulba.
TURGENEV—A House of Gentlefolk.
TURGENEV—Fathers and Children.
TURGENEV—On the Eve.
TURGENEV—Smoke.
TOLSTOY—War and Peace.
TOLSTOY—Ann Karenina.
TOLSTOY—The Death of Ivan Ilyitch.
TOLSTOY—Ressurrection.
DOSTOEVSKY—Memoirs of the

House of the Dead.
DOSTOEVSKY—Crime and Punishment.
DOSTOEVSKY—The Idiot
DOSTOEVSKY—The Brothers Karamazov.
CARROLL—Alice in Wonderland.
HUDSON—Green Mansions.
THROLLOPE—Barchester Towers.
COLLINS—The Moonstone.
JAMES—The American.
JAMES—The Portrait of a Lady.
BLACKMORE—Lorna Doone.
MEREDITH—The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.
HOWELLS—A Modern Institute.
HARDY—The Return of the Native.
HARDY—The Woodlanders.
HARDY—Tess of the D'Ubervilles.
TWAIN—Tom Sawyer.
TWAIN—Huckleberry Finn.
FRANCE—The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard.
MAUPASSANT—A Life.
MOORE—Esther Watters.
HEYSE—The Children of the World.
SUDERMANN—Dame Care.
STEVENSON—Treasure Island.
STEVENSON—Kidnapped.
STEVENSON—Weir of Hermiston
SHAW—Cashel Byron's Profession.
BARRIE—Sentimental Tommy.
KIPLING—Jim.
ZOLA—The Downfall.
CRANE—The Red Badge of Courage.
SIENKIEWICZ—Pan Michael.
BUTLER—The Way of All Flesh.
CONRAD—The Nigger of the Narcissus.
CONRAD—Typhoon.
DE MORGAN—Joseph Vance.
GALSWORTHY—The Forsyte Saga.
OLLIVANT—Bob, Son of Battle.
LONDON—The Call of the Wild.
ROLLAND—Jean Christophe.
WELLS—Tono-Bungay.
BENNETT—The Old Wives' Tale.
HAMSUN—Browth of the Soil.
WHARTON—The Age of Innocenc.
LEWIS—Dodsworth.
WILDER—The Bridge of San Luis Rey.

On Professor Phelps' list appear 29 of the novels named in the earlier list of Professor Lamont. These are all novels published many years ago, most of them three quarters of a century ago or longer. When they come to contemporary fiction the two dons are in agreement on only three books, Bennett's "Old Wives' Tales," Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil," and Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga."

In announcing his list, Professor Phelps says: "I have chosen these novels because I like them. I mean that if I had to select one hundred novels and could have no others, I would take these." Those who do not like his selections are privileged to make their own.

"Criticise yourself today and others tomorrow."

STRICKEN SANTO DOMINGO

(North Carolina Christian Advocate)

We are publishing an appeal for help for the stricken island of Santo Domingo. The appeal comes from the headquarters of the Interdominational Mission conducted there by three churches, Presbyterian, P. S. A., Methodist Episcopal, North, and the United Brethren, with Dr. Samuel Guy Inman, executive secretary. Their appeal applies to the support of the hospital which is swamped with cases of unfortunates who have been injured by the hurricane of September 3, which swept over that small country and destroyed the city of Santo Domingo and impoverished the little republic. Those who have funds they wish to give may send them to the Board for Christian Work in Santo Domingo, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York.

The terrible disaster, which is one of the major misfortunes of the world, brings again into the public eye this spot that marks the first view Columbus had of the new world. At Santo Domingo there is the supposed tomb of the great discoverer himself, in the town which is the oldest settlement of white men in the western hemisphere, begun in 1496.

Santo Domingo is also the name of a republic dating from 1844, which forms two thirds of the island of Haiti. The territory extends over 20,000 square miles, the republic of Haiti, with its capital, Port Au Prince, covering the other third. Under the historic figure, Toussant L'Overture,, once a slave, the island gained its independence as a whole from France, and the Spanish part seceded in 1844 and formed the republic of Santo Domingo.

In 1916, on account of numerous rebellions and riots, the United States government sent marines and appointed a mliitary governor who brought about peace and left the island autonomous in 1922.

The population of the republic is about one million, composed mostly of negroes and mulatoes, with a few old white families of French and Spanish. The town of Santo Domingo has 30,000 population. Many old houses were built of stone and these alone withstood the 150-mile wind.

It is not necessary for us to go into detail as to the devastation, as the daily press has been filled with the horrors that come with the storm.

''Mose,'' said the judge sternly, ''you are found guilty of having stolen two chickens from Mr. Harrison's coop last week. The fine will be $5.00.''

''Yassuh, jedge,'' said Mose, placing a $10 bill on the clerk's desk. ''Ah's giving yo' 10 bucks which will pay yo' up to an' includin' nex' Sattidy night.''

MYSTERIES OF THE ICY ARCTIC

(Exchange)

Discovery of wreckage and two fur-clad skeletons on White Island by members of Dr. Horn's Norwegian exploration mission has solved the fate of the Andree aerial Polar expedition of thirty-three years ago. Andree and his two companions set out in their baloon from Danes Island in July, 1897, and until now were never heard of again. The grim white silence of the frozen Arctic swallowed them up, as it has done to many others before and since. Yet brave souls persist in exploring those icy regions, sometimes with success, but also again to meet failure and death.

How many hardy seamen have ventured into the frozen wastes of the Arctic and Antarctic no one knows. Doubtless vikings of the middle age undertook such quests, often to meet with disaster. Henry Hudson, the famed English explorer, made a series of voyages of discovery. He sailed up the Hudson River, for example, as far as the present city of Albany in the interest of the Dutch East India Company. In 1610 he set out on his fourth and last great enterprise. Penetrating into Hudson's Bay, he was confronted by a mutiny of his men. He, his son, and several sick sailors were cast adrift in an open boat with two days' provisions. The world has never heard of them again.

In 1846, Sir John Franklin, a hero of the Battle of Trafalgar, sailed for the North Polar regions in the Erebus and the Terror with a company of 130 men. Never were they seen by white men again. Years later Eskimos told of meeting them. Also a message was found at Point Victory But the fogs and ice of the great North swallowed them up forever.

In the year that President Garfield was shot, Lieutenant Greely, U. S. A., set out for the Arctic in the Proteus. He and his men were locked in by ice of the Far North for several years, but were finally saved in June, 1884. For once the Polar regions were cheated of their victims.

More recently, in 1928, General Nobile set out for a second expedition to the North Pole in the Italia. His airship was the last word in modern scientific equipment and his crew were hardy experienced navigators. Yet disaster overtook them and many perished. The story of the privations of the Nobile expedition and the heroism of their rescurers is a thrilling tale of modern adventure. Despite a bitter quarrel with Nobile, Ronald Amundsen went to his rescue and was lost with his companions when their plane was wrecked.

Captain Scott's expedition to the South Pole is another episode fraught with tragedy.

Yet men are still ready to go on these dangerous quests. Perry reached the North Pole in 1912. Amundsen and Scott both reached the South Pole. Admiral Byrd has thrilled the world by his successful flights over both North and South Poles. But danger and death lurk in the paths of these enterprises. A submarine expedition is now being planned. But all the devices of modern science cannot make such undertakings quite safe.

A MOMENT OF HEROISM

(Boys' Industrial School Journal)

An automobile stalled on a railroad grade crossing in Louisiana the other day. Down the track came a fast train. The engineer, Leon Ford, saw the stalled auto and knew that he would not be able to stop in time. So he did some very quick and unselfish thinking.

When a locomotive, traveling at high speed, has to be stopped in a hurry, the brakes must not be applied too suddenly. If they are, the engine is apt to leave the rails entirely and turn over.

Ford, as a veteran engineer, knew this perfectly. So, without hesitation, he jammed on his brakes. The thing worked just as he had expected. His locomotive jumped the tracks and careened over on its side. Ford was killed. But the motorist escaped alive.

It is probable that almost any engineer would have done the same thing. Railroad engineers are members of that select band of men who have led the public to expect them to be ready to sacrifice their own lives to save others. But you won't understand just how much credit this bit of heroism reflects on Leon Ford until you try to figure our whether you, yourself, would have acted that way in his place.

Probably most of us would like to tell ourselves that we have been equally heroic. But the chances are that we are only kidding ourselves. We would have meant well; we would have taken a grip on our nerve and done our best to steel ourselves for the sacrifice. But—and here is the point—by the time we could have made up our minds it would have been too late.

Ford had to make his decision in the twinkling of an eye. In fact, he had to make it automatically. It had to come out of him without the necessity of his stopping to think it over. He had, in short, to be the kind of man, right down to the bottom, to whom an action of self-sacrifice was instinctive in a sudden crisis.

That is the sort of stuff that heroism really is. It isn't anything that flows unexpectedly, without a background. The engineer, who died to prevent a wreck. The fireman who loses his life in a blazing building trying to get some doomed inmate out, the policeman who coolly shoots it out with a gunman and goes down with a bullet in his heart—these men do not suddenly become heroes. They were heroes all the while. The moment of crisis simply brought it out.

And that, in turn, is why our instinct to pay high honors to these men in a sound one. The quick moment of bravery and selfless courage—that is nothing. The disciplined, steadfast life that made that moment's bravery inevitable—that is everything.

"Absence makes the picture postcards accumulate."

LABOR DAY! LUCKY DAY!

By D. Winchester

Martha Bennett came out of the subway into the murky heat of early morning, feeling at odds with the world. The fact that she had to go into the office on a day that should have been a holiday had entirely ruffled Martha's usual good nature. She pushed her way along the sunny street rebelliously, forgetting for the moment that all summer Marden's big department store had closed on Saturday, and remembering only that the big doors were to upen as usual on Labor Day. Glancing up at the clock over City Hall, Martha quickenened her step.

By the time she reached the fourth floor, it was nine o'clock. Martha hurried into the advertising department, took off her hat, and settled herself at her desk. Only Mr. Clay, the advertising manager, was in yet. Kay Barnes' desk was still vacant, Martha noticed as she put a sheet of paper into her typewriter and opened her notebook. Martha had been in Marden's advertising department only since spring, but that was long enough for her to decide that she should like to write advertising copy some time. Pulling her chair closer, Martha began to work. But the sound of Mr. Clay's buzzer interrupted her.

"Miss Barnes in yet?" Mr. Clay wanted to know when Martha opened the door.

"Not yet, Mr. Clay," Martha answered.

"Humph " Mr. Clay muttered impatiently. "Well, take a letter, Miss Bennett."

When Martha left Mr. Clay's office, Kay Barnes was just sitting down at her desk. She waved a friendly hand and winked at the clock.

"Anybody looking for me?" she whispered across the office to Martha.

Martha nodded and motioned toward Mr. Clay's office. Kay's eyebrows went up, but she shrugged her shoulders and went to work. Martha opened her notebook again, but once more Mr. Clay's buzzer interrupted.

"Send Miss Barnes in as soon as she comes in, please," he told her without looking up.

As the door closed on Kay, Martha's fingers flew over the keyboard, and they stopped only when Kay reappeared.

"Was he cross?" Martha asked anxiously.

Kay shook her head.

"Of course, not. Why, darling child, don't you know he couldn't run the department without Jim and me," Kay joked. "Just so we get the work in, hours don't make much difference."

Kay started away, and then came back.

"And apropos of that, if I don't appear after lunch, don't worry. They haven't heard about it around here, but today really is a holiday, you know."

"But Kay, Jim's away today, and Mr. Clay said somebody should be here in case anything unexpected came up."

Kay laughed. "Oh, don't worry, nothing unexpected ever does come

up. It'll be all right."

Martha reached for the telephone and lifted the receiver as Kay walked away.

"Miss Bennett speaking," Martha answered. "Oh, hello, Jane. No, can't possibly get away. Not even to drive to the shore, and you know I'd give almost anything to go along. No, not even if everybody is going.. Well, I'll ask Mr. Clay after a while, but there isn't a chance of my getting away....All right, I'll call you if I happen to change my mind."

Martha hung up the receiver unhappily and leaned back in her chair. The hand of the office clock showed only eleven o'clock, and the temperature of the office was rapidly becoming higher, though that had seemed impossible. Turning back to her machine, Martha decided to see Mr. Clay as soon as she finished her letter. But as she was pulling it from the machine, the door behind her opened, and Mr. Clay appeared, his hat in one hand and his brief case in the other.

"Going now, Miss Bennett, probably for the day," he announced, barely pausing as he passed her desk. "I want you to stay and see to anything that may come up. And Miss Barnes," still moving toward the door, Mr. Clay looked in Kay's direction, "you'll ave to stay, too, in case there's a rewrite on that perfume card. See Mr. Holt personally about it." The last words floated back as he turned out of sight.

Kay and Martha stared at each other helplessly.

"So that settles that," Martha sighed. "And I was just going to ask for the afternoon!"

Kay laughed. "Well, I'm going to take it, after I see Mr. Holt. You'd better come along. Mr. Clay wouldn't really care, and anyway, nothing will come up."

But Martha shook her head. "You wouldn't do it in my place, either, Kay. And I do need this job."

At noon Martha closed her typewriter.

"Think I'll try and find a cool place for lunch.

"Mind if I come along?" Kay asked, turning from the tiny mirror she had been peering into.

As they got out of the elevator on the first floor Kay glanced toward the perfume counter.

"Wait a minute while I run over and see Mr. Holt," she told Martha.

Several minutes later Kay came back, breathless.

"Thought I'd catch him before he went to lunch, but I didn't. That means I have to come back here this afternoon," she grumbled as they turned into the sunbaked street.

They found a little tea room that was at least cooler than the office, and daudled over luncheon. When they reached the store again, Martha left Kay to hunt for Mr. Holt and went upstairs alone. Half an later Kay appeared, hot and indignant.

"Here I spend half an hour of a perfectly good afternoon looking for him before somebody remembers he has gone for the day."

As she talked, Kay slid the things from the top of her desk into a drawer. Martha watched her enviously.

"Well, that means nothing to keep me, for naturally I can't see him personally if he's gone. Sorry you won't come along," she added over

her shoulder to Martha as she hurried out.

Martha glanced up at the clock. Not yet two o'clock, and almost too hot to breathe. Walking over to the water cooler, Martha drew herself a glass of water. But it only made her feel warmer. Next she picked up a textbook on copywriting that she had taken home the week before to read in the evenings. But thoughts of Jane and the others, and Kay, too, probably, on the way to the shore kept intruding. She closed the book with a slam and walked to the window. If she had some work that really had to be done, she wouldn't mind it half so much, Martha told herself.

The afternoon sun poured in through the window in scorching rays, but Martha did not move. Instead she stood watching the crowds moving below her through the streets.

"Imbeciles," she decided bitterly, "to stay in town when they could go somewhere else." And she glanced with particular scorn on those that turned into Marden's main entrance.

Footsteps behind her made Martha turn. A boy asked for Miss Barnes

"She's not here now," Martha informed him briefly. "Shall I take it?"

The boy hestited.

"Mr. Holt said it must go to Miss Barnes. Important."

Martha took the papers from his hand, and glanced at them quickly. She recognized the notes from which the copy was to be written. Hurrying to the telephone, she called for Mr. Holt.

"He're not here," came back over the wire.

"But he was, just a minute ago," Martha insisted. "See if you can't get him."

"Sorry," the voice over the wire insisted wearily, "but I say he's gone and postively won't be back today."

Martha hung up the receiver, took the papers and dismissed the boy. Then she sank into her chair and stared ahead of her. She couldn't reach Kay. She couldn't reach Mr. Holt. If Mr. Clay came back, he could fix it himself, in the emergency, but the possibility of his coming back was extremely remote. Martha read the words scrawled in Mr. Holt's bold hand across the top of the first page: "Must go in tonight." There was only one thing to do. Martha would have to write the ad herself. She trembled at the thought. But, on the other hand, if she didn't it would mean a white space staring at the public over its morning coffee. Unless, of course, the printer could do something about it. But even that would mean a financial loss.

With the notes before her, Martha set to work. It was four o'clock when Martha looked up again. She looked again at the clock doubtfully. So absorbed had she been, that time, heat and holiday were forgotten. Reading over what she had written, she made several minor changes, then waited for the hands to point to four-thirty. If Mr. Clay came in before then, her copy wouldn't have to go. But if he didn't—.

Slowly the hands crept forward. Four-thirty! Martha put her copy into an envelope, rang for a boy and sent it off.

The next morning when Martha got in, Mr. Clay was already at his desk.

Jim Park was very frankly making no pretense of working although he had been away the entire day before. When he saw Martha he hurried over to her desk.

"Can't I take a day off without the rest of you letting the office go to ruin?" he began seriously.

Martha looked up quickly, a frightened look in her eyes.

"Was it so terrible," she asked breathlessly.

Jim laughed. "Don't take me seriously, and don't look so frightened. Nothing at all has happened that I know of. But I have my suspicions. To wit," he lowered his voice mysteriously. "First, Mr. Clay is pacing the deck when I arrive, which is certainly unusual. Secondly, Kay arrived every bit of fifteen minutes early, which is even more unusual."

Just then the door of Mr. Clay's office opened, and Kay came out, with Mr. Clay just behind her. She passed Martha and Jim without a word.

Then Mr. Clay called Martha in and closed the door.

"You do this?" he asked curiously, motioning to the perfume card in the morning ad.

Martha nodded.

"Humph," Mr. Clay considered gravely. "Knew it didn't sound like Miss Barnes."

"I'm sorry it's—"

Mr. Clay cut her short.

"Of course, it's rough in spots, but the idea's good. An instinctive something there that every copywriter should have, but hasn't. How would you like to go to an advertising class a couple of evenings a week, and write copy for me regularly."

"I'd love it," Martha answered frankly, when she found her voice, "but I don't want to put Miss Barnes out—"

"Not a bit, not a bit," Mr. Clay broke in again.

Martha had no chance to talk to Kay until they went out to lunch together. As they sat down at the table they had had the day before, Kay turned to Martha.

"You certainly saved me ysterday, for which many thanks. And it was a mighty good card you put in, too. You'll go far in copywriting ranks, mark my words, young lady," she finished with studied solemnity. "Really, Martha, you will."

"But you—" Martha began anxiously.

"Oh, me, I'm more fortunate than I should be. Mr. Clay was a dear. He didn't fire me. But he knows I'd rather like to try my hand at buying, so I'm to have a chance as an assistant buyer of girls' dresses. Of course it isn't as good a job as this was—yet; but it has possibilities."

Martha smiled happily. "I'm glad to hear that. I was worried for fear I was taking your job."

"Well, I guess you really are, but I'm glad it's you, and I'm glad not to be out in the cold, cold world on a hot day like this," Kay laughed as she sipped her iced chocolate.

"Mind your own business. No one ever gets a medal for being a meddler."

THE PERSONAL LINK

By Lillian Velie Dunham

"I must go in now and prepare the Sunday school lesson," Miss Wells told her friend, after their walk.

"You don't mean you are teaching a class on Sunday!" cried her friend in surprised tones. "Why, you have always said five days a week was all the teaching you wanted to do. You earned a rest on Sunday!"

"Yes, I always believed that until my mistake was shown me," replied Miss Wells, her blue eyes twinkling.

"Well, I certainly want to know what changed your mind," declared her friend.

"It happened when Dorothy came to live with me and attend the University. You know she is my niece. There is no college in her town, so her mother thought the next best thing was to put her under my wing, if she must go away to school. The first Sunday, we went to Sunday school. I went with her to introduce her to girls I knew. When we arrived, to my surprise, one of the members of the class began to do her best to be the teacher."

"How strange!" aemarked her companion.

"Not at all strange. There was no one else there to teach them. As I sat through the lesson I felt so humiliated. There I sat doing nothing, although I had been asked to teach that class so many times. Always I had refused on the old plea of so much teaching during the week. Now, I had the personal link with the class. Dorothy would come here every Sunday. Would I still shirk my duty and let the inexperienced members be their own teachers?

"At the close of the lesson, I did not wait to be invited. I sought the superintendent and offered my services. His amazement and delight were equally mxied, but he accepted promptly."

"The Lord finds ways to show us our mistakes and then corrects them," said the friend quietly.

"I have always been glad He sent me the personal link to show me where I was wrong," said Miss Wells, her blue eyes twinkling again. "And really, I enjoy it. The work is not hard, but a weekly pleasure to me after all."

Johnny—Pa, what is a philosopher?
Pa—A man with a good liver, heart, stomach and bank account.

THE COST OF SCHOOLS

(Exchange)

The U. S. has invested in schools at this time the sum of two and a quarter billion dollars. To the average citizen that figure will sound enormous until he is told that the government's annual income is close to ninety billion dollars a year. Then he can see what a small percentage of public money is spent on education.

Like everything else, schools are costing more now than they did in earlier years. But who is there to say they are not worth more? In other days learning was a special privilege of the few and human progress was slow and painful. Generations passed with barely any change in the lives or comforts of the people. There has been more progress in the last 50 years than there was in the 50 centuries which went before them. And education is responsible for it.

Because there are more children to educate, more things to learn and because no one would be content to see his child put aside with no more educational advantages than children had a hundred years ago—schools are costing more money. But let the school system suddenly slip back to where it was in your grandfather's day, if such a thing were possible, and then see how quickly and how gladly you would dig into your pockets for money to bring it back to its present standard, the highest standard it has ever known. Everything is costing more these days, though everything is not worth more. But that doesn't hold good with schools. They are the one thing in this country that are worth far more than they cost and those who realize this and support them cheerfully are the ones who will get the most out of them.

WHY AND BECAUSE

Why do we use the expression "apple pie order" when we mean that things are exactly in their place?

Because every Saturday a certain Puritan dame, Hepzibah Merton, made a practice of baking two or three dozen apple pies which were to last her family through the week. She labeled each according to the day of the weak on which it was to be used, and the pantry, thus arranged, was said to be in apple pie order.

Why is an unmarried woman called a spinster?

Because women were prohibited from marrying in olden days until they spun a full set of bed furnishings and thus, until marriage, they spent much time at the spinning wheel and were, therefore, "spinsters." (If that held good today we should have a lot of spinsters on our hands.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lisk and Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Thompson, members of the Training School staff of employees, have returned from their vacations and report having had a wonderful time.

Rev. L. O. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service in the auditorium last Sunday. His talk on "Light and Darkness" was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

The report comes from our farm that we may expect a good crop of Fall vegetables. Our field of turnips looks exceptionally well, the leaves growing to such an extent as to completely hide the ground in between the rows.

In going about the barns we noticed an unusually large number of fine looking young hogs. While we are still having plenty of real summer weather, our mind turns toward the cooler Fall and Winter days and generous portions of sausage, spare-ribs and other delicacies of the hog-killing season.

We have heard considerable comment lately (and some of it none too favorable) concerning the darkened appearance of our school grounds at night, due to the absence of the campus lights and the beautifully lighted sign across the National Highway. While realizing that this lack of brilliancy would detract somewhat from the appearance of the campus, the officials of the school, in adherence to an economic program made necessary by the reecent twenty per cent cut in appropriation, decided to dispense with the lights until things "brighten up" again, when we hope to let our lights shine in all their former splendor.

Prof. J. J. Blair, of Raleigh, who is a member of the State Board of Education, having charge of the department of buildings and grounds, visited the institution last Friday. Prof. Blair was a former member of our Board of Trustees and has many friends here. He was accompanied by Mr. Raymond Hunt, of Wilmington, who is vice-president and general manager of the Tidewater Light and Power Co., of that city. This brief visit was a renewal of acquaintance in more ways than one, as both Mr. Hunt and our printing instructor are natives of the same county in New Jersey, their former homes being only three miles apart.

"When the fool killer wants a little practice he looks for the fellow who know it all."

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

CP 364

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 4, 1920. No. 36

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

COUNT THAT DAY

If you sit down at set of sun
And counts the acts that you have done,
  And, counting, find
One self-denying deed, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
  One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went—
Then you may count that day well spent.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WHERE DO YOU FIT?

Where do you fit in this world of ours,
With its hustle and bustle and work;
Are you one of the throng that helps it along—
Or are you with those who shirk?
Do you hit the job with a smile or frown;
Do you carry a grouch all day;
Are you one of the flock that watches the clock;
Are you working for more than pay?
If your job man-sized and worth the while.
When you've tallied up your score;
Are you keepin' fit and doin' your bit,
And perhaps a wee bit more?
Are you one of the average just drifting along;
Are you listed as Profit or Loss;
Are you stallin' for time or startin' to climb;
How much are you puttin' across?
Just pull in your slack and count up your score,
Locate what you're aimin' to hit—
Don't waste ammunition and all your ambition
But find out just where you fit.
—Forbes Magazine.

SOCIAL SERVICE EXCHANGE

The Women's Club, Concord, under the spendid leadership of its president, Miss Jean Winslow Coltrane, called a meeting of the heads of different

organizations interested in social service work. The object of the meeting was to work out plans to coordinate so as to eliminate all over lapping, or duplicating. It is a splendid venture and we hope plans will materialize so as to have a central committee, wherein all charity work can be dispatched effectively and economically.

Often in our zeal to relieve suffering we plunge headforemost into the work without knowing the needs of the case. In such instances there are some who get more than their share of the necessities of life, and there are others who are really deserving and get nothing.

If we catch the vision of Miss Coltrane, the object is to have a "clearing house" to which the names of families needing help can be referred, and in turn this central committee can give names to other civic organizations that wish to aid in the good work. By this manner of procedure a greater service can be given to a greater number of people with fewer errors.

The thought is this in a nut-shell: let us imagine the city and county welfare departments, the charitable organizations, the social service work of the churches, the fraternal orders and other social agencies, operated as one unit and this unit responsible for all service, it is clear to see there would be less danger of duplicating the work.

Only by pooling our efforts can we accomplish the great task that is before us, especially while there are so many unemployed. At the called meeting of the different members of the various organizations a committee was appointed to work out plans, so that Concord can have this Social Service Exchange that has been adopted by larger cities.

Boston, where the Social Service Exchange idea had its inception, has used the central exchange plan for nearly thirty years, besides it is accepted as the safest manner to minister to the needs of the poor. Locally, it can be done, but time is necessary to perfect details, and money is essential to make effective a Central Service Exchange office.

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READY—HE ANSWERED.

There comes a thought with the passing of Major Charles Manly Stedman, Tuesday 23rd, aged 89 years, dean of Congress, the last representative of the War Between the States, that the tie that bound that period, that phase of our national life with Congress, is broken. After many weeks of weary suffering

death came as a relief to the wasted frame of this grand old man whose life was a peerless example of service. He bore himself bravely in time of war and as equally bold and chivalrous in every other walk of life—private or public. The unanimous expression of members of Congress was that Major Stedman was a courtly, southernly gentleman, typifying the best southern traditions, also realizing the country had experienced an irreparable loss. As a citizen his record has not been surpassed—ready to serve at all times and under all conditions. Major Stedman, "patriarchial in appearance, clear eyed and firm-voiced," the last veteran of the War Between the States to serve in Congress, was buried, on 25th, in Fayetteville, with military honors.

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CONGRESSMAN HAMMER

Hardly had the dying notes of the taps, over the grave of Major Charles Manly Stedman, ceased echoing before the sudden death of Representative William C. Hammer, Asheboro, was flashed over the wires. It is an unusual and lamentable coincident that death should claim in so short a time two of North Carolina's congressional representatives.

The grief occasioned by the death of North Carolina's distinguished citizen, Representative William C. Hammer, is accentuated by the suddenness with which it came. He was a man of unusual physique, combined with the superior qualities of mind and splendid spirit, making him a vigorous leader and a fearless champion of any cause that he believed to be for the betterment of his constituents, his party and his country at large. In the public life, home life and community he will be missed, and the gap made by his sudden passing will be one hard to fill. There is an expression of great sorrow throughout the state caused by the death of such a valuable citizen as Representative William Cicero Hammer.

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"A SPLENDID CITIZEN DEAD"

One of Concord's oldest and most estimable citizens, Mr. A. M. Brown, after many months of lingering illness, answered the final call, Friday evening 7:30 o'clock, at his home on North Union street. It must have been a sweet comfort to this venerable citizen to have lived to witness his interest-

ing family, in vigor of manhood and womanhood, ministering to him in his last illness. The picture of such a home is an evidence of a well spent and glorious life.

Mr. Brown was born in Concord, December 13, 1847, reared at the old Brown homestead on South Union street, that was lately torn away for a new development, held the esteem and respect of the people of Cabarrus throughout his long and useful career. He was stable in character with a kind spirit, loyal to his friends, a good father, true to the church of his faith, the Lutheran, the church of his early forbears, honest to the core, and had the courage of his convictions at all times. Concord has indeed lost a splendid citizen, and as a familiar figure on the streets of Concord, (since the time that Concord was a small town) he will be missed by his many friends in every walk of life.

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CABARRUS COUNTY FAIR

It does not seem possible that the time has again rolled around for the staging of the Cabarrus County Fair. It goes without saying that every detail has been worked out and when opening day arrives there will be a large crowd, as usual, to witness the different interests there exhibited for the pleasure and benefit of the people at large.

We predict that the Eighth Annual County Fair will be a success as it has been each previous year. Mr. J. F. Cannon, president, Dr. T. N. Spencer, manager, always alert to the needs of the occasion, will neither spare time nor money, in advancing the interest of farmers toward better agricultural conditions, and give the good house wives a vision of better living conditions. This program along with clean amusement is the real objective of any and all county fairs. We feel sure this Annual Fair will measure up to every expectation. The dates for the fair are October 14-15-16-17, and each day will be a full one.

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MRS. CAMERON MORRISON IMPROVING

Through the press we learn that Mrs. Cameron Morrison is in John Hopkin's Hospital, Baltimore, under the care of skilled physicians. The good news to

her many admiring friends is given out by her physicians that "she will be well soon." We knew nothing of Mrs. Morrison's illness and take this, the first opportunity, to extend to her our best wishes for a speedy recovery. Mrs. Morrison is a valuable member of the Board of Directors of the Jackson Training School, who has taken a keen interest in the needs of the institution from the time of her appointment. With every assurance of Mrs. Morrison's continued improvement, Governor Morrison, who has been in Baltimore, returned to North Carolina to fill a speaking engagement, at Shelby, last week. We trust also that Mrs. Morrison will soon be homeward bound, where she will be welcomed by many friends, and recuperate out at the beautiful estate of Governor and Mrs. Morrison, near Charlotte.

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WISH THE SAFETY MATCH WERE MADE IN AMERICA

The following clipped from an exchange is informative, besides the information is impressive and humorous. We regret the safety match, so much used all over the universe, was not first thought of by the creative mind of some American, especially if possible to stop the many divorces that occur daily in our United States:

> Divorce is said to be almost unknown in Sweden. Well, that doesn't give many people a surprise, because it is generally known that Sweden is the home of the safety match.

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Capt. S. A. Ashe is receiving congratulations from all over the State. He has passed his ninetieth birthday, and Capt. Ashe has a legion of friends who wish that he may live to celebrate many more birthdays. The Uplift joins the throng of good wishers in behalf of Capt. Ashe.

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

"Yes, it does seem rather funny,
All we need is just some money,
Just a little bit of cash,
And these hard times would be ended,
Joy and hope would then be blended,
If in spending we were rash."

—o—

One way to be rich—want but little. Your disappointments will be negligible.

—o—

Speaking of radios a Durham man said he had a "railroad radio." It whistled at every station."

—o—

When some one treats me unusually well I know that either he's a gentleman or I'm a prospect for something.

—o—

To beautify property is to enhance its value. To beautify property is to improve the environmnt of those who occupy that property. Improved environment induces improved standards of living and consequently, elevated planes of thought and ethical standards of life. Any move, whether it involves selling or buying, a product that makes for the betterment of an individual or community is a real and lasting service to the onward march of civilization. It is eminently worthwhile, and carries with it the saving grace of livelihood to the seller and a conservation of resources to the buyer.

—o—

Few there be who haven't a theory about the present condition of affairs in the business world, and they are as varied as the sands on the seashore. If there is a remedy other than the element of Time it seems to be this: We simply must work harder, spend less, and adjust ourselves to the changed conditions as now exist. We must make an earnest effort to maintain our ability to pay debts contracted and by so doing, contribute our part in keeping the wheels of industry turning, and the spirit of the people jubilant.

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A correspondent writes me to say he'd like to know: "If farmers are as anxious for farm relief as politicians? If Jonah had any deep thoughts while entombed in that first submarine? If there is any woman who can go into a store and buy the first hat she tries on?" I can't say. I'd like to know myself.

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Many people are given to exaggeration, and many newspapers also. This is a serious fault in a person, because exaggeration is a going beyond the bounds of truth, reason or justice. Sometimes it is politely called overstatement, but at all times it is not only a mental weakness, but a habit that hurts one's reputation for truth and reliability. A salesman who exaggerates the merits of his goods is essentially dishonest, and dishonesty is the great cause of waste in all business enterprises. Millions are spent annually to protect business from dishonesty. It is not exaggeration to say that honesty is the chief

moral requirement of a good reputation, and exaggeration always arouse suspicion that the man who indulges in it cannot be trusted. The business man who avoids it possesses an asset heavily to his advantage.

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The idea, given impetus by what that British doctor said, that golf is healthful exercise only if you take an interest in it, it is old stuff. It seems to me that sport, a diversion, or even a gainful occupation, is good in so far as the person engaged can utterly lose himself in it. That is, while the thing is going on. One lives richly, it seems to me, if he can feel that the world will come to an end if he misses this putt, but when the game is over, win or lose, can also feel that the entire universe of golf is unimportant.

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Probably it is illusion, without which biologist say the race would expire. But while I am writing something, I often feel that what I have written is the best thing that I am able to write on the subject, and I feel a pardonable degree of satisfaction, after so much has been written on all subjects imaginable by other writers. But when I go home and see "two bright eyes watching for my coming, and grow brighter when I come," I feel that all the poetry and prose ever written by anybody don't amount to one-hundredth as much as the thrill of a cordial greeting and the restful, loving quietude of a happy home. It is the panacea of life.

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The Post Master General has been talking about charging us one-half a cent more on letters, making it two and one half cents. It doesn't seem exorbitant to pay two and one half cents for the collection of a letter, sorting, transportation and delivery in distant cities. People would not mind paying a trifle more postage if it resulted in adequate compensation for underpaid employes of a government service which is really efficient. What most people kick about is being "nicked" for taxes which are not spent for what they are collected for. If a higher postage rate will wipe out the postal deficit and thus result in lower income taxes under some of the classifications, well and good. If it only increases the pot for prevelent legislative spending orgies, that's something else again. The average American of today is mulcted of too large a part of his income by direct and indirect taxation. Although not an economist, that's my opinion of one thing that was the matter with the country in its recent (perhaps present) business depression.

Some people are lucky enough to be able to do things without knowing how.—**Exchange.**

LABELLING OF ALL GOODS MANUFACTURED IN STATE SUGGESTED BY DIRECTOR

(Conservation and Industry)

One of the most important objectives sought in the "Made-in-Carolina" campaign which is being sponsored by Governor O. Max Gardner and the Department of Conservation and Development for the popularization of consumers' goods produced in the State is the identification of products made in North Carolina by a standard or appropriate label.

Director J. W. Harrelson in a message made public recently appealed to manufacturers to adopt this practice wherever possible as one of the features of the program.

Probably no other part of the campaign will have as lasting or far-reaching effect as the adoption of a label by all manufacturers of North Carolina showing that their product was made in this State.

Its possibilties in advertising the State are unlimited and it would require a broad stretch of imagination to realize the benefits which it is possible to derive for the State. North Carolina's products find their way into markets throughout the nation as well as into every section of the civilized world.

In some cases, credit for the origin of North Carolina products is given to other sections or States because of the absence of any means of identification with the producing State. Not only will the new movement localize the origin of the product but it will undoubtedly increase the prestige of the State as a manufacturing and producing center and probably be a step toward further development.

This practice might appropriately be extended to cover natural products and those not finished for the consumer such as timber, minerals, and fisheries. Here another possible outgrowth is the extension of markets and demand for North Carolina products.

"There's many an ndustrious man,
Who never gets ahead,
Because he does not think and plan
But trusts to luck instead.
He's not a slacker or a shirk,
This plodder in life's grind;
But though he always minds his work,
He never works his mind."

—Rural World.

THE CANCER CAMPAIGN

(Lenoir News Topic)

That the Caldwell County Medical Society, cooperating with the American Society for the Prevention of Cancer, is to conduct a clinic in Lenoir next Friday should come as very encouraging news to those of the county who are afflicted, and especially so when no charge whatsoever will be made for the services of the local physicians.

The medical profession is making progress against cancer, just as they have against yellow fever, typhoid and malaria, and the time may yet come when the most stubborn cases of this malady may yield to scientific treatment.

This week an interesting dispatch came from Baltimore. New progress in the war of humanity against cancer was reported to be gathering of physicians and surgeons by Dr. Joseph Bloodgood, director of the Bloodgood research fund for combatting the dreaded disease.

Dr. Bloodgood is quoted as saying that "tremendous and startling increases in cures of cancer of the bone are shown by the records of Johns Hopkins hospital, indicating that from 11 to 41 per cent of cases of various types have been cured this year."

While this 11 to 41 per cent of cures is not large, it is encouraging, since the records of the same hospital show that seventeen years ago no cures had been recorded.

Cancer, the most dreaded to modern medical scientist and the public in general, is at last being defeated by the genius of man, and with practically every other disease that in olden days meant sure death, under control, physical life of today has by far a better rating than it has ever had before.

The News-Topic urges those of the county with even the slightest affliction to attend the clinic here Friday.

LIFE'S JOY

God gives us joy that we may give,
  He gives us love that we may share;
Sometimes He gives us loads to lift
  That we may learn to bear.
For life is gladder when we give,
  And love is sweeter when we share,
And heavy loads rest lightly, too,
  When we have learned to bear.

—Selected.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S BOYHOOD

By Pearl H. Campbell

One of the most fascinating games to play is the old familiar one of "Suppose," because you can always end it to your liking, no matter how many players there are. You may play it with history. Suppose the Pilgrim Fathers had landed in California or Florida. What effect would it have had on the development of the country? Suppose the radio had been invented before Columbus set out on his first voyage. Suppose our forefathers had crossed the plains in motor cars and broken up the virgin soil with tractors, where would we have been today?

Or you can play it with individuals. Suppose Walter Scot had been a strong, sturdy boy instead of a sickly one. Would he have written the Waverly novels? The chances are that he wouldn't for he would have grown up under a very different environment. The fact that the six small brothers and sisters who preceded him died when they were babies, made him doubly precious to his parents, who were greatly concerned about his health.

Little Walter was born in 1771, and the place of his birth was Edinburgh, that old grey capital of the north, a city that has seen the centuries come and go and with them the fading splendor of the king's it cradled. But he wasn't destined to stay in Edinburgh long. He was frail and he walked with a limp which the surgeons of those days were powerless to cure.

Edinburgh is a bleak, wind-swept place for many months in the year with the fog drifting in from the sea, choking your throat and chilling you to the bone, not at all a fit nursery for a sickly child. So Walter went when he was three years old to stay at his grandfather's home at Smailholm, there to tumble about on the rocks with the gentle sheep and wolly lambs until he gained strength. And so, as though following the beckoning of a fairy wand, his destiny was shaped, his career settled.

Had he been strong enough to spend his earlier years in the mysterious old city of his birth, rich in historic lore though it is, he might have been merely the lawyer his father wished him to be, and lived and died unknown to fame.

Here at Smailholm he had as foster mother his Aunt Janet who in the long twilights that are the glory of summer evenings in Scotland and on the winter nights when the fire burned cheerily on the hearth, would take the dreamy little lad on her knee and tell him tales. Such wonderful tales, they were!

The first stories he heard were, of course from the Bible, for Janet had the sweet piety that was such a strong characteristic of the Scott family. And then she unlocked a magic door and led him into the treasure house of Scottish history. Never yet was there a geni's cavern one half so rich, nor anywhere men so mighty as those valiant heroes to whom she introduced him. For the hours when she was busy about her household tasks and could not bother with him, there was a case full of

books, chiefly Scottish ballads, whose rythm early appealed to him and whose legends hed his childish fancy.

The warm spring days lured him outdoors. In the shadow of the old ruined feudal tower of Smailholm, lifted like a giant's finger on the plain, the imaginative little boy set the armies of Scotland and England in battle array. Pebbles and shells took the place of claymore and broad sword and a boisterous laddie was the commander for each nation in turn. Yet no matter how long the fray or how great the odds, the encounters always ended in a glorious victory for the Scottish forces and the utter rout of the English.

How that old tower was reflected in the limpid pool of a child's mind is shown vividly in the introduction to the "Third Canto of Marmion":

"And still I thought that shattered tower
The mightiest work of human power,
And marveled as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitched my mind."

What Scott's attitude toward nature was in those earlier years is shown in a characteristic story. During a violent thunderstorm he was nowhere to be found. Forthwith a distracted household set out in search of him. Instead of cowering in some dark corner, with his small hands pressed against his ears to shut out the sound, this valiant laddie was found lying on his back on the rocks in the rain, kicking his heels and clapping his hands as peal after peal of thunder shook the hills and flash after flash lit up the heavens. "Bonnie, bonnie," he shouted, as though it were a spectacle planned for his amusement. "Dae it again! Dae it again!"

That same valiant courage stood Scott right well in later years. He did indeed bow before the blast of misfortune, but it was the bending of steel, not the snapping of clay.

Scott's Aunt Janet was not the only one who told him stories in the months he spent among the hills. One of his best loved comrades was an old shepherd called a "cowbailis" who had a great fund of Border stories, tales of the sorties between the Scotch and the English in the days before the two countries were united under one king. The old man found a most appreciative listener in the little lad who was placed in his charge and who, as one of his friends of this time said later: "Was a makin' himsel' a' the time, but he didna' ken maybe what he was about till years had passed. At first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun."

When Scott was six or seven, he was taken for a visit to Prestonpans, a short ten miles from Edinburgh. Here in 1745 Bonnie Prince Charlie unfurled his standard and won a decisive victory in that brief, meteoric campaign to win back the lost throne of the Stewarts. Here small Walter made the acquaintance of an old soldier who explored the battlefield with him, pointing out where the various clans had stood and describing, as only one who participated could, the thrilling events of the day. Thirty-seven years later the impressions marked indelibly on the sensitive mind of the child were given to the

world in Waverly.

About this time little Walter was presented with his first Shetland pony. It is true the steed was hardly larger than a full grown Newfoundland dog, but he was quite sufficient for his small master. Walter quickly learned to ride and used to frighten his Aunt Jenny nearly to the verge of hysterics by the way in which he dashed over the rocks about the tower Many a small boy has had a pony for a playmate and lost his proficiency in the saddle, once childhood was left behind. With Scott riding was another help to his later success. He was devoted to horseback riding and, in those days when there were neither trains nor autos in Scotland, it made it possible for him to gather material that would not otherwise have ben available. The various parts of Scotland, now so closely linked together were remote then and, for aught we know, faries still danced upon the braes in the moonlight to the music of elfin pipes.

Was once inclined to doubt the existence of the little people and to scoff at magic or wizardry, he had but to look at the Eildon Hills, one hill with three crowns and presto. Gone was every little whispering demon of denial. For all the world knew that the three hills were one until cleft by the wizard, Michael Scott. That same Michael whose wandering feet led him to strange, far off corners of the earth came back at last to his home country of the border, where, men say, he served the evil one for many a year.

Nourished by the wholesome food and the bracing winds that blew over the heath, young Walter was no longer a sickly boy, though he would always limp. Once more destiny, this time in the form of his father, took a hand in his career. He was strong enough to come back to Edinburgh and school. Yet here again he might turn the pages of a most fascinating story-book as he walked the streets of the city where he was born. The later writer has called Edinburgh "the most beautiful, the most romantic, the most singular city in the world." At every turn there are mute reminders of the ancient glory that once was Scotland's. Pages that a boy, barred by his lameness from romping with the other bairns in George's Square, would read the more eagerly because in his heart he worshiped strength and cuorage.

Scott's father was a writer to the signet, one of the three divisions into which the legal profession in Scotland is divided. Naturally he intended his small son to follow in his foot steps. That his ain laddie would one day startle the world by his genius, he had not an inkling, oh, no, indeed.

One day when young Walter said dreamily that he would like to go wandering over Europe with a flute, like that gay rogue, Oliver Goldsmith, his horrified father retorted: "I greatly doubt, sir, that you were born for anything better than a gangrel scrape-gut, (fiddler.)" He was known even in his boyhood days as a famous teller of tales. There was no wealth of children's books in those days, as there is now, no movies. Yet who would not gladly have been one of that eager audience of boys who listened spellbound to one of Walter's tales of the past?

This story telling led to rambles

far and wide, little personally conducted tours to the historic spots around Edinburgh where glorious deeds were done. We are told that "in their long rambles the little limping historian would beg only one favor: that his fellow pilgrims would accomodate their pace to his, and he would go as far as they."

When Scott was twelve years old he went to visit his Aunt Janet who was then living at Kelso in a small house set in a garden of seven or eight acres, "full of long straight walks set between hedges of yew and thickets of flowery shrubs." a charming old town is Kelso, set among wooden hills, like emerald beads with the silver thread of the Tweed running through them. To Scott it was "the most beautiful, if not the most romantic village in Scotland." Its chief treasure is the picturesque old abbey where after the death of James II in 1460, little James III was rushed to have the crown set on his puckering baby brow. In 1745 the bonnie prince who might have been Charles III established his headquarters at Sunilaw, just outside the town. The house where he stayed, like so many things connected with the Stewart cause, is now in ruins, but a white rose he planted still wafts its fragrance on the summer air.

In later years Scott came back to the town which he first saw as a laddie to begin his law practice, for he actually did yield to his father's wishes and become a barrister. But his head was so full of legends and stories that he early began to write them down. Soon they found their way into print. And before long something which began more as a pastime was absorbing all his energies as Scott the lawyer was lost in Scott the novelist and poet. In 1797 he came to Kelso on his honeymoon, bringing as his bride the bonnie, piquant Charlotte, half French, whom he met on a hoiday, and whom he loved long and loyally.

The ailing boy had grown into a robust man who thought nothing of walking thirty miles a day or of riding a hundred on the back of his favorite saddle horse. In those leisurely days, when time moved at a much more accommodating pace than it does now, Scott was doing a tremendous amount of work. He spent between three and four hours a day at his profession and devoted the rest of it to his writing, considering 9,000 words a fair average. The evenings were given to social gatherings. Charlotte was a charming housekeeper and literary folk, William Wordsworth and Dorothy among others, were frequent guests at the cottage on the Esk where the Scotts lived until they built the lovely Abbotsford.

GREAT PICTURES OF CHRIST THAT APPEAL

By Rev. Roland G. Bortz, Palmerton, Pa.

"I would go through this world a hundred times, just to see Jesus once," declared Bishop Quayle in one of his exuberant sermons. Most people can sympathize with that feeling. Who in all of present Christendom would not desire to see the face of Jesus, if it were possible?

One of the great desires of devout artists has been, with the eye of the spirit to catch a glimpse of what that radiant face of Christ must have been like, and then with brush and colors to fix the vision so that it might be permanent and that others might look upon it. Surely there is no higher theme in painting than the Christ face. Likewise, of all the phases of art study, none can be so rewarding as the study of the manner in which Christian artists have represented the Saviour of the world.

I give in this article some facts about several of the great pictures of Christ. The opinions expressed regarding the pictures are not voiced as being the judgement of an authority on art, but only the feelings of one who has derived much pleasure and profit from the study of great paintings, especially from religious paintings.

The Light of the Lorld

The picture, "The Light of the World," was painted to illustrate the verse from the book of Revelation, "Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me."

The painter of the picture was Holman Hunt, an English artist who was born in 1827 and died in 1910. He painted this picture in 1854. The original painting is in Keble College, Oxford. However, the picture which is most frequently seen is a replica of the painting, and is in St. Paul's Cathedral, in London.

The painting is full of symbolism. The door at which the Christ knocks is the door of the human soul. That door is pictured as covered over with creeping tendrils, which show that it has not been opened for a long time. At the threshold of the door is a rank growth of grass and weeds which would render it difficult to open the door. They represent the sins of life which make it hard for man to give Christ entrance into the heart.

The lantern that Christ carries is generally understood to symbolize conscience. See how clearly it throws the obstructing weeds and grasses into relief and reveals the fact that the hinges of the door are rusted from disuse. The light of the lantern also falls upon the robe of Christ, revealing its spotless purity and bringing into view the richly jeweled cape that this visitant wears. By this light it is evident that the stranger who stands there is both priest and king, for the white robe is that of the priestly class, and the cape is such as a king might wear.

In addition to the lantern, there

are other lights in the picture, and it is the other lights that have given the picture its title, "The Light of the World." The light about Christ's head is the light that emanates from His life, for He is the Light. Beyond Christ, in the direction from which He has come, the east is already flushed with dawn. The painting gives one the feeling that Christ's coming has brought that brightening light in the east, and that soon the first light of morning will give place to the fuller light of day. The world outside the door will become glorious because of the coming of the Light of the World. If I who am within the door open it to this visitant, the light of life will enter into my heart.

Because the meaning of this picture is evident at a glance, and because of the beauty of that meaning, the painting has had a great appeal for most Christians.

'The Tribute Money''

Titian's painting, "The Tribute Money," is a much older painting, having been done in the year 1508. It is considered one of the best religious pictures that Titian produced. It illustrates the account about the Pharisees and Herodians who tried to entrap Christ with their question, "'Master, is it right to pay tribute unto Caesar?'' Jesus answered, "Show me a penny." Then pointing to the penny, which can be seen in the picture in the burly hand of the Pharisee, Jesus asked, "Whose image and superscription is this?''

Titian's painting presents Christ as a person of refined, sensitive nature. There is a tradition to the effect that Titian used his art teacher, Giorgione, as the model for the face of Christ. Whether that tradition is true or not, Titian has stressed the artistic, beauty-loving side of Christ's nature. The fine lines of the face and the slenderness and delicacy of His hand, as well as the fine, silky hairs of His beard, all express a sensitive nature.

Certainly Christ had the soul of an artist within Him. He was alive to beauty wherever He found it. He saw the beauty that is in nature. His emotional references in his preaching to the flowers and the birds show that He loved them. Also His habit of withdrawing into the open country alone for prayer is probably a further proof of His love of the beautiful in nature.

He had feeling for beauty of thought and verbal expression and many of his sayings are as full of beauty as anything a poet has ever said.

He had the power also to see the beauty in every human life. This story of the tribute money brings out that fact. Christ sees that just as the coin bears the image of Caesar upon it, so the crafty, scheming Herodian who holds the coin bears the stamp of God upon his soul.

Jesus discerns the touch of the divine that still persists in that man's hypocritical soul

One might regret that Titian failed to suggest the strength and masterful personality of Christ. The hand of Christ certainly is not the hand of the Galilean carpenter, nor was it the hand that overturned the tables of the money changers and drove the merchandisers precipitately from the temple

But no picture can express all sides of Christ's nature. Titian at least

pictured Christ the man of artistic nature. Besides that, he expresses the purity and nobility of Christ. That is as much as can be expected in one picture.

Titian never again was able to paint so spiritual a face of Christ as he produced here. That fact is one of the tragedies of Titian's life. He was a young man when he attained to this vision of Christ. After this picture, he lived for sixty-five years more, and painted almost to his dying day. Yet he never again produced a face of Christ that approached this for nobility of expression.

The reason was that Titian become contaminated with the worldly spirit of the pleasure-loving city of Venice in which he lived. He became a lover of money and a lover of license. He seldom again tried to paint the face of Christ, and when he did, the pictures were only travesties of Christ. A painter cannot produce a nobler face of Christ than he can picture in his mind's eye, and no person whose life has become evil can imagine any face that is highly spiritual. Spiritual things can be discerned only by the spiritually minded.

Da Vinci's Drawing of the Face of Christ

In the Brera Art Gallery in Milan, Italy, is a small drawing of the head of Christ, not much larger than a sheet of typewriter paper. This drawing is supposed to have been made by Leonardo da Vinci, as a preliminary study in preparation for painting the face of Christ in his famous painting, "The Last Supper."

That great painting "The Last Supper," has now become so faded that the features of Christ are almost obliterated. Indeed it could hardly be known what manner of face da Vinci had painted for Christ, were it not for this drawing in the Brera gallery.

It pictures one of the saddest faces imaginable. The drawing represents the grief of Christ in that hour in the Upper Room when He spoke the fateful words, "One of you shall betray me." That hour of sorrow would pass, and Christ would forget His grief in His concern for the disciples. The mood of sorrow will give place to joy, and Christ will pray that His joy may remain in the disciples and that their joy may thus be full, and He will declare, "Lo, I have overcome the world." But while the thought of the betrayal was in His mind, this is the way that da Vinci believed He must have looked.

Though this face by da Vinci is a sad face, it is a fine intellectual one. Furthermore it is a Hebrew face: the noblest Hebrew face that da Vinci could paint. It is the face of one who had disciplined His will and subordinated all the forces of body and soul to the will of God. It is an emotional face, but also a strong face.

Christ Bearing His Cross

Giorgione's beautiful picture of Christ bearing His cross is in Fenway Court, Boston. The picture was painted in Venice. Giorgione, who died in the year 1511, was one of the four greatest Venetian painters.

"Christ Bearing the Cross" is an idealized picture. Certainly crosses were not so beautifully finished as the finely grained cross that Christ carries in this picture. Nor did Christ go so blithely and buoyantly along the Via Dolorosa as in this picture. Instead He staggered in weak-

ness, as any man would who had just gone through the terriffic experience of a Roman scourging. Probably, too, His experience ofetaionsiHl..kaaoin heveled and His face marked with bloody welts.

But it was not Giorgione's purpose to picture the sorrowing, suffering Christ, who might call forth our pity. Rather Giorgione seeks to picture the strong, attractive, and beautiful personality of Christ as men saw Him in His daily life and teaching. The cross has been added as a symbol, to remind one that although Christ's face is so untroubled and calmly beautiful, yet His whole life was a life of sacrifice. Perhaps the artist even had the conviction that sacrifice does not sadden and spoil life, but instead beautifies and strengthens it.

The face of Christ in this picture is not a Jewish face. Giorgione, like most Italian painters, painted Christ with Italian features. Titian did the same in "The Tribute Money." This observation leads to the very interesting fact that very few painters have painted Christ as having Hebrew features. In Holman Hunt's "The Light of the World," the face is an Anglo-Saxon face. Hoffman, the German artist, in his familiar pictures of Christ, painted Him with German Christ, painted Him withULtaoinin features. L'Hermitte, the French artist, painted Christ with French features.

Of the four pictures of Christ mentioned in this article, perhaps none of them looks like the historic Jesus. No one knows how Christ did look. The Bible gives no definite details; and no pictures have come down from His day.

But at least one thing we can deduce from the Bible as to Christ's appearance: that Christ's personality had a wonderful attractive power, and that His dignity impressed friends and foes alike. On this subject Hastings makes this interesting statement.

"In the West, the greatest artists have striven from age to age to represent our Lord in the utmost majesty and beauty. They have sought to portray a perfect humanity in which the fulness of God dwells bodily."

There is an increasing interest today in the study of great art. Christians can profitably direct their art interests toward the study and appreciation of the representations of Christ by the greatest painters. The use of these pictures in many cases can have decided devotional value. "We would see Jesus" is the cry of our spirits.

Just as long as we are living
  We should always keep on giving
To the needy far and near,
  Giving our Surplus wealth
Whether it be cash or health,
  For there's but one way to grow
Help our wellow men as we go.

A LETTER TO NEW YORK

By Emma Gerberding Lippard

Pedro, a little boy of Fredericksted, started out that morning feeling very important indeed. His father was going to write a letter to his uncle who lived in a city called New York. Pedro had heard great tales of that place. To every boy and girl of his island home New York seemed like heaven. When Pedro's uncle had gone there all the relatives were excited and very proud. A few weeks later a letter had come, and now the boy's father had been chosen to answer it. Pedro had never known his father to write a letter before. And he himself was on the way to buy the postage stamp. No wonder he felt important!

It was a very hot day. Indeed it is always hot in Pedro's town. During the summer the grass withers and dies and even the palm trees droop. Being excited made the boy still warmer, for he was walking very fast for such weather. When he finally got the postage stamp he did not know what to do with it. It was such a queer, sticky thing. The man who sold it to him told him it must be sticky or it would not stay on the letter all the way to New York. If he stuck it in his mouth the "stick" would melt off.

Pedro's little hands were wet and sweaty. It was hard to hold a sticky stamp. Finally he put it on top of his head. He was used to carrying things there. But the post-office man cried to him, "Take care. The stamp will blow away."

What was he to do? At last he stooped down and picked up a big flat stone from the road and put in on his head on top of the stamp. He was such a little boy and the stone was so big, and the sun was so hot, that he made a very funny picture, trudging along with sweat pouring off his little brown face. He had to walk carefully to balance the stone. Yet he was in a hurry, because he wanted to get home and see his father stick the stamp on the letter to New York. Before long he was so tired that he begean to stagger. He was hungry, too. Breakfasts were never very satisfying in his poor little house.

Pedro had just begun to go to a Sunday school and the teacher had told them the Sunday before, that God always takes care of boys who trust Him, and gives them enough to eat every day. This was all new to him, but he began to think of it as he grew more and more hungry. He thought so hard that he found himself going home by a different road from the one he had come by. And when he cautiously looked about him, without raising his head to unbalance the stone, he saw that he was passing a cocoanut grove.

"Oh," cried Pedro to himself. "Here is food and drink, too. But what shall I do with the stamp?"

Very carefully he looked around until he saw a smooth, flat stone on the ground. Then he cautiously lifted down the one on his head, laid the stamp on the one on the ground, and stood a moment mopping his hot

little face with his ragged coat. In the flash of an eye he was skinning up the tall, straight trunk of a cocoanut palm. He knew all about getting food and drink in this way. Before long a nice, big, fat cocoanut fell to the ground, and then another. Pedro soon followed, and sitting in the scanty shade of the palm tree he ate and drank his fill of the rich, cooling fruit.

"I shall take one home to mother," he said. "It is a long way to this grove, and she has not had cocoanut milk for some time."

He gathered up his stamp and stone again, and this time a big round cocoanut rode on top of the flat rock on his head. But it never fell off all the way home. He knew just how to walk and keep it properly balanced there.

"Teacher said God made everything. Maybe He made the palms that give us food and drink," he thought as he walked along. "And there is the sea to bathe in, and fish to catch. I shall go to Sunday school again, and hear more. I want to know more about God."

He turned in at his own home, not daring to lift his head. His mother smiled as she took down the cocoanut he had brought her, and then lifted the heavy stone off, and found the stamp.

"It was a funny way to keep the postage stamp safe," she said. "And it made you hot and tired. But you are a good boy to be so careful of what your father sent for, and to bring us food and drink. The letter is finished. You may watch your father stick on the stamp."

And as Pedro's father read the letter for the last time before putting it into the envelope for its long journey to New York, Pedro listened:

"Dear Brother," the letter read, "We were glad to hear from you. We are glad that you found work in a good place and can make so much money. We thank you for the nice share you sent us of your wages. We were surprised and pleased to hear about the fine Lutheran church where you are going to services and feel so much at home. It is good to know that you found friends from home there. Pedro says we should tell you he has started to Sunday school and he is trying to go every Sunday. We are all well and hope you are well, too. Write to us soon again."

Pedro thought it would have been nice if his father had told his uncle who had carried the sticky stamp all the way from the post-office, but now the letter was sealed and the stamp fastened in the corner and soon the message would be on its way.

Changed for the Worst.—"Ethel, can you tell the shape of the world?" asked the teacher, encouragingly.

"Yessum; it's in a pretty bad shape just now," replied the precocius child, who had heard her daddy say a few things at home.—Selected.

BILLY REPRESENTS THE LLOYDS

By Lillian E. Andrews

Mirna Lloyd came racing up the gravel walk like a ping and white gingham whirlwind. Her blue eyes sparkled and her cheeks were pink with joy and excitement.

"It's come," she crid, waving a thin slip of paper at the little group on the porch of the comfortable old farm house, "it's come! A check for $75 for broilers, made payable to M. N. Lloyd. That means that the new car is ours."

Mirna's brother, Kent, gripped the arms of the rustic chair he sat in, making the wood creak. "Sit down, Mirna, or you'll have us all prancing about the yard," he warned her. "I want to whoop and yell as I did when I was about ten years old. The Lloyd car has been a family dream so long I can scarcely believe the fund is complete at last. Are we really going to ride in our own car?"

"We really are," Mirna assured him gayly. "We're going to talk about 'our car' just as we've sat and listened to other people talking about their cars."

Mr. Lloyd smiled at his wife. "Why don't you say something, Mother?" he inquired mildly.

Mrs. Lloyd's eyes twinkled. "I haven't had a chance," she said frankly, "but now I'll confess that I'm just as delighted as Kent and Mirna only I may be a little quieter about it."

Kent's eyes had narrowed, and he was gazing up the long ribbon of white sunny road winding on beyond the farmhouse. "Now we can take long rides evenings and Sundays," he exulted. "We can see what is 'over the hill and far away,' as I've always wanted to do."

Mrs. Lloyd looked a little dismayed. "But, Kent, we can't give up going to church because we have a new car," she objected worriedly.

"Who said anything about giving up going to church?" asked Kent lightly. "Why, Mother, we'll go to church just as much as ever! We'll drive into the city some Sundays and hear some of the really great preachers instead of listening to old Mr. Perril droning through his secondly and thirdly and so on."

Mirna's face changed slightly. "Mr. Perrill seldom drones except when he has been up all night with some sick person," she reminded Kent, "and hasn't had time or strength to prepare a special sermon."

"That's so," agreed Kent. "Mr. Perril is always helping somebody who can't afford a nurse or tramping miles to see some old person. I'll save him walking some of those miles when we get our new car. I'll never forget how he used to come down and play checkers with me when I broke my leg and got so restless. And I didn't mean that we should go to the city all the time to church. Sometimes we'll just start and ride and stop at the nearest church wherever we are when it comes church time. Don't you get my idea, Father?"

Mr. Lloyd smiled in spite of his misgivings. "You'll turn us into re-

ligious tramps, Kent,'' he said good-naturedly, ''taking a spiritual hand-out wherever we can find it.''

Kent was amused at the remark. Rising he stretched his tall form. ''Come on, Father,'' he urged energetically. ''Let's ride over to Holmesville right away and buy the new car. I can't wait another day. Are you going, Mirna?''

''Of course I'm going,'' retorted Mirna almost indignantly. ''Do you think I'm going to raise broilers and pick berries and make corn husk mats and do a multitude of other things to help buy a car and then not go with you when you order it?''

''No, I didn't,'' laughed Kent, ''I knew better. I knew you were wild to go. Coming, Mother?''

Mrs. Lloyd settled back in her comfortable chair. ''I think I'll stay right here and rest,'' she said simply. ''I'll be satisfied with any kind of a car that will travel along without making noise enough to frighten the neighbors and that won't climb telephone poles when properly driven.''

''But don't you care anything about the upholstery, Mother?'' asked Mirna in astonishment.

''Upholstery!'' shouted Kent. ''That's a good one, and just like a girl. It's the engine that I'm interested in,'' he added enthusiastically. ''If the engine is good, the rest of the car doesn't matter half as much.''

''I know all about the need of a good engine,'' announced Mirna, ''but I want a nice looking car as well as a strong one.''

Not quite two hours later, Mrs. Lloyd heard a car drive into the yard. It was new and shining and a well known and sturdy make. In it were Mirna and Kent and a young hired driver obtained from the agency.

''Dad's a mile or two back in the dust,'' said Mirna. ''He told us to come home in the car. White-foot and Dan capered rdiculously when we passed them, as if they'd never seen a car before.''

''What do you suppose Billy will do?'' asked Kent suddenly. ''There he is now, poking his old white nose through the pasture bars. Let's drive down the lane past him and see what he'll do.''

Billy was twenty years old but fat and sleek as a young horse. He had been a clear bright sorrel, but his coat was now much lighter because of the silver hairs sprinkled through it. His eyebrows and temples were rimmed with the same silvery frost and his eyes had the softness that only those of a contented, petted old animal show. He was so gentle that many of the more timid neighborhood children had been taught to ride by getting on Billy's broad back and ambling peacefully about the pasture. Once in a while he did a little cultivating in the garden, but his principal task was to take the Lloyd family to church in good weather and let the working team rest.

Every Sunday Billy was curried until he shone; his silvery mane and foretop were combed and he was hitched to the neat double buggy. He always set out for church at his best pace but checked himself decorously when the little white building was reached and took his place under the church shed like the veteran church goer that he was. He knew

his own stall and never had to be guided by whip or rein.

As the new car glided past him, Billy merely picked up his ears curiously. The strange wagons that went without horses had long ago ceased to interest him on the road, but this one seemed to be invading his own familiar pasture and lane. Then, as the odor of gasoline came to him, he gave a disgusted snort and backed away from the bars, his soft old nose wrinkling.

Kent shouted with laughter as Billy's expression. "You don't like the odor of modern progress, do you, Billy?" he joked. "Well, I'll admit it isn't as sweet as clover or new-mown hay."

Mirna got out of the car and let down the bars. "There, Billy, you shan't be annoyed," she told him. "You shall go in your own stall and have some oats. I'm glad to have the new car, but after all, it can't whinny or beg for lumps of sugar and carrots as you can."

It took Kent but a short time to learn to drive the car, after which he proceeded to teach Mirna and Mr. Lloyd. The first Sunday after he received his license Kent planned a trip to Mountainville, a village quite a number of miles away and especially celebrated for its beauty.

"We'll stop at one of the churches in Mountainville and attend service," he told his parents.

He was so eager and so delighted at the prospect of making the trip that neither Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd felt like refusing to go.

"Kent has been so good about staying at home and working that perhaps we ought to please him," said Mr. Lloyd to his wife, "but I dislike to leave our own church. There are so few in the congregation that four of us will be missed and our vacant seat will discourage the others that come, especially if they learn that we're simply touring the country and aren't ill."

"And Mr. Perrill will feel it sorely," acknowledged Mrs. Lloyd, "but as you say Kent will be so bitterly disappointed, if we don't go, that we'll go this once, anyway. He may get tired of riding about the country every Sunday sooner if we keep still than if we oppose him, and make things unplesant. He is loyal to our own church at heart, I think."

Dawn was barely tinging the sky with rose on Sunday morning when Kent was astir. He had the milking done by the time his parents and Mirna came downstairs.

"It's a glorious Sunday morning," he exulted. "We can be in Mountainville by ten o'clock and drive slowly so that we can see the country."

The early sun shone on the front of the little white church, as they rode by it in the new car. Something like an odd little pang stabbed Mirna, as she looked at it.

"Do you suppose there can really be a church service unless the Lloyds are representedd?" she asked, with an attempt at gayety.

"It would hardly seem so," replied Mrs. Lloyd. "I don't know whether I imagine it or not, but it almost seems to me as if the old church looked lonesome, as if it knew we were deserting it."

"Oh, mother, how ridiculous!" exclaimed Mirna. "I never knew you

possessed such an imaginative mind. You should have been an author."

Mrs. Lloyd laughed. "Perhaps I might, had I not been so busy trying to keep you and Kent out of mischief when you were small," she remarked. "I certainly found the care of a home and two small children quite as much of a career as I desired."

As mile upon mile slipped away under the flying wheels and the car began to run through unfamiliar country, the Lloyds looked about them eagerly. Kent stopped several times on the hills so that the family could enjoy the various views so different from those in their valley home. They enjoyed the lavish beauty of the summer fields and woods and purple hills circling the horizon like peaceful guardians. Many quaint old homesteads and pretty new cottages and bungalows delighted them and they kept close watch for any extra lovely garden.

A sudden darkening of the sky made Mrs. Lloyd give a start of nervous memory. "It looks like a a shower," she said quckly. "See those thunder clouds rolling up over the hills."

"Let it rain," said Kent calmly. "It can't hurt us any. We're as snug as if we were in a house."

"It—it isn't ourselves," confessed Mrs. Lloyd almost like a child caught in some prank, "but, Kent, I truly can't remember whether I shut the door of the coop that has the little turkeys in it, or whether I forgot I was so excited that I'm afraid I left it so the little turks can run out and a shower would surely chill them."

Kent frowned and then laughed. "Mother, are you sure you didn't leave the door of that turkey coop open on purpose?" he asked.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Lloyd, "and I don't blame you for being vexed, Kent."

Kent was turning the car about. "I may be vexed," he admitted humorously, "but I'd be more vexed if we lost the turkeys. The Lloyd turkeys are just beginning to be in demand at Thanksgiving and Christmas and we can't afford not to have enough to fill the orders we shall have, or our customers will look elsewhere."

A rattle of thunder interrupted him. Back over the road sped the car. The smooth highway glistened like a shining black river. The rush of the sweet air was delightfully exhilarating. It was Mr. Lloyd who turned and looked back over his shoulder.

"Kent, I believe that's nothing but a local shower," he observed, "one of the sort that comes in streaks and leaves one field dry and another wet. See the dark line across the sky!"

A few moments later a few big glittering drops fell on the windshield. Behind them in the direction of Mountainville a veritable curtain of water shut down for a brief interval and then lifted. Through the light spattering irregular shower that followed, the rays of the sun struck and a magnificent rainbow sprang into being. Again Kent stopped the car.

"Your little turks are perfectly safe, mother," he told her. "The shower won't touch them at all. But it was almost worth the whole drive to see such a rainbow. Want to get out and look for the pot of gold at

its foot, Mirna?"

"It must be right over on that hill-top," said Mirna pointing. "But now the shower is over, Kent, let's stop at church as usual."

"All right," said Kent. "We'll be in plenty of time. Hark! I hear the bell."

"That's only the first bell," said Mirna. "The long ride has made me hungry. Can't we eat some of our lunch?"

The second bell was just sending out its sweet summons when the Lloyds drove leisurely up to the little white church. Other cars and teams were coming as usual bringing the members of the congregation, and the Lloyds waved a greeting to each of the family groups. Suddenly Mirna put out a hand and tugged at Kent's sleeve.

"Oh, my goodness, Kent Lloyd, look!" she cried. "Did you ever? Here comes, Billy!"

Trotting along at his best speed, came the old sorrel horse. His ears were pricked up and his silver mane floated on the wind. At the corner he checked his gait just as he always did. Very gravely he turned in under the church shed and took his place between a car and one of his farm friends, a big brown horse standing between the shafts of an old-fashioned carryall. His silver tail switching contentedly, his whole manner one of complete decorousness, Billy waited.

"Well," said Kent, "it looks as if Billy intended that the Lloyds should be represented, new car or not."

"He must have heard the church bell and jumped over that low place in the wall," remarked Mr. Lloyd. "There isn't any other way to explain it."

Tears filled Mirna's eyes. She ran to Billy and threw her arms about his neck. "Oh, Billy, Billy, you old darling!" she cried. "I think I love you more this minute than I ever did before."

"I always thought Billy was a very wise horse, and now I'm sure of it," announced Mrs. Lloyd.

Kent made an odd sound in his throat. "I think," he said, "that I'll attend my church services regularly after this. I can't let Billy be more loyal than I am."

No poor houses will be allowed in Sweden after 1931 for, by that time, all parishes and municipalities must have the new "Homes for the Aged" ready and thanks to the old age insurance system, which is partly volununtary and partly compulsory, there are relatively few people in the country who need public support.

The public pensions insurance fund, to which everyone over sixteen years of age must contribute at least one dollar per year, is now considerably over $100,000,000 and is one of the largest collections of capital in the country. Out of this fund, everyone over 67 years of age and everyone who is permanently disabled draws a small pension for life.

—Tarbor Daily Southerner.

HENRY'S PRIZE

(The Youth's Companion)

On their way home from school one afternoon Henry and three of his playmates stopped every now and then to make snowballs to throw at some spot on a tree or fence or telegraph pole. They made believe that whoever hit the mark would get a prize.

When they came to Granny White's house Henry noticed a star-shaped thing half-way between the old parlor windows of the little frame cottage.

"Look, boys," he cried, pointing to the spot; "let's see who can hit that star!"

"Whee, that's easy!" said one of the other boys, as he picked up some snow.

"This time it's my first turn!" shouted Henry and threw with all his might. But he had aimed a little too far to one side and his snowball crashed right against the window pane.

Frightened at what they had done, Henry and the other boys ran away as fast as they could till they were a long way from Granny White's house; then they stopped, all out of breath.

"Let's throw snowballs against that barn!" called one of the boys, but Henry did not feel like throwing snowballs any more. He kept thinking of poor old Granny White and the broken glass. She lived alone, and he wondered how she was going to keep warm with a big hole in her window. "I don't want to play any more". he said to the other boys, "I'm going home!"

He walked away as fast as he could toward Granny White's house. But when he reached it he could not bear to look at the parlor window. He went to the back door and knocked. Granny opened it with a smile on her kind old face. "Well, well, if here isn't Henry!" she said. "Come right in and get warm!"

Henry wondered how she could be smiling when one of her windows had just been broken. He sat down near the kitchen stove and turned to Granny. "I broke your window, Granny. But I didn't mean to. I was trying to hit that star on the front of your house between the parlor windows, and I missed it and struck the glass. I'm awfully sorry!"

Granny White smiled a pleasanter smile than ever. "You didn't break the glass, Henry," she said. "The snow must have been soft, for it did not go through the pane."

Henry was an astonished little boy when he heard that the window wasn't broken after all, and he was glad, too. "That's why you are smiling," he said. "You are so glad the glass didn't break and let in all the cold air."

"It isn't that alone. I am happy that you were honest and manly enough so that you came back to tell me you did it, because you really thought you had broken the window. I never should have known who threw that snowball, because when I heard it hit the glass and hurried to the parlor window there wasn't a boy or girl in sight!"

As Henry ran home he was very

happy to think that he hadn't broken good old Granny White's window after all.

But he was still happier that he had gone back and told her who it was that had thrown the snowball.

IT'S EASIER TO DO IT

By William Fleming French in Extra Money

Most of us discover, sooner or later, that it is harder to get out of doing something that ought to be done than it is to settle down and do it.

In fact, the head of an organization employing thousands of workers claims that at one time or another in our lives all of us reach the point where we spend more time and effort trying to get out of doing things than we devote to doing them.

Whether this is true or not, the fact remains that many of us let fear and worry of some task take more out of us than the performance of that task ever could—and that without any chance of the reward and satsifaction which comes with accomplishment.

Also it is true that men and women give up cherished ambitions and abandon duties more often because they are afraid to undertake them than because they exhaust themselves in any effort to accomplish them.

It requires time and courage to learn to whip fear and worry and to learn that any job, no matter how difficult, requires merely the performance of only a small part of it at a time, and that the repeated performance of these small parts, which we all recognize as not difficult in themselves, results in the completion of the whole.

In other words, a task, no matter how big, is merely a collection of small jobs, any one of which is not difficult to perform.

The smart man realizes this and forgets the total of the task, undertaking only to put away each small job as it comes to him. The fellow who gets whipped forgets these small jobs and hurls his imagination against the bulwark of the entire problem, and after battering himself against this and tripping over the worries he piles up beside it he suddenly discovers himself exhausted—with the task still untouched.

All of which is to say that if we forget how hard a job is and start nibbling away at it that we'll soon be surprised at the progress we have made. Then pride and enthusiasm will give us added strength, and before we realize it the task will be finished and we will be eager for the next.

Just as nothing succeeds like success, so nothing works like work. As with everything else, effort is cumulative and the more we expend the more we develop. So, too, the more effort we expend the less effort we have to expend. While, on the other hand, the more we worry and stew and fret, the more we have to do just those things.

Which is an interesting fact to recall the next time you feel like avoiding a job that ought to be done.

BE CONSIDERATE

(Exchange)

If we could put ourselves more often in the position of the other fellow, we would find it easier to get along with people. Fewer differences would arise. and these almost always could be ironed out.

We should understand that every person takes a certain view totoward things. Why not disregard our own beliefs for the time being and try to figure out the point involved as the other fellow sees it? He must think he is right, else he would not take the side he does. Therefore, there must be something in his argument. To find out what that something is remains our duty, and our success is that discovery will make us tolerant and all the more broad-minded.

It must not be forgotten that there are two sides to every question Both sides have a perfect right to be considered, and he who admits all the evidence presented will find himself looked up to by the others with whom he comes in contact. Frequently he will be asked to settle arguments that have arisen among the fellows. Then especially will he be pressed to scrutinize the claims that both parties put forth, and his ability in keeping his mind open will increase in later life his skill in just such work.

So, when at school the coach sends in another man to take your place, or when at home your brother wants to use the typewriter ahead of you, or when at work your boss asks you to run an errand, even though you are engaged in doing work which must be done before you leave for the day—in these cases, and countless other times like these, you must exercise your openmindedness and take into consideration what the motive of the fellow is.

Perhaps he is as fully justified as you in doing what he plans to do. Be considerate of his idea. Set a high example, so that next time his sense of fairness will impel him to yield to you.

And remember, firmly kept in the back of our heads should be the fact that learning how, and also knowing how, to get along with other people is the most fundamental purpose in our lives.

SERVICE

There are strange ways of serving God;
You sweep a room or turn a sod,
And suddenly, to your surprise,
You hear the whirr of seraphim
And find you're under God's own eyes
And buliding palaces for Him.

—Herman Hogedorn in Christian Herald

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our entire family was served an excellent fish dinner last Sunday.

Joffre Narron, one of the second Cottage boys, was paroled last week and has gone to live with his mother at Mt. Carmel, Pa.

In looking about the dairy we noticed the barn boys busily engaged in hauling hay for several days past.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Lee Simpson, members of our staff, and their son George Lee, Jr., are enjoying a vacation in the eastern section of the State.

With the cotton picking in full swing it has been necessary for the boys in several school rooms to assist our outside forces in gathering this crop.

Misses Pauline Shannon and Mary Haskell, members of the staff at the North Carolina Orthopaedic Hospital, Gastonia, visited the Training School last Thursday afternoon.

Frank Cotton, one of our old boys, who was paroled about ten years ago, paid the Uplift office a brief visit the other day. He informed us that he has a good position and is happily married and the proud father of four children.

Quite a number of our baseball fans are enjoying the radio broadcasting of the World's Series between the Philadelphia Athletics and the St. Louis Cardinals. While we find some Cardinal supporters here, most of us are backing Connie Mack, that grand old man of baseball, to repeat this year.

A group of members of the Christian Endeavor Society, attending the sessions of a district meeting held in Concord, visited the Training School last Saturday afternoon. We assembled in the auditorium where the visitors were entertained by a few remarks by Superintendent Boger, after which they listened to several songs and recitations by the boys. Following this they were escorted through the various departments here.

After a two month's vacation Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by Rev. H. F. Duncan, pastor of Duncan Memorial M. E. Church, Charlotte, who addressed the boys. His talk on the rich young ruler who came to the Master and inquired what he must do to inherit eternal life, was excellent. In the course of his remarks he gave the boys some splendid advice as to what they should do to gain success here and happiness in the life hereafter. As an additional feature of the afternoon's program, Mr. Robert Rhyne, baritone, one of Charlotte's most popular singers, rendered two selections in a delightful manner. Mr. Rhyne is very popular with the Training School folks, having sung here on several previous occasions. We also enjoy hearing him quite frequently through radio station W B T, at Charlotte.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

O 11 '30

THE UPLIFT

VOL XVIII CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 11, 1930. No. 37

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HOW TO LIVE

"To live as gently as I can;
To be, no matter where, a man.
To take what comes of good or ill;
To cling to faith and honor still.
The record of my brain and hand;
And then, should failure come to me,
Still work and hope for victory.

"To have no secret place wherein
To stoop unseen to shame or sin,
To be the same when I'm alone
As when my every deed is known;
To live undaunted, unafraid
Of any step that I have made;
To be, without pretence or sham,
Exactly what men think I am."

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

By Felix Maxey

A TRIBUTE TO JUDGE WEBB

I have often heard him say that he believed in the maxims of common sense, and he always brought them to bear in the discharge of his judicial duties.

In the Court House he had no friends to reward, and no enemies to punish. He knew human nature and the heights to which it can aspire and the depths to which it can descend.

His great heart throbbed in sympathy with the lowly and the unfortunate; he could always find an excuse for the erring, and he carried with him a mantle of charity for frailty.

Who, having heard him sentence a youthful criminal, has not been thrilled and uplifted by the expression of compassion and pity on his kindly face? At such times I have seen him pause for minutes before pronouncing judgement, with a far away look in his eyes, seeking support and guidance, no doubt, from the source and fountain of all wisdom; and I have thought that he may have heard a voice we could not hear whispering to him the words spoken from a Cross in far-off Jerusalem, more than nineteen centuries ago: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." It must be so, for I have heard him then pronounce a judgement in which justice was tempered with mercy; and then I saw a wayward youth, whose crime may not have been so great, after all, stand erect and step forth from the Court room with confident eye, fully convinced that it is the object of the law to save and not to destroy.

THE BOARD MEETING

The regular meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School was held last Thursday, in Superintendent Boger's private office in

School was held last Thursday, Superintendent Boger, in his private office in the handsome J. W. Cannon Memorial building. The activities of the school were reviewed and everything was found to be functioning satisfactorily. The members present, Treasurer D. B. Coltrane, Messrs J. E. Latham, Herman Cone, Paul Whitlock, Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, Mrs. R. O. Everette, and Miss Easdale Shaw, rode over the farm and expressed themselves delighted with the new development. To see the improvements in and around the school is a great pleasure to the members of the Board as a whole, because the entire work is an evidence of the interest the boys are taking in their home—the school. The real objective of the school is to develop citizenship, and without home life it is impossible to inspire to the finer things of life.

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JUDGE JAMES L. WEBB

This tribute, editorially, taken from the Asheville Citizen, covers briefly and splendidly the great and good spirit of one of the State's finest jourists, as well as noblest characters, Judge James L. Webb, who lived as examplary life and one worthy of emulation. Never, during his public service of 40 years, did he fail in discharging his duty to his fellowman 'to temper justice with mercy.'

He was a good lawyer, a fine judge and one of the best citizens in North Carolina. A large part of his long life was spent in public service. Before he went on the bench he had made a record in the State Senate, where he served as president pro tem, and as solicitor, but that part of his career was far in the past. For more than a quarter of a century he had been a judge of the North Carolina Superior Court and in that capacity had presided over courts and dealt out justice in every county in the State.

Judge Webb was as fair as he was just. His patience could not easily be strained, his sympathies were not dulled but deep and tender, and in the discharge of his duty he ever sought to temper justice with mercy. The lawyers who appeared before him all respected his ability and his integrity. The public had confidence in him and admired him and held him in affection. His whole long career was one of honor and good repute.

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DON'T PLAY WITH FIRE

Attention! This was the word, if the plan inaugurated by Dan C. Boney, State Insurance Commissioner, Raleigh, was carried out. The big idea was

that 875,000 school children came to attention in more than 6,000 public schools scattered all over North Carolina, at one minute past 11 o'clock, October 9th, in a uniform fire drill.

This seems to be a fine way to scatter propoganda telling how to prevent fires and fight fires in cases of emergency—for young people are fine conveyers of information.

By the time this publication is issued "Fire Prevention Week" for 1930 will have been a thing of the past, but realizing that this is the season of the year to start fires in stoves and furnaces, that have not been used for a year, we feel constrained to say it is wisdom to be cautious before kindling a fire.

Possibly many disastrous fires could have been averted if the danger of little things, like the throwing of cigarette stubs, starting fires in flues before investigating and throwing matches around while burning, could be realized. These very things often start disastrous fires that cost the country the lives of many human beings, destroy valuable property than can never be replaced.

Carelessness that results often in the loss of life or serious financial reverses to innocent persons has in certain European countries been recognized as being of criminal nature and has been made punishable by law. Fire prevention in any manner emphasized, is of great importance to any community.

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NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY

If Constitution Day, Sept 17th, was generally observed with an appropriate program we were not so impressed, at least there was no publicity given to occasion and that is our only way of getting information—through the press. This editorial taken from the Lexington Dispatch gives in substance credit to a Winston-Salem lawyer, declaring that historians have neglected emphasizing the part North Carolina played in framing the Constitution:

> North Carolinians generally have been taught that this state was the last of the thirteen to ratify the original Constitution, and there has perhaps been some knowledge outside the state concerning this fact. However, Burton Craige, of Winston-Salem, descendant of Rowan county pioneers, who has taken much interest in state historic matters, declares that in the country at large historians have neglected to tell the very important part North Carolina took in framing that great document.
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> This Constitution provides that each state shall have an equal number of representatives in the Senate, but that in the House representation shall be in accordance with population, with every state to have at least

one representative. North Carolina's delegation to the constitutional convention of 1787 played the major role in assuring the adoption of a constitution, recalls Mr. Craige, who quotes original historic records to back his statement.

The larger states, among them North Carolina, were aligned for the Virginia plan of representation in the legislative branch of the government solely on the basis of population. The smaller states opposed this plan bitterly because their representatives feared the large states would gobble up the small ones. It was when North Carolina threw its support to the smaller states on the compromise plan that recognized the power and integrity of each state by equal representation in the Senate and also recognized the justice of representation according to population, by basing the House of Representatives thus, that the adoption of the Constitution on September 17, 1787, was assured.

In the first banding together of the thirteen original British Colonies articles of confederation were drawn up, but these held the early states together so loosely that the Federal government was virtually powerless and its credit could command little respect before the world at large. A stronger Constitution was absolutely necessary if these states were to become a nation. Hence Mr. Craige believes that historians have given too little notice to the action of North Carolina that saved the nation in an hour of grave crisis.

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THE GIFTS OF A GREAT FAMILY

There is a latent influence in the life of every one, a subconscious desire, that continues to lead on and on till finally the opportunity for development comes. An example of such influence, emphasizing prenatal conditions is found in Edward Bok, an outstanding character in the history of mankind, who before death gave to the country the dream of his life—the Mountain Lake Sanctuary and the Singing Tower.

This gift was an expression of a superb and God-like spirit, a combined thought of the beauties of nature made more holy when hearing the carillon sending out the glorious melodies from the tower's height.

The question has been asked: why has Mr. Bok given to the people, to this country, to the world, this Sanctuary and its wonderful Singing Tower? He, a student, followed up the evolution of the Singing Tower of his native land. First a horn was used to summons people in time of danger, then the bells, and finally clocks were introduced into the towers and bells were used to mark the passing hours, and so on, until in the 17th century that majestic instrument, the carillon was evolved.

The towers with bells in the old country were of national importance in the community life, calling their people to war, to peace, to prayer and to feast. Things do not just happen, there is a source of all deeds of good or evil. The answer to why did Edward Bok give the "Sanctuary and Singing Tower" is written in the prologue to the "Americanization of Edward Bok." Therein is a story telling how the Dutch government entrusted the care of dangerous sandbars off the coast, barren of vegetation and infested with pirates, to the care of his prandparents.

These forebears of Bok were devotees of order, lovers of beauty and by their own art and persistence changed this spot into a haven of rest, where birds rested on their migratory flights, and humans were attracted from a distance. Mr. Bok inherited this ambition: "make the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have lived in it." Of humble parentage was Mr. Bok, but truly could any one have received a sweeter and grander heritage. One life naturally influences another. We are constrained to think that the life work's of Edward Bok made a deep impression upon that of his father-in-law, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, a famed newspaper and magazine publisher, Philadelphia. Just lately Mr. Curtis, 80 years, has given $4,000,000 for the erection of a building, covering a block, to be recognized as a cultural center for concerts and Grand Opera in the City of Brotherly Love. The main auditorium will seat 4,000, a civic theater will accomodate 1,500 with a smaller auditorium holding 600, and a public forum for other gatherings of all kinds.

This is a notable contribution, not only for the culture and enjoyment of the present generation, but for many succeeding generations. This gift, for the uplift of humanity, is not to be commercialized, but to be conducted on a non-profit basis.

It is encouraging to note that there is an increasing tendency upon the part of people of great wealth to give generously of their wealth, that has been committed to their care, for the sake of "making the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have lived in it."

RAMBLING AROUND

(By Old Hurrygraph)

"O the autumn comes home and your honey will soon,
So jes keep a-lovin' along;
There's faith in the shadow o' the harvest moon,
Jes keep a-lovin' along;
The roses have faded and the streams run slow,
And the leaves turn gold in the wake of the snow,
But the violets will come when the March winds blow,
Jes' keep a-lovin' along."

—o—

Edison says four hours' sleep is enough for any one. Well, some of his inventions have brought about a state of affairs resulting in that being about all the sleep one can get.

—o—

Grit newspaper advises that "husbands should be frank and tell their wives everything." I fear the result, if their wives are not generous enough to believe it.

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Blessed are those whose troubles come when they are young and strong. They are readily thrown off then. But when one is old, trouble hangs on, and he is thrice blessed whose philosophy can keep him contented and sweet.

—o—

One good hearty laugh a day is a valuable mental and physical tonic, but some of the stories invented to bring about that wholesome reaction are something awful, as Mabel would say.

—o—

A banker in Iowa has gotten out a page headed, "Good Luck, not Brains, often the Reason for Success." Doubtless there are cases of this kind, but they are almost as "scarce as hen's teeth in the Rocky Mountains." I have not much confidence in a man who expects good luck to bring him success. Brains, industry and thrift are much more certain to bring men what they want in the material world, than what is called luck, born of an unexpected set of circumstances. Even oil wells are now located on scientific principles.

—o—

Most people have been educated to think it was not intended that they should have the best there is in the world;' that the good and beautiful things of life were not designed for them, but were reserved for those especially favored by fortune. They have grown up under the conviction of their inferiority and, of course, they will be inferior until they claim superiority as their birthright. A vast number of men and women who are really capable of doing great things, do small things, live mediocre lives and have only the barest necessities because they do not expect or demand enough of themselves. Until they learn how to call out their best through linking thought with purpose, and purpose with action, they can achieve no intelligent accomplishment unless they have the faith, the courage, and the daring to follow in the foot steps of some one qualified by experience to be their leader.

—o—

That stilted old slogan, "Business

Before Pleasure," had a lot of meaning, back in the years agone. It has given away to a reversal of form in these days and now reads, "Pleasure Before Business," and the former is such a drain on the pocket book that it leaves little money for anything else of a substantial and permanent character.

—o—

Tennyson, in his "A Dream of Fair Women," speaks of "the mystery of folded sleep." and Young, in his "Night Thoughts," refer to it as "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Sleep has long been regarded as a great beautifier, and also a great vivifier. One can almost close their eyes and point out the girl who is interested in the preservation of her health. Hre voice has a ring of laughter. She is alive, active and alert. Her associates gravitate toward her naturally. She has no difficulty in finding a field where her energy and enthusiasm will be appreciated, for she is received as a welcome addition to any group. If you would share all of the little amenities of early life, and be assured of enjoying the full fruits of a well rounded maturity, do not overlook the importance of mental grooming as well as the physical. Make an effort to construct your thoughts along lines which are wholesome, happy, hopeful and helpful. The mind is not a rack on which to hang superstitions, unpleasant, indolent, intolerant and destructive thoughts. It is the powerhouse of personality.

—o—

The year is on the wane. Brilliant Autumn is just around the corner with its yellow, mellow, ripened days. It is the third act in the eternal drama, and to many minds the prettiest. Spring and Summer have their charms and sesaonal beauties, but what is more glorious than a perfect Autumn day, if the mind is attuned to nature and in accord with her various moods. There is no sadness in nature. It is in those whose melancholy temperament see joys in nothing and sadness in everything. They are continually fitting nature to their moods rather than fitting themselves into nature's moods. It is a most unhappy mental condition and those affiicted thus are to be pitied.

One of the most beautiful and eloquent tributes ever paid the negro slaves of the South was by Henry W. Grady when he said: "History has no parallel to the faith kept by the negro in the South during the war. Often 500 negroes to a single white man; and yet through these dusky throngs the women and children walked in safety, and the unprotected homes rested in peace. When the master going to a war in which slavery was involved said to his slave, 'I leave my home and loved ones in your charge,' the tenderness between man and master stood disclosed. We rejoice that when freedom came to him after years of waiting, it was all the sweeter because the black hands from which the shackles fell were stainless of a single crime against the helpless ones confided to his care."

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

GOOD REPORT FROM FORMER STUDENT

Gratitude for the training he received at Stonewall Jackson Training School is expressed by a former student, whose name is withheld, in a letter to Superintendent Charles E. Boger. This person, who was honorably discharged from the school several years ago, has gone out in the world and made good, commanding a salary of $8,000.00 a year as manager of a large department store.

The letter, dated September 23, 1930, reads, in part:

"I guess it is a great surprise to hear from me after being away from the school so long. But I still feel as one of the boys, and as I look back on my life I often wonder if I would ever have amounted to anything in this life without the training I received at the Jackson Training School. I feel that I owe the biggest part of my success to the old school.

"I entered the school when I was a very young boy. I was very mean before entering the school. I would not go to school, would not mind my parents, would steal anything I could get my hands on, smoke cigarettes, drank liquor, was always in bad company, only went half-dressed, always dirty, and at that time was twelve years of age. If I had kept that up, I guess I would have been a big racketeer. But instead I am manager of the largest store here. My salary is $8,000.00 per year. I work a force of 50 salesgirls and ten men. I am now a good church worker and am highly respected by everyone in the city, the young as well as the old. I am married and have a little son seven years of age, and I own my own home here as well as a home in North Carolina.

"I have run across several boys from the school for whom I have gotten jobs. I must say right here that any young man ever coming to me from the Stonewall Jackson Training School that has an honorable discharge will always find me in line to help him. My home is open, and I will do for him as a brother, as I still feel that I am one of the boys. I sometimes wish that I could lay aside all responsibility and return to the old school for just one week among the boys, play and go to work with them. Then I could tell them what a great chance they have there. It may seem hard to them now, but when they get out in life it is all a hard game, and only those who have the training and are not afraid of work succeed.

"Remember me to all the boys in cottage Number One, also to the Caesar Cone Literary Society. I was president of the Society just before I was paroled."

It is when things look darkest, and failure seems certain, that Christ says, "Be of good cheer!" And out of the rain comes a new and blessed experience.—Selected.

COST OF SCHOOL BOOKS

(Morganton News-Herald)

A Morganton man was complaining to The News-Herald this week about the high cost of school books. The same day our attention was drawn to some comparative figures quoted by Mr. Homer Arey, former secretary of the Hickory Chamber of Commerce in a communication to the daily press.

Among other things, Mr. Arey says:

"A survey of 55 of the 100 counties in the state shows that the average cost per pupil per year in North Carolina, for school books alone, is approximately $10. One county, that is Mecklenburg, averages $16.27 per pupil per year, but figuring on an average of $10 over the state would make North Carolina school books cost approximately $10,000,000 a year. This does not include supplies and drawing paper and supplementary books.

"School books in the State of Ohio cost $1.24 per pupil for the year 1927-28; Louisana $2.34; Pennsylvania $1.53; New Jersey $2.11; Arizona, elementary grades, only .82, and California, elementary grades only, .42¼ In the State of Massachusetts the cost for school books and supplies was $4.61, and an average over 48 years of $2.13½ for books and supplies. Rhode Island for the year 1927-28 was $3.68 for books and supplies."

The News-Herald does not know whether or not these figures of Mr. Arey's are correct, but we do know that for some time there have been protests from parents that school books cost too much. If it is true that North Carolina is paying three, four and five times as much for school books as other states it seems high time that something be done about it.

CANNON BALL FIRED AT FORT MACON IS FOUND

A solid iron ball, believed to be a relic of a cannonade between Confederate and Union forces during the battle on April 25, 1862, when the fort was taken by the invaders, was found recently by Assistant Forrester F. H. Claridge while engaged in carrying out improvements on the fort property.

The ball was found about a mile down the beach from the fort, and the spot where it was picked up was photographed and marked by Forester Claridge to record properly its discovery.

Although rusty with age, the cannon ball had been marked little by being fired or by the elements to which it has been subjected for more than half a century. It is about six inches in diameter and weighs 32 pounds.

Discovery of the missle has created considerable interest, and it will be preserved as a relic. It is believed that it is the type of projectile used in the attempt to beat off an attack from the landing party from the federal ships.—Conservation and Industry.

HONORING FRANKLIN

By Leah Adkisson Kazmark

A great memorial to a great American is being planned by the City of Philadelphia and a fund running into many millions has been started to erect there a "Franklin Temple of Science." Benjamin Franklin, whose anniversary falls on the seventeenth of January, was interested in all branches of science. Also he was a lover of young people and a worker for their cause.

Through his efforts, that early place of learning, the University of Pennsylvania, was first opened; he started the first circulating library in America; sponsored a city hospital, and has more than sixty inventions to his credit which made life better and nobler. How delighted would this Colonial gentleman be to see a great temple devoted to scientific study erected in his memory. It is said that the building will cover three acres of land and being three stories high, more than ten acres will be given over as a place of learning. Inventions of every kind will be on display for the young student to examine. One department will be devoted to aviation, a thing of which the versatile Franklin never dreamed. However, he did some valuable experiments with balloons.

The good folks who saw him at this strange thing, laughed at him. "Oh what good is a balloon?" they inquired. The quick-witted Franklin replied in a question, too, "Oh what use is a baby?" He believed that the currents of the air could be conquered if only rightly understood. How pleased he would be at the progress mankind has made of recent times in mastering the air!

Philadelphia enthuses over the plan of the stately Franklin Memorial. But all the country is equally as pleased for this modest, unassuming figure is held in high esteem. "If you would reap praise, you must sow the seeds, gentle words and useful deeds." This he himself wrote in his yearly Almanac and well might it have been written of such a man as he was. No one ever did more for mankind than this lover of folks. George Washington, who admired his achievements greatly, once wrote to him a letter that has been preserved:

"If to be venerated for benevolence, if to be admired for talents, if to be esteemed for patriotism, if to be loved for philanthropy, can gratify the human mind, you must have the pleasing consolation to know that you have not lived in vain."

The world has not forgotten this Philadelphia printer though it has been 225 years since he was born in Boston. It will greet with acclaim the news of the memorial structure dedicated to science, a thing in which this master-jack-of-all-trades was interested all his industrious lifetime through. Over the door where young will pass in to learn, might well be written in marble or bronze that motto which guided young Franklin and made him succeed:

"Dost thou love Life?
Then do not squander Time
For that's the Stuff life's made of."

IT'S JUST A LITTLE WORK

(Exchange)

One morning Johnny woke up and found the walks and ground all covered with snow to the depth of a foot. "Johnny," called his mother, "come down and clean the walks." "Aw, mother, can't you leave me sleep?" replied a sleepy voice from under the covers. Johnny got up nevertheless, because he knew his father would come up and make him get up. After dressing he got the snow shovel and cleaned a small path that was not wide enough for two people to pass without one of them getting wet feet.

The scene now changes to two years later. Johnny who had graduated from high school and was working in a grocery store went to the manager to get a raise. "Sorry, Johnny, but I can't raise your pay and while you are here I want to tell you that you are fired," said the manager. "Now what have I done that wasn't right?" demanded the boy. "Well," said the manager, "I'll tell you. While you were working here you never did any more work than I told you to do. Now we must cut down our expenses and this necessitates you losing your job for we can't have men who are not interested in our work."

Now think this over and I think you'll come to the conclusion that it pays in the long run to do just a little more than is expected of you.

Don't get into the habit of doing as little as you can get away with, but make this your motto: To do just a little more than is expected of you, and you will have no fear of not being a success in the world.

THE CONSTITUTION ENSHRINED

The original document of the Constitution of the United States which was signed 143 years ago, has had a life history of varied mishaps and adventures. Keeping pace with the national capital's change of habit in early days, the Constitution was taken to New York in 1790, returned to Philadelphia when Congress met there, and was finally deposited in Washington in 1800.

During the British invasion in 1814 both the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence were hurriedly packed away and hauled into Virginia where they were secreted in a barn. When it was feared that the documents might be destroyed by enemy raiding parties, they were carried farther into Virginia and hidden in Leesburg, the Reverend Mr. Littlejohn acting as guardian. There they stayed until American officials once more had charge of the capital.

Nine years ago, the Constitution was removed from the state department to a protected shrine in the Library of Congress. The shrine is of marble and bronze and is illuminated by an artificial light in which a damage-causing ray has been carefully neutralized.—Reidsville Review.

THE CHINESE KIMONO

A True Story—By Thelma Wyche Cox

On her way to work, Hazel stopped again to stare in the show window. Yes, it was still there. No one had bought it yet, and she was glad. Saturday, after she had been paid for her week's work, she would have enough to buy it. Oh, what a joyous thought that she, Hazel Manning, was to own that gorgeous Chinese kimono! Such a beautiful shade of blue, it would go well with her bright red hair and ivory complexion. And the embroidery on it, gold and silver dragons, with here and there a touch of red!

She stared at it lovingly as if loath to leave it. The minutes sped by unaware. Finally, with a start, she glanced at her watch, and then how she did run. She knew that her employer was always cross when she was late, and she had tarried too long to gaze at the kimono. But it happened that morning that Mr. Johnson was late himself, so he didn't know his secretary had just arrived.

All day Hazel typed dull business letters, but her mind wasn't altogether on her work. It kept straying back to that show window that held the gorgeous garment, straight from the hands of some little, underpaid needlewoman in China. How she would love to possess it! She had had few pretty things in her short life. Always serviceable things that would do for the younger sisters when she had outgrown them. Heavy cotton stockings when she had wanted silk ones such as the other girls had.

Now all that was past. She had a good position and made enough money to buy the silk stockings for which she had always longed. She could even afford an occasional silk dress. Her father had a much better position, the boys were old enough to work and her family didn't need the money she earned.

So she was going to buy the heavy blue satin kimono. She had had kimonos before, of course, but never one made of satin. When Mr. Johnson paid her on Saturday, she intended to walk in that store, pay $20 and carry away the kimono.

She knew that $20 was a lot of money to spend on a kimono that could be worn only in her own room. She felt a little guilty when she thought of how many pairs of shoes, or how many pairs of stockings, that much money would buy. But she couldn't make up her mind to give it up. She had the money, and she had earned it herself. Why not spend it on the kimono?

That night she told her mother of her intended purchase. There was a minute of silence and then her mother said thoughtfully "Yes, Hazel, it is a lot of money to spend on anything like that. It would be wiser to put the money in your savings account. But you have a good position, and, after all, you deserve to have what you want once in awhile."

Hazel went to her room to do some sewing. The Chinese kimono still gleamed in her mind. A little later her mother came in. "Here's a letter from grandma I thought you might like to read," she said.

"Why, yes," said Hazel "let me

have it. I always enjoy grandmother's letters." She put down her work and read the letter. Then she sat staring into space for a time.

The next morning on her way to work Hazel stopped again to look at the kimono. She stared hard at the price tag on the sleeve. Twenty dollars! There was so much that $20 could buy. She turned away from the window and walked on up the street, her mind still on the garment. That day was Saturday. That very night she could buy it! Somehow, now that the time was at hand, she wasn't so joyous. A wrinkled old face kept blurring her vision of the kimono—gnarled, wrinkled hands that had often made tea cakes for her, dim old eyes that had once been clear enough to see how to make doll dresses.

One line in the letter she had read the night before stood out in her memory: "I'm saving my butter money to buy new glasses; grandfather's eyes and mine are getting pretty bad. ;I haven't been able to read lately, but the doctor says that I will be all right when I get my glasses."

Dear old granny, churning and sending butter to town to make enough money to buy glasses for both of them. Living out there on that little old farm, away from the world, that dear old place where she had so enjoyed herself in her early teens. Granny, who loved to read when her work was done, now sitting with idle hands, her poor old eyes too dim to see to read or to sew.

Hazel tried to put such thoughts out of her mind, but her conscience got the best of her. A hot wave of shame swept over her. She had been so selfish! She was young and strong and able to make more in a week than granny could save in months. Granny had always given of her best to her, and what had she done for granny? It was true that she always sent her a present at Christmas time and on her birthday. That was no more than she would do for any of her friends. Why, granny was one of the best friends she had.

That evening, when Mr. Johnson handed Hazel her pay, she took out $20 and put it in an envelope with a letter she had written. She dropped the letter in the first mail box hat she passed and went on her way happier than she had been in a long time. She could imagine the expression on that sweet old face when that letter was opened.

Hazel was so happy in the thought of bringing happiness to the two lonely old people that she scarcely glanced at the Chinese kimono as she passed the window where it was displayed. She wasn't sorry at all, for she knew that she couldn't enjoy owning the kimono as long as grandmother and grandfather needed glasses, and had to wait until they could save enough to buy them.

So engrossed was Hazel in her thoughts that she did not know that a woman was talking to her until she had tuoched her arm. "Miss," said the woman, "we've noticed you passing our store regularly, and you are the very one we would like to have wear our coats tonight in our coat demonstration".

Seeing her look of hesitation, the woman added: "We give $20 worth of merchandise to each girl who models for us. Anything in the store up to $20."

"Could I have that Chinese kimono in the window?" Hazel asked eagerly.

"It's just $20, isn't it?" asked the woman. "Certainly you may have it."

Hazel's mother consented to accompany her, and the evening was a success.

Several hours later a very happy girl went to sleep with a heavy satin kimono hanging over the foot of her bed. The very same kimono whose price was then being speeded westward in an envelope addressed to a sweet, old lady whose wrinkled hands had once made tea cakes, and whose dim old eyes had once been bright enough to see how to make wonderful doll dresses.

HOLDING THE ROAD

The young auto salesman was very much in earnest. He thought he was making a sale, his first independent one. He went over the good points of his car with convincing talk. "And, however fast you go, sir, she holds the road," he finished up. The elderly customer with the good humored face smiled at the youngster kindly.

"Can you say as much for yourself?" he asked.

"Oh, about keping the road, no matter how fast I'm going? Why, I hope so, sir; it is something to think about, isn't it?"

"Now you've made your sale," declared the whimsical customer. "I like young men who stop to think whether they are keeping the road or not."

How could you answer if this same question were put to you?

Can you "hold the road" under all the stress of daily living? Perhaps it is the monotony of daily life, more than anything else, that makes young people likely to fly from the road, and go bouncing along unevenly. In school there are the same teachers, pupils and lessons every day, the same set of duties at home. After a whlie comes work and then there are the same tasks day after day, the same associates, and seemingly you are getting nowhere. And young people like change, novelty, excitement, "something doing," as they express it. But can you keep the road through the monotony, the hard days and the times when you seek your fun and change? Does the same rule hold you firm and true, no matter whom you meet, or what the rest of the crowd is doing? You wouldn't want an automobile that didn't hold the road. The world hasn't any place for the person who doesn't hold the road.—Exchange.

TWO GOLDEN DAYS

By Robert J. Burdette

There are two days of the week upon which and about which I never worrk. Two carefree days, kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is yesterday. Yesterday, with all its cares and frets, with all its pains and aches, all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed forever beyond the reach of my recall. I can not undo an act that I wrought; I can not unsay a word that I said on yesterday. All that it holds of my life, of wrongs, regret and sorrow, is in the hands of the mighty Love that can bring honey out of the rock, and sweet waters out of the bitterest desert—the Love that can make the wrong thing right, that can turn weeping into laughter, that can give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, joy of the morning for the woe of the night.

Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, that linger like the perfume of roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine; it is God's.

And the other day I do not worry about is to-morrow. Tomorrow, with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promise and poor performances, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond the reach of my mastery as its dead sister, yesterday. It is a day of God's. Its sun will rise in reseate splendor, or behind a mask of weeping clouds. But it will rise. Until then—the same love and patience that hold yesterday and hold tomorrow, shining with tender promise into the heart of today —I have no possession in that unborn day of grace. All else is in the safekeeping of the infinite Love that holds for me the treasure of yesterday. The Love that is higher than the stars, wider than the skies, deeper than the seas. Tomorrow—it is God's day. It will be mine.

John D. Rcokefeller, Jr., is restoring old Williamsburg, the first capital in this country. This is a marvelous piece of reconstruction work that is being done. It is announced that the government will build a two hundred foot boulevard—the eighteen miles—to connect Jamestown and Yorktown. This will pass through Williamsburg. What a historic and interesting drive this will be! It is to be hoped that those grounds at Jamestown will be thrown open to all. It is too bad for the public to be held up at the gate for a fee on the grounds where the English made their first permanent settlement. This is not a Virginia enterprise. It should be free to every American citizen. Every school child should be allowed to go here without let or hindrance.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

JUST A SHADOW

By Beatrice M. Parker

"You are just a shadow, that is all," remarked the Zephyr, passing by the old oak tree. "You do not stay in one place long and only on sunny days do you come out."

"Yes?" answered the Shadow, questioningly, yet with a pleasant voice. "So I am only a shadow, is that it!"

"Only a shadow," repeated the Zephyr, rustling up the leaves at the base of the tree. "Only a shadow, and you creep around, keeping the old oak tree between you and the nice, bright sun."

The Shadow did not reply to this, but she kept on being a shadow just the same. At length the Zephyr said, "Haven't you anything to say now? What are you thinking about?"

"Well," replied the Shadow, "I was thinking of some people who came here yesterday. They had been riding in their automobile and it was about noon. Coming to where I was, the gentleman said that he thought it would be a fine idea to eat dinner in the shadow of the old oak. It was nice and clean on the ground and there were some rocks just right to serve as table and seats. They enjoyed me, I am sure."

"Pooh!" retorted the Zephyr. "You had little to do with it. If the ground had not been nice and clean and if the rocks had not been here for seats, I can assure you that those people never would have stopped to eat their dinner here. No, my dear, do not feel conceited, for, as I said, you had little to do with their stopping. You see, you are only a shadow."

The Zephyr passed on midst a whirl of leaves she had stirred up.

"So I am only a shadow," murmured the Shadow, as the Zephyr spun down the road. "I really thought that those people liked me. Perhaps it was the nice, clean ground and the rocks after all. But if that was so, why did Mr. Smith's dog, Rover, come and lie down in my lap after he had eaten the crusts and crumbs those people had left? I will not be discouraged yet!"

Just then a little kitten came along, chasing a leaf. Crouching in the shadow, she would dart out, grasp the little leaf, poke it this way and that, and then run back into the shadow.

"Well, well," whispered the Shadow to herself, "a wee kitten likes me, anyway. What a good time she is having!"

This play lasted quite a few minutes, and then a small voice floated up.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty! Where are you? Come, kitty! O, there you are, down by the old oak! Do you think you can hide in that shadow? Come here!"

But the kitten crouched still lower, andd as her little mistress approached, jumped up and whisked around the old oak and back again into the shadow. Round and round the two, kitten and little girl, chased each other, having a fine time together. When the little girl finally caught her kitten, she took kitty in her lap and sat down to rest.

"O, isn't it nice and cool here!" she exclaimed. "I do not wonder that you came here!"

"Nice and cool, it it?" a lady's voice said, pleasantly. "Then do you think anyone will care if we rest here for a few moments? We have been walkinig a long way and are a bit tired."

There were two ladies. Their shoes were dusty and so were their clothes.

"Yes, dear, we have been walking for more than an hour and this is the best place to rest we have found anywhere. What a delightful old oak and what a fine shadow it casts. If I lived here I should build me a little bench and bring a chair and enjoy this just as often as I could get away from my work."

So they sat down and talked with the little girl and her kitty for a long They even played together as if they, too, were small children.

"Well!" one said at last, "I haven't felt so young for a long time. I think it must be the influence of this old oak and its shadow! But we must be going now, as we shall have to get back home before dinner."

"Will you come again?" asked the little girl, shyly.

"Indeed, we shall," replied both of the ladies. "This is one of the pleasure spots of vacation land."

How grateful the Shadow felt toward them all! It was so good to have folks appreciate her.

"I do wish more would come to call on me," she said to herself. Life is full of happiness for me when I see folks enjoy themselves so!"

Two hours or more passed and once more the Shadow had visitors. This time two elderly people sat down, the gentleman removing his hat and fanning himself with it.

"This is some relief from those scorching roads, isn't it?" his good wife remarked. "My feet were getting hot and I do not know but what they might have blistered if I had walked much farther. But here in the shade it is restful and comforting."

"Yes, it surely is," the gentleman nodded his head as he emphasized what he said. "The sun was hot, too, and gave me a little headache; but I feel better, even as quickly as this. Fifteen minutes here and then a good drink at the spring on the hill and we can return to the inn feeling tip-top. These after-dinner walks are fine when one finds such a place to rest and refresh himself. When I was a boy, down on the farm, how many times have I been thankful for the shadows where I could lie down for a few minutes in having time, to get out of the glaring sun. I always think of Theodosia Garrison's little poem, the last stanza, that goes:

"'This is God's hospitality,
And whoso rests beneath a tree
Hath cause to thank Him gratefully.'"

"Only a shadow," murmured the Shadow again, as the elderly folks went their way. "Well, if I can make anyone as happy as that, I am glad that I am only a shadow."

The world will become better if we strive to make it better.—Selected.

CAROL'S QUARTERS

By Neola Tracy Lane

The Loyal Girls had met to discuss a gift to the new community house. They were all interested in the big room which was a place of music, uplifting lectures and amusements of all sorts, and they wanted their gift to be a nice one.

"I think a water-cooler would be an ideal gift," said Lucile Walters. "I can't think of anything that would be more appreciated, especially in hot weather."

"But it's such a common thing," protested Carol.

Every one looked up with interest. Carol was a vivid type of girl with lots of personality and stores of seemingly inexhaustible energy. The girls did not always agree with her, but they liked her.

The president, Betty Wayne, smiled. "And just what would you suggest, Carol?"

Carol smoothed the pink pleats in her skirt. She was so sure of herself, so positive that she was right, always.

"I think we ought to give a picture. The walls are so bare. And a picture is always such a nice gift. And we could have our names on a brass plate at the bottom. Of course, we would want a really good picture. I was looking at one in Hoffman's today. It was a sunset, and it was wonderful. I wish you would all go down and look at it before we decide'.' Carol sat down contentedly.

For a few moments there was silence. It could almost be felt. Betty looked hopefully at Molly Martin. Betty knew that Molly liked Carol, but she was not afraid to speak her mind. Carol did not intimidate Molly as she did some of the others.

Molly caught Betty's eye and immediately stood up. "Just what is the price of this picture, Carol?" she asked.

Carol stroked the pleats again. "It was thirty dollars. But when I told him there were only twelve of us in the class he said we might have it for twenty-four. That would be only two dollars apiece."

Again there was a silence that seemed filled with flying thoughts. But no one seemed to be able to speak aloud.

Finally Margie, Carol's best friend, said:

"I move that we adjourn and think this over in the meantime."

A little murmur ran through the crowd, but there was a second to the motion. It was plain that Betty was glad that the session was over.

"And now let's go up town and have a sundae on it," suggested Carol.

"Sorry," said Edna, "but I can not go with you today."

"I've got to get home," said Lucille, and she and Edna moved away. Ruth muttered something about a music lesson and followed them. In a few minutes there were only Betty Carol, Margie and Molly left.

The four girls strolled up town to a place where a green parot sat and blinked at the passers-by. The girls went in and sat down while a boy in a white jacket prepared their icy concoctions. Carol was still bent upon proving her point.

"Don't you think we ought to give something that will stand out among the gifts? Don't you think it will be better to have something nice, something that we can be proud of, than just something that will do?"

"I think we ought to give something useful, something sensible," said Betty slowly.

"And one that wouldn't cost too much," added Molly thoughtfully.

"Oh, Molly," laughed Carol, but there was a little edge to her voice, "any one would think you were in the depths of direst poverty. Instead of which you have a larger allowance than any of the rest of us."

"And I have plenty of places to put it, too," said Molly a little crossly.

"Oh, let's don't quarrel," broke in Margie. "I want to enjoy my sundae. I didn't come here to wrangle, I came here to eat. I do wish that boy would hurry." And Margie glanced anxiously twoard the boy at the fountain.

The sundaes were consumed almost in silence, and a little later the girls started toward home. Molly turned off first. Then Carol left them with a wave of her hand and a request to go down and see the picture she had mentioned.

"I'll go down and see it," promised Betty, "but I won't say a word one way or the other. I think it is up to the class to decide without any suggestions from me."

"Oh, you old joy-killer," laughed Carol good-naturedly. "But you're sure to love it. You just can't help it."

When Betty and Margie were out of earshot Margie let out a little, bubbling laugh. "Of course we'll buy the picture. There are not enough girls to go against Carol. She has such a forceful personality. And she has good taste, too. And good common sense."

"But two dollars apiece is quite a bit, really. When you consider that there is always something for us to give to. Not that we wouldn't like to," she added hastily, "but a dollar will go only so far and not an inch farther."

Margie tossed her dark head. "You sound just like Molly. And everybody knows that she has the biggest allowance of any of us. Yet she's always fussing about the cost of things. Now look at Carol. She's as generous as she can be. She's always willing to give and give and give. And her allowance isn't very large either, you know."

Betty nodded. Her eyes were sober as she looked at Margie. "I've known her to give away five dollars in one week, and her allowance is only three. Just how that can be managed I don't know. I only wish I did."

Margie turned startled eyes toward Betty "You don't mean to insinuate that she doesn't get it honestly...."

"Oh, my goodness no! Of course not, goosie. I didn't mean that!"

They were both so interested in their conversation that they did not notice as they turned a corner that there were other pedestrians in the neighborhood. They ran straght into a tall, young fellow.

"Why don't you blow your whistle at the curves?" he asked grinning. It was Carol's older brother.

"Oh, Ned. How are you?" laugh-

ed Margie. "We were so interested in our conversation that we didn't know there was any one else within miles of us."

Ned lifted an eyebrow. "And what could be so interesting as to make you blind, deaf and almost dumb?" he teased.

"Money," said Betty. "It does terrible things, doesn't it?"

"It's about a picture," contradicted Margie.

"It is really the price of the picture," explained Betty. "Some of us think that two dollars apiece is too much, especially since that's not the only thing we have to subscribe to or buy. There is always a quarter for this and a quarter for that."

Ned's eyes narrowed as Betty was speaking. "Would you mind telling me who suggested that you buy this picture?"

The girls looked at each other questioningly.

Ned began to laugh. "You don't need to tell me. I know. It was that sister of mine. She's good at things like that."

"Carol is always sweet and generous," defended Margie.

"Generous to a fault," said Ned with a twinkle.

"Indeed she is," said Betty warmly. "But you see some of the girls feel they can't afford to give that much. If it would really help some one a great deal, it would be a different. But it won't. A cheaper gift would do just as well—prrobably be more useful too."

"But some girls with larger allowances than Carol's don't give half as much to anything," said Margie stoutly. "Carol is just always giving."

"I can readily understand that." And Ned went on, laughing.

Margie and Betty soon parted, and Betty went on home worried and out of sorts. If their gift to the community house was not going to be useful then there was no need to tax the girls to the utmost to get it, reasoned Betty. Personally she liked the idea of the water cooler. It would be useful and not cost half as much. And there were several girls who would be spending more than they should, no matter how small they made the cost. Betty wondered, too, if the nameplate on the picture did not have something to do with Carol's choice. But she put the thought out her mind immediately as being unworthy of her.

Betty was in hopes that the subject would not be mentioned at school next day. But she was disappointed. Carol seemed bent upon proving her point. The picture was wonderful Carol affirmed. It would stand out against the gray walls of the big room. And just think of having their names on a brass plate attached to the picture!

"It isn't worth two dollars to me to see my name engraved on anything," said Molly abruptly. "I've got such a lot of things to buy in the next few weeks. I just don't see how in the world I can make the money go around."

Later Margie ran up to Betty and whispered jubilantly:

"Of course we'll get the picture. The girls will follow Carol's lead as they always do. Even though they don't want to get the picture or spend that much money, they won't get up and say so."

Betty sighed. "I'm afraid that is exactly what will happen. We ought to have more backbone." And Betty turned away.

Betty dreaded the next meeting, but there was nothing to do but go ahead with it. She hoped the girls would stand up for themselves. There was Edna, for instance. She earned her own spending money taking care of children evenings. And Lucille. Her family had had one stroke of bad luck after another. Her father was laid up with a broken leg, her mother was an invalid, and Lucille had been obliged to quit school and keep house for the family. Two dollars was much more than either of them should be asked to give. One dollar would be too much. But if the girls all kept still and let Carol and Margie talk them into buying the picture what was she, Betty, to do about it?

Ordinarily, when there was something she wanted, Carol arrived first. It always looked to Betty as if she did not want the girls to discuss the matter out of her hearing for fear they might rise against her. It was too bad. Carol was a dear. In all other things she was kind and tolerant, thoughtful and sweet tempered. But she seemed to have the "give until it hurts" idea. And it was the other people that it hurt. Money seemed to be the least of her worries.

Today Lucille and Edna came first, and by twos and threes the others arrived. Carol was quite late, and she was breathless and flushed as if she had been hurrying.

"I suppose you took time to walk past Hoffman's and see the picture again," teased Margie.

"No." Carol plumped down on a fat, red cushion on the floor and looked at the group. "I've sort of lost interest in that picture. I haven't meant to cheat, but I guess that is what I have been doing for ever so long. But I didn't really mean to be dishonest."

"Why, Carol, of course you wouldn't do anything dishonest," said Molly quickly.

"Oh, but I did. I didn't mean to, of course, but .... You see, I went to mother and asked her to give me two dollars for the picture. She just said that she was sorry, but that I'd have to take it out of my allowance. And she knew my allowance was gone long ago. So I went to dad. He laughed and said that when I had learned how hard it was to earn two dollars I might have it, but that he was afraid it would be a long tim."

Carol's cheeks turned rosy, but she went on with her story. "So I told Ned I had to have two dollars. Ned has always been so generous with me, but this time he wouldn't give me a cent. He told me he was sure the only way I could raise it was to go out and earn it. My married sister was my last chance. I asked her if I might borrow it until the first of the month. And she told me that if she had two dollars to lend it would be some one who really needed it.

"Wel, I came home feeling rather desperate. I cornered Ned again and asked him just why he was so tight with his money all of a sudden, and he told me straight out that it was because I needed to know that most people's money wasn't got for the asking. He said that maybe now I'd

be able to see the other fellow's point of view.

"So you see I have really been cheating. Thinking that I have been managing my allowance beautifully when really I've been getting a quarter here and a quarter there whenever I asked for it."

She made a little grimace as she opened her pocketbook. Three pennies rolled out onto the floor. "And that's that. And there won't be any more until the first."

"Then I suppose we will get the water cooler after all," sighed Margie.

Carol brightened immediately. "Oh, no. Ned says the boys are buying that. But a shaded lamp is needed for the reading table, and McPherson's will let us have one at wholesale price which will be only a little over six dollars,—just a little over fifty cents apiece."

Betty was smiling. They would buy the lamp, of course. They usually followed Carol's suggestions. But it was all right. Carol was a dear. Carol was honest or she wouldn't have humbled herself to tell them the whole story as she had. Carol deserved the loyalty of the crowd now that she had learned her lesson.

Betty looked from one girl to another. Each one seemed pleased. It was such a nice group. And Carol had been so honest. Next year Betty hoped that Carol would be elected president. Carol was all right!

SOUTH CAROLINA HAS AUTO DRIVER'S LICENSE LAW

South Carolina has more things to her credit than turning down Cole Blease for United States senator...Our sister state has an automobile license law that might well be adopted by other states that have no such requirements. Effective October 1, every person in South Carolina driving a car must have a license from the state. A non-resident may drive a car for ninety days without a South Carolina permit, provided he has a permit from another state. A minor from another state may drive for ninety days under authority granted by his own state. A driver's license may be revoked when a person is convicted of manslaughter, or when three convictions of reckless driving come within one year.

The state patrol, which will be increased on October 1, will enforce the driver's license law. Just what sort of an examination is made before a license is granted is not known but it is evident that the intent of the law is not to grant a license to any person not competent to drive a motor vehicle. The number of automobile accidents happening daily in North Carolina makes us wonder if a license law in this state would not help to reduce the number of tragedies on our highways.d

—Smithfield Herald.

HOW THE AZTECS MARKED TIME

By A. M. Barnes

As hard as it is to believe, the Aztecs had a more accurate method of reckoning time than have we. While our calendar has more than one fault, theirs is almost faultless. The old Calendar Stone in the National Museum, Mexico City, is clear evidence of this. The thought displayed in its arrangement, and well-nigh perfect system by which time is marked off, is another proof of the intelligence and high order of civilization enjoyed by this most remarkable people.

The date chiseled into the Calendar Stone shows that it was completed about 30 B. C. It is a huge stone cut in one solid block from the old Aztec quarry of Coycacan, just outside Mexico City. It is twenty-two feet in diameter, and is said to weigh forty tons. How the Aztecs, who had no four-footed beasts of burden, ever conveyed this stone to their temple, which stood on the site now occupied by the Cathedral, Mexico City, is a mystery. There is tradition and some record to the effect that this was the second stone for this purpose hewn from the quarry's rugged side; that the first, which weighed ten to twelve tons more, broke down the bridge over one of the lakes while being removed to the temple, and fell into the water. As it sank deep in to the mud, it was never recovered. This second stone required five thousand men to move it, and was eight months on its journey from the quarry to the temple. On its arrival there it was blessed by the priests amid solemn ceremonies and set up against the walls of the temple.

When the Spaniards came, and the temple was destroyed, the Calendar Stone, or Stone of the Sun, as it was known to the Abtecs, remained for centuries buried in the earth. When first dug up it was placed in front of the Cathedral, and remained there for years; but when the Indians many of them descendants of the Aztecs, began to flock to the stone for the purpose of worship, the priest had the stone removed, and it was again buried. Once more it was resurrected and restored to its place in front of the Cathedral; but in 1886 it was removed to the National Museum In computing time the Aztecs adjusted their civil year to conform to that of the solar; but instead of twelve months to the year, as in our calendar, they had eighteen months of twenty days each, with five intercalary days belonging to no particular month. In their reckonings they made provision for an intercalary period of twenty-five days at the end of every one hundred and four years. Thus there was no discrepancy in the calendar as in ours; for while the Julian calendar shows that it is thirteen days out of gear, the Aztec calendar is but a period of a few hours out of balance with Father Sol.

If the annual error of the Julian calendar remains uncorrected, it will —well, say in a few thousands years make June, July and August our winter months!

In recording national events the Aztecs arranged the years into cycles of

fifty-two each, which were subdivided into quarter cycles of thirteen each, and again divided into three periods of four years each, with an extra year at the end of each quarter cycle. For each of these years there was a symbol, generally an animal, a tree, or a flower. The national epochs were recorded by these symbols.

The Calendar Stone is, therefore, not only an arrangement of the division of time, but it is also an interesting record of Aztec history. I wonder what those old Aztecs would say if they could come back to earth and hear the most learned of men calling it "the one perefect calendar ever made?"

THE CARPENTER

I wonder what He charged for chairs at Nazareth.
And did men try to beat Him down
And boast about it in the town—
"I bought it cheap for half-a-crown
From that mad carpenter?"

And did they promise not to pay,
Put it off another day;
O, did they break his heart that way,
My Lord, the Carpenter?

I wonder did he have bad debts,
And did he know my fears and frets?
The gospel writer here forgets
To tell about the Carpenter.

But that's just what I want to know.
Ah! Christ in glory, here below
Men cheat and lie to one another so;
It's hard to be a carpenter.

—G. A. Studdert-Kennedy.

THE LITTLE TREE'S WISH

By Loie E. Brandom

In the big green timber by the laughing stream grew a little tree. It was so very little that it had almost lost hope of ever seeing the sun or playing with the rollicking breezes as they blew past in the tops of the great big trees.

You see, in the big timber where the little tree grew there were so many large trees that they protected the little tree and kept the sun and wind from its slender little body. They also hid it and made it feel almost lost in the midst of the big timber.

But there came a time when the little tree grew very sad because it was not larger, and this is how it happened. One day some men came into the timber and sat down to rest quite close to the little tree and the little tree heard them talking.

"They should be straight and strong, used to hard winds and all as nearly the same size as possible," one of the men said.

"Yes, unless they are the same size they will make the Memorial Highway look very uneven and very scraggy, which would not only be very bad, but would prove us careless."

As they walked on, the little tree learned all about the new road that had just been completed and named the Victory Highway in honor of the soldier boys.

"Oh, how I would like to be one of the trees chosen to honor the soldiers in that way. How I wish I were larger and had been more roughly treated."

For several days the little tree mourned and sighed; then one morning it made a resolution.

"If I can't fill the place that I want to fill, I'll do the best that I can and be happy still."

After that the little tree was so happy it made the squirrels and birds and other trees happy, too.

And do you know that when the little tree stopped being unhappy and began trying to make others glad, it grew and grew so fast that when the men came for the trees they had chosen to plant as a memorial to the soldier boys, this little tree was one of those which they selected for this very great honor.

O, the harvest, boys, is everybody's business,
It's the business of the kings upon their thrones,
It's the business of the man who's breaking stones;
It's the business of the squire up at the hall;
It's the business of the ostler at the stall;
Lads and lasses, poor and rich,
Old and young—no matter which;
Oh, the harvest is the business of us all!

SENTIMENT

(Fraternal Index)

Stop a moment for a bit of sentiment. It won't hurt you. No one will deny that John Wanamaker was a successful merchant. And yet in all of his writings there is a very strong flavor of sentiment. Here is a little piece from Collier's. You who have felt the thrill of "five tiny fingers close within your own" will like this bit of reprint:

"Five small fingers that cling to one of yours when the way home is long. That go softly groping for your watch to find where the tick comes from, or into any pocket to see what's there. Not much for buttoning the owner's clothes or managing a spoon at meal times. Not very clean either unless mother has had a look at 'em lately. Not much of anything at all, in fact—just five small fingers.

"And yet they will hold a man to his work when nothing else will, when the job is a tiring nuisance, and ambition foolishness, and the world a mess of grimy dust. No lawyer ever drew a contract that gripped like the trust of a tiny hand in yours. No orator, no musician of them all, ever hammered out a phrase that meant as much as 'Father's come home'.

"Fortune herself is a hostage to the heart that holds the fadeless memory of five small fingers close within your own."

WRITER OF CHILDREN'S HYMNS: JESUS LOVES ME

Perhaps this was the very first hymn that you learned in Sunday school. You will always remember it, for the words are so simple and lovely. It was written by an American woman, Anna Warner, who lived with her sister on an island in the Hudson river near West Point. Anna and her sister were very busy writing stories for books ad magazines and teaching Bible classes. But they will be remembered by this little hymn more than by anything else. The pretty little tune which goes so well with it has undoubtedly helped to make it popular. It was written by William B. Bradbury, who has been called the father of Sunday school music.

For more than half a century children all over the world have loved this hymn and known it by heart. In the foreign countries the missionaries have found that both young and old have learned it eagerly. Word has come that in the mountains of China the tribes people are singing it in their own language. And the story is told that in India a little boy learned this hymn at a mission school and sang it to the older men and women who were not Christians. "Who is Jesus, and what is the Bible?" They asked. Truly this hymn has brought multitudes to love Jesus. No wonder it is one of the most popular children's songs in the world!

INSTITUTION NOTES

The supply of Fall and Winter shoes arrived last week and will be be issued at an early date.

The carpenter shop boys have been mending potato crates for the past two days.

Mr. J. W. Russel has resumed his duties at the laundry after a very pleasant vacation.

The boys in the printing department who have been working on the eleventh biennial report have nearly completed the job.

Mr. J. H. Hobby, our local beauty parlor expert and his group of youthful tonsorial artists have been busily engaged cutting hair during the past week.

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKimmon Memorial Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon.

The new Sunday School quarterlies were issued last Saturday and when we assembled in the auditorium last Sunday morning, the promotions were announced and the new boys assigned to their respective classes.

Immediately following the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, we were entertained by the Kannapolis band in a sacred concert. This organization, under the able leadership of Mr. Robert McGuirt, is one of the best in the state and we thoroughly enjoyed the program so delightfully rendered by our friends from the Towel City.

This has been a very busy season for the barn boys. They have almost finished gathering an unusually large crop of hay and have now started gathering sweet potatoes. The latter crop promises to be one of the best we have had for several years.

A large number of boys have been harvesting and washing peanuts for some time past and their task is nearly finished. The report comes to the Uplift office that we will harvest more than 500 bushels of peanuts for the boys to enjoy during the coming winter.

Ralph Bradley, one of our boys, who has been having some hip trouble was taken to the Orthopedic Hospital, at Gastonia, last Tuesday for an examination. The surgeon at that place reports that he is very much improved.

The school has recently purchased an International Combine, a combination harvester and threshing machine, which was delivered here a few days ago. It will receive its first test during the next few days when it will be used in threshing lespedeza seed. This is a valuable addition to our agricultural equipment and will be a big help in harvesting the various crops.

Although the extended drought during the past season was responsible

for a very noticeable decrease in our flowers, there have been a few good flower beds on the grounds. The dahlias near the third cottage were beautiful, due to the careful attendance of Miss Latimer and the flower boys. These beds produced a number of extra large blooms, one of them measuring ten inches in diameter.

W. Lee Young, one of our old boys, now living at 2886 North Congress Road, Camden, N. J., visited the institution one day last week. Lee is a meat cutter, employed by the A. and P. Tea Co., in that city, has been married eight years and has one boy eighteen months old. He is paying for his home through the Building and Loan Association. After being away from the school about twelve years, he, as well as we, was glad to renew acquaintance and talk about old times.

LADDIES

Show me the boy who never threw
  A stone at someone's cat.
Or never hurled a snowball swift
  At someone's high silk hat
Who never ran away from school,
  To seek the swimming hole,
Or slyly from the neighbor's yard
  Green apples never stole—

Show me the boy who never broke
  A pane of window glass,
Who never disobeyed the sign
  That says: "Keep off the grass,"
Who never did a thousand things,
  That grieve us sore to tell,
And I'll show you a little boy
  Who must be far from well.

—Edgar A. Guest.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30	to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136	to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36	to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46	to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34	to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12	to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38	to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32	to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40	to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29	to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31	to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33	to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39	to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11	to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37	to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45	to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135	to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35	to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 18, 1930. No. 37

AUTUMN RAIMENT

Old Dame Nature's gone to sewing,
It's a thing you'd never guess;
She is so busy now a-showing
She can make a new fall dress.
Red and yellow are the colors,
Grasses fine are used for thread,
With pine needles—nothing duller—
Sharpest kind right overhead.
Saw her trying on her autumn
Costume, just a day ago;
Gaudy colors—Jack Frost brought 'em,
Always does before the snow.
You can't blame her, poor old woman,
She has worn a dusty green
Dress all summer, shows she's human,
Gives us, too, a change of scene.

—Olive Leaf.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

TRY THIS TODAY

Start out in the morning with the determination to see how much goodwill, joy, encouragement and uplift you can give out during the day.

When you sit down to your breakfast, give a smile, a pleasant look, a pleasant word to your family, to the servant. Do the same when you buy your morning paper. Be kind to the elevator boy, to the ticket agent, to the train conductor, to the waiters where you get your luncheon, to the employees where you work. Be kind to everybody you meet. Look so pleasant and greet them so cordially that they will think you have just heard some good news or that some good fortune has come to you.

Try this for one day and see what satisfaction it will give you. Keep trying it for seven days in the week, and after awhile you will form the habit. It will change your whole nature, for it is giving the best of ourselves to others that brings us corresponding results.—Sunshine.

CONCORD LOSES ANOTHER SPLENDID CITIZEN

The people of Concord were shocked beyond words when the tragic death of Mr. G. L. Patterson, by automobile accident, Wednesday evening, 7:30 o'clock, on National Highway, between Concord and Salisbury, was broadcasted. The sad news quickly spread all over the city,, and the many friends of the deceased, and of his splendid family expressed great sorrow and sympathy over the sudden and untimely passing of one of the City's best known business men.

Mr. Patterson spent his life in Concord and took great interest in all activities that worked for the betterment of Cabarrus and Concord. He was a kind husband, a devoted father, a splendid friend and he will be missed by those who knew him in every walk of life. The Jackson Training School feels that it has lost another thoughtful and substantial friend. He never failed to respond at the blessed Christmas season with the hope of making every one of our boys have the joy of a real Christmas. We take this means of expressing our sympathy to the bereaved home in the darkest hours.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THOUGHTS AS GATHERED FROM SOCIAL SERVICE CONFERENCE—STATESVILLE

Long ago men and women discovered that great benefit could be derived from folks engaged in similar occupations and callings meeting together to discuss subjects of kindred interests and concern. In no activity is this more true than that of Welfare and Uplift. For although all men are different to a degree, there are kindred weaknesses, similar sins, and identical problems that every Welfare worker encounters. Each city or county may have its own salvation to work out in regard to problems to be met. At the same time one has only to listen to a speaker along Welfare lines to note when repeated smiles and laughs take place, how truly that speaker is "hitting home" on many topics discussed.

The State of North Carolina is divided into some eight or ten Districts that gather together Welfare workers once each year, in the fall, such gatherings supplementing the State Conference for Social Workers that meets once each year in the spring. The meeting last week in Statesville, for the Southwestern District, had very timely themes, the general topics being, "Problems of Dependency and Unemployment." At first there was an address entitled "Public and Private Agencies and their relation to problems of Dependency and Unemployment." Public Agencies are those supported directly by taxation where the funds are handled by county and State officials. Private Agencies have to do with Church and Civic organizations which have as part of their activities Social Welfare work. To co-operate and correlate these forces is one of the problems which all forward-looking Welfare workers and interested persons are seeking to work out efficiently, as indiscriminate and thoughtless giving breeds dependency, pauperism and poverty, with crime easily becoming a near relative. There can be no real uplift of dependents

so long as good intentioned yet ill-informed givers continue to help out the poor and afflicted in a haphazard sort of way.

Dr. A. S. Keister, of the N. C. C. W., Greensboro, gave a very philosophical and clear cut analysis of the "Economic Basis of Social Progress." As to the primary conditions of Social Progress he emphasized, "an adequate production of wealth where human resources and natural resources must be scientificallly co-ordinated under a well managed system that will run smoothly. This, he stated, "should occur under conditions that make for good life among workers, an equitable distribution of wealth, and a more intelligent utilization of wealth or income." Dr. Keister, a trained Economist, feels that the outlook in the United States for the near future is dark but he predicts that within a year or so a more normal trend.

At the luncheon Dr. Frederick R. Taylor, of High Point, formerly with the State Board, a specialist on the subject of Pellagra, and a keen observer of other diseases spoke on, "Dependency and Health Problems." His speech was so splendid that it was voted to ask the press to carry his address as a feature article perhaps in next Sunday's papers. He showed conclusively how closely allied are these two problems.

Mr. F. B, Bunch, a Mill Supterintendent of Statesville, member of the Associated charities, and splendid citizen, told the gathering of how his mill was trying to meet the present problems. The Golden Rule which they are trying to follow out, where employees are taught to save, and where many have invested in the mill stock where living conditions are very closely guarded, brought from him the statement that there was not one case of poverty or dependency in his mill settlement, saying that the City Welfare Officer could bear out his statement.

The closing subject under discussion, "Practical Methods of meeting the present needs in local committees," was the most generally discussed of any subject. Many varied and valuable suggestions from different counties and cities were made, showing theories that had been put into practice in places that were not dissimilar to many places represented at the Conference. Hospitalization, School Books, Vagrancy, Temporary Homes for transients, and putting young people to work in making garments for the poor, were among the chief topics brought up and discussed from different angles.

One of the thoughts that came to the writer as he listened was the crying need for the Public Consciousness to become educated to the facts of "Dependency and Unemployment" so that Superintendents of Welfare and

Chairmen of Welfare Departments of different organizations should act more as superintendents and chairmen, rather than as active participants, hence being able to accomplish far more than they are now accomplishing, as so many people would be so willing to give of money, interest and time, if they knew of the facts and knew how to do what is in their hearts to do. After all when the truth is known our Churches are doing a pitifully meagre work here at home, though they say they are trying to follow, and they really to believe HIM who said, "In as much as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

LET THE TEACHERS HELP

The habit, cigarette smoking, among our young women of today is becoming very general. Just within a period of a year, or longer, the young woman who smoked was an exception to the class, but now the habit is so generally accepted till the one who does not light her cigarette, gracefully hold it between her fingers in the masucline style, draw a puff and then in a nonchalant manner flit the ashes away, is outstandingly alone. By continued toleration the habit will naturally become a fashion. The young woman who is physically strong enough to acquire the habit without harm to her nervous condition, and indifferent to public opinion, has a right to satisfy her taste. But, the thought uppermost in mind is the baneful influence of this class upon those who never discriminate between two evils, but simply follow. For the sake of "girls who copy" supposedly their superiors, it is high time that some strong propaganda be broadcasted, from a strong source, showing the bad effects upon health and the bad influence upon society. If the teachers of our public school system would take time to show the young girls and boys the evil effects of the cigarette habit the good work would be far reaching.

Concerning the smoking of cigarettes by women Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, surgeon general of the United States Public Health Service, says: "If American women generally contract the habit, as reports now indicate they are doing, the entire nation will suffer. The number of American women who are smoking cigarettes today is amazing. The habit harms a woman more than it does a man. The woman's nervous system is more highly organized than the man's The reaction is, therefore, more intense.....Propaganda urging that tobacco be used as a substitute for food is not in the interest of public health, and if practiced widely by young persons will be postively harmful."

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Isn't it strange that princes and kings,
And people who caper in saw dust rings,
And common folks like you and me
Are builders for Eternity
To each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass and a Book of Rules,
And each must fashion ere life has fllown,
A stumbling block or a stepping stone."

—o—

The barber shop is the original place where "cut rates were first established. Of course they are a-head of all the rest.

—o—

The government announces that a dollar now buys more than it did a year ago. There are a great many who would like for the government to announce where they can get the dollar.

—o—

A fellow who had been visiting around in the city came up town the other day and said he had been to one place where there were two children —a boy and a girl. The boy, he said was the living photograph of his father, and the girl was the very phonograph of her mother.

—o—

The fellow who plays the stock market has his ups and downs and troubles just like the rest of the folks in other endeavors. Some times more so. The stock speculator is continually in hot water, and he generally gets the skin peeled off. If he buys on a margin he is constantly racked with the worry of awaiting the call from his broker for more money, as the stock tumbles. If the issue is headed skyward he is in a quandry whether to sell now or wait until tomorrow. If he should exercise his better judgement and sell, after a raise of a few points, and the stock continues to advance, he kicks himself because he sold. If, on the other hand, he does not sell, and the next day the market crashed, he calls himself all kinds of a fool for not selling the day previous. So it proceeds, and "Pop goes the weasel."

—o—

An Indiana traffic cop is going to conduct a school for driving automobiles for women, because he says women are the worst drivers. Bet a cookie men drivers are mixed up in five times as many accidents as women. Anyhow, after its over the woman driver will say: "Oh, I'm sorry; I was powdering my nose and forgot all about the lights." But the man who barges into you on turns straight into your path without putting out his hand or anything, usually says: "You big stiff it was all your fault; git out o' that car an' I'll push your face in."

—o—

Lagniappe! William Penn has been the idol of Philadelphia for several hundred years, but his statue's going to come down, and in its place, it is said, will be put a statue in solid gold of James Emory Foxx, who made a

home run and brought in another run when the score was tied in the ninth inning of the great baseball battle for the championship, the other day. Perhaps you may ask why does our hero spell his name with two xx's. For the same reason the deposed patron saint spelled Penn with two nn's.

—o—

Gosh! It's just too bad. All of us have tried to remain calm and brave in the face of falling markets, unemployment, the tariff, the 18th amendment, and the great drought. Now we are told that all the rich who took their horses and hounds to Virginia for fox hunting this season had to give up the pastime because the long, dry spell rendered it impossible for the hound dogs to take the scent of the fox. Another calamity like this and I'll just simply give up and walk east into the Atlantic ocean until my hat floats.

—o—

One pleasure follows another, in this world, like the waves of the sea lapping the shore. While the fruit of the trees are on the wane, the nuts are coming in, and the fishing season is on to wield a gastronomic delight. But when squaw winter and Indian summer have come and gone, and the frost whitens the pumpkin and ripens the pawpaw and the persimmon, the oysters come along. What is better in cold weather? Stewed, fried, in pan roast, or the incomparable oyster pie—nothing pleases the palate more. The squirrel season is on, and a dainty dish he makes, while squirrel soup as concocted by the wives of the North Carolina farmers, excels any French soup production I have ever tasted. How the "table" attracts us all! The other day I had an early slice of mince pie at a cafe. It was not much—a mixture of seeded raisins, dried currants and chopped apples—a far cry from the mince pie of my youth—full-flavored, stout, nourishing and delectable—a meal in itself with a liberal addition of yellow cream. My, my; those were mince pies in those days!

—o—

Dr. W. L. Cameron, of Lincoln, Neb., gives me a very important and interesting tip, and one that should accomplish good results. He says that "When the Creator had made all the good and beautiful things in the world, in order that they might be fully appreciated, He then made the beasts and the reptiles and the poisonous insects. When He had finished He had left-over scraps that were too bad to put in the Rattlesnake, the hyena, the scorpion or the skunk, so He placed all these in a mass together, covered it with suspicion, wrapped it in jealousy, marked it with yellow streaks and called it a—Knocker. Then as a compensation for this fearful monster product, He took a sunbeam and put it in the heart of a child, the love of a mother, the brain of a man, wrapped these in civic pride, covered it with brotherly-love, gave it a mask of velvet, a grasp of steel, and called it a —Booster. He made him a lover of the fields, the flowers and many manly sports, a believer in equaliyt and justice. Ever since the two were created mortal man has had the privilege of choosing between the two."

STATE OF MIND IS IMPORTANT

(The Charlotte News)

A prominent Charlotte manufacturer called the attention of a Made-in-Carolinas representative to a recent example of the importance of the state of mind in business.

This man had just read an account of a man's going int oa cafe to eat. Just as he sat down he noticed a newspaper sticking out from behind a picture hanging on the wall. he took the paper down and read in the headlines all about a business depression from which the nation was suffering.

"Waiter," he said, "times are hard and so I won't hav my usual order today." Instead, he bought the plainest of food and about half as much as usual. The waiter rushed back to the chef and told him about the bad business that was being experienced. The chef told the owner of the place who in turn called the automobile salesman who had been showing him a car and canceled an order for an automobile because times were so hard.

On learning this sad news, the automobile salesman called a photographer with whom he had made an appointment, told him that business was so dull he wouldn't be able to have the picture made that he had planned to give his wife.

The next day the first man went back into the cafe to eat. There was the same paper that he had read the day before. Imagine his surprise when he saw that it was dated two years before and was just an old paper that had been kept behind the picture on the wall for all that time. Summoning the waiter, he declared that he had been wrong the dday befor and ordered his usual meal, the waiter told the chef that it had all been a mistake, the chef told the manager, the manager called the automobile salesman and told him to put the automobile order through, the salesman had his picture made, and the wheels of business were set in motion again.

MUST

There is a word in our language which every fellow has to get acquainted with sooner or later, and that is "must." It is a word which ties us up and makes us do what we don't want to do, or prevents us from doing what we want to do. It is a hard and unbending word, but the world would be a pretty difficult place to live in if we didn't have it. "Must" is the backbone of all the discipline of life. We must eat. We must drink. We must sleep. We must respect the property of our neighbors.

Everybody struggles against "must" because it is natural for everybody to do what he wants to do, but nobody can beat it. That is the thing to realize. All your life you will be encountering this word, and the sooner you get it into your head that the "musts" have to be regarded, the happier you will be.—Exchange.

POOR BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS

(Pleasant Hours)

Charles Dickens was a label-sticker in the shoe-blacking factory.

Michael Faraday, the famous chemist and physicist, was a journeyman bookbinder, the son of a blacksmith.

Benjamin Franklin was a journeyman printer, the son of a tallow-candler.

Giuseppe Garibaldi, whom Italians revere as their liberator, was the son of a sailor, and was at various times a candle-maker and a small farmer.

Ben Jonson, on whose grave in Westminster Abbey is the famous inscription "O rare Ben Jonson," was a poor boy, the stepson of a bricklayer.

Thomas Moore, author of the "Irish Melodies," was the son of a country grocer.

Napoleon was a penniless second lieutenant in 1785, and in 1804 he was crowned an emperor.

William Shakespeare was the son of a glover in a little country town; both his grandfathers were husbandmen.

George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, was the son of a fireman at a colliery; he began lfie as his father's helper.

Trajan, perhaps the greatest of all Rome's emperors, was the son of a common soldier, and began his career in the ranks.

Virgil, whose "Aeneid" is the typical Latin epic, was the son of a small farmer.

James Watt, inventor of the condensing steam engine, was the son of a small merchant, who failed in business.

Cardinal Wolsey, Henry VIII's famous prime minister, was the son of a butcher.

Aesop and Homer, the most famous of the early Greek writers, were, respectively, if the stories told of them are true, a hunchback slave and blind beggar.

Sir Richard Arkwright, inventor of the cotton-spinning frame, was a barber.

John Bunyan, author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," was a traveling tinker.

Robert Burns, Scotland's lyric poet, was the son of a poor nurseryman, and was himself a small farmer and a revenue officer.

Christopher Columbus, discoverer of the New World, was a sailor, the son of a woolcomber.

Captain James Cook, the famous English navigator, was the son of a farm laborer.

Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," was the son of a butcher.

Edmund Kean, the celebrated tragedian, was the son of a stage carpenter.

Linnaeus, the great Swedish naturalist, was a poor student, who mended his shoes with paper, and often depended on chance generosity for a meal.

Jean Francois Millet, painter of "The Angelus," was a farm laborer, the son of a small farmer.

"Enthusiasm is a great hill climber."

PLANT TREES FOR WASHINGTON

(The Kablegram)

February 22, 1932, the bi-centennial celebration of the birth of George Washington will be celebrated. For the purpose of this remarkable celebration Calvin Coolidge, when President, created the Bicentennial Commission. The American Tree Association of Washington, D. C., cooperating with this commission, is directing the gigantic task of planting ten million trees, each one indicative of a nation's honor to the national hero, a particularly fitting way of remembering the life and services of the master of Mount Vernon. What more significant and unique method could be employed to manifest the affection which America feels for Washington?

Washington himself must have loved trees, for his diary contains repeated references to their value and care; and he chose a spot for his home where their beauty is unexcelled. In the symbolism of a tree can be remembered preeminently. Deep-rooted in the ground, a tree is like a man, coming up out of the earth, but lifting its branches to heaven. And as it grows in usefulness, so it grows in beauty. It may outlast the ages, it offers its shade to all alike, and its disinterested ministries succor a thirsty countryside and provide for its physical and aesthetic necessities. In like manner Washington, in spirit, was democratic in his services, regal in his leadership, commanding in his principles, while he extended a brotherly hand to a new and independent people struggling for fuller freedom.

Thus it is that the American Tree Association is sending out a call to every citizen, every civic and patriotic organization, every college and school, and every city and town, urging them, during the next year and a half, to plant trees which will be dedicated on February 22, 1932. The records of these trees planted are to be sent to the American Tree Association, 1214 Sixteenth Street, Washington, D. C., and as they are received, special bicentennial certificates will be issued for every planting.

Not only will this part of the celebration involve an act of commemoration, but it will supremely carry out one of the guiding principles of Washington, namely, that of self-sufficiency in national government. This means conservation. A nation must be strong and able to take care of itself in emergencies. Thus only can entangling alliances become unnecessary. There is no greater need in the United tSates today in the matter of self-strengthening than that of trees.

There are eighty-one million idle acres in the United States, suitable for forests only. The crops of timber steadily dwindles, while the rate of consumption is on the increase. Consequently there is at this time an economic as well as symbolical reason for the planting of trees in honor of George Washington, and each reason alone is sufficient to bring action.

In beginning the first Washington memorial in Denver, Colorado, last June, the General Federation of Women's Clubs set seedlings in the

ground there. This act will be duplicated by most of the fourteen thousand Women's Clubs of the country. The Garden Club of America is being asked to cooperate with the Bicentennial Commission in memorial tree planting.

HOW ARE MEASURED?

(By A. W. N)

Did you ever stop to think that humanity is the one thing in the world that cannot be measured?

If we go to the store and ask for a bushel of wheat the storekeeper measures it out to us. If we ask for a pound of beans all he has to do is weigh them up. We can look on the outside of a box car and get a definite idea of what it will carry by the statement of its capacity that we find printed on the outside, but when it comes to measuring humanity, we are up against a proposition. Neither geometry nor avoirdupois can measure humanity and you can't ever tell by the size of a person what he can accomplish.

Some of the greatest men in the history of the world have been men of small stature. Napoleon, the greatest warrior the world has ever known, was only five feet, three inches. Mozart and Wagner, two of the world's most wonderful musicians, were men of unattractive stature, yet they left a trail of music behind them that has lived on and on, though they have been dead for many years. Had they been measured by their size, no doubt they would have been asked to stand aside for a better specimen, but there was no instrument or table by which to measure them; therefore they were allowed to prove their greatness.

Adelina Patti, one of the sweetest singers the world ever produced, was a little creature, but the voice within her little body was so big and wonderful that it won for her a place of fame that will never die.

. You can't judge the bigness of a person by his size; sometimes you will find a big person that lived according to his bigness, but our bodies, so long as they are good, substantial bodies, have little to do with the bigness of our lives. We can accomplish anything we want to, if we want it bad enough; therefore, don't ever stand back on any big undertaking because you are little of stature, but just remember that the human body is the one thing that God created in his own image, and there is no way of measuring its capacity.

In God's eyes we are measured, not by the great things we do, but by ever doing well the thousand and one little duties with which we daily come in contact, rendering service to our fellow men, making the world a beter place for others as well as ourselves to live in, spreading joy and happiness in our homes and in the lives of those about us, making the best of every opportunity that comes our way. And best of all, whether there is any way to measure humanity or not, we do know that God, the Creator of all things, is just in his measurements of us.

AMERICANS FAIL TO GIVE DUE RESPECT TO COLUMBUS FOR HIS GREAT DISCOVERY

By Mrs. Leary W. Adams

North Carolinians wear masks and flirt with the witches on Halloween, they eat turkey on Thanksgiving, give gifts at Christmas and ring bells on New Year's night—but they don't know what to do on Columbus ay.

It is one of the few holidays without a symbol, and that perhaps is why it is the least known and the least celebrated of the holidays. Only bank clerks and stock market operators seem to look forward to October 12 with any degree of joy, although if it had not been for what happened on October 12, 1492, there might not have been any other American holidays to celebrate.

Day Without Symbol

A century or so might have elapsed before a navigator was developed with the knowledge, the determination and the daring of Christopher Columbus. His achievement instantly advanced the world from darkness into light, and stimulated an era of scientific thought then unknown since the days of the Greeks.

Yet, Columbus Day continues without a symbol. Although it is observed in North Carolina and elsewhere by banks, there is no special celebration. If there was some symbol for Columbus Day as there is for Mother's Day or Memorial or St. Patrick's Day or Armistice Day, nobody would forget about it.

If it was customary on Columbus Day for everybody to buy a tiny badge for a dime with the picture of the famed ship, Santa Maria, upon it, and the fund went to the widows and orphans of American sailors, then everybody would know about Columbus Day. If custom called for people to wear a little sprig of seaweed or to go down to the nearest stream and launch a little hand-made pinebark on October 12, as a tribute to tha man who discovered the new world, then Columbus Day would be as popular in America as St. Patrick is with the Irish.

Popular Mistake

Moreover, if most of the young people dressed in sailor costume, painted up like Indians and went singing and shouting through the streets until midnight on October 12, few people would be wondering if it was the anniversary of the birth of Columbus or of his discovery of America. Still fewer would believe in the popular mistake that Columbus discovered only the West Indies and never saw the mainland of America at all.

In reality, when he returned to the new world on his third voyage in May, 1798, he not only saw the mainland but sailed around the northern part of South America and decided that what he at first thought was an archipelago was a vast continent. He was right.

Although it is generally supposed

that Columbus was an enterprising young seaman when he discovered America, he was actually 56 or 57 years old, and had retired from active sea-life many years before.

Dream of Columbus

He seems to have led a quiet life for a long time after his marriage to the daughter of a captain under Prince Henry. He met her after he was shipwrecked in a sea-fight off the shore of Portugal, 22years before he discovered America.

Some modern writers have charged that the dream of Columbus of a shorter route to India was not the fire of his own imagination at all, but that he learned of the actual existence of the new world from a dying, shipwrecked sea captain whom he befriended in Africa. Much evidence of the new worldetaoiiiitaoi dence has been introduced to show that he met the captain, that he learned the great secret from him, and from that hour determined to head an expedition. Even if that were so he was the first to demonstrate the reality of other continents to the world.

But for his chance-meeting with a priest who once had been Queen Isabella's confessor, he might never have gotten his opportunity and must have died a cranky, illusionary old man. He had been turned down many times and finally by the Queen herself. But a letter from the priest to the queen seems to have worked magic after the queen's committee had decided his scheme was "vain and impractical."

A Strange Power

The strange power the priest held over the queen was one of those little things which later appear trivial, but which often fixes the destiny of the world. What inducement or argument of conviction Collumbus made to the priest or what entreaty, promise or threat the priest made to the queen is one of those secrets which all the world would like to know.

Whatever it was that sent Columbus at an age when most of the men of that time were under the ground or on the shelf, on the most trying adventure in the world's history. His courage and perseverance have long been stressed, but that otherand perhaps greatest lesson of his life has seldom been mentioned. It is that no man can tell what a man will achieve until he is dead. In the twolight of his life, when his course seemed run and he was plodding about the world virtually a beggar, he still lived long enough to do infinitely more than his brilliant contemporaries who for more than 55 years had completely outstripped him in the race of life.

Work of Old Men

"Youth will be served," they say. Let's see. Youth makes the big noise in hte world, but age does the great deeds. Columbus discovered America. Washington made the nation, Lincoln saved it. Lee stood above all contemporaries in the south —any of htese dying younger than 45 would have died unknown.

Wilson, Foch, Lloyd George. Clemenceau and Hindenburg shook the world. All were old. Thus it goes. If Alexander the Great had been an old man he wouldn't have wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. He wuold have found more.

Columbus was 63 or 64 when he made his third voyage to America. All his great deeds, all his fame were accomplished in the little span between his 56th year and his death. Tha most inspiring thought attributed to him was his eternal answer to all doubt, his reply to every question of his men—"Sail on!"

The message of Columbus still speaks to the world—to the men who hang around the escoreboards and wonder how they can get jobs that pay more, to the bank clerk who sees in October 12 a rest from all toils, to the business man driving through a sea of troubles—it is "sail on!"

THE BETTER WAY

So brief a time we have to stay
Along this dear, familiar way
It seems to me we should be kind
To those whose lives touch yours and mine.

The hands that serve us every day,
Should we not help them while we may?
They are so frail that none can guess
How soon they'll cease our lives to bless.

The hearts that love us, who can know
How soon the long, long way must go.
Then might we not their faults forgive
And make them happy while they live?

The feet that walk beside us here
So soon must find the crossing near.
Why should we pause to blame the pace
At which a brother runs his race?

So many faults in life there are
We need not go to seek them far,
But Time is short and you and I
Might let the little faults go by.

And seek for what is true and fine
In those whose lives touch yours and mine;
This seems to me the better way,
Then why not, friend, begin today?

—Frances M. Morton.

A LIFE SKETCH OF THE BIBLE

(Boys' Industrial School Journal)

In an ancient ivy-clad monastery, about the year 735, a very learned monk lay dying. The aged man, known to history as the "Venerable Bede," had been dictating to his disciples, a translation of the Bible from the Hebrew to the language of the Anglo-Saxons.

"Most dear master," said a scribe named Cuthbert, "there is still one chapter wanting—the twentieth of the gospel of St. John."

The aged monk, with very feeble strength, answered, "Take up your pen and write quickly for I know not how long I shall hold out; whether my Maker may not soon call me away."

The candle light was flickering low, and dimly lighted the old cell, when Cuthbert looked up from his task.

"It is finished," murmured the dying saint, "lift up my head, let me sit in my cell in the place where I have so often prayed." And with these words on his lips the old monk died.

Though this happened more than a thousand years ago, it is significant of the fact that even then, the Bible was beginning to exercise a powerful influence over Europe. During many long centuries before this time, a number of translations had been made, yet, for the most part, darkness held sway over the people. The few who "searched the scriptures," learning to "know no Master but Christ," were subjected to much persecution.

I am quite sure you remember the story of the king of England who forgot to watch the widow's cakes, letting them burn to a crisp in her oven. That same ruler, King Alfred the Great, translated the book of Psalms, as well as part of Exodus, including the ten coemmandments. These he placed at the beginning of those wise laws which he made for his people—and today the ten commandments are the basis of practically all codes of laws.

During the two centuries that followed, copies of the Scriptures were very scarce. And there were rolls of parchment hidden away in monasteries and fastened with great chains; and the common people seldom saw them. And had they been easy of access they could not have proved of great benefit, Word of God, unmolested by its enemies; and as so few could read. Queen Margaret of Scotland was a faithful student of the Word of God though her husband, Malcum, was unlearned. Yet he recognized that the Book which she so frequently read must be of unusual merit, and often he was seen to clasp the Bible, and lovingly press it to his lips.

Far up on the mountain slopes of Spain there lived, about this time, a rugged people who dwelt in huts of flint stone, and whose dress was of sheepskin. Often in the still hour of midnight they assembled in hidden mountain gorges, that they might read the Bible. There they laid up rich treasures in their hearts. "We here promise," they said, "our hands on the Bible and in the solemn presence of God, to maintain His Word, whole and

alone, though it be at the peril of our lives, in order that we may transmit it to our children, pure as we receive it from our fathers."

Many brave men were betrayed by those in whom they trusted, and they paid for their love to the Bible, with the price of their own blood. These people are known to us as Waldenses.

Bibles in the centuries past were far more expensive than today. In the eleventh century, those obtained from convents cost more than $250 —for the writing only. A skilful scribe could not complete one in less than ten months. In the fourteenth century, the price of a Bible was not less than $175—an enormous sum then, for it would have more than built two arches of the famous London Bridge; and no working man could have given this amount, with his pay of only three cents a day, unless he had spent fifteen years earning it. One historian tells us that as much as a load of hay was at times given for a few chapters of one of Paul's epistles. Even after John Gutenburg, in 1450, set up his first printing press, books were very costly—the chief expense being that of the parchment. A few decades later, Europe learned from Arabia the art of making paper by soaking linen cloth in water and acid—knowledge the Arabians received from the Chinese.

Toward the close of the fourteenth century, John Wycliffe made a translation of the entire Bbile, from the Latin to the language at that time spoken in Britain. Then came a time when no one dared, openly, to read the sacred Word. That it might escape notice, farmers hid the precious Scripture in the hollow trunks of trees; and house wives baked it in their loaves of bread. These were times of great peril.

You have all heard of Martin Luther—the little German child brought up in poverty, who sang Christmas carols for a morsel of bread—afterward the studious monk—and years later, the strong defender of the Bible.

One stormy night, Luther, who was fleeing from his enemies, was riding with several others through a dense forest. Suddenly, from out of the darkness, a band of horsemen swept down upon the carriage. Under pretense of seizing Luther as an enemy, these soldiers carried him off to a strong castle whose owner was Luther's friend. Hidden for years within those stone castle walls, Luther had opportunity to translate the Bible from Hebrew into German. It was a difficult task, yet when completed (1534), it was one of the greatest accomplishments of the time of the Reformation.

The language of England having changed after Wycliffe's time, it was necessary that some one make a new translation of the Bible, William Tyndale rose to the occasion. "If God spare my life," he said to one who had denounced the Bible, "ere many years pass, every boy that driveth a plow will know more of the Scriptures than thou dost." This was in 1525. He verified his promise, translating the New Testament from the original language.

While Tyndale was attending to his printing in a city of France, his enemies discovered his plans, and he

had to immediately escape with his unbound printed sheets. He fled to Endland smuggling the sheets on which was printed the entire New Testament, into the country in bales of cloth. Tyndale was then "driven like a wild beast" from place to place. At length he was betrayed by one in whom he had put confidence and was thrown into a prison near Brussels. There Tyndale translated a part of the Old Testament. Regarding it, he said: "I call God to record against the day we shall all appear before our Lord Jesus to give a reckoning of our doings, that I never altered one syllable of God's Word against my conscience, nor would I do so this day if all that is on earth, whether it be pleasure, honor, or riches, be given me." While in prison he suffered much from cold and sickness. He wrote to the city governor: "May I have some of the warm clothes which were taken from me? But above all, I entreat and beseech your clemency to permit me to have my Hebrew Bible." His last words, before being put to death, were: "Lord, open the King of England's eyes." He referred to King Henry the Eighth, that capricious ruler who first passed an act, stating: "Let the Book go abroad among my people," but later issued another, at which time he commanded that none should read it except "gentlemen and ladies of quality, and these should read it to themselves alone, not to others."

King Henry's famous adviser, Cardinal Wolsey, at one time superintended the burning of many Testaments. There he sat in all his glory, "among abbots and bishops in gown of satin and damask (he himself in robes of purple, with golden shoes and scarlet gloves, beneath a canopy of cloth of gold)." Yet this same Wolsey cried later: "Had I but served God as faithfully as I have served my king, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs."

Yet the Scriptures continued to be read in spite of threat and penalty. Once, about this time, some students of Oxford University buried some copies of the Bible under a classroom floor, and when it was found out who had done it, they were imprisoned in a dungeon cell of the college, where salt fish, their only food for months, together with foul air, proved fatal to four of them.

In the reign of King James, in the year 1611, the "authorized" version of the Scriptures was compiled from all previous translations, compared carefully with the original versions. This was done by forty-seven most eminent scholars. The Bibles of this period were heavier than you would wish to carry very far. One Dutch Bible weighed forty pounds; it had brazen clasps, and covers of solid wood—a great contrast to the pocket editions our day. This version—the "King James"—as you probably know, is the one we now use.

The Bible has now been translated into hundreds of languages. Perhaps you would like to know some of the results of that work.

Most school children remember studying about John Eliot's translating the Bible into the language of the American Indians. Another missionary to the Redskins was James Evans. He labored among the Cree Indians of Northwest Canada. Setting his heart upon giving them the

Word of God, he found it necessary to solve some rather difficult printer's problems. He had to make his own type from sheets of lead that lined the tea chests which fur-traders brought for barter with the Indians. For ink, he used a mixture of sturgeon's oil. White birch bark served for paper. In a short time nearly every Indian in the tribe was reading these pieces of "talking bark," as they were called.

Most of you have read of William Carey. This missionary to India supervised the publication of the Bible in no less than forty languages, and many were his own work. A buddhist priest became a sincere convert while aiding in his work of translating the Word of God.

John G. Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides, tells of the welcome which was given to his first translation of the Bible books in the language of Aniwa:

" 'Missi, it is done?' said the old chief Namakei. 'Can it speak?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Does it speak my words?'

" 'Make it speak to me, Missi. Let me hear it speak.' I read to him a part of the Book, and the old man shouted in an ecstacy of joy."

Then Paton taught the old chief his alphabet, first fitting his eyes with glasses, for he was near-sighted. And from that time on, whenever people came around Namakei, he would get out his Bible. "Come, he would say, "I will let you hear how the Book speaks our own Aniwan words. You say it is hard to learn to read and make it speak. But be strong and try. If an old man like me has done it, it ought to be much easier for you."

Mr. Paton labored many years among the savages of another of the New Bebrides—Aneltyum. He wrote:

"The willing hands and feet of many of the natives of Aneltyum toiled through fifteen long but unwearying years, planting and preparing arrowroot, to pay the 1200 pounds required to be laid out in the publishing of their Bible. Year after year, the arrowroot, too sacred to be used for their daily food, was set apart as the Lord's portion One Scripture book of the Aniwans, earned in the same nammer, cost eight shillings per leaf—the cheapest style. Let those who lightly esteem the Bible 'think on these things.' "

It was on these same cannibal islands that Mr. Gordon gave his life. Being summoned from his print-shop under a false pretense, he received a blow from a native's tomahawk. The brave missionary had been translating into Eromangan, the story of the death of Stephen. He had written, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," and the ink was not dry on the page before the brave martyr-spirit took its flight.

In a garden beneath the walls of a famous Persian city, a young missionary, enfeebled by disease, sacrificed his life in his determination to accomplish the translation of the New Testament. Years afterward, a noted Persian, Follah Maromet Ramah, wrote:

"There came to Persia, an Englishman, who taught the religion of Christ, with a boldness we had never seen, in the midst of much scorn and ill-treatment from the rabble I was then a decided enemy of one whom I

considered an infidel, and I too, visited this teacher with scorn and contempt. These evil feelings felt me beneath the influence of his gentleness and before I quitted Shiraz, I paid him a parting visit. The memory of our conversation will never fade from my mind: it sealed my conversion. He gave me a Book—a New Testament. It has ever been my constant companion—the study of it my most delightful occupation. On one of the blank leaves was written: 'There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, (signed) Henry Martin.' ''

In a damp cellar, lighted only by the faint glow of an earthernware lamp, in the year 1814, Dr. Morrison translated the Bible into Chinese. It was a trying task, but the effort was not lost.

An Abyssinian missionary wrote that persons in East Africa had forfeited their entire property in order to obtain a New Testament. One man gave four oxen for a copy of the four gospels.

I suppose there are very few of you who have followed this short life sketch of the Bible, who have not read about the great African missionary, Robert Moffat. He wrote:

''In one of my early journeys I came with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had traveled far and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued, but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a little milk, and was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from the water, though within sight of the river.

''When twilight drew on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached, with a cooking vessel on her head, and with a leg of mutton in one hand, and water in the other. We asked her who she was. The tear stole down her sable cheek, and she replied, 'I love Him whose servant you are. On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked he how she kept up the light of God in her soul. She drew from her bosom a copy of the New Testament which she had received from a missionary some years before. 'This,'' said she, 'is the Fountain whence I drink; this is the ''oil'' which makes my lamps burn!''

Over all the world the Bible has wielded a vast influence. Royalty has felt its power. King Charles V of France read the Bible through once each year of his reign (sixteen times). To the poverty-stricken as well it has been a constant source of help. In Londonderry, in 1813, when times were hard for Britain's poor, many took advantage of an opportunity to buy some New Testaments at half price, saying, ''We will buy a little less meal, and take home the Word of God with us, as we may never get Testaments for seven pence again.''

In 1811 a young man, apprenticed to a linen-weaver, seeing a New Testa-

ment lying neglected on his master's table, made it his constant companion in leisure moments. His apprenticeship drawing to close, the young man asked for the New Testament. "On condition that you serve six months more," responded his employer. The young man agreed to do it, for he had learned to love the sacred Scripture.

The Bible has sustained the aged who have reached almost the last mile of life's journey, and it has been read by the little child scarcely able to frame his syllables. Alexander MacKay, the missionary to Africa, was a dilligent child-reader of the Bible when but three years of age. The Word of God has been reverenced by the illiterate; and it has been prized by the learned, not so much for its rare literary style, as for the simple truths which it contains. On his dying bed, Sir Walter Scott requested some one to bring him "The Book."

"Which book?" was asked.

"There is only one," replied the author of many—"the Bible."

Some have committed to memory almost the entire New Testament, for which they are to be commended. Yet the most important object with us all should be to lay up in our hearts, the rich treasures of God's Word, that they may bring forth "fruit unto life eternal." How many of my readers value the Bible?

SCHEMES TO GAIN

Recently we talked with the claims agent of a corporation. He recited some of the schemes to which unprincipled persons resort to in planning to get money. Honor and honesty apparently are submerged under the desire for gain. Perjury is not restrained when there seems to be a dollar in sight. False testimony, even when the facts are evidently to the contrary, is quite common. Some persons would risk their soul for a cent.

The strangest thing we learned was that persons who are ordinarily upright citizens, apparently above reproach in their dealings and ready to resent any intimation that they would stoop to fraud under any circumstances, will be quite indifferent to the truth in dealing with a corporation, one of whose employees has, by accident, caused a trifling damage to their property. They estimate the damages at a ridiculously high figure and insist on settlement on their own terms. In order to collect what is out of all reason they distort the facts, or attempt to do so, They withhold all mention of their own negligence or of their being slightly at fault. They bury the golden rule so deep that it would seem they never could find it again.

TOO MANY "MUSICS"

(Selected)

We have friends who live in an "apartment house", an ultra modern, multiple-celled structure occupying three sides of a rectangular plot of ground, with a courtyard and an ornate entrance at its front and center. Their suite of rooms is of comfortable extent with every labor-saving device imaginable. One gets water of any temperature without thought of shoveling coal or carrying out ashes; the ice man's business is done by a domesticated machine, and all household waste is chuted basementward and removed by the janitor. One mechanical marvel after another takes the curse of toil out of the industry of housekeeping. But—

Radios are the cherished possession of the families in these cubicles, and there are as many levels of musical taste as there are stories in the apartment house and broadcasting stations. Life is not just one melody after another: it is from two to six at the same time. The only escape is to tune in fortissimo from one's own superheterodyne and add to the mixture. Shakespeare picked the right time to compose his tragedies: now not the man who lacks but he who has music in his soul is fit for treason, strategems and spoils.

From one point of view, the most aggravating features of modern life is the over-abundance of privileges. Mechanization—so remarkably productive of commodities and so fruitful in labor saving—has broken down the walls of privacy that are of great value to families and individuals. If a neighbor's dog is a nuisance, something can be done about it; but one cannot suppress the intrusions of the adjacent radio. Mass production involves mass patronage. The complications that ensue on highways, in sports and amusements, in the realm of newspapers and periodicals, demand more than adaptations: one is driven to surrender much that is restful, inspiring and creative. We have more leisure to enjoy the bounties of our age, but proportionately more intrusions into the realms deemed purely individual.

Because of the increased complexity of human relationships due to the widespread use of mechanical devices of transportation, communication and business, life has more tension than existed in previous periods. We recall the remark of the captain of a trans-Atlantic passenger ship, after he had shown us the equipment of his vessel to control its course, locate sources of trouble and provide comforts. "It is much harder to fulfill one's duties now," he remarked. "We have so much more to watch over. The replacement of men by machinery puts burdens of anxiety and responsibility upon those who remain that are very wearing."

Much of the argument about the moral and ethical status of the present generation is in fact a discussion of the problem of adjusting the individual to his environment. It takes more patience, more careful judgement of values and greater concern for the fundamentals of happiness, when any dub with a love for jazz can interrupt our rest and any maga-

zine or picture show can thrust its sensuousness before us. Power of selection and ability to resist temptation are the distinctive abilities of the human. He needs to exercise both in these days.

A well-known authority in pianoforte teaching once said to a pupil who played rapidly but inaccurately, "You cannot get a quart of water into a pint measure by pouring it fast." There are many good reasons for concluding that neither the human individual nor humanity has unlimited capability. Some doctors say that while we have lowered the death rate of babies and lessened the fatality of certain diseases that used to prey upon youth there is an increase of mortality among adults aged fifty and over. High-pressure activity shortens life: men who try to do seventy years of work before they are fifty die early or become incapacitated. They have consumed the oil in their lamps by burning it too rapidly.

The habit of trying to know something about everything instead of much about a few things is accused of making people not only superficial but restless. The grip and prevalence of fads is one evidence cited. Surely no generation has been more easily led and misled than our own. They sow the seed of one theory and before this becomes rooted it is dug up and another planted.

Certainly much of the indifference to religious truth and to the relations of life to spiritual laws can be traced to the lack of room in the minds and hearts of folk for facts that concern their souls. "Away with doctrines: we do not understand them" is a common observation. But some people understand them and delight in them. Previous generations devoted themselves to the teachings of religion and were richly rewarded by the intellectual and spiritual satisfaction they earned for themselves. Are we more stupid than they were? No, we are merely busier. Even the church itself is threatened with absorption in the affairs of this life to a degree that crowds aside those great responsibilities to God and to humanity for which it was founded. Preachers have too much to do to prepare good sermons and the people have too much to do to listen to and profit by them. He is wise who is deaf to noise and dumb to suggestions thrown at him hourly from a myriad of leaders who themselves are too busy to think their proposals through. To camouflage unreliability they label their theories new, modern, popular and up-to-date. Attention to them merely crowds out facts and principles of real worth. The mind lacks room for both. When the "cares of this world" are over abundant, they expel from the mind the fact of faith. Then faith starves.

There are two kinds of thought: new thought and secondhand thought. New thought is made up of thoughts you, yourself think. The other kind is supplied by the jobberes.—Elbert Hubbard.

THIRTY DOLLARS AND FORTY CENTS

By Flora Swetnam, in Youths' World

The school auditorium was full to overflowing, and everybody was as interested as possible, for this was an entertainment entirely by the A-1 Class, and the boys had promised on their hand-bills that there should not be a dull minute. And there was not one. And many were the compliments the boys received.

But the entertainment was not the most important thing, else you would have heard more about it. While the boys were anxious to give their friends a pleasant evening, their main idea was to raise some money for the purpose of making their coming vacation a more enjoyable one. They had succeeded beyond their wildest hopes, and their eyes got big as they gathered about a table after the crowd had left and counted the money which Gordon Littlefield and Andrew Horne had piled out before them.

"Shades of my ancestors!" cried Ira Carroll. "Who ever would have thought we could lay hands on thirty dollars and forty cents? Somebody hold me up. I'm about to faint!"

"Now we can have a camping trip that is a camping trip," exulted Jack Meadows. "Think about—"

"Oh, pshaw!" broke in Gordon disgustedly. "Do we have to fool all this away on one camping trip?"

"What in the name of Patrick Henry do you want to do with it?" demanded Jack. "I thought that was the plan all along."

"You had your head in a sack," retorted Gordon. "We didn't—"

"Why, we did." It was Joe Barnett who pushed his way into the conversation. "We sure did. Didn't we, James?"

"Yes," James Waits nodded. "That's what I supposed."

Andrew managed to make himself heard.

"Now see here, boys," he began. "We worked like tow-heads for three weeks to get up that entertainment, and we've got the money. Now are we going to spoil it by getting into a row?"

Gorbon grabbed the money and shoved it into his pocket. "As treasurer of the A-1 Class," he said, "I'm going to bank this money till the thing's settled. I think at least half of it ought to be spent for books, a sort of circulating library, you know, to—"

"Who wants any more books?" shouted John Leverett. "Why the town's full of 'em, and there's a school library and a Sunday School library, world without end."

"Yes," Gordon admitted, "but we didn't get to pick any of those books."

"Bow-wow," said John. "You make me sick. You never want anything but a book. If you ever get to heaven they'll know better than to offer you a harp. They'll just pop you down to a pile of books."

Gordon grinned. "If they'll let me pick 'em that's all I'll ask."

"Well, I don't want to spend it camping or for books, either," declared Cecil Carroll. "Why can't we get some instruments and start a band?"

"That won't do," objected his cous-

in Ira, "because we couldn't get enough instruments to go round, and—"

"Now you're talking," broke in Jack. "Now if we spend it camping—"

"But we camped last year without any special amount of money," said Cecil. "And if we had a band—"

"Well, we can't fool around here all night," protested Gordon. "Let's go home, and thrash this out some other time. I'll put the money in the bank in the morning, and it's not going to be touched till we can come to some sort of agreement."

Thereupon the conclave broke up, and the boys went to their homes. They did not all get together any more during the week, but as often as any two met, the money came up for discussion.

On Sunday morning the question was still unsettled, and when the class met, they came near losing the right to their name, for not one had an A-1 lesson nor an A-1 attitude toward his classmates.

Their teacher, Mr. Maddox, was puzzled. He had been at the entertainment, but had left before the money was counted. Gordon had called him up the next day and told him with quite an air of pride how much they had made by their own unaided efforts, and he had rejoiced with him enthusiastically. But here was a new situation. It was plain there was an unfriendly feeling among them, and the lesson fell flat, try as he might.

He asked no questions, deciding it was best, if possible, to let matters straighten out by themselves. The boys filed out of the classroom and immediately separated, a thing which was quite unusual with them. He went home with his mind filled with all sorts of conjecture, and, after some reflection, came to the conclusion that it would be wise to get them out on a hike and let them have a chance to get their minds cleared up

On Monday evening he called up each in turn to talk up the hike. None of them seemed particularly interested, but they all agreed to go, and the following Saturday afternoon was set as the most convenient time.

The first thing Mr. Maddox noted when they met was that each had a sort of belligerent air, and he feared the hike was not going to be a great success. He put forth his best efforts, but in vain. Not even in toasting "weenies" and strips of bacon did they unbend the stiffness of their attitude. He disliked making an outright inquiry, so after supper, when they were seated about the camp fire in the cool spring dusk, he ignored it altogether and started telling stories. It had been their custom on such occasions to let it travel round the circle. Andrew sat next to him and, naturally, was looked to for the next story.

He began it, "Once upon a time," but as he went on, the boys looked at one another horrified. Andrew was telling the story of their own disagreement. True, he was not giving names or places, but it all came out. At the end of it, he looked smilingly at

"How should they have settled it?" he inquired.

His teacher understood at once, and answered lightly. "They might have taken the vote on it by secret ballot and let the majority rule."

The boys looked at each other and grinned sheepishly. Nothing was

said, but the story telling proceeded mroe cheerfully, and when time came to go home, they were almost their usual selves. On the way back the word was passed around that they would have a meeting Monday afternoon.

Monday afternon, after school, they gathered in Mr. Horne's back yard to take the vote. And when they counted up, they found that most of them had definite plans of their own. Only two plans had as many as two votes and that made a tie. The matter stood just as it had before, and the wrangle was started all over again. In the midst of it, Mary Horne and Dorothy Littlefield appeared before them.

"I should think you boys would be ashamed," began Mary. "Why, folks can hear you a block away."

Andrew flared up. "Now see here, Mary, this isn't your funeral. You know I never mess in your affairs when the girls come to see you, and you'd better—"

"We never make as much noise as that," smiled Mary. "Besides—"

"Boys," said Andrew, "let's go to the schoolhouse."

"No," cried Dorothy, "don't yet. We want to tell you something, truly."

"Maybe we'd better let 'em say it," suggested Gordon. "Dot isn't so bad to butt in. It might be worth while."

"It is," cried Dorothy, jumping about excitedly. "Mary and I had just got together to try to think up some plan for the girls' class to get hold of some money to do something for somebody, but he might die while we are getting it raised, and—"

Gordon jumped up from the box on which he was sitting and laughing-put his hand over his sister's mouth.

"Now begin at the beginning and tell us what you are talking about," he said. "We can't tell what you're driving at."

"Tell it, Mary," said Dorothy. "You thought of it first."

"Well," began Mary, "our washwoman's little boy has just had pneumonia, and isn't getting well the way the doctor hoped he would. You know she lives in a little dark flat that the sun never gets into. Mother talked to the doctor about it, and he said if the little boy could go to the country where he could get lots of sunshine and fresh air and milk, he might soon get well."

"But what's that got to do with us? demanded Jack.

"Well," said Mary. "You've got some money."

"And you don't know what to do with it," chimed in Dorothy. "And the doctor knows a place out in the country where they will board the little boy for five dollars a week. That thirty dollars would pay his way out there and back and give him five weeks. By that time he'd be well."

"If the girl's class had that money," added Mary, "they'd know what to do with it. That's what!"

"Farewell, vain world!" exclaimed Jack. "Have we worked three weeks just for this?"

"We didn't say for you to do it," said Dorothy. "But if you don't, the girls will. Only—" she heaved a sigh; "it's going to take us so long, that the little fellow may die before we get it."

"Is that all you girls had to say?"

asked Andrew.

"'Yes,'' they nodded in unison.

''And we're going right this minute,'' Mary finished up.

''I'm fey, as the old vikings said,'' began Ira, ''and I can see all the things we planned disappearing.''

''Let 'em go,'' said Gordon. ''I was beginning to wish we had never got hold of a cent of that money anyway.''

''Fellows,'' proposed Andrew, who was class president, ''do you want to take the vote all over again on what to do with that money?''

''Yes,'' said James, ''and let's vote out loud.''

''All right,'' said Andrew. ''All in favor of sending the little boy out to the country, say 'Aye.' ''

There was a chorous of ayes, and the thing was done. They called the girls and commissioned them to go and tell the boy's mother. Somehow it seemed as if a weight had been taken off their shoulders. And the next Sunday when Mr. Maddox faced a smiling class which gave every evidence of deserving its name, he remarked:

''I judge that the matter is settled.''

''Unanimously,'' agreed Andrew. "And now we haven't a cent to our name, and we don't care a hoot. Do we, fellows?''

"Not one,'' they chorused.

INFLUENCE OF A DISTINGUISHED HOME

When the home of Robert E. Lee is mentioned, most of us think of Arlington, the fine old colonial mansion at Arlington, Va., which is surrounded by graves of about 18,500 soldiers and sailors of the War Between the States and of the Spanish-American War. As a matter of fact, Lee's ancestral home was at Stratford, Va., where his father, Richard Henry Lee, was also born. A movement sponsored by the Robert E. Lee memorial Foundation is now on foot to pay the purchase price of this fine old home within a year, and convert it into a shrine that will perhaps rival Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington. Robert E. Lee came from an illustrious famliy, and no American home has produced as many great men, or had so great influence upon American history as the Lee home at Stratford. In this home were born not only Richard Henry Lee and Robert E. Lee, but ''Lighthorse Harry'' Lee of Revolutionary fame and Admiral Sidney Smith Lee—men who touched every phase of our history from pre-revolution times down to the Civil War and even afterwards. It is right that such a house should be preserved as a beacon light showing to future generations what a home with lofty ideals can mean to the world.—Smithfield Herald.

JEFFY'S HAPPY THOUGHT

(Zion's Herald)

Jeffy slipped away hurriedly before they could ask him how many teeth his baby had. It would be perfectly dreadful to have to say, "Not a single!" Probably Debby Stearns would laugh anyhow. Debby's baby had three teeth and True Starr's baby had four!

"And mine's the oldest!" groaned Jeffy, plunging his hands deep into his pockets for comfort. "Makes me kind of ashamed to have the oldest baby 'thout any teeth."

Then he remembered how cunning little Fluff o' Gold had looked at the window in mamma's arms, and suddenly all his shame and disappointment melted in a warm flood of tenderness. He began to run. He wanted to get home to little Fluff o' Gold and hug her.

Teeth! What were teeth to dimples and gurgles and little pink toes and a witching wondrous fluff of golden hair? Debby Stearn's baby had red hair, and True Starr's—him, True's baby hadn't any, not a single! And none o' the other babies—Bobby Dill's, or the washerwoman's, or anybody's—had fluffs o' gold. No, sir, nobody's baby, teeth or no teeth, was as beautiful as Fluff o' Gold! As if he cared!

But he did care. Even as he hurried home, thinking how beautiful his baby was, he cared, for Debby Stearns' taunting voice was in his ear, "What! Not any teeth yet!" And that was a month ago. Babies always had teeth before they were nine months old, Debby said; and Debby had experience in babies—three experiences. And Fluff o' Gold was ten months old!

That morning Jeffy had hunted in the little red mouth for a tooth, and yesterday morning and all the mornings. It was part of his good-bye, when he went to school. "Oh, please cut one 'fore I get home!" he would whisper pleadingly in the pink and white little ear. On that particular morning he had added, "An' I'll give you my pocketbook 'thout opening it." There was a silver half dollar in the pocketbook.

Something caught Jeffy's eye as he ran along. It was a dentist's sign, and the minute he saw it he had a wonderful thought. It made him stop so suddenly that he nearly sat down Why! Why hadn't he thought of that before? Jeffy was only six, and people who are only six can't think of everything.

"Dr. Bonney"—Jeff was acquainted a little with the smiling man in the handsome room upstairs—"I've called to ask you to come to my house an' pull out a tooth for my baby. Can you come right now?"

The smiling man was puzzled. What was this—a baby's tooth? He wasn't accustomed to pulling out babies' teeth; it wasn't—er—just in his line. How old a baby, now?

"Ten—goin' on 'leven. Can't you do it 'thout hurting her?"

"But it isn't—er—customary to pull out babies' teeth—"

"Oh, I don't mean clear out," Jeffy explained eagerly. "Course not! I mean just out enough so we can see it. She's very behindward, an'

I'm about 'scouraged."

The smiling man smiled a little harder still. "Go home and ask your mother what she thinks of it," he said. "I'll come up if she says so."

Jeffy put on his cap and hurried away. At the door at home mamma called him, ''Jeffy, Jeffy, come here!''

"Yes'm, I'm coming."

"Quick, for Fluff o' Gold has something to show you! Something beautiful, Jeffy."

Jeffy went into the nursery and up to the baby's little railed-in play yard. Fluff o' Gold sat on the floor, smiling a wide little friendly smile.

"Look quick, Jeffy—now!" cried mamma, excitedly. "Look with all your might!"

It was a tooth!

INSTITUTION NOTES

New caps for Sunday wear, and socks were issued to the boys last Sunday.

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are painting the front porches on all of our cottages, greatly improving their appearance.

Some minor repairs have been made to the electric thermostat used in drying the sweet potatoes in our potato house, and is now in first class working condition. A meter was installed at the same time.

Mr. W. W. Johnson, our principal of school, is enjoying his vacation. During his absence the boys in his grades will assist the farm boys in gathering the various Fall crops.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. B. Goodman and Mr. and Mrs. John Templeton, of Mooresville, called on the former's daughter, Miss Vernie Goodman, at the institution last Sunday afternoon. We were delighted to see Mr. Goodman very much improved after a long illness.

Rev. T. W. Fogleman, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service in the auditorium last Sunday. In the course of his interesting remarks he called special attention to the necessity of seeking the kingdom of God in early life.

Dr. Clayton B. Alexander and a party of friends, of Salisbury, visited the institution last Sunday afternoon. Dr. Alexander is a most remarkable man. Having been blind practically all his life he holds the position of professor of History at Catawba College, where he carries on his work in a very satisfactory manner despite his physical handicap.

Senator S. W. Womble, Chairman of the Advisory Budget Commission; Dr. H. E. Miller, Chief Engineer of the Bureau of Sanitary Engineering; Mr. P. V. Betters, who is making a

survey of State Institutions for Governor Gardner; and Mr. F. M. Rothget, mechanical engineer, spent several hours at the Training School last Thursday. Most of their time here was spent in conference with Superintendent Boger on matters pertaining to the budget for the coming biennium.

Last Tuesday marked another eventful day in the lives of the Training School boys. It was the opening day of the Cabarrus District Fair, and all of our large family of both boys and officers were present as guests of the Fair Association. We assembled in front of the Cannon Memorial Building at 9:15 in the morning and in a few minutes the annual hike to the Fair Grounds was under way. Part of the journey was over a very dusty country road, making traveling somewhat unpleasant, but that didn't mean anything to a group of youngsters on their way to the fair. Arriving at the fair grounds the rest of the morning was spent in going through the exhibit hall, and looking over the poultry and animal exhibits. Then a few turns up and down the Midway where we enjoyed some of the "rides" and were entertained by the bally-ho experts as they told of the wonderful things to be seen inside their tents. We then assembled in a grove at the outer edge of the grounds for dinner, and after such a hike, and a morning of excitement the sandwiches, cakes, ice cold bottles of milk and other good things to eat disappeared with lightning-like rapidity. After dinner we were permitted to take our usual places in the infield to enjoy the free acts and the horse races. As the horses were warming up before the races most of the youngsters chose their favorites and cheered them lustily. One horse in particular, a beautiful gray, named Marching Peter, was a strong favorite, and was given a great hand as he won both heats of the second event. After the races we again assembled in the grove where supper was served and shortly thereafter the homeward trek began. We arrived home a tired but happy lot. To the officials of the Cabarrus District Fair Association we tender herewith our sincere thanks for a delightful day.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky,
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfield,
And the wild geese flying high.
And all over upland and Lowland,
The charm of the goldenrod.
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

0 25 '30
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 25, 1930. No. 38

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

MY FUTURE

A rose unblown, a flight unflown;
A garden with its blooms to come;
A song unsung, a knell unrung;
A picture, shadowy—yet unhung.
A home, maybe in a foreign clime;
I can not know the plan Divine.
A wondrous pageant, unrevealed;
A jewel case with wealth concealed.
Thus doth my future on me wait.
With each tomorrow's opening gate.

—Charlotte Robson.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

TRUE WORTH

A city lad visiting on a farm for the first time saw a field of ripening wheat. He noticed that some of the yellowing stems stood up tall and straight while others gracefully bent their heads. "Those stalks that stand up so tall and straight must be the best," he remarked to the farm lad who was his companion. "They look as if they were proud of what they are doing."

The country boy laughed. "That's because you don't know much about wheat," he explained. He plucked a head of each and rubbing them in his hands showed that the tall, straight stalks held very little grain while the bending heads were filled with the promise of a rich harvest.

Men and women of rich attainment and ability are usually modest and unassuming while the empty-headed people all too often feverishly lift themselves above the crowd as if afraid they may not receive the attention they think they deserve. One of the surest evidences of greatness is a humble spirit.—Selected.

ANOTHER HEALTH CAMPAIGN

Word has been received within the past few weeks from Dr. H. H. Bass, State Chairman for the American Society for the Control of Cancer, calling attention to the cancer campaign to be conducted during the months of September and October among the counties of the State of North Carolina.

From information gained last year during the cancer campaign there were found to have been 5,000 cases of cancer in North Carolina. There were 1,611 deaths recorded from cancer in this state last year. This makes a mortality of practically one-third of all cancer cases.

The object of the campaign is entirely educational, in order to get those persons who may have conditions which may lead to cancer to go to their family physicians for examination. In this way many of these pre-cancerous conditions can be relieved in their early stages.

Contrary to general opinion, cancer attacks the young much more frequently than is commonly realized.

If an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, certainly a campaign to educate the people in preventing the spread and increase of cancer in this state will pay big dividends in lives saved each year from this terrible disease.

Many forms of cancer are preceded by various forms of chronic irritation, many of which we can detect and eliminate before the real cancer cells have begun their growth. The people should know the effective, exciting factors in cancer, and of these we have much useful knowledge.

One belief which is adhered to by many people is that cancer is an hereditary disease, but the best opinion is that all human beings are rather susceptible to cancer if exposed to the right forms of chronic irritation, and that very few of them have a really important tendency to cancer. Heredity cannot, then, stand in the way of cancer prevention.

Cancer has become more and more recognized as the result of chronic irritation of a great variety of types, producing an equal variety of cancers.

Among the preventable cancers are those affecting the lip, tongue, floor of the mouth, and throat. Nearly all of these are the result of chronic irritation by tobacco, bad teeth, ill-fitting plates, pyorrhea, and general uncleanliness of the mouth and throat. Elimination of these factors with daily cleansing by soap and gargles is the best preventive.

Most skin cancers could be either prevented or treated so early that not much damage would be done. These cancers of the skin come from some form of chronic irritation such as suppressed hair follicles, moles, warts, shaving, and so forth. Skin cancers are not wholly preventable, but they are nearly always curable if the patient is alert and the doctor skillful.

Many other forms of cancer, such as cancer of the stomach, breast, womb, etc., are due in a large measure to chronic irritation. Some of the signs which may mean cancer and which should always be regarded with suspicion are (1) any lump, especially in the breast (2) any irregular bleeding or discharge (3) any sore that does not heal, particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips (4) persistent indigestion with loss of weight. Any person suffering with any of these symptoms should go immediately to a reputable physician

and insist upon a thorough examination. Do not patronize "quack doctors" and "patent medicines." Be guided only by a thoroughly competent physician.

The most effective plan of avoiding cancer is to practice moderation in all things, and to consult a physician at least once a year for a periodic health examination.

The Cabarrus County Health Department will be glad to distribute literature on the malady telling the cause and prevention.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

FIRST FOR FORTY YEARS

For the first time in more than forty years the historic mansion of Richmond, Virginia, will hear the wedding bells ring. The daughter of Governor Pollard, Miss Suzanne Pollard, a beautiful and attractive brunette will become the bride of Herbert Lee Boatwright, a distinguished lawyer of Washington, D. C. This marriage will unite two of the Old Dominion's oldest and most distinguished families. The wedding will take place at some early date this approaching winter. Miss Pollard has decided talent for the stage, and will continue to pursue her work in amateur theatricals while her fiance completes his legal course at the University of Virginia. It is evident that Miss Pollard's position socially has not taken from her the ambition to fit herself for some work in life—a fine example for many young women who have no aim other than to star at a social evening where contract bridge is the pastime.

Due to the fact that Miss Pollard's mother is an invalid she acted as hostess and during the time she has maintained the old mansion's reputation for hospitality. She is the type of genuine aristocracy, knowing the value of being fitted for the emergencies of life, and meeting them.

She plays the role of house keeper with grace and ease, knows how to plan menus for formal dinners, and then presides as hostess, in a manner that suits her position, at the most brilliant social functions in the historic mansion of the Old Dominion.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A GENEROUS FOE

If when the Confederate and Union veterans met jointly, and the person-

nel of the occasion were similar to the one as described editorially in the Confederaate Veteran, a magazine published monthly in the interest of Confederate Association and kindred topics, there would never be a word to mar the gathering which should be notable for its demonstrations of love and good will to all men. This act is so charitable, and comes from one of the boys who wore the blue, towards those who wore the gray, we think it worthy of publication. The following from the Confederate Veteran shows there is a place for good to grow in the heart of every man or woman, it matters not where found:

> For the last fifteen years a Federal pension of $240 a year, issued to a former Union soldier, has been received regularly at the Confederate Home in Atlanta, Ga.
>
> Such is the report that comes through a newspaper article sent by a friend, this incident having been disclosed by Col. R. deT. Lawrence, State Pension Commissioner of Georgia, who has been President of the Board of Trustees of the Home for fourteen years. The donor is A. H. Wray, of New York, who offered his entire Federal pension to the home with the statement that he did not need it, "and as the boys in blue are well provided for, the money can be put to better use by the boys in gray."
>
> In appreciation of this donation to the needs of the Confederate Home of Georgia, it is planned to pay tribute to this generous foe by placing a plaque, suitably inscribed, in the library of the Home, thus to honor one who has shown that he is indeed a friend in peace.
>
> Such actions as this do more to heal the breach between sections than any legislative enactments, for it shows the sympathy which makes us little "less than kin, and more than kind."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

SERVICE IS THE WORD

This incident is unusual to say the least, and is worthy of publication, if for no other reason than to show that there are honest people in every walk of life, and efficient service in all kinds of business.

A party of tourists, including husband and wife, accompanied by a lady friend, discovered after a most delightful trip from Knoxville, Tenn., to Asheville, that one of the ladies had left her pocket book, containing money and other valuables, in a Standard Oil filling station located on the highway about sixty miles from Asheville.

There was some consternation in the party for a few moments, and a dis-

cussion as to the best way to proceed about recovering the purse. The unfortunate, the lady who suffered the loss, quickly proved herself resourceful and located the manager of all the Standard Oil filling stations of that county she told her story briefly describing the filling station, and telling where to find her purse.

The manager gave her a most respectful hearing, with every assurance that the lost property would be located and returned unless there were other tourists that possibly followed quickly thereafter and picked up the lost article.

Quite naturally a loss of anything curtails a little bit of the snap, or pleasure, especially if one is out on a pleasure jaunt, and this instance did not prove an exception to the rule. There was a lull for a while, the party was not so jubilant, but they dismissed the thought by saying "what can not be cured must be endured," and then all went on with a hope.

This lady did not hope in vain. Three days after the report was made to the manager the lost propperty came by mail from Marshall N. C., to a certain address, Concord, N. C. This is what we call service and efficiency, from this particular Standard Oil filling station, far up in the mountains of North Carolina—not even a pullman car could beat that for service.

The Standard Oil filling stations are recognized as among the best equipped, best built with surroundings that are attractive, service the equal of any found on the highways.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"If you can play the game of life
with honor,
And, losing, be inspired to strive
the more;
If you can teach men how to live life
better,
The world will beat a footpath to
your door."

—o—

Our own Mary Garden is credited with having remarked that only lazy women marry. Mary, my dear you've never had to pick up after one of the brutes, or cook a breakfast, or get the children washed up and off to school, and order the groceries and stave off the butcher when he comes around to collect, and—Mary, may I remind you of what Cleopatra said to Mark Anthony, "You don't know the half of it, dearie, you don't know the half?"

—o—

It seems that they are determined to put the mike in congress and make us listen to the proceedings. Of course, one can tune 'em out like they do the lady sopranos, if they don't happen to care especially about lady sopranos, but suppose you got hold of Senator Heflin making a speech, abusing Catholics, and listened to him, say maybe a dozen words before you knew who it was talking. It would simply sour the milk and made the baby sick, and made Uncle John fall over a chair and break his leg in his efforts to escape, and start the dog to howling, and dad step on the tail of the cat in the confusion, and it would mess things up generally. Do not put the radio in congress. Have a heart for pity's sake!

—o—

People need encouragement, just as vegetation needs the sunshine. I was talking to a successful selling agent who had established a business of his own and was prospering, and he said: "Thirty-five years ago, I was a member of a small crew of house-to-house agents, working under a crew manager. I was not doing so well because I guess I was not enthusiastic enough. The boss liked me because I was just a young lad, and as he later said, he knew I had the stuff in me to make good if he could only find a way to bring it out. Then one day an idea struck him that he didn't tell me about right then. He said: 'Son, today I want you to manage the crew on your side of the street.' Like a flash a new spirit was right then born in me. I got a 'taste' of what it meant to have the 'big boss' show confidence in me. And I made good with a bang from then on." It pays to encourage your employees.

—o—

The latter part of last spring a lady in the eastern section of Durham found a quail's nest in which were four eggs. She set these eggs under a bantam hen and they were duly hatched out and were two pairs of as pretty partridge biddies as ever you saw. They are still keeping company with their bantam mother. After so long a time the bantam hen began laying, and the lady is now feeding the little quails on the eggs their mother lays. A happy little feathered family, getting along nicely, but the bid-

dies are wild ones in their youth.

—o—

As I understand it, the way to make a moving picture "talk" is to make a phonograph record at the same time the camera is taking the picture, and then play the record while the picture is being shown. That doesn't sound like a hard thing to do—the difficult part is to keep the sound record in step with the picture—"synchronize" sound and scene. Now that word "synchronize" is made up of a couple of Greek words meaning "time" and "together"—and for quite a while the business of exactly synchronizing the voice and the the picture was all Greek to the people who tried it. And it isn't as easy as it sounds, either, so the motion picture people tell me. I guess not.

—o—

Another hat-buying season is on. When a woman goes seeking for headgear it means no end of study, trying on, and comparisons. They have always been acutely hat-conscious. Now "the way of a man with a hat" is growing mysterious. He gives more thought to it. He is following the habits of women. For a decade after the civil war nine men out of every ten wore black felt hats. All lawyers, doctors and preachers wore them, and buying a hat was a simple consideration of quality and price, not of shape or color. In late years the negligee soft hat has prevailed, and gray has been the universal color, though there are hats of every shade of color known, and some I've seen unknown. Hat shapes got into the advertising columns of the newspapers. Now new shapes are coming out continually. When a man sees somebody wearing a becoming hat he goes straightway and gets one like it. A woman, on the other hand, doesn't want a hat like anybody else. A man's hat-buying idea today is not like it was in the 1880's, when the derbies took the country. There were then heads on which they always looked grotesque. Possibly mine might have been one of them.

—o—

We have just recently passed through "fire prevention week." So well, and so good. But every day should be fire prevention day. Aside from arson, the principal cause of the enormous loss from fires is the national habit of carelessness. Carelessness about fires, particularly, but general lessness. The cause of this is a general immaturity of thought. People who are not grown up, and most people apparently never grow up, think that to be careless is to be smart, and that carefulness is a confession of priggishness. The fact is that carelessness is stupid. People who are habitually careless deserve nothing but contempt. We may pity a small boy who from bravado climbs a pole to touch the wire at the top, but when a whole people are predominatly in that mood they are disgusting. Unless the national habit of carelessness is abated by a strong and continued derision, there will be vast losses from fires and other accidents born of carelessness.

CAROLINA'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE CONFEDERATE NAVY

By Burton H. Smith in News and Observer

The plans and specifications of the Confederate ram Albemarle were prepared by John L. Porter, chief constructor of the Confederate navy.

It was first intended to be a gunboat, but was converted into a ram. Gilbert Elliot, of Elizabeth City, then eighteen years old, whose grandfather was a shipbuilder, of Boston, Mass., went to Richmond and secured the contract, but left the actual building to the experience of Peter E. Smith, of Scotland Neck.

The shipyard was in a corn field on the farm of W. R. Smith, at Edward's Ferry, on the Roanoke River. William R. Smith was the father of Peter E. Smith, also of Col. A. L. Smith, for years a resident of Charlotte.

Most of the lumber for the boat was cut on the farm of another son, B. G. Smith. Another son, Charles E. Smith, was courier for the builders until he was old enough to be in the army, when his place was taken by his cousin, Frank J. Smith.

Gilbert Elliott was in charge of finances, William R. Smith head of construction department, William R. Smith, Jr., head of supply department, and Peter E. Smith in charge of construction.

Large oak stumps were cut into shape for the keel, which was laid in the spring of 1863.

No vessel was ever constructed under more adverse circumstances. It was impossible to obtain machinery suitable for the work, and a blacksmith's shop supplied all the tools they had. To make matters worse iron itself was scarce; so, while the timbers were being sawed and shaped under the direction of Peter E. Smith, young Gilbert Elliott had to run hither and thither to collect old railroad and other iron, which was smelted and rolled into plate by the Tredegar Iron Works, of Richmond.

The Albemarle was 152 feet long, 45 feet extreme width, with a draught of 6 feet. The double framework was of pine, calked with cotton, as oakum was scarce. The prow was of oak, running back eighteen feet and covered with two inch iron that tapered to four inches, which made the ram. As there was no railroad at Scotland Neck at that time, the boat was taken up the river to Halifax for the work of putting on the armor, which was disheartening, for it required twenty minutes to drill a hole through the plates.

Necessity being the mother of invention, Peter E. Smith's inventive turn stood him in good stead, for he invented and made the twist drill, which cut the holes in the plate in four minutes cutting the iron in shavings instead of powder. After the armor and heavy guns were put on, she was brought back to Edwards' Ferry to be finished up. Forges were erected on the deck, blacksmiths and carpenters were kept hard at work while she floated down the river to her destination.

The armament consisted of two

rifles, Brooke guns, mounted on pivot carriages, each gun working through three portholes, which were protected by iron covers, raised and lowered by a contrivance on the gun-deck. The Confederate navy had sent Capt. James W. Cooke to watch the construction of the vessel and to take command when she went into action. He was a brave and gallant officer, and in the battles in which he afterwards engaged he proved himself a hero. The Albemarle was finished April 18, 1864.

It might be of interest to know that the keel of another vessel was laid at the same place, but was ordered to be burned to prevent its falling into the hands of the Federal army. The three-bladed screw propellers for this boat were for years sticking in the banks of the river just above where the boat was built.

On April 18, 1864, the Albemarle proceeded on her way; owing to the high waters in the river she was able to pass over torpedoes and obstructions, as well as through the firing from two forts, and reached Plymouth, then held by the Union forces. She ran her iron prow into the Southfield, sinking her and almost sinking the Miami which was lashed to her. The Miamai fired a shell at the Albemarle, which bounded back to the Miami, injuring several of her crew. The Miami was a fast sidewheeler and eluded the Albemarle, retiring below Plymouth into Albemarle Sound. The next day, April 20, when General Hoke's forces attacked the fortifications, the Albemarle held the river front. She had sunk the Southfield and driven off the other Union vessels.

On May 5, Captain Cook left the Roanoke River with two tenders, the captured steamer Bombshell, and the Cotton Plant, engaging seven well armed gun-boats. They surrounded the ram, hurling their heaviest shots. The effect is best described by the report of the commander of the Sassacus.

"The Sassacus at close quarters, gave her a broadside of solid nine-inch shot. The guns might as well have had blank cartridges, for the shot skimmed off into the air. Even the one hundred pound solid shot from the pivot rifle glanced off into space from the sloping roof, with no apparent effect. The feeling of helplessness that comes from the failure of heavy guns to make any mark on an advancing foe can never be described."

The Albemarle sent shot through the Sassacus that pierced her boilers, and the escaping steam killed or injured many of her crew. The Bombshell had surrendered.

The Albemarle had her boats shot away, her smokestack riddled, her after gun shot off eighteen inches from the muzzle. The riddled smoke-stack would not draw, therefore, was useless, so the crew used bacon to generate steam to get back to Plymouth.

The Albemarle lost one man, who put his head out of a porthole to see and was killed by a pistol shot from the Miami. Finding it impossible to sink or seriously cripple the Albemarle, the Federal forces made attempts to torpedo her, which was finally done by Lieutenant Cushing, commander of the Monticello, one of the bravest and most daring deeds of the war. All of Lieutenant Cush-

ing's men were lost. He only escaped by hiding in a swamp. Captain Maffitt succeeded Captain Cooke in command of the Albemarle, Captain Warley being in command when she was torpedoed.

While the Albemarle was building, Mr. and Mrs. Peter E. Smith kept open house for the Confederate navy officers, and their families also found a ready welcome. As some of these families were refugees, they made their home with Mr. and Mrs. Smith for a year or more.

It only remains to tell what became of the vessel. The oak timber, which was left, was given to Dr. Cheshire, father of Bishop Cheshire, and was made into the chancel furniture for Calvary Church, Tarboro. The boat was raised and towed to Norfolk navy yard, and, after being stripped of her armament and machinery, she was sold October 15, 1867, to J. N. Lenard and Company, for $3,200. Before she was broken up, the commander of the navy yard had a picture taken of her and framed in oak, taken from her hull, and gave it to Mrs. Cooke, widow of Captain Cooke, then living in Portsmouth. The flag and smoke-stack met with a more kindly fate. The smoke-stack, riddled with holes, had been preserved, as a memento of "the times that tried men's souls. It was placed on exhibition at the St. Louis exposition. It is now in the Hall of History in Raleigh. The flag has its honored place in the North Carolina room, in the Confederate museum, in Richmond, Va.

The Albemarle was a North Carolina boat, built by North Carolina men, on North Carolina soil, of North Carolina lumber, and was commanded by a North Carolina man, fought two battles and covered herself with glory in North Carolina waters.

There is a question as to whether the Albemarle was christened or not. She was to have been christened by Miss Mary Spottiswood, but there was so much trouble in getting her off the ways that the christening party left the scene at nightfall, and she took the water during the night.

HOW HE CAME TO SUCCEED

Because he never watched the clock.
Because he always kept his promises.
Because he always believed in himself.
Because he never shrank from extra work.
Because he always concentrated on his work.
Because he never made the lame excuse, "I forgot."
Because he always kept himself ready for the next step.
Because he always was ready to work his own judgement.
Because he always kept himself away from grumbling.
Because he always has observed punctuality in his undertakings
Because he always tried to know the how and why of things.

—Selected.

FIELD GLASSES

(P. J. H.)

Field glasses — interesting little things! Over yonder, a pale stretch of blue. What is it?

"Let me have those glasses. Thank you. Oh, what a beautiful lake almost hidden by the hills! See, motor boats, splashing up a silvery spray! And down there at the point, a sunlit beach alive with bathers! Beautiful indeed! Here, you take a look."

"I don't see a thing—nothing but a gray blur; no, not a thing."

"Turn that little screw on top there. No, the other way."

"Now, it's better. Ah, I've got it. Perfect! Say, that is pretty, and so close and clear!"

"Here, Harry, you take a look, too."

"Good night—why, that lake looks miles and miles....'

"Oh come; you're looking into the wrong end of those glasses. Turn them around."

The Bible is something like field glasses. It is meant to show us spiritual things that often lie vague in the distance. It is intended to bring them near and make them clear. But we must learn to use it aright.

There are many people using the Bible to see spiritual realities, but some of them have never thought of turning the adjusting screw. Their lenses are set for the vision of the first, or the twelfth, or the seventeenth century. No wonder that present spiritual realities look like a gray blur. That adjustment of theirs was perfectly good for Jewish-Christian, or Medieval-Christian, or Post-Reformation-Christian eyes; but for our twentieth century eyes—well, it makes a blur. That is why we have millenialists and medievalists and orthodoxists and a host of others. No adjustment!

There are others who keep looking through the wrong end of the glasses, and to them spiritual realities seem afar off. The Old Testament is the larger end and it comes first to hand when you take out your spiritual field glasses, but it is certainly the wrong end to look through when you are interested in bringing Christian realities near. When the law lens is nearest and the gospel lens is farthest, then the God of grace, the God of love, is a fading spot on a distant horizon. There are thousands who never see Him otherwsie—fatalists, legalists, puritans. Wrong end!

And then there are not a few who spend their time looking at the glasses. How perfect the lenses! How polished the casing! How interesting the mechanism! But they never look through. How perfect the Bible narratives and characters! How polished the prose and the poetry and—those wonderful parables! How interesting—this and that! But the living God, the living Christ, the living Spirit, the Life—they have never looked through the Bible to these vital realities. And so we have Bible-literalists, and Bible-literature-ists, and Bibliolarists, and Bible-whatnots. The Bible must be looked through, not at.

Interesting little things—field glasses!

ONE FACTOR OF SUCCESS

By F. E. B.

The story is told of a baker who lived at the time of a war between Austria and Turkey, who hearing a slight noise in his cellar where he was making bread, investigated, and shortly came upon a little drum which his child had left there. Upon the drum were a few marbles which danced up and down upon the head of the drum with remarkable regularity. Amazed, he placed his ears to the ground and listened. Suddenly it flashed upon him that he was listening to the sound of picks, that the Turks were undermining the city. Getting into communication with the Austrian headquarters, he explained the facts, and facts, indeed, they proved to be. Immediate steps were taken to rout the Turks, and as a result the city was saved.

A boy playing beside a small brook noted the fact that there was oil on the surface of the water. Wondering where the oil came from, he made his way up the brook for a mile or more. The time came that he could see no trace of the oil on the water, but retracing his steps a rod or two, he took note of a much smaller tributary to the brook and there he found oil again. He followed the tiny stream for a half mile or more until it led him to a great tank which held many thousands of gallons of kerosene. He went still farther, crawled beneath the tank, which was set upon concrete standards; there he saw where a rivet had dropped out. Through the rivet hole was pouring a steady stream of oil. He did not halt even then. Crawling from beneath the tank, he made his way to the office of the oil company and there told what he had discovered. As a result of his persistence an employee who had been arrested for the theft of oil was proved innocent and was reinstated in the employ of the company.

A tramp was plodding his way along the railroad on a blistering hot summer's day. He was footsore and hungry, but somehow those two facts did not dim his eyesight. Rounding a curve in the road, he thought that the rails at a certain spot just ahead of him bulged a bit. Just then came to his ears the distant scream of a locomotive. Weary as he was, he sprinted back whence he had come. Three minutes or so later he was frantically waving a much soiled red handkerchief in the middle of the track in the face of the oncoming limited express. Finally the great train came to a stop, and then the tramp told his story to the engineer and fireman. Meanwhile the sun had been getting in its work, and by the time the danger spot was reached by the excited group of trainmen the rail had become twisted almost like the letter S.

One of the chief factors of the successful career is the power of close observation. The boy or girl, young man or young woman, who cultivates it is on the highroad to success. The Austrian baker, whatever his success may have been as a baker, was wonderfully successful as a citizen and

patriot. The boy who traced the oil to its source was successful, for he cleared the name of one who had been wrongfully accused. The tramp, however much a failure up to the time that he noted the twisting of the rails, was an out-and-out success when the lives of hundreds hung as by a thread.

THE VANCE MONUMENT

Straight up from the heart of the town it towers,
This granite grief for a man long dead,
And its solid strength and its fine true lines.
Speak well for the things that he did and said,
This man of the memorial stone.

It was said of him that "all the world smiled
On the day that Zebulon Vance was born."
Did the fairies circle his crib and break
A magic philter o'er him, to make
Him beloved of his fellow men, that morn,
This babe of fairies' choice?

Was it head, or heart, or a blend of both
That gave him the multitude to sway?
And that holds them still in a reverent thrall
Tho' the tongue and the hand are long since clay?
But the prisoned voice in this granite gray
Still speaks so loud,

That a stranger, mute, at the generous base
Of this splendid oracle, hear it say—
"The westering amber of many a day
Has smoothed the clamor of traffic away;
And the vigil stars of many a night
Have circled around me out of sight;
The lightnings have played about my head;
The winds have lashed me, and, shrieking, fled.

"The rains have dashed and the dews have pressed
Their tenderest kiss on my rugged breast;
But I stand unmoved, and they think me dumb
Who list not my message to those who come—
A ceaseless, turbulent human tide
Across the square, as the swift years glide,
In the restless pursuit of pleasure, or gain.

"And the finding is oft less of profit than pain—
For when all has been said the one thing worth while
In the help of the world is just living a smile.
That man has lived best who has won from the earth
A sigh at his death and a smile at his birth—
Such a man was Zebulon Vance."

—Grace G. Watts.

HOW INSECTS SPEND THE WINTER

By Christine Ruth Grier

With the arrival of cool autumn days, most of us are expectantly watching for the gorgeous color display soon to appear in fields and woods. But how many of us have been observing another great change in the outdoor world? The hosts of insects that a few short weeks ago filled our fields and gardens with busy sound are disappearing, leaving a strange silence behind them. The whirring of grasshoppers, the shrilling of cicadas or so-called "locusts," the buzzing of bees, the angry hum of wasps have all subsided, leaving only the cheerful chirp of the crickets and the insistent call of the katydids in the evenings. Soon these, too, will be still. Yet next summer, before we have had time to think about it, the familiar field symphony will burst forth in all its vigor.

Where do all the insects come from after their complete disappearance during the winter. We know that the old idea of spontaneous generation is impossible. In other words, the sun cannot just suddenly draw out living things from the warm mud. Life can only come from life before it, and so these insects must be hiding near us in some form all through the cold weather.

A few adult insects survive. The Monarch butterfly migrates south as the birds do, while the Mourning Cloak folds its wings in some sheltered spot until awakened by the spring sun. Mature Lady beetles cluster together in warm crevices for their winter sleep. The young queen of the wasps and the bumble bees outlive their relatives, and sleep, perhaps in some hollow tree, their bodies loaded with the eggs which will serve to establish new colonies next spring.

Usually, the fully grown insects do not survive the cold and must leave the future of their race to the eggs, larvae or pupae which will last throughout the winter months. The grasshopper deposits her eggs in a hole in the ground before she dies the tent caterpillar moth encircles a twig with a band of eggs and coats them with a waterproof varnish, the praying mantis also puts a protective coating on the great lump of tiny eggs which she leaves on some slender twig.

The most familiar insects larvae which live through the winter are those fuzzy brown caterpillars, "Wolly Bears," which always seem to be hurrying to find a snug hole in the ground where they can curl up to sleep. These wolly bears will develop into white or tan moths next spring. The cicada larvae spends not only one winter but three, in tunnels in the ground before they mature. Dragon-fly larvae hibernate in the mud of ponds.

Of course the most familiar forms in which insects spend the winter are the well-known cocoons and chrysalides. These are the pupae of moths and butterflies, the last stage before the adult. The cocoon, the silky covering about the pupa proper, always produces a moth, as everyone knows who has watched the giant Cecropia moth emerge and spread its brown wings with cream and red

markings. Some moths, such as the Tomato Sphinx, merely have a naked pupae which is buried in the ground. The tongue is so long that it has a separate case of its own, resembling the handle of a pitcher against the body sheath. Butterflies never have cocoons but merely a hard, horny chrysalis. Many beetles, too, spend the winter in the form of a pupae covered by a hard shell.

In every case, whether the insect be in the form of an egg, larva, pupa or adult, it lies dormant until the warm sun of next spring stimulates it into activity once more.

THROW 'EM EASY TO JIMMIE

"Throw 'em easy to Jimmie, he's little,"
  I heard one of the players direct,
Though his voice sank low so the cripple lad
  The favor would fail to detect.

And the thin wan face grew brighter,
  As he rapped the ball sharply away,
And laughingly limped down the base line,
  'Mid the shouts of his comrades at play.

"Throw 'em easy to Jimmie, he's little"—
  The speaker was strong of limb,
But his merry brown eyes grew softer,
  As he told me of little Jim;

Of the runaway horse, and the urchin
  Picked up with a twisted spine—
'Twas the life of a cripple for Jimmie
  From the early age of nine.

"And he's as proud as a Spartan—
  He'd die to keep up with the rest,
So we go easy with him, on the quiet,
  And he thinks he can play with the best."

And he turned with a wave of approval
  As a wide-thrown ball allowed
The eagerly-watching Jimmie
  To score 'fore the cheering crowd.

"Throw 'em easy to Jimmie, he's little"—
  "God make me like them," soft I pray;
"God help me bring cheer to the 'Jimmies'
  I meet in the game of life's way."

—By John L. Woodbury

GIRLS AND THE GREATER ISSUES OF LIFE

(The Visitor)

"A good school and a good college after it, fills a girl's mind with the greater issues of life. She has no time in so good and busy a world to waste in triviality or jealousy or vain regret that another's opportunity and charm are not hers. She sees on every hand what needs to be done, and like the sweet prophet of old, she cries, "Here am I, send me;' and behold men look upon her face as it had been the face of an angel, for her vision is the vision of the pure in heart."

To my mind there is something very inspiring in these words written by a president of a college for girls and ever in close touch with girl life. If he is able to send the girl graduates out into the world with the "Here am I, send me" spirit strong in them, he is rendering them a service of untold value. But she does not need to be a graduate of any college in order to have this spirit. A good education is a help, no matter what work one is to do; but it is not an imperative necessity when it comes to doing good in the world. The girl who has the real "Here am I, send me" spirit will be able to do good work, even though she has but a limited education. But "a good school and a good college after it" should add a great deal to a girl's efficiency and help to bring her into touch with the "closer issues of life."

A girl graduate of my acquaintance was asked to become a member of a whist club. She politely declined to do so, and the girl who had invited her to join in this pastime asked: "Why don't you join? Do you think that there is any harm in a dozen girls getting together one afternoon every second two weeks and playing cards in their own homes?"

"I think that harm can come from playing cards even in that way, and, if there were no harm in it, it is to my mind a great waste of time. I have too much to do to give an afternoon to playing cards. I haven't anything like the time I need and want for the important things I want to do, and none to give to playing cards."

This girl was graduated from college last June. She had come out of college with her mind filled with the "greater issues of life" and the "Here am I, send me" spirit. She does not deny herself all pleasure or recreation, for she is wise enough to know that a certain amount of recreation is necessary in the life of every worker, but her recreation is of a kind more wholesome and stimulating than card playing can give. I do not think I ever knew a girl more free from the petty things of life than this girl is. I believe that her vision is truly the vision of the pure heart, and when a girl looks out on life with that kind of a vision she can hardly fail of developing into a high type of womanhood.

It is particularly essential that a girl of today fills her mind with the "greater issues of life," for soon the

girl of today will be one of the voters of tomorrow, as the boy is one of the voters of tomorrow. If she is to exercise her voting power, she should be a great deal more intelligent regarding many things than the girl of the past has been. Many of our girls are, no doubt, like the one who said a short time ago: "O, I do not want women to have the ballot, just as men have it, but if it is given to them in our State, I mean to do my duty and vote."

Here is another girl with a kind of a "Here am I, send me" spirit. She is not going to shirk any of the duties that come to her, and if she votes at all she is going to vote wisely. A few years ago I was a guest for a day or two in a home in which there was a girl of eighteen. She excused herself from the dinner table before the dessert was served on the plea that she must "dress to go out."

"You are going out again this evening?" said her mother.

"Yes, I am, and I must hurry and dress."

The conversation that followed revealed the fact that the girl had been out every evening for two weeks attending all sorts of social affairs except on three evenings when she had gone to the theatre. Her father expressed his natural disapproval of this, and the mother said: "O, well; let the child have a good time while she can. The cares and burdens of life will come soon enough."

Then the father asked this pertinent question: "How is she to be prepared to meet these cares and burdens if she spends all of her time in the trivialities of life?"

That is a question that many a pleasure seeker of a girl might well ask herself. The life of pleasure is a poor preparation for the serious duties that come to every girl at some time. If she gives no thought to the "greater issues of life" in her girlhood, how is she to be prepared to meet them in the years of her womanhood? The girl who looks at life wisely has little time for the purely trivial. She sees the crying need of the world, and has so great a sense of responsibility that she is ready to say, "Here am I, send me." Our Sunday schools have many such girls in them. They are training for service. Their vision is that of the pure in heart, and the word "service" has a very significant meaning for them. The Sunday school is helping them to an understanding of the "greater issues of life" and helping them to meet those issues bravely and cheerfully in the "Here am I, send me" spirit.

Jack—"I know a place where food is getting so scarce that a man lived for two weeks on onions alone."

Jim—"Well, any man who lives on onions ought to live alone."

—Selected.

OUT OF THE EAGLE'S NEST

By Mildred Augustine Wirt

"He's at it again!" George Webber, observer at Lookout 37, shaded his eyes with his hand, and in mingled awe and pride gazed skyward where a "Fire Eagle" curved and banked as it prepared to swoop boldly down upon the government landing field. "That kid certainly has learned a few tricks from his father. Harvey Graham is the best pilot in these parts, and Don is following in his air-tracks, eh, Jack?"

"Don isn't up there alone is he?" Jack Hielman, another observer, asked as he, too, watched the airplane.

"No, his father has never let him solo. He thinks Don is too young to handle a plane by himself."

"I'd be glad if I could handle one as well."

"So would I When I see how easily Don does it, it makes me want to try flying myself. I did try it once, but didn't make much headway. They say it's a knack with some folks, and I suppose Don comes by it from his father. Anyway he makes that plane soar like a bird!"

As the observer spoke, a big Fire Eagle glided gently down to earth and settled easily on its wheels and tail-skid. The rangers moved forward as the plane taxied slowly up toward the hangar. The huge Fire Eagle came to a standstill, and as the engine was throttled down, mechanics stepped forward and rolled the plane into a hangar.

From the cockpit emerged a freckle-faced boy, his steel blue eyes and clean cut features unmistakably stamping him as the son of Harvey Graham, the crack pilot, who leaped lightly to the ground after him.

"How was that landing, Dad?"

"Fine, Don. It was a three-pointer. I couldn't have done better myself."

The man's eyes lighted with pride, and for a moment he allowed his arm to rest affectionately across the boy's slender shoulders. There was something about the two as they stood thus side by side, looking squarely at each other, that never failed to arouse the admiration of the rangers. Since the death of Don's mother, the two had been drawn very close together.

"I thought it was a pretty fair landing, myself," Don admitted with a wide grin. "When do you think I'll be ready to solo?"

A shadow passed over Harvey Graham's face.

"I'd rather you wouldn't try it alone until you're older, Don," he said quickly. "You do well enough now, but—well, hang it all, I think too much of you to let you take risks."

"But it wouldn't be a risk now that I know how to pilot a plane," Don protested earnestly. "You take risks every day."

"That's different, Don. It's my duty to scout around in a plane, always on the lookout for fires. The airplane patrol has saved the government a mint of money since it was established. As it is, I never take unnecessary risks. Our patrol haasn't

had a serious accident yet."

Don sighed. The topic had been discussed before.

"Oh, well, I suppose I can wait, but it's hard." He brightened as another idea came to him. "Say, Dad, just suppose an emergency should come up so that the Lookout would really need me, would you let me go up alone, then?"

"Possibly." Harvey Graham smiled tolerantly. "But, mind you, don't go cooking up anything with the boys. I know the rangers are on your side so I won't trust 'em."

The discussion ended as George Webber and Jack Hielman pushed forward.

"Spot any fires, Don?" George asked teasingly.

Before the boy could reply, his father answered the question for him.

"Yes, we did, I'm sorry to report. It was a small one just starting, and in Lookout 46 territory, so we dropped them a note and they'll look after it. I hope this doesn't mean the start of another busy season."

"So do I," Webber returned gravely. "Unless we have a rain pretty soon, I'm afraid it will be."

Presently, Don and his father left the air field and went directly to Lookout 37, where the latter made a complete report of the fire, and received instructions for the next day's work. Then the two struck off for their "bachelor" apartment.

Don could not remember a time when he had been unfamiliar with the life of a government lookout station. He knew all of the rangers, the observers and pilots of the Fire Eagles and was a special favorite. He was permitted the run of the camp, for he had learned when not to ask questions.

The soaring Fire Eagles had always fascinated him. At first he had gone up with his father on long scouting trips cross-country, content to sit quietly in the cockpit looking at the scenery or watching for tiny curls of smoke far below. Then he had begun to take an interest in the way his father's steady hand moved the joystick back and forth and to right or left. He discovered for himself the use of the rudder pedals, the effect of flippers and ailerons and he began to ask questions about the queer instruments on the dash. So keen was his interest that at last his father gave in, and taught him all that he could about flying.

It had not been easy for Don's father had insisted that if he learn at all, he learn from the ground up. There had been weeks of hard study out of books, and weeks of pouring over greasy engines and trying to distinguish between an endless tangle of wires, generators, condensors and whatnot.

But at last he had taken to the air, and then it was that he demonstrated beyond argument that he truly had his father's gift for flying. The hum of a Fire Earge became music to his ears.

In the slack season when reported fires were few and far between, there was little work for the Fire Eagles and Don was given ample opportunity to pilot the huge planes, always, of course, accompanied by his father, who sat ready at any moment to correct his errors by use of dual controls. But now that the dry season

had arrived, Don was allowed privileges less frequently, and it seemed to him that his father had a worried look on his face nearly all of the time.

As the season progressed, Don saw less and less of his father, who was required to spend nearly all of his time in the cockpit of a plane. Fire after fire was reported, and it became necessary to station extra men at the Lookout. No one had time to talk with Don, but on all sides he heard praise for the work of the Fire Eagle Patrol, and especially for the work of his father. It made Don feel proud, as though he, too, had a part in the battle.

Then one morning Don awoke early to find his father standing over his bed with a worried expression in his eyes.

"I've got to be off early this morning, Don," he said regretfully. "They just telephoned from the Lookout that a bad fire has broken out. Every plane has been called out and that means I'll be gone all day. I'll be back about noon to make a report, and to get more gas, and then I'll be off again. I'm sorry to leave you, Don, but it's a case of necessity. George will keep an eye out for you."

"I'll be all right," Don announced. "I'll be down to the field about noon when you come in."

After his father had left, Don rolled out of bed, dressed himself, and made coffee and toast as he had been taught to do. He washed up the few dishes he had dirtied and then leisurely started off for the Lookout.

Although the rangers were taking matters calmly enough, Don could tell by the electric something in the air, that they were facing a real crisis. Even George, who usually had time to joke with him, was too busy to pay attention to him.

From the observation tower, Don could see tiny curls of smoke near the horizon, and as the morning dragged on the odor of smoke became noticeable.

"This looks like the worst fire this season," Don told himself. "The Fire Eagles won't be of much use if the smoke becomes thicker."

He idled about the tower until nearly noon and then slowly made his way to the air field. The field was deserted save for a few mechanics. Only one plane was in the hangar, a reserve ship kept only for emergencies.

Presently, however, Don caught sight of a monoplane heading for the landing field and he waited expectantly, hoping it would be his father's plane. He was doomed to disappointment, for as the Fire Eagle swooped down, he saw that it was another pilot. He watched the mechanics as they refilled the plane with gasoline and went over it methodically.

After a time, a second government plane landed. All of the Fire Eagles had reported in save the one piloted by Harvey Graham.

"I wonder why Dad doesn't come?" Don thought to himself. It was unusual for his father to be late.

He did not worry for he knew that his father was considered the best pilot in the patrol. Yet when George Webber suggested that they go to luncheon together, he declined, saying that he believed he would wait for his father to come in. From

scraps of conversation, he learned that new fires were breaking out everywhere. Probably his father had gone to another Lookout to report.

At two o'clock, Don left the field and sought George who was at the tower.

"George," he broke in. "Do you suppose Dad landed at Lookout 48? I'm sort of worried."

"What?" The observer sprang up from his chair. "He isn't here yet? I thought he reported in while I was getting something to eat."

"I don't see what can be keeping him—unless he is out of gasoline."

With a quick glance at the other rangers, George Webber sprang to a telephone. After a brief conversation over the wire, he faced Don, a worried look in his eyes.

"Have they seen him at Lookout 48?" Don asked quickly.

"Three hours ago, flying this way. He should have been here long ago. But don't worry, Don. He's probably at the landing field now. You hike down there and see. I'll be with you in a minute."

As Don left the tower room the observer turned to another ranger and consulted with him in whispers. Although Don did not catch the orders which were given, it was with a sinking heart that he realized the rangers were trying to keep something from him. As though he he did not comprehend the gravity of the situation! It was always a serious matter for a pilot to be forced down, but with forest fires breaking out on all sides, the danger was even greater. Don tried not to think about it.

Before Don could reach the flying field, George caught up with him, and together they hurried to the hangars. They were all empty save the one which housed the reserve airplane. Harvey Graham had not returned.

Don looked at his friend with sheer terror in his eyes, as the certainty that his father had met with mishap was forced upon him.

"Brace up, Don!" the observer said bruskly, trying to cover the break in his voice. "We'll find him all right."

"We've got to find him!" Don broke in fiercely. "And Jack Hielman is with him, too! If we don't get to them soon—" his voice trailed off.

"If only the airplane patrol were in!" George muttered, his eyes sweeping the row of empty hangars. "We can't look for them back until late afternoon either, unless there is a special fire to report."

By this time a group of mechanics had gathered about Don and the observer. They could offer no helpful information. They only knew that Harvey Graham had left the field early in the morning and had failed to return for refueling as the other Fire Eagles had done.

"Is the reserve plane ready to go?" George demanded.

"She's ready, sir," one of the mechanics told him, "but there's no pilot."

"Maybe Lookout 48 has an extra plane they can send out," Don suggested hopefully.

"They haven't, Don. I called them after you left the Lookout. All their available planes are out scouting for fire."

George did not add that the fires were spreading rapidly, and were

threatening to sweep large tracts of forest before them. He knew that the rangers, already harrassed by this danger, were busy at the telephones, sending out calls for information concerning the lost plane, and for volunteers to form searching parties. There was no need for him to return to the lookout. Everything was being done there that possibly could be. As he was considering his plan of action, Don broke in.

"George, I can pilot a plane—you know I can. Why not let me take up the reserve Fire Eagle? It's the only way!"

George turned quickly and looked straight into Don's steel-blue eyes. As the boy spoke, his entire bearing was one of confidence. George was aware that Don had never looked more like his father.

"I know I can do it!" Don added, as George appeared to hesitate. "Don't you think I can?"

"Yes, I believe you can, Don. But your father—"

"In an emergency like this he would want me to try it. Oh, can't you see, George? He's my dad and —"

"We'll try it, Don!" The observer decided suddenly. He turned to the mechanics and gave rapid orders.

In a twinkling the huge Fire Eagle was wheeled out from the hangar and headed into the wind. Don scrambled into the cockpit, and George after him. Deliberately, the boy tested the control stick and the pedals and found everything satisfactory.

"Contact?" called the mechhanic.

"Contact!" Don confirmed tersely.

One mighty heave of the propeller and the engine began to work. Impatiently, Don waited for it to warm up. Then as the mechanics removed blocks of wood from under the wheels, he pushed the stick forward and gently opened the throttle. The plane moved forward across the field, slowly at first, then faster and faster until it left the earth. For a few minutes Don steadily climbed, then leveled off.

With a sweep of his arm, Don indciated the course he intended to take, and George nodded that he approved the selection. Visibility was poor, and a smoky haze threatened to blot out the earth below.Don nosed the plane down although he realized that it was not wise to fly at a low altitude.

The roar of the engine made conversation impossible, but Don had no desire to talk for he was intent upon his instruments. Frequently he had flown over this course, but always before his father had been with him to correct his errors and to keep a close watch for indications of stalls or spins.

For half an hour Don maintained his course, piloting as though by instinct. Each minute the air seemed to become thicker and Don realized that in a short time the smoke would force him to abandon the search. He had little opportunity to watch the ground below, but George, who was a trained observer, kept a constant lookout for indications of a wrecked plane. Once Don lost flying speed and the plane was on the verge of entering a spin, but quickly the boy eased the stick forward and saved himself.

Closer and closer to the district where fires raged, Don brought the plane. It seemed to the boy that he

had been at the controls for hours, but his wrist watch told him that little more than an hour had elapsed. He began to fear that the plane would never be sighted.

Suddenly, George gave a shout and pointed downward. Far below, in a tiny clearing, an object was visible. Don nodded that he understood and nosed the plane down again. As he circled he distinctly saw a wrecked plane. It was impossible to make out whether the plane had accidently crashed or had been damaged in a forced landing, but Don judged that the latter was the case, for it was not likely the plane could have struck the clearing without the gudiing hand of a skillful pilot.

The clearing was small and the character of the ground uncertain. Don was afraid to attempt a landing and yet he was afraid to leave without an attempt to rescue his father and Jack Heilman. By the time he returned to the lookout and an automobile was sent out, the fires might make it impossible to reach the spot. And perhaps his father had been badly injured in the crash and needed immediate medical attention! The thought brought a lump into Don's throat.

Again and again he circled the clearing, observing the typography and noting the direction of the wind. As the plane swooped lower he suddenly caught sight of a man waving his arms. Was it Jack Hielman or his father? He could not tell.

"I must try to make a landing!" Don decided grimly.

He signified his intention to George. The observer nodded his willingness to take the risk.

With the wind in his face, Don cut the speed of the engine and began to glide downward. He gritted his teeth, selected his spot, and waited, hoping that the ground would prove as firm and smooth as it appeared. He leveled off and the plane struck the earth. It was a lumpy landing but a safe one.

As the Fire Eagle came to rest, a man ran toward the plane. In a flash Don and George Webber were out of the cockpit.

"Dad!"

"Don!" The pilot clasped the boy in his arms. "You nearly gave me heart failure—trying to land. You shouldn't have risked it, but I guess Jack and I would have been done for if you hadn't."

"What happened?" George asked quickly.

"Engine trouble," Harvey Graham explained briefly. "We had to pick out a landing place mighty quick. Came down with a dead motor and as luck would have it landed in a ditch. It cracked up the plane and gave Jack a pretty bad jolt. He's over there under that tree—leg's broken, I think. I couldn't leave him to go for help."

"We've got to get away from here right away," George broke in. "This place will soon be shut off by fires. Do you think we can take off from this field?"

"We'll make a desperate attempt," Harvey Graham returned quietly.

It required but a few minutes for the trio to carry Jack Hielman to the plane and gently place him in the cockpit. Harvey Graham took the controls and Don crowded in beside him, with George wedged in with

Jack Hielman.

Don's father taxied the Fire Eagle to the corner of the clearing and opened the throttle. As the plane shot across the field, gathering speed for the take-off, the four occupants held their breath. Could the heavily burdened plane lift in time to save them from crashing into the trees at the opposite end of the clearing.

Then at the critical moment the Fire Eagle left the earth, barely missing a pine tree, wavered as though about to stall, and then began a steady climb. Don's father smiled and relaxed in his seat. He headed the plane for Lookout 37 and then turned to Don, a quizzical expression in his eyes.

"Don," he said lightly. "Something tells me you're going to be a hero at the Lookout tonight. You did a mighty brave thing today and I'm proud you're my son."

"Thanks, Dad. I didn't do anything, though, that another pilot in my place wouldn't have done. You've told me that rising to an emergency is the duty of a flier in the fire patrol."

"You're going to make a real pilot one of these days, Don."

A twinkle came into Don's eyes

"Not if you won't let me solo, Dad."

Harvey Graham's eyes wandered off to the far forest horizons, now beclouded by fresh bursts of smoke. Torn between conflicting emotions, he averted his head, that Don might not see. Then, abruptly he turned, and his free hand gripped Don's arm as he said huskily:

"We'll need another pilot badly tomorrow, Don! And I've a pretty good idea where we can get one!"

"Oh, Dad!" Don responded breathlessly. "Do you mean me?"

"Yes, Don. You're being pushed right out of the eagle's nest."

WHAT A BOY CAN DO

There are some things a boy can do;
He can shout so loud the air turns blue;
He can make all sounds of beast and bird;
And a thousand more they never heard.
He can crow or cackle, chirp or cluck,
Till he fools the rooster, hen or duck.
He can mock the dog, or lamb, or cow,
And the cat can't beat his "me-ow"
He has sounds that are ruffled, striped or plain;
He can thunder by like a railroad train,
Stop at the station a breath and then
Apply the steam and be off again
He has all the powers in his command,
He can turn into a full brass band,
With all of the instruments ever played
And march away as a street parade.

A STORY OF "PIPPA PASSES"

(Baptist Standard)

Once upon a time a number of years ago, a great writer by the name of Robert Browning wrote a poem about a dear little girl who lived a great long way from here, but the story is so sweet and beautiful that I want to pass it on to you.

The little girl's name was Pippa, and she lived in a great factory town where she worked in the mills. Nearly every child who was old enough worked in the mills, and although the work looked hard, the children seemed to enjoy it; at least Pippa did. She loved to guide the beautiful threads, and to watch the beautiful dyes as they changed the colors of the beautiful silks.

One day in the year she kept for herself alone. It was a great joy to her little heart to count off the days as she worked in the factory until she knew that the very next day would be her day. And as she went to sleep at night, no doubt, she was saying over and over to herself, "Tomorrow is my day. I do hope the sun will shine and it will be a lovely day."

As she woke the next morning she clapped her hands with delight for, sure enough the sun was shining brightly. I can just see her as she rushed to the window and looked out upon the early morning sun shining on the upturned faces of the dainty flowers.

From her heart she sang just a happy, glad song:

The year's at the spring;
And the day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillsides' dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

She dressed quickly and ate a hearty breakfast, then catching up her little hat she ran gayly toward the woods where she loved to spend her own days. As she ran along she sang her happy little song.

Along the sand road there lived a poor, blind woman who, no doubt, felt that the world was a weary, dreary place in which to live. She happened to be sitting on her porch as Pippa danced by, and she heard the child sing:

God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

That started the dear old lady to thinking. Indeed, God was in his heaven, and all was right with the world. Pippa's song gladdened the blind woman's heart and although she could not see with her eyes, she spent the rest of the day seeing beautiful things with her mind.

Soon Pippa passed the house of a great artist who painted wonderful pictures. Somehow that morning he could not get the paints to express what he wished them to do and he was discouraged. He went to the window and was gazing out when he saw a danity little girl, the sun shining on her bright hair, her hat swinging from her arm, dancing along, her

little bare feet making queer little marks in the sand—

God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

The child passed on, but the words of the song remained in the artist's heart and he was inspired to paint a beautiful picture of her which he called "Joy." It was his masterpiece.

As Pippa passed on she hardly noticed a man sitting on the roadside. He should have been doing his Master's work but he was too tired and did not feel himself capable. As Pippa's gay little song of reassurance rang in his ears he wondered why he had ever felt discouraged and got up and began his work.

Pippa spent the day in the woods, doing the things she loved to do and picking the beautiful flowers and smiling at the birds and the squirrels which played in the branches of the tree, and even the weeds seemed bedecked in more charming foliage because of the sunshiny creature who played so happily beneath its sheltering branches.

At last she grew tired and went home carrying her flowers.

That night, as she went to bed, she said, "Dear God, I did not find any one to help today, so I just helped myself to be happy and full of joy, so I'm sure you'll understand.

This simple little story is just an example of what joy and comfort an inspiration boys and girls can give by just being happy and agreeable. Although they may have no idea that they are doing good, their sunny little lives may do great things through the people who are around them.

FRIENDSHIP

Like music heard on the still water,
Like pines when the wind passeth by,
Like pearls in the depth of the ocean,
Like stars that enamel the sky,
Like June and the odor of roses,
Like dew and the freshness of morn,
Like sunshine that kisses the clover,
Like tassels of silk on the corn,
Like notes of the thrush in the woodland,
Like brooks where the violets grow,
Like rainbows that arch the blue-heavens,
Like clouds when the sun dippeth low,
Like dreams of Acadian pleasures,
Like colors that gratefully blend,
Like everything breathing of pureness—
Like these is the love of a friend.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The Eleventh Biennial report is just off the press and several copies have been mailed out.

A number of sheep, the latest addition to our live stock, make a very nice appearance as we notice them grazing in the pastures.

The motion picture attraction at the auditorium last Thursday night was "The Vikings," a technicolor production. It was one of the best shows seen here for some time and the boys thoroughly enjoyed it.

In looking over the Training School barns one certainly realizes that the harvest season is here. The sides of the buildings are fairly bulging as vast quantities of hay, soy beans, pea vines, lespedeza, cane, etc., are being stored for Winter use.

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. In addition to preaching a very good sermon, Rev. Baumgarner, who is one of Concord's best singers, rendered a vocal number in a delightful manner.

Our first attempt to raise English pheasants seems to be a decided success. At this time we have about thirty of these beautiful game birds Some of them were on exhibition at the Cabarrus District Fair and attracted the attention of hundreds of hunters, who gazed longingly at them through the wire netting. As one of our youngsters was proudly exhibiting a pair of these birds, one of them eluded his grasp and was last seen soaring out over the hills and far away.

The barefoot season is over and while we are not sure that "all God's chillun got shoes," we do know that the Training School boys are well supplied with shoes for the coming Winter. Last Monday more than five hundred pairs of high grade shoes were issued to our youngsters.

The boys on the barn force are now busy threshing lespedeza seed with the new International Combine harvesting and threshing machine. A mechanic from the factory is here superintending the erection and adjusting this new addition to our farm machinery, and all who have seen it in operation during the past few days, report that it works perfectly.

Mr. Thompson, Welfare Officer of Cherokee county, was a visitor at the school one day last week, having come to bring a new boy to the institution. In the course of his conversation with school officials Mr. Thompson told us that Arthur Herbert, who was a boy at the school years ago, is now depot agent at Andrews, N. C., and is a fine outstanding fellow. Before coming here, Mr. Thompson says, Herbert was one of the neighborhood's worst boys. While he is unknown to most of the people who are at the school now, all were glad to

hear that he is doing so well.

After sending a few frosty mornings as a warning, "Ol' Man Winter" sent a shivering blast down upon us as we assembled under the old oak last Wednesday morning. It was then announced by Superintendent Boger that the open season for hog-killing was on, and Mr. T. V. Talbert and his squad of youthful butchers, armed with knives and other accessories, declared war on the "squealers," and as a result we enjoyed our first sausage and spareribs of the season.

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt prize for the third quarter as follows: Room No. 1—John H. Evans, greatest improvement in writing; Room No. 2—David Avery, greatest improvement in reading; Room No. 3—Theodore Crabtree, best speller; Room No. 4—Francis Trexler, highest general average; Room No. 5—Clyde Kivett, best fair exhibit; Room No. 6—Raymond Hinson, best speller; Room No. 7—Milton Mashburn, highest average in English.

Several of our boys have been on the hospital list for some time but we are glad to report that all are improving. MacDonald Montague, who is in the Concord Hospital suffering from pneumonia, is much better. Nathaniel Honeycut has returned from the Charlotte Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, where he had his tonsils removed. Henry Smallwood is spending a few days at the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, where he is being treated for hip trouble. The officials at the latter institution report that they hope to remove the cast from his leg and send him home very much improved within the next few days.

An additional feature of last Sunday's afternoon service was a program by the Kannapolis Y. M. C. A. male quartet. This organization, one of the best in the state is well known to the Training School folks. While they have never visited us before, we have enjoyed their radio programs over Station WBT, Charlotte, for more than a year. Their program last Sunday consisted of a number of old sacred songs and hymns and was enjoyed by all present. The quartet was composed of the following: Mr. Oscar Williams, first tenor; Mr. Frank Dennard, second tenor; Mr. E. J. Sharpe, baritone; and Mr. Sandy Hutton, bass, Miss Jessie Toomey accompanied at the piano. We are very grateful to our friends from the "Towel City" for this delightful program and wish to tender herewith our most sincere thanks.

What a superb thing it would be if we were all big enough in mind to see no slights, accept no insults, cherish no jealousies, and admit into our heart no hatred.—Elbert Hubbard.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

Carolina Collection
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VOL. XVIII . . C., NOVEMBER 1, 1930. No. 39

GOD GIVE ME JOY

God give me joy in the common things·
In the dawn that lures, the eve that sings.

In the new grass sparkling after rain,
In the late wind's wild and weird refrain;

In the springtime's spacious field of gold,
In the precious light by winter doled.

God give me joy in the love of friends,
In their dear home talk at summer ends;

In the songs of children, unrestrained;
In the sober wisdom age has gained

God give me joy in the tasks that press,
In the memories that burn and bless;

In the thought that life has love to spend,
In the faith that God's at journey's end.

God give me hope for each day that springs,
God give me joy in the common things!

—Thomas Curtis Clark, in the Christian Century.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

FRIENDSHIP

A great man of England, when asked the secret of his life, replied, "I had a friend." Friendship is a precious experience yielding rich rewards. Its greatest rewards are not to be sought in prosperity.

Sharing, comradeship, sympathy, understanding, genial affection,—these are the riches of those who have many and mighty friends.

Friendship cannot be bought nor sold, but it can be promoted through cultivation or lost through neglect.

How many a friendship has slipped through busy or careless fingers to oblivion. Friendships must be cultivated. They demand the lavish expenditure of time, devotion, and acts of kindliness. We are all hesitant when we might write a letter or say a word or make a call by which to bind our friends to us with links that are more than gold.

It was Johnson who said, "A man should keep his friendships in constant repair" and an old proverb goes similarly: "If thou knowest thou hast a friend whom thou well canst trust, go oft to visit him."

There is a little book which describes "pinelog" friendship, quick to burn, hot while it lasts, and quick to go out. True friendship is not like that, but one which, however quickly or slowly it flares us, burns in undiminished ardor while life lasts.

It is not easy to refrain from evil speaking or ridicule when a friend has made a mistake. It is harder to refrain from jealousy when a friend surpasses you, or from rejoicing at his failure when he tries to surpass you and does not succeed. But it is a mark of loyalty "to stand up for" a friend whatever the circumstances.

TURNING OUT CITIZENS

We feel especially honored to see featured on the editorial page of the Charlotte Observer, Oct. 27th, an article that breathes the very spirit and

objective of the institution, the salvaging of wayward boys, at the same time giving an insight into the activities and management of this benevolent institution, known as the Jackson Training School.

There is one phase of government of this great school that the Board of Directors feel especially proud of and that is the "cottage system". These boys who are sent here by the state have been denied the influence of a home life and in this way each boy realizes the tender and sympathetic touch of the "cottage mother and father" of each unit of the institution. The school advantages, the church influence, christian training, are given and the only way to emphasize the home life is in the cottage system. The Church, the School and the Home, the three in one, are "salvaging agencies of society," this we know without argument, and these influences have been stressed ever since the very inception of the Jackson Training School.

It is evident that the writer of this article is thoroughly conversant with the aims and objects of the institution, because the very style and diction of the splendid article in the Observer tells the story clearly.

We are so very proud of the recognition given the Jackson Training School in the most widely read daily of the State, The Charlotte Observer, we carry the article in full, editorially, in this issue:

> How many young men now holding positions as clerks and secretaries and the more responsible positions of cashiers, store managers and mill executives, owe their present standing in society to the salvaging influences of the benevolent institution known as the Jackson Training School, located among the big rocks on the hill overlooking Concord? It would prove an interesting revelation to the people of the State and would serve as striking illustration of the good work that has been done by this institution since it was established some years ago. More impressive still would be reflection on the number of lad's "saved" from the moral and physical wreckage toward which they were headed. Superintendent Boger might do a good turn for the institution by including in his next report statement detailing the extent of this salvage. The school maintains a parole system and the record shows that between 75 and 80 percent of the paroled boys return to the counties from which they came "to become a part and parcel of the great army of workers, that forge and build the progress of our State."
>
> Some entertaining facts are set forth in Superintendent Boger's eleventh biennial report of the operations of the school. He argues that no work compares with a work that concerns itself with the reclamation of the American boy. Taxes may be too high to begin the building of a new court house, postoffice or other public buildings but taxes

are never too high to put forth our best effort for the reclamation of the youth of our land. It would be a narrow policy to build up our material interests and allow our human interests to suffer. No State is ever too poor to look after its youth, especially that part of its youth that is not being adjusted to society. These are the ones who have wandered away from the fold. The Master would leave the large flock and go in search of the wanderers. In this figure it cost something to get the wanderers out of the mountain. It cost weariness, bloody feet and agonizing labors, but the lamb is brought back in the arms of the Master.

Those who come to the school are in most instances already lost—lost to the great saving agencies of society—the Home, the Church and the school. Sixty-six per cent of the boys here come from broken homes. Sometimes it is refreshing to learn how slowly a little fellow has gone astray when surrounded by the most sordid conditions and how quickly he reacts to the stimulus to a better life and living. Instance after instance can be cited to prove that a lack of a decent chance causes a large per cent of reckless, untaught youth to form an association with crime. The Church does not reach the boys sent to our school. They are not acquainted with the Church and Church customs, and are not interested in its service. The school, too, has worried itself sick in its endeavor to deal with the child's waywardness and shuts the door of opportunity in his face and turns him out to be still further hardened by an environment of which he is the product. The good offices of the Welfare Officer have been invoked to no avail in the teacher's dealing with him. There are homes that for various and sundry reasons have lost the boy to the fine influences of motherly love and fatherly care. The boy's respect for their authority is completely lost. He is more readily influenced by those whose interest in him is purely selfish. Many of our boys are beyond the control of parents not for any lack of love for or interest in them, but because an environment has bred in them a love for other interests than those that constitute the ideals of the parents.

The work of the Training School is to rebuild such a character and implant in him respect for the things that mould manhood and good citizenship. No one thing plays a greater part in such an endeavor than the home. If there is one dominant, controlling idea in the conduct of the school, it is the home idea. Each one of our 15 cottage homes has a cottage father and mother. These act as the parents of the 30 or more boys in their care. The aim is to approximate the ideals of a good home as nearly as possible in all dealings with this large family. Orderliness, neatness, manliness and obedience are required and are usually, most cheerfully given. One, sometimes, gets the worst from those with whom he is dealing because he does not expect and demand better. This is true of the home and it is also true of any school. The

ideals of our cottage homes are high and the conduct of the boys who are trained in them is above that of the average boy. A look in on one of our cottage homes will convince any one that the boys have caught the idea. They help to keep the home clean and comfortable for those who occupy it. Each realize that he is a part of it and that he owes certain duties in return for the comfort and conveniences it offers. The home spirit can be seen and felt.

And still the requirements are not all met. Superintendent Boger says: "We need more trades for a wider diversification of the activities of the boys on the outside. We think this feature of the work of the Training School should be given the earnest thought and consideration of those in whose power lies the enlarged development alosg these lines. Such a development not only supplements the work done in the school room, but it also enhances the outside work and gives a greater opportunity to teach a boy a trade. It will be a glad day for the school when there will be trades sufficient to teach each boy a trade according to the talent he possesses."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

MONEY WELL SPENT

We often get snatches of information about the amount of money spent for different purposes, and the sum is so large, till it does not seem possible that the "tight times" so generally discussed can be really rtue. If so, where in the world does the money come from?

Money is being spent, and in many instances it is used for the benefit of the child, the citizens of the coming generation. It is encouraging to note that within a period of three years New York city is planning to spend over $30,000,000, for new park sites, having in mind to provide play grounds with every public school building, besides making possible recreational acreage in remote parts of the city.

With the additional land for play grounds, and parks, the city will have 16,000 acres, used by millions of people who have no other access to the pleasures of an out door life. It is overwhelming to the most of us to think of that much ground used as parks. It does not seem to a casual visitor that Central Park has 843 acres, and at the time of its development it costs the city $15,000,000, but now it could not be developed for that.

There is no way in the world to estimate the good that will rebound from the development of these recreational grounds, because of the congested living conditions of the masses, in the Metropolis, who are confined to the four walls of their homes. It is a fine way indeed to spend money—for the sake of humanity and at the same time make your city more beautiful.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"I'd rather buy a cheap bouquet
And give to my friend this very day
Than a bushel of roses, white and red,
To put on his coffin when he's dead."

—o—

There's so much crime news nowadays that it looks as though the front page of the newspapers will have to be increased three or four times in size so as to print it all. I remember in the far off days when the Good Templars flourishd to a greater extent than now, the speakers told us if the mean old saloon was voted out there would never be any more crime. I now sometimes think that somebody was kidding me.

—o—

A few days ago I received through the mail a letter beginning in this wise: "I'm looking for a man to fill a good job. I don't want a "Fly by Nighter.' I'm after a man who knows a good thing when he sees it. One who appreciates a 'square shootin' deal that should net him between $4,000 to $10,000 a year without his investing a single penny. You were recommended for this job." Geehorsafat! I wonder who was so generous as to recommend me for this job instead of taking it himself. I am so lost in the wilderness of wonder and amazement that I'll hardly get back in time to accept this generous proposition. Besides, I'm a mighty poor shot.

—o—.

The new fashion fad now is that everything must match. A new feature in men's shirts is the synchronized shirt and cravat. The shirt is is of highcount madras in pastel shades of blue, sand, ivy rust, iris, beetroot, decorated wth tiny white circles. The ties carry out the theme with a series of double circles, a white one for the circle in the shirt, a colored one to harmonize with the hue of the shirt. The women, God bless 'em must have hat and stockings to match their dresses. I would not be surprised to hear next that they will have costumes to match their automobiles, and men will be following after.

—o—

A man needs attention when he feels himself slipping in his business, and becomes conscious that he is losing his self-reliance. If his health is sound, and he gets the notion that he is not having a fair chance, and those around who are prospering are regarded by him as doing well because they are crooked, there is one book that may be an effectve antidote for what ails him. It is Robinson Crusoe. It is a wonderful story of what a man did for himslf under most distressing circumstances and is likely to make any man thankful for the opportunities around him. Usually regarded as a book for boys, it is good for any man who thinks the world is treating him badly. Every time I read it I find new charms in it, and the kind of inspiration that builds self-reliance. Two other literary productions are fine for the disheartened. They are Emerson's essays on Self-Reliance and Compensa-

tion. We are what we make ourselves, and thinking has a powerful influence over our behavior. We may, if we will, benefit enormously from the thinking of others.

—o—

Have you ever stopped to think that while people are talking hard times there is more money in the United States and Canada today than there ever was? Right now in New York city they are loaning money at 2 per cent. You want money for the good you can do with it. You can't make money by loaning it at 2 per cent. Idle money won't make money, either. Hard times come about every eleven years. They offer the best chances of making big money—just because most people will not use their money, but sit back idly waiting for the boom. When the boom comes they usually lose their money because they buy then, when they should be selling. Hard times, are, therefore, the best times to put money to work for greatest profits. The time to buy is when things are cheap. When things are dear, one should sell.

—o—

There is a haze across the horizon—a purple blue haze that veils the green-bronze and scarlet woodlands in iridescence. The sunshine pours out a warm flood of amber light e'er it wanes into winter's topaz pallor; and the earth is sweet with the contentment of plentitude. Gleaned fields breathe fragrant memories of the wlidflower which dwelt 'mongst the golden grain—gay flowers garnered in the harvest of the fields. The meadows are pungent with goldenrod and asters and a profusion of exotic herbage. Orchards, swooning beneath the weight of lucious fruits, whisper their ripe enticements and fill the air with intoxicating flavors; the gardens flaunt here and there a single brave blossom-flame of crimson to flicker aloft midst the souls of departing flowers, while above it hovers a wistful echo of fragrance that played with summer zephyrs as bees and butterflies hobnobbed nearby. This is Autumn's crowning-glory season! Opal haze, earth-scents, a warm soft glow of well-being in our hearts, a song of joy for rich harvest upon our lips; glamourous, golden October-Novmeber! Let us drink of its vintage and chant a paean to its generosity.

"I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes, and all our heartaches,
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat at the door,
And never put on any more!"

—Selected.

JIMMIE'S FRIENDS

(Selected)

Jimmie Patton loved to wander up and down the beach in the warm, sunny days, watching the other children frolic on the sand and have a happy time.

Sometimes they would let Jimmie play with them, but more often they wouldn't, because as likely as not he would only have one shoe and stocking on, or there would be a tear in his small trousers, and he never dreamed of the luxury of having a bathing suit of his very own. But in spite of it all, Jimmie had a good time and was always ready with a smile for everyone.

It was a red letter day for him when the Little Lame Lady appeared. She went up and down the sand making friends with all the children, and she actually patted Jimmy on his red, shining curls and said:

"What a fine boy! I'm sure that underneath these curls there are a great many fine ideas, and some day you will be able to help a lot of people."

Jimmie beamed for his mind flew at once to his mother and all he wanted to do for her. How glad he would be when he got to be a big man and could take care of her. And how he longed to buy her a washing machine right now so her back wouldn't ache so badly at the close of a day's laundry work for the summer visitors at the shore!

Every morning when the Little Lame Lady came along the beach for a walk, Jimmie would have a present for her—a lovely shell, a tiny star fish, or a bit of feathery seaweed. And how pleased the Little Lame Lady always was!

Before very long she was gathering the children around her and telling them the most delightful stories. Sometimes they were fairy tales and green waters of the cove near by. Sometimes she told of real boys and girls who were so kindly and thoughtful and helpful that they grew up to be men and women much beloved.

One day the Little Lame Lady appeared earlier than usual. She clapped her hands for that was the signal for the beginning of the story hour.

"I've a great scheme," she announced, "and I'm sure you'll all like it. I'm going to tell you the story of a Prince who lived in a castle and was never allowed outside of the garden walls. The King and Queen were afraid something would happen to the heir to the throne. He had all kinds of toys, and plenty of people to wait upon him, and nice things to eat, but he grew tired of these and what he wanted most of all was a playmate and freedom.

"So you see," the Little Lame Lady paused to remind them, "you children are really much better off than the little Prince was.

"But I'm going to tell you how a big wind came one day and blew down the walls, and the young Prince went out into the wide world, and about the friends which he found and what he saw and what happened to him.

"The story will not be finished this morning. It will take at least two

days to tell. After I relate the first of it to you, I want you all to take your sand pails and shovels and spoons and build part of the story—the castle, the garden, the big high wall around the garden, the steps leading down to the little pool where the Prince would sometimes sit and watch the goldfish darting about. Then each day I'm going to see whose work is the best, and when the story is ended, there will be prizes—three of them—a shining new silver dollar and two picture books. So do your best!''

The children listened to the entrancing story breathlessly for the Little Lame Lady could tell stories remarkably well.

There was much discussion as to what each one would make, but finally they all began to work. Jimmie had no sand pail and no shovel, but Thelma Grant who was, Jimmie thought, one of the very nicest of all the children, let him use her pail and shovel. And when Thelma had trouble making the front of her castle stand up just as she wanted it to do, Jimmie lent a hand and brought some water in the little pail to dampen the sand so it could be moulded and windows and a door shaped in the front of it.

As Jimmie scooped up a double handful of sand, his fingers touched something hard. It was a penny. Jimmie looked at it thoughtfully a moment and then at his own part of the garden wall which he was building. Yes, he would buy a little flag over at the souvenir store!

Jimmie was off like a shot. He would put the flag on top of his wall. But when he got back, Thelma pleaded:

''Oh, let me put it on the very tip-top of my castle. It would look just lovely there!'' And sure enough it did!

As the little flag waved in the breeze from the top of the castle, Thelma shook her head.

''We don't have princes and castles in this country,'' she said—''and so I don't think it's right to have the stars and stripes on top of the tower. Do you, Jimmie, even if it does make the castle look pretty?''

Jimmie paused. Here was a chance to get the flag back. Then he saw the questioning look in Thelma's eyes.

''Oh, that's all right,'' he replied grandly. ''P'raps the King and Queen used different flags sometimes, or maybe the little Prince found some 'Mexican friends an' wanted to please them.''

Thelma's face cleared.

''All right,'' she said. ''I'll use the flag.''

By the time the Little Lame Lady finished the story, Thelma was clearly the winner of the first prize which was a bright new silver dollar. She thanked the Little Lame Lady truly, at the same time turning the coin over and over in her small, brown hand.

''I don't believe I ought to take all of this,'' she said shyly, ''Miss Clary (for that was the Little Lame Lady's name), because Jimmie helped me with my castle, and gave me this flag, and showed me how to dig the well so the little Prince could get a drink the day he was in the woods and was thirsty. And Jimmie brought me the branches with the

little red berries on for apple trees so the Prince could find fruit when he was hungry. Oughn't Jimmie to have half of the money?''

''I think that's just splendid of you Thelma,'' Miss Clary nodded.

The Little Lame Lady's eyes were shining and her cheeks very pink.

''How many of you think Thelma is right?''

The rest of the group clapped their hands—every one of them.

''Then it shall be as Thelma says,'' agreed Miss Clary.

''What will you do with your part of the money, Jimmie?''

Jimmie drew a pattern with his bare toes in the soft sand. Suddenly he looked up.

''I'll give to my muvver,'' he said, ''to help buy a washin' 'chine, so her back won't ache any more. I don't need it—an' it was jus' fun to help Thelma!''

The Little Lame Lady told the people at the hotel about the contest, and Thelma told her father and mother what she had done with half of the prize, and the other children talked about it when they went home.

And for the next couple of days Miss Clary was happy and talking with people and answering telephone calls. And the small boys and girls —all but Jimmie, were constantly coming to her, and their manner was very, very important.

And that's how it came about that a few days later a delivery man left a fine new washing machine at the weather-beaten little Patton cottage, and was marked, ''To Mrs. Patton from Jimmie's Friends.''

And Jimmie who didn't know what to say, turned a double somersault to show how happy he was!

A GRADELY PRAYER

(These lines, which St. Martin's Review ascribes to Teddy Ashton, are taken from a copy hanging on the wall of a country inn in Lancashire.)

Give us, Lord, a bit o' sun,
A bit o' work and a bit o' fun;
Give us aw in th' struggle and splutter
Eaur daily bread and a bit o' butter;
Give us health, eaur keep to make
An' a bit to spare for poor folks' sake;
Give us sense, for we're some of us duffers,
An' a heart to feel for aw that suffers;
Give us, too, a bit of song,
An' a tale, and a book to help us along;
An' give us our share o' sorrow's lesson;
That we may prove heaw grief's a blessin'.
Give us, Lord, a chance to be
Eaur gradely best, brave, wise, and free,
Eaur gradely best for eaursels and others,
'Till aw men larn to live as brothers.

OLD AGE PENSIONS IN 12 STATES NOW

(Exchange)

New York has joined the 11 states and Alaska who are paying old age pensions to their citizens who are unable to support themselves.

The New York bill, made a law by the recent signature of Governor Roosevelt, will ultimately cost the state $12,000,000 yearly, it is estimated, but this will be considerably offset by the large savings in abolishing poorhouses. There are approximately 50,000 persons in the state who will be benefitted by this pension to begin with.

The law provides relief to any person 70 years old or over, a citizen of the United States and resident of the state for 10 years or more, unable to support himself or herself wholly or in part and who has no children or others to give financial aid.

No minimum or maximum allowance is set in the law. The amount of each pension will be determined solely by the needs and circumstances of each applicant. It may be over $50 a month or only $5 a month. It has been estimated the average pension granted will be $242 a year.

Of the other states now granting old age pensions California, Colorado, Minnesota, Kentucky, Montana and Wisconsin have set the age minimum at 70 years, Maryland, Nevada, Utah and Wyoming have a 65 year minimum.

A maximum of $1 a day is granted in California, Colorado, Maryland, Minnesota, Nevada and Wisconsin. Wyoming has a $30-a-month maximum, Utah and Montana $25 a month, and Kentucky $250 a year. Alaska's maximum for men is $25 and for women $45 a month.

In Utah the costs of paying its old age pensions has been computed as averaging 96 cents a year for every man, woman and child in the state. Which does not seem very burdensome considering the benefits.

In California one-half the funds for old age pensions are provided by the state and half by the county or city and county in which the applicants live. In Wisconsin one-third the cost of pensions is refunded to the county which pays it. In all the other states the counties pay the entire amount.

Progress has been slow in providing help for aged citizens in a form that will make the evening of life happier and without hurting their pride and self respect, but one state after another is falling into line and soon the state granting no pensions to its aged will be the exception rather than the rule.

Just think of the number of business transactions carried on by faith.
—Selected.

GRIM WRAITHS ARE ABROAD ON HALLOWE'EN

By C. R. Summer

Have you heard of the Phantom Horseman. A wraith-like figure mount-on a white steed as fleet as the wind, the Phantom Horseman swept up and down mountain highways, according to the stories which are told in Western North Carolina homes when winter winds make weird noises and the trees sigh piteously as though bemoaning the passing of the days when witches had their loyal, gullible followings in the mountain country.

The Phantom Horseman has not been seen in many moons. Did he stable his snowy steed because his services were no longer needed, or did he migrate elsewhere because of the coming of the automobile? Read this story and enjoy the tales that have been told of this Messenger of Mercy.

The man who rode the big white horse through the gap that cold October night was a stranger in the mountain country. High overhead a pale moon rode through a sea of greasy black clouds and the fitful beams that fell through the gnarled and twifted trees threw strange, grotesque shadows. The rider was pushing his mount to the limit, because the hour was late and he was anxious to find shelter.

Far down the trail a pinpoint of light glimmered. The intelligent animal pricked up his ears. The man, lean and powerful as he was, showed signs of weariness for he had traveled many miles that day. He leaned forward eagerly, eyes peering through the darkness toward that light—

A quarter of a mile down the mountain, where the trail took a sharp turn along the edge of a cliff, another man sat alone in a little one-room cabin. His small, beady eyes glittered as he crammed a strip of fatback into his mouth, wiped the back of one hairy hand across his thick lips and then rubbed his fingers on the leg of his dirty overalls. Seizing a generous chunk of corn pone he mopped out the tin plate that had held the meat and shoved the bread after the fatback.

Getting to his feet, he lurched across the cabin to the open door and stood listening. His lips writhed in an ugly grin and he turned on his heel and clumped across the cabin. From beside the fireplace a lean yellow hound watched him hungrily, agate eyes following every move he mde. He cursed under his breath, picked up a stick of wood, hesitated and then dropped it with a short laugh. What was the matter with him? A dumb critter couldn't talk. He picked up a long Winchester rifle and stepped out into the darkness. He had business with the man who was coming down the trail on horseback. With luck it would be the man from Tennessee who had taken a drove of hogs through to Charleston. He was past due, this Tennessee man, and he would be carrying his money in a belt around his waist next to the skin. Again

the thick lips of the man outside the cabin twisted in a grin and his thick fingers tightened about the cold hard barrel of the rifle.

The sound of the approaching horse, muffled by the thick carpet of pine needles on the soft loam of the trail, was clearer now. The stranger rode into a circle of light that streamed out of the cabin door. A rifle cracked, a spurt of flame licked out of the darkness, the big white horse leaped. There was a dull thump as the body of the stranger hit the soft carpet of needles, the sound of muffled footsteps and then silence.

Another night. A teamster and his companion are seated by a tiny camp fire on the banks of the Swannanoa river. The glow from the blaving wood reveals a covered wagon in the shadows. Somewhere in the rim of darkness around the camp a horse stamps impatiently.

Between the two men a blanket is spread on the ground. The teamster is dealing from a greasy, well-worn pack of playing cards. His companion, obviously a man of culture, looks on with interest. He picks up the cards, studies them intently and then lifts his eyes to glance across that square of blanket and when he does he stares into the grinning face of death.

Too late he realizes that he made a fatal mistake in displaying a roll of money. There is a sharp cry followed by the hollow sound of a heavy blow and then—silence.

Those are some of the stories and around them are woven many other tales that have been told and retold in cabins and around camp fires since the mountain country was a trackless wilderness. Repeated in hushed whispers, as the flickering firelight struggles to dispel the gloom of winter nights, they have grown into a marvelous fabric of folk lore, ghostly tales of wondering, restless victims of tragedy, eerie yarns of phantom horsemen who ride a vanishing ghost patrol on mountain roads.

Many years ago, witchcraft, driven out of New England after a reign of terror, swept down the coast to mingle with the voodoo rites that held sway then deep in the trackless swamps. Then, as the more adventurous souls drifted inland, toward the mountains and beyond, they brought the heritage of superstitious beliefs. These hardy pioneers, longing for more "elbow room" when their neighbors began to crowd them, penetrated the mountain fastness and established homes in the deepest coves of the Southern Appalachians.

Here, in the isolation and silence of a rough, untamed country, superstitions, quick to take root in strange surroundings, flourished for a time and then died down, only to break out anew in sporadic incidents that form a vivid chapter in the colorful history of the mountain country. Fed constantly by the true stories, like the murder of the stranger on the white horse and the slaying of the visitor who played cards with the teamster in the light of the campfire, these weird tales grew and expanded. Sometimes grim, sometimes touched with airiest romance, they remained, to be repeated in the late fall, when conversation turns to spooks and goblins and restless phan-

toms of the night.

All this was, perhaps just the result of a natural groping for some knowledge of the spiritual world, the longing of a people who dwell close to nature and seek in the supernatural an explanation for things that puzzle and perplex, a practice that sometimes led into devious and even sinister channels.

Indeed, many odd turns were taken by the minds of these good mountain folk when their thoughts wandered from the material to the supernatural.

Every neighborhood in those days had three or four old women, who were called witches, and while there are no stories that violence to the persons of these creatures ever occurred, they were made to suffer in several instances, because of the superstitions that clouded the minds of their neighbors. Occasionally, it is believed, mildl forms of insanity were regarded as the work of witches or the manifestation of supernatural power or influence.

Upon the credulous minds of some of the people, unscrupulous persons often played for their own private gain. Shrewd charlatans operated through the coves as "witch-doctors" and their practices were weird and uncanny, but sufficiently mysterious to impress patients and their families as to the efficacy of methdo.

On one occasion an old timer declares there was a young woman member of a household who was ill. The "witch doctor" arrived and after a lot of "hokus pokus" told them some of the things they must do in order to get rid of the evil spirit that was "ridin' her."

They were carefully instructed and warned not to give anything to strangers, or even neighbors who might come to them. This applied to to such trivialites as a cup of water and included a list that covered almost entirely the simple furnishings and stock of the humble home.

That, however, was just the beginning. They were to determine after careful council just who it was that had "bewitched" the young woman. That fact once determined, they were to draw a likeness of the "witch" upon a piece of cardboard, place the image against a tree and fire into it with a silver bullet. The latter specification was added to make the presence of the demon more sinister and was also in accordance with the popular belief that witches were immune to lead bullets. Accordingly, the family treasures were pooled and enough silver articles secured to produce the bullet in an old fashioned bullet mold. After the image had been pierced with the ball, according to the prevailing custom, the silver was dug out of the tree by the "witch doctor" with the aid of supernatural powers and a good, stout pocket knife. This silver was but a trifle of the many things that it was necessary for the "witch-doctor" to remove in order for the "spell" to be completely broken.

In the particular instance related above, there was an old woman by the name of Eliza Pressly, who was rather unorthodox as far as belief in witches was concerned although her neighbors were not so careless in

their views. Accordingly, when she learned that this family had made her picture and gone through the ritual of firing the silver bullet into it, she had a lot of fun.

Gifted with the ability to improvise her own crude songs, she went up and down the valley singing about how the silver bullet had not harmed her. Horrified, the people of the community, or at least a good many of them, saw n her actons the confirmation of their worst fears. After that she was granted a respectful audience and distance on all occasions.

There were certain tricks that were proof against the magic of the "witches" and all mountaineers, who were credulous to the extent of fearing sinister machinations on the part of their neighbors, were well versed in the practices that would keep off the "spell."

One of the simplest and most effective guards was to drop a broom across the front of the door. This protected all inside the cabin by making it impossible for the "witch" to enter.

Those who did not have faith in this method sometimes found comfort in securing a new dipper and pouring a cup of water on the fire This was regarded as one of the surest means of securing immunity from the evil practices of the socerers. Turning the poker upside down was another method that was frequenty employed, according to one old woman who observed this practice among her neighbors at the approach of some poor creature who was looked upon with suspicion.

So the story goes, one family, cautioned by the "witch-doctor" against the approach of a person to borrow something, salt, sugar, coffee or some other commodity, refused a neighbor woman the loan of one of these articles and she went back through the yard screaming, finally falling into a faint. No move was made to help her in what would probably be diagnosed today as an attack of appendicitis, and after a time she came to and managed to make her way home. The family was very well satisfied, taking everything into consideration, regarding themselves as fortunate that they had been warned in time of the approach of the witch.

Part of the belief in witches was fastered through the propensity for story telling, on the part of a number of fertile minded individuals. They extracted huge delight from calling attention to the youthful minds to concidences that were given sniister interpretation in the brains of the story tellers.

Old Aunt Liza Burnett, who lived many years ago in Buncombe county, used to delight the children with wild tales of the supernatural and the instinct for knowledge and far reaching exercise of the imagination found ample opportunity in the morbid yarns she spun.

Often the little tots would crowd around her eagerly and after listening to dramatic recitals of 'spirits' and "witches" and queer doing in the neighborhood, would go home and lie awake half the night brooding about them. Some of the tots never outgrew the horror and fascination of these yarns and went through life filled with the thrill of the super-

natural, the sinister, and the morbid.

Another story concerns the death, a few months after the end of the Civil War, of a prominent man in the Arden section, a name that for the sake of his family is mentioned as Colonel X. He was slain by two men, who rode up to the front door of his fine old Colonial mansion, dismounted and knocked without ceremony.

As Colonel X descended the steps to meet them, one stepped just insde the portal, maae a threatening remark, drew his revolver and fired. Colonel X fell without a sound. It was given out that he was killed by Yankees, but investigation later revealed that it is thought to have been two of his own men. He was noted for his cruelty and belief that he was slain by two men who had served under him in the Army of the Confederacy has been freely expressed although not in the presence of his family.

The stories arising as a result of this spectacular murder have multiplied until the ghost of Old Colonel X is made to arise and walk at frequent intervals in one of the historic cemeteries of this section.

One informant admits that she has never seen a ghost, although it is with a touch of disappointment that she makes the assertion. Somehow, she says, she has never been able to get in proper communion with the wraith-like inhabitants of haunted sections.

"I have never seen that headless woman. I don't believe she could last long without her head, for in those days it took two heads for a woman to get along," she averred.

It was upon animals that most of the evil influence was believed to be exerted, according to another woman, who can cite instance after instance where dumb creatures were made to suffer because of this believ. In fact, the work of witchhs upon animals, particullarly dogs and cattle, was regarded as the principal part of of their nefarious occupation, and in some instances cases were pointed out to show the horror of their sorcery.

It was such a case that resulted in the wierd scene in Pinner's coye a few miles from Asheville, where five cows were chained to a big tree and burned to death, with all the flourish of the burning of a witch in the days of Salem's debauch of intolerance and fear.

Convinced that his cattle had been "bewitched" and that the safety of the members of his family demanded their instant and permanent removal, one old settler led them to a narrow cove, chained them securely and then with all the fervor of a zealot piled fuel and inflammable material high about them. The torch was applied and soon the odor of burning flesh filled the cove and the pained-maddened bellows of the tortured animals echoed up the mountainsides.

No similar act of wholesale cruelty is recorded in the history of the early days in Western North Carolina, although there were numerous instances where minor tortures occurred. On one occasion the cattle of the mountains began giving bad milk. Witches were blamed, but investigation by cooler heads revealed the fact that a

certain rank weed had sprung up which caused the milk given by the animals to curdle before they could be brought from the pastures. Steps were taken to eradicate the weed. The trouble ended.

Another outbreak of this "milk sick" occurred recently, but was not attributed to witches who got the blame for the trouble in less enlightened times.

Stories of these mountain ghosts that have existed for generations are still told on winter nights, when lights are low and shadows heavy; when the spirit of Hallowe'en is in the air, and young and old, for a few brief hours, assume their ancient heritage of wondering. They hear weird uncanny chants, the sepulchral choirs of restless wraiths, and thrill with each retelling of the sage of the "Phantom Horseman."

Out near Arden, where the trees form a dark canopy overhead, and the pine needles muffle the sound of earthly travelers, this ghostly sentinell keeps his vigil. On stormy nights, above the steady patter of the rain and the low moaning of the wind, can be heard the drumming hoofbeats of the big white horse. Riding like the wind, this flying wraith sweeps along under the trees, his silvery cape trailing far behind as he leans forward, looking for a pinpoint of light down the long trail of the years.

Many people, in years past, have reported seeing the "phantom horseman" and there are some who will aver that his mission is one of good and not of evil. The story is told of a man, who was driving home late at night in a buggy with his wife and baby. The little tot was asleep, snuggld tight againsts his mother's breast The night was pitch dark and rain came down in sheets.

The man, wiping the flying spray from his eyes, held tightly to the reins and strove to guide his horses along the narrow road. Suddenly, above the steady patter of the falling rain, above the whistle of the wind, came the drumming of a horse's feet. Flying like the driven rain, the "phantom horseman", his long cape trailing from his shoulders, swept along the road, passed the floundering buggy. Fifty yards down the road the mystreious figure on the big white horse, pulled the animal up, whirled like a flash and stood crossways in the road. Motionless as a statue, the figure waited.

The horses that were drawing the buggy stopped in their tracks and no amount of urging would make them go on although the man got out his whip and plied it vigorously.

The animals jumped and pranced but they refused to budge. The child, frightened out of her sleep, whimpered and cried. Still the horseman remained, blocking the highway.

Finally the man got out and giving the reins to his wife, walked toward the horses' heads. A soft rushing sound caught his attention. He listened intently. A sudden fear struck him. He realized the truth. A few feet ahead, the highway crossed a narrow bridge. The creek, swollen by recent rains, was out of its banks. The bridge was covered by a saffron flood that rushed ahead with the speed of a mill race.

The man looked up. The "phan-

tom horseman'' had disappeared. Making his way back to his own animals, the man managed to turn them and drove to a neighbor's home for the night. The next day it was discovered that the bridge was gone, swept away by the flood in the night. Had the man imagined the warning of the "phantom horseman?'' Had it been his own horses that had stopped on the brink of tragedy the night before? The question was never answered satisfactorily.

Another and perhaps equally well known story is told of ''Tatum's field,'' not far fram Fletcher. There so the story goes, a drover was killed many years ago. The pigs, wandering about for hours, finally went into a big hollow log. All of them went in, but none came out. The log still remains, for those who are skeptical and care to see for themselves.

Perhaps the most interesting of all is the story of the Cherokee Princess who went to her death in the Long Shoals section of Buncombe county. This girl, so it is told, was very beautiful. Her lithe, golden body was slender and graceful with the wild, lissom beauty of a delicate forest creature. For many moons she had dwelt apart from her people, in loneliness and silence, with only the stars and the forest creatures for company. She had been given a large amount of gold, and wishing to save it for her people, many of whom were poor, she had hidden it away from the greedy eyes of others until the proper time should come.

Finally, one evening, just as dusk filled the coves with shadows, this beautiful girl started to a spring which was a short distance from the little cabin where she lived. Two men, having learned by some means of the gold she had, were watching. Falling upon her suddenly, they killed her, took the gold and escaped.

For years, it is told by those who dwell in that section, when dusk falls, the slender figure of the beautiful Indian girl can be seen picking her way carefully toward the spring.

Another story is told of a great lady, who was thrown from her carriage by a runaway team many years ago. On certain nights, when the moon is pale and the soft night wind sighs through the pines, the sound of the carriage wheels can be heard. A few have seen the ghostly rig, with the figure of the woman clad in shimmering white, holding her head very high, as she races her team along the road.

There are other stories told, many of them, that will be repeated fo this Hallowe'en season, when ghosts and goblins are abroad, and witches ride the stormy, wind-swept sky, and old and young return to the ancient heritage of wondering.

In the sixth century B. C., Confucius wrote, ''The real fault is to have faults and not try to amend them.''—Selected.

HOT-FOOT

By Clyde Burke Millspaugh

Sunshine spilled over the red hills of Georgia. High in the forks of an oak which reached out over the river and along an old foot bridge, sat a boy watching the work on the new dam. His eager eyes shone and his good-looking face warmed the hearts of the beholders.

Work on the Blue Ridge dam was in full swing and the Southern Electric Company had old Crusty Jones in charge of this first project of the proposed $3,000,000 reservoir development; the reservoir to be used during the dry months to feed a hydro-electric plant to be constructed at the site and to supply two other plants already in operation on the river. It was a large undertaking and its completion would mean great things for that section as it was estimated that the dam would increase the capacity of the present plants alone about 80,000,000 kilowats a year.

For miles around the country people were excited, slack season on the plantations having brought many of the men and boys to work on the construction while many more were hanging around hoping to get work. For three days from daylight until dark the boy in the forks of the tree had been a faithful watcher and hoper.

As the day advanced, the sun boiled up hotter and old Crusty Jones growled orders which the men hurried to obey. One workman muttered, "Nobody ever been born that can move fast enough to suit old Crusty!"

"You said it!" another man retorted, wiping the pouring sweat from his face. "Nobody on earth ever pleased him evcept that spoiled brat of his."

The other man laughed, "Jane? Sure! Chip off the old block! Hope he keeps her close in camp back there and away from here."

A water boy and runabout for one of the crews gave out under the heat and sourly old Jones ordered him to the bunk house and bed. Then his searching eyes lit on Hen Coleson sitting in the old tree. "Hey, there, you Darwinite up there, grab a buck et and get to work. Plenty for everybody to do around here. Three and a half a day for you if you can step lively and keep these loafers from wasting wind yelling for water."

With a leap the boy was out of the tree and whistling merrily as he caught up a bucket and ran off to the spring.

Old Jones stroked his chin, "Who is that kid?"

One of the cement men replied, "Henderson Coleson, called Hen. Spry young rascal."

Old Jones grunted and wrote the name in his note book. The workman gave out further information: "Youngest son of old Squire Coleson back there at Coleson Hall. Only sprightly one in a whole family famous now mostly for proud gone days. Land poor now, but this dam here will probably make 'em rich again. Got four thousand acres all along the river."

Again old Jones grunted, then turn-

ed and walked away. Some of the men chuckled. Jed White remarked bitterly, "Hen Coleson won't be so sprightly maybe after he's worked for old Crusty awhile."

Jake Black agreed, "You bet he won't. Feet and heart will just naturally go stale on the job.'

But Hen's lively stepping lasted all through that long hot day and the thirsty men had to do no yelling for fresh water. "Smart kil that!" Jed remarked. "'Guess he must have learned to move fast waiting on his proud, shiftless family."

"Likely as not," Jake Black agreed.

At supper Jake and Jed nudged each other when they saw Hen Coleson take his tin plate, sit down beside old Crusty and start talking animatedly. The boy seemed to think somehow that the man was crusty without but soft within, like the rest of them mostly.

Old Jones eyed Hen sourly, said nothing. Jake and Jed grinned, but lively young Hen seemed not a bit taken back and talked on with a gilt-edge sort of joy no snub could dim.

"Can you beat it?" Jake inquired.

Jed shook his head.

Jake looked thoughtful. "Guess the kid don't notice the crust."

"Guess not. Glad of it. Crusty folks might not be so crusty if folks didn't pay so much attention to it."

The next morning bright and early old Jones walked out upon the rotten old bridge to direct the work on the dam. Jake dared a caution. "Better not stand on that old hump of devilment, sir. She's likely to cave right under you."

Jones frowned. "'Tend to your own job, Jake, so the new dam won't be a hump of devilment, too."

Jed winked at Jake and nobody dared emphasize the warning. Then Hen Coleson came whistling back from the spring and shouted, "Part of that old pile shakes, Mr. Jones. Better do your standing somewhere else."

Old Jones turned savagely. "Save your wind for carrying, Coleson. I can look after myself."

Hen grinned engagingly. "Better look sharp then, sir, unless you can jump two ways like a cat. Might be some job to fish you out of that river from among those rocks."

Old Jones blinked twice, once at the river, once at Hen. "Rot!" he said. "Bring me a fresh drink of water."

Hen looked startled, but picked up the sweating bucket, walked out boldly upon the bridge and held out a dripping dipper while the other men held their breath.

Old Jones drank, then growled another order, "Bring me the blue prints off the table in my tent. Step lively."

Hen ran away with wonderful agility and came back with the blue prints almost before old Jones had stopped speaking. Crusty took the papers and issued his next order of punishment. "Find my glasses and bring them here."

Hen started back along the bridge, stumbled and in regaining his balance shook several stones out of the center support to the brdige. As the stones plunged into the water old Jones howled, "If you can't walk without kicking and stumbling you

better get out.''

Hen flushed sensitively, then grinned and went on to find the glasses. Mistrusting the bridge now, old Jones made his way to the bank and when Hen returned he took the glasses in a more crusty manner than usual He turned away, then jerked around furiously,''Look here, Coleson; what makes you hot-foot it everywhere you go? Why can't you walk like a human being? Came near landing us both in the middle of the river.''

Jed stared. Jake frowned. Hen grinned contentedly. ''Well Mr. Jones, I've just always had so much to do I had to hot-foot it. Besides, you said step lively and I was trying to obey orders. Big job we have here, sir. It will take some hustling to put it thhrough. Anyway, one little delay might make a big difference in a life some day. Who knows?''

Old Jones stroked his chin and stared at Hen as if he understood suddenly that the boy meant to do manfully and with all his might whatever he found to do. Jed and Jake were surprised when Old Crusty said, ''Got the right idea maybe, Coleson.''

''I hope so, sir,'' Hen said eagerly, then caught up his bucket and went whistling away to his humble part of the big work.

Old Jones looked after the boy with a queer expression.

Jed laughed behind his hand. ''Guess Old Crusty has found somebody at last who can move and think fast enough to suit him.''

Jake nodded, ''Too fast, looks like.''

Jake grinned and when Hen returned, Jake said, ''Hot-Foot is your name now, kid. Suits you a whole lot, too, I reckon. Better than Hen anyhow.''

The boy laughed. ''Glad I don't flutter and scratch around like a hen. Like my new name fine.''

Jake nodded, ''Suits you fine, too. Old Crusty hit it once anyhow.''

Hot-Foot spoke seriously, ''Guess he has hit it several times or he wouldn't be boss here.'' He laughed, ''Now watch me show what a hot-foot I can be!'' and catching up a bucket he swung off to the spring.

Jake rubbed an ear. ''Looks like he's got a strangle hold on joy somehow and Old Crusty can't even cloud it up.''

Jed nodded, ''Makes me like him a lot.''

''His gay ways kinder counteract the effect of Old Crusty and the hot sun,'' Jake said.

Jed watched Hen come back along the river bank swinging his bucket of water and singing at the top of his lungs. Several pairs of eyes looked at him and smiled.

Even the old trees along that way seemed happier because he was there and to lift their branches higher to shelter him from the sun.

The new dam grew and so did the men's regard for the new water boy. Then one day, as if in deliberate perverseness, old Jones again walked out on the old bridge to guage the line of the new dam. Instantly the whole structure seemed to give and sway under him.

Jed called a warning. Hot-Foot dropped his bucket, rammed his old hat down on his head and started on a run toward old Jones. Large

stones out of the bridge supports splashed down and rushed away in the water. The bridge trembled and seemed about to go to pieces. But Hot-Foot went on while the watching men felt their hearts flop, almost stop. The men had learned to love the happy boy and they realized it fully as his feet took him over the perilous bridge. Gathering courage from desperation, Hot-Foot grasped old Jones by the arm and fairly forced him to race back to the bank.

The men shouted approval and loved Hot-Foot now because he was brave and strong as well as young and gay. But with old Jones it seemed to be different. Instead of taking the boy's attention gratefully, he jerked away and howled, "What you mean, assaulting me that way? I can take care of myself without you hauling me about."

Hot-Foot looked surprised, but took it smiling. "I was afraid you would go down, sir, and the lumber and rocks pile over you."

Old Crusty made a furious gesture. "Keep your fears under your own shirt! I wasn't born yesterday"

Hot-Foot laughed and tried to explain. "My goodness, sir, when a fellow saves your life, you jump on him! In another minute you might—"

Old Jones cut him short, "Get to work or draw your time, Coleson. Something for you to do around here besides heroics."

Hot-Foot stared at Old Crusty, then returned to work more deliberately than usual.

Jed frowned. "Old Crusty found somebody too swift for him. Makes him sore."

Jake agreed. "You said it!"

Some of the other men had things to say on the subject. Old Jones heard some of the talk and the next opportunity he went at Hot-Foot pile-driver fashion. "I'm going to fire you flat if you don't stop flying around here like a mosquito. Give everybody the fidgets."

Hot-Foot stopped, stared, but laughed finally. "Have to fire me then, sir. I can't help it."

Old Jones stroked his chin, remembering perhaps about the boy's family. Muttering something, he turned away.

Hot-Foot went back to work looking as if he had not a trouble in the world.

Jed shook his head and at the next opportunity hitched his courage along with his belt and remarked to Old Crusty:

"That Hot-Foot kid beats me. Nothing seems to hand him a grouch. Just grins whatever happens and goes at things".

Old Jones looked into space and spoke his first words of praise for the boy. "Grinners and go-getters win in this world. Some of you fellows better pattern after him."

Jed flushed and a moment later confided to Jake, "Looks like the crust might be cracking some under that boy's sunshine."

"Sure," agreed Jake, "that kid's faith in life is blest."

Several days passed, the new dam grew long and strong. The Taccoa River, which had been partially diverted, was turned back full into its natural channel to test the dam. Then a storm came, the rain fell in torrents and the Taccoa rushed through

her home channel and roared over the new dam. The dam held with no sign of weakness and old Jones sighed satisfaction.

Before starting actual work on the transmission line, old Jones took a little rest and stayed with his family who were camping in a cottage back in the woods. Hot-Foot went to the cottage frequently to get information and take messages. Jane Jones, age five, took a fancy to Hot-Foot, and from the first day as if in preparation for some particular event, there seemed to be a secret understanding between them. Jane tagged Hot-Foot everywhere, to the spring and back, all around the camp and seemed to take great pride in the fact that she could keep up with him. One morning when they had been scurrying about briskly, Jane sat down in the middle of a rock pile and said, "Let's talk, Hot-Feets."

Hot-Foot laughed. "You talk butterfly, and I'll listen. I've got to fix up this compass."

Jane clapped. "I like you, Hot-Feets!"

He grinned. "I like you, little monkey."

Jane giggled, then fixed coaxing blue eyes on his face. "Let's play big monkey and little monkey."

"I have to work, Janie. Your dad pays me to step lively, but not too lively. Guess I better trot you home before you hurt yourself on those stones."

Jane drew back stubbornly. "No."

Hot-Foot grinned and made a game of it. "All right, let's play monkey and a bear is after us. I grab you up and run back to our cave with you."

Diverted from the main issue, Jane jumped up, eyes big, and held up her arms. Hot-Foot caught her up, set her on his shoulder and ran back through the trees with her.

Old Jones came out of the cottage as Hot-Foot put Jane down on the porch. "What you hauling her back here for?" Old Crusty growled. "Brought her out here so she could run around free."

"Afraid she might get hurt, sir, down by the river."

"Keep your fears to yourself and let the child go where she pleases."

Hot-Foot hesitated, then grinned, "All right, sir, but I'll try to keep an eye on her."

"Better keep your eyes on your own job," old Jones advised sourly. "I've told you twice I won't have any swift-stepper here who can't obey orders."

Hot-Foot looked grave. "I'll do that, sir, for I want to go to college and need the money."

"Watch your step then," cautioned old Jones with a double meaning in his words.

"I'll try to do that, too," Hot-Foot said, with a flush that showed how the older man's gruffness was beginning to get under his skin.

The next day when Old Crusty was up at the cottage eating dinner, secure in the thought that the dam was finished and all was well, the climax crashed upon them.

Jed discovered little Jane far out on the old bridge. The river was still swollen from the recent storm and under the rush of water the bridge supports were shaking and sifting away. Unconscious of her peril, the child was laughing and

amusing herself by casting little stones into the river.

"Come here, Janie!" Jed shouted, but the child of old Crusty set her chin and moved farther out on the bridge.

Jed clawed his hair, afraid to risk his weight on the bridge. Who'll go get her?" he shouted.

Hot-Foot, just back from the spring dropped his bucket. "I will!"

Jed caught his arm. "Go slow. It's dangerous. Old props can't stand up against that river much longer."

"Long enough maybe," Hot-Foot stated, wrenching himself free and starting on.

At that instant old Jones came into sight, shoutnig in terror, "Stop! Stop! An added pound will send her crashing."

Hot-Foot stopped, but flashed his eyes about searchingly. Then swiftly he ran forward, sprang up, grasped a limb of the old oak, swung up on it and crawled out on the limb that hung down over the bridge. Making a game of it, so as not to frighten the child, he called, "Look here, Janie, I'm a big monkey after nuts in this old tree. You are a little monkey and want some too. Catch my hand and I'll swing you up."

Diverted and delighted, Jane obeyed and he swung her to safety just as the stone supports under the bridge splintered to pieces.

There was a momentary pause, then Jake said, "That kid was right. One little minute's delay would have made a big difference in a life today!"

Two minutes later Jane was safe in her father's arms and the men were shouting madly, gladly.

Hot-Foot stood under the old tree and for a moment seemed amazed, dazed. Then he turned away sharply to hide a quiver of his chin.

Jed dared a question, "You won't fire Hot-Foot now for moving and thinking fast, will you, sir?"

Old Jones blinked several times. "I won't!" he said very humbly. "That boy is the only person on this job that can move faster than a petrified snail. Better still he can laugh, fight and use his own brain. Going to give him a good job with the transmission line crew, where he can make enough money to go to school on right."

The men shouted again—glad that at last the sunshine and courage of Hot-Foot had warmed the heart of Old Crusty, too.

The signs is bad when folks commence
A findin' fault with providence,
And balkin' cause the earth don't shake,
At every prancin' step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he can be
Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare
He hung his sign out anywhere.

—Selected.

MALNUTRITION AS RELATED TO SCHOOL LUNCHES

By Anne Wilfong

Is there anything more necessary than adequate nutrition among our growing school girls and boys? Intelligence, to a certain extent, depends upon one's feeling, mentally and physically. A sound mind and body depends upon nutrition. Psychologists have performed experiments in regard to the effect of malnutrition upon the expression of intelligence of the school child. In doing this, they have found that the poorly nourished child was mentally defective. His tranparent skin, dark encircled eyes, pinched chest and general condition indicated that the child was seriously undernourished. When the child was asked a question, he frequently stared, hesitated for an appreciable length of time before answering, then at that he seemed to "push" his voice. The child's answers were slow and labored, scarcely above a whisper. From such indications and knowing a child's home conditions, one is very likely to understand why the child was low in intelligence. Our question now is, how can we as citizens help to overcome such deficiencies which are preventable? Let us turn to school lunches and nutrition of the school child.

In the average family the school lunch is prepared in a hurry, for usually mothers are busy people. For the most part the lunch consists of bread and butter, perhaps a hard-boiled egg or a piece of meat, a pickle and a piece of pie or cake. These are all wrapped together without much thought or care. By noon the bread is pickle-soaked, the pie smashed, and the flavors well mixed. The sight that meets the child's eye on opening the lunch is anything but attractive. The pickle looks best so he eats that and discards the rest. Why put all the blame on the school child? Because of the fact that malnutrition is becoming realized today by the majority of intelligent people, efforts are being made to eliminate these undue disturbances. Nutrition has come to be looked upon as a very important factor in the life of the individual. The public health workers realize the importance of diet for maintaining health, and the progressive physician is now effectively employing diet as a therapeutic measure.

In many schools, some rural, the plan is being carried out in which a mid-morning lunch is provided. This lunch consists of a bottle of milk. which was brought from home; the In some schools a bowl of soup is served each day to every pupil who wants some to eat with his lunch soup costs five cents a bowl. This idea of a partly warm lunch is growing in many schools, but we are far from giving the child the proper nourishment he should have. Of course in some city schools the cafeteria is in operation, but all schools do not have the funds to carry out the school lunch program. In many rural and urban schools where the

child has only five cents to spend for his lunch, it is of a great consequence. Then there are scores of children in the public schools who have not the necessary money for a lunch. The Parent-Teacher Associations have found a few who are unable to buy their lunches and there are parents who can hardly "make ends meet" when there are several children in school. For this reason, if a child spends five cents for his lunch, he should have five cents worth for his money.

Not only has the school lunch idea been developed in our schools but also the school breakfast idea. In several of the elementary schools in Cleveland, Ohio, this school breakfast program seems to be of very great importance. In practically every case the child's breakfast seems to be inadequate. The coffee and cake breakfast was found to be the most popular, although in some of the so-called better homes, breakfast consisted of a glass of milk. Investigators found that most of these children retired at a late hour and got up late in the morning, thus having very little time to create an appetite and to eat a proper breakfast. Naturally the children hurried off to school in an unfit condition to do their school work. In order to better these conditions the mid-morning milk lunch becomes very popular in order to supplement the coffee and cake breakfast. Lessons were taught, breakfast menus were made, and considerable enthusiasm was aroused among the children as to the proper breakfast diet. They were also invited to eat breakfast at the school. Each child was asked to bring ten cents, a sauce dish, a bowl and a spoon. Oatmeal and prunes were cooked on the day before and reheated the following morning. For breakfast each child had oatmeal, prunes, and sandwiches. Of course the menues varied from time to time, but with such an idea very much interest was aroused not only among the school children but also among the parents. The parents learned how little a good breakfast cost and they began to cooprate in helping their children have a nourishing breakfast. It was noted by the teacher in many instances that there was an improvement in the children's mental and physical condition. Just from this type of experiment, perhaps the time will come when every school will have a lunch room. Indeed it is an enormous, but necessary problem which should be worked out in order to prevent malnutrition among school children.

The food eaten by the child must contain the minerals necessary for building and repairing all the different parts of the body; it must contain energy or fuel for the work of the muscles; and it must serve to regulate all the chemical changes on which health and growth depend. Regularity of meals as well as quantity and quality are just as vital to the child's health and well-being as they were before he started to school. While the school lunch is no more important than any other meal, it is more difficult to keep up the standards of wholesomeness in it than in any of the others.

A lunch room should be at least self-sustaining during the school year

to justify its existence, unless some means of endowment is provided. In some large cities the financial problem of the weak lunch room is taken care of by combining all the income of the lunch rooms in a common fund with a central controling office. This enables the strong lunch room to help carry the weak one along. The cost of equipment for serving the food should come out of the regular school funds and not from the pupil's pockets. If the school needs a new book cabinet, labroatory table, or typewriter, the pupils are not asked to buy it; the same is true for lunch room equipment. Nevertheless, too often the school board pays too little attention to the lunch room; too often the superintendent and school official fail to think much of the problem of the lunch room save that it must be kept on a paying basis, be self-supporting—a place where food is sold at a cost which allows a sufficient margin to permit the purchase of additional equipment, dishes, etc., in fact anything that is needed. Frequently the lunch room gets along as best it can with the board refusing to buy an extra table, etc., until the manager, becoming desperate decides that the only way to get the much needed equipment is to make a bigger profit by serving smaller portions, by using skimmed milk instead of whole milk, by substituting inferior foods for the best; thus cheating the children out of their food values.

The Parent-Teacher Association should be familiar with the work of the cafeteria, the preparation, etc. It is the business of the mothers to observe how the lunch room is run, not in a critical way, but to just see how the cafeteria is conducted. A different parent might eat at the lunch room each day to observe the type of lunch, cost, etc. Undoubtedly many of the lunch rooms would improve if this plan were worked out. Too many of them serve the food on which there is most profit.

Milk should always be served at cost and purchased from the cleanest and best dairy. The noon meal should be sufficient to suit or satisfy the child's appetite and needs. For many of our lunch rooms are run on the profit basis. Does it pay to profit in this case? In many school lunch rooms the children do not get full value for their money. Half pints of milk sell for five cents instead of two and one-half cents that they cost. Yet we cry constantly to the children to drink more milk.

The question of economy seems uppermost in the minds of managers. A lack of food is preferable to a lack of funds. In many cases the salary of the manager the cost of equipment is taken out of the pockets of the school children, and especially out of the pockets of those who can afford it.

The time may come when our schools will provide at cost an adequate lunch. Shall we let the factories and mills surpass our schools in providing a good meal at cost? Many such firms serve food at a cost less, providing soup for three cents, rolls for one cent each, etc. Our school children need this nourishment even more than the factory workers, for the latter are usuallly grown, while the girls and boys are at the period

when they need plenty of wholesome food for body building. Serving an inadequate lunch encourages lunching between meals. However, we should stress very emphatically that the school lunch room has more importance in the school program than any other department. Thus the school lunch room should never be thought of as a place to make a big profit in money, but instead the profit should be directed to the children who will obtain the necessary food values which will give them a healthy mind in a healthy body.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our entire population enjoyed a delicious fish dinner last Sunday.

Part of our agricultural force has been sowing oats for the past few days.

A number of the boys on the work force have been washing peanuts for the past few days.

Due to rainy weather very few visitors were present last Wednesday, our regular visiting day.

A generous supply of home-made sausage was issued to the various cottages last Saturday morning.

The barn boys have finished threshing lespedeza seed and as the result of their labor we have more than one hundred bushels of seed on hand.

Mr. C. B. Barber, our bookkeeper, who was confined to his room last week suffering from tonsilitis, is able to be on the job again.

Mr. W. W. Johnson has returned from an enjoyable vacation, part of which was spent in Florida, and has resumed his duties as principal of our school.

We are glad to report that Mrs. J. G. Hudson, a member of our staff, has returned to the school and is very much improved following an operation for appendicitis at the Charlotte Sanatorium.

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are building a shed measuring twenty-four by thirty feet, near the granary. This will be used to house the recently purchased International combniation harvester and thresher.

Frank Jarrell, who left the Training School about nine years ago, paid us a brief visit the other day. Frank now lives in Charleston, S. C. He has been working for the Southern Bell Telephone Company for two years and seven months. He was inspector on the work until he, together with many others were laid off for a while.

Our sweet potatoes have been gathered and put through the electrically heated curing process. This method of curing has been successful and we

now have 1600 bushels of "sweets" stored away for winter use. This year's crop is one of the largest and of the finest quality ever raised on the Training School farm.

While we do not have any organized football games here at the Training School, our boys are very much interested in this great Fall sport, and on Saturday afternoons when they are all gathered at the ball grounds one may see a dozen or more footballs being booted around by a large group of sturdy youngsters.

Dr. Brimmer, a noted evangelist of Los Angeles, California, who is holding a series of meetings in Charlotte, visited the Training School last Wednesday morning, and addressed the boys assembled in the auditorium. Dr. Brimmer is an excellent speaker and made a very interesting talk which we all thoroughly enjoyed. He was accompanied by our good friend Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., through whose efforts we were enabled to hear this wonderful speaker.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

The village blacksmith, a picturesque and essential figure in the industrial life of America, has become a memory. His shop with earthern floor, anvil and bellows, is unknown to the younger generation, but Longfellow has drawn a picture of the smithy under the spreading tree that the world will not soon forget

The climax of that poem is reached in the description of this simple hearted man of brawn at the Sunday service where he hears the parson pray and preach and where

> **"He hears his daughter's voice**
> **Singing in the village choir,**
> **And it makes his heart rejoice;**
> **It sounds to him like her mother's voice**
> **Singing in Paradise....**
> **And with his hard rough hand he wipes**
> **A tear out of his eyes."**

This voice from Paradise marked the heights of the Sabbath service as heaven-born memories moved him to tears. The service was not a failure but a blessed hour because heaven had a message for the worshipper. And heaven should have a place and a voice in every hour of worship.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

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N 8 30

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 8, 1930. No. 40

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"OMISSION"

"It isn't the thing you do, dear;
It is the thing you leave undone
That gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun;
The tender word unspoken,
The letter you did not write,
The flowers you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight."

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WHAT SHALL MY PART BE?

What does the Red Cross do? What makes its call—in the words of President Hoover—so "mnadatory upon the heart of the Nation?"

The Red Cross job is big. In a single year the evpenditure, community, national and international, runs to nearly $10,000,000. *Often it is higher. Every day the call upon the Red Cross grows more urgent.*

What do the figures show—those mute, cold statistics that tell but half the story of Service? They show:

More than 450,000 *First Aid certificates have been issued; more than* 300,000 *individuals instructed in Life Saving.*

Assistance extended in a single year to the victims of 75 *disasters in* 40 *states.* 50,000 *nurses on the roll of the Red Cross;* 800 *nurses in public health work,* 88 *in itinerant activities,* 1500 *teaching home hygiene and care of the sick.*

120,000 *children and adults taught nutrition each month.*

Service of the kind that is beyond the scope of Government to 30,000 *disabled World War veterans and the* 245,000 *men of the regular Army and Navy.*

10,000 *families being assisted by Civilian Home Service.*

7,000,000 *members of the Junior Red Cross corresponding with Juniors in foreign lands, thus furthering the cause of international understanding; cheering the sick, brightening school rooms, learning ideals of service for others.*

Half a million volunteer workers—exemplifying the very heart and spirit of the Red Cross—making 3,000,000 *surgical dressings,* 210,000 *garments,* 190,000 *Braille pages for the fingers of the blind in twelve months.*

16,200 *Chapters and Branches engaged in this service program made possible by the annually-tendered support of more than* 4,000,000 *adult members.*

A VETERAN MINISTER DEAD

No minister of any denomination ever lived in Cabarrus County that en-

joyed a wider acquaintance, or was more universally beloved than Rev. T. W. Smith, of Winnsboro, S. C., who after a long and useful life has answered the final call of his Master—"Come Ye."

The major part of his life was spent in Cabarrus and during that time he was engaged in active ministry, or in a work in which he could merge his daily activities into the divine plan of the heavenly Father.

Mr. Smith was a man of unfaltering faith, humble in spirit, gentle in manner, the friend of man regardless of creed or color, and at all times and under all circumstances having as his ultimate aim to minister to the sick and suffering in the name of the Master.

After the establishment of the Jackson Training School he was a frequent visitor to the institution and gave by his undivided interest every assurance of regular services on the Sabbath. If impossible to secure some local pastor for divine worship "Bishop Smith," so called in an affectionate way by officers of the institution was on hand and preached one of his helpful, gospel sermons that was most happily received by all.

The officials of the school never gave one moment's concern about Sunday services when Mr. Smith was a resident of Concord, the regular Sunday program for services was entrusted to him and he never failed to be present or send a minister—Rev. Smith loved the Jackson Training School and his love for the boys was genuine and the school loved him. Truly, there is comfort in feeling he finished the work that was given him to do.

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THE ANNUAL RED CROSS CALL

The Annual Roll Call of the American Red Cross covers the period from Armistice Day, November 11th, to Thanksgiving Day, November 27th, and during this period the membership can be increased beyond all expectations. For who can set bounds to what can be accomplished by this mighty host of workers, united for the single purpose of relieving and preventing suffering.

The American Red Cross came into being primarily to succor the wounded in time of war, besides commissioned for a broad and merciful task in these words:

> "To continue and carry on a system of national and international relief in time of peace and to apply the same in mitigating the sufferings caused by pestilence, famine, fire, floods and other national calamities, and to devise and carry on measures for preventing the same".

"The plain truth," said United States Senator of Kansas, "is that the

Twentieth Century's most efficient trouble-shooter is the American Red Cross. There is always something for the Red Cross to do. In calm or in storm, in peace or in war, it justifies itself daily and hourly. It ministers continually to the aches and pains of a continent. It meets disaster or the call of need with the speed and efficiency of a city fire department. It reaches the spot first, knows what to do first and what to do last, and does it with the least lost motion and with a minimum of expense."

Mankind has a host of natural enemies—disease, disaster and accidents that carry a heavy toll of human lives—and this great loss of life is checked in every incident by Red Cross preparedness and in no other way is it possible to meet the emergencies. This is the season of the year to think upon lines of humanitarian work, also help the great army of workers by enlisting as a Red Cross member when solicited.

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SUPT. BOGER HEARS FROM OLD BOYS

It is very gratifying to the superintendent of the Jackson Training School to hear from his old boys who today are engaged in different phases of large business throughout the country thereby contributing something towards the better citizenship of the State. This, the ultimate aim of the institution is to develop men instead of the state having a liability—wayward boys—these same boys are made over into useful men and become valuable assets.

It is not an unusual occurrence for the superintendent to receive letters from different parts of the State with enclosed articles relative to the achievement of some former boy of the Jackson Training School. In the same messages are expressions of gratitude for the privilege of being once a student of the school. These letters cheer the heart of the superintendent and give hope, making it possible to pursue the work with a fresh zeal.

The article "Jackson Training School Turns Out Successful Citizens" in this week's Uplift was sent by a former boy and in closing his letter said, "such communications make me feel proud that I was once a student of the school."

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WISDOM OF DOG IN BOOK

A most pleasant surprise it was to be the recipient of a booklet, the title of which is "Letters From Mr. Postley—A Dog," by Al Fairbrother, who is remembered in North Carolina as Col. Fairbrother. We thank

Mrs. Fairbrother for this kind remembrance for the reading of this satire gave the writer one full hour of genuine joy.

We began the volume just to scan it simply as an evidence of appreciation, of delightful memories of old friendship, but finding the contents crowded with so much of the human life and philosophy, made colorful by sparkling humor and scenes of pathos, till the whole story was consumed at one sitting and not a sound broke the silence—only an occasional outburst of laughter.

We pronounce it a classic, an expression of beautiful and charitable thoughts, interspersed with witty and trenchant observations, all emanating from a master mind, in a manner that gives one a higher appreciation of a dog. The story is put over in a manner that emphasizes the wisdom of a dog also the loyalty and love of a dog for his master. Truly to read it one is impelled to be more humane towards this domestic animal, that safeguards the home when the inmates are asleep, and can discriminate when either joy or sorrow enters into the life of his adopted home. A constant guard, and sympathetic companion at all times and under all circumstances, is the faithful dog.

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Out of the 100 Clerks of the Court in the State handling the confederate pension fund so far only one has been found guilty of a discrepancy. That is a small per cent of the number and reflects to the honor and integrity of the other ninety nine. But, we have an opinion similar to that asked by an editor of one of the splendid weeklies that comes to this office, "how do we know as to the handling of this pension account in other counties unless there is a careful check-up."

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According to the unanimous agreement of National Textile Institute assembled in New York City, October 15, women and children under 18 years of age will be eliminated from night work in cotton mills after March 1, 1931. No doubt this is a fine solution of an economic problem, over production and small margin, that seems wise for both capital and labor.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"This world, so sadly incomplete,
Shows contrasts strange, I vow;
With rich folks wondering what to eat,
And poor folks wondering how."

—o—

The present and passing depression has taught America a valuable lesson. Still, there are some people who will not learn under any circumstances. It has taught this great country a severe lesson but a good one. We will learn that we can do on less cash than we ever thought was possible, and when the good times come again, —and they are on the way, as fast as it is possible for them to come with safety—we shall invest our surplus wisely, and in so doing we aid the development of the natural resources of this wonderful country. You cannot blame this depression on any one political group, party or any one individual—no one is to blame—it came in the natural course of events to a group of people, a nation of people, if you please, that were becoming selfish in their greed, forgetting all else save a dollar. We have learned that it is not so mighty, such a god as we thought, and we turned to other things, with the result that America today is re-adjusting itself rapidly.

—o—

It is stated that Spain is starting revolutions all over the place and King Alfonso is reported to be packing up his suitcase and sending for a list of steamer sailings to America. Lissen, Al, we've got more unemployed people now than we know what to do with and there isn't a chance on earth of your getting a job this winter. The king business has always been mighty poor in the U. S. A., and its worse than ever. Of course if you were unmarried there's many a billionaire who would be glad to buy you for his daughter for Christmas, but hitched up as you are—no, Alfonso, don't come here—there's not a chance in the world.

—o—

I was just tickled pink t'other day when I read that the Department of Agriculture had revealed that Vitamin G, growth promoting factor for animals and man, was found to be from five to eight times more abundant in beef liver than in beef roast. I remembered away back when the butcher used to give me a piece of liver for lagniappe, so I hustled right off to the market after I read that piece in the paper. "A nice piece of beef liver," says I lightly to the butcher as he cut off a chunk, "and thank you very much." "Whadaya mean, 'Thank you very much'?' asked the butcher suspiciously. "Oh," said I lightly, "you're giving liver away like the old time butchers used to do, aren't you?" "Likell" says the butcher "that piece of liver'll set you back 65 cents." O, if I could only meet the Department of Agriculture face to face—what would I say?

—o—

On my desk is a beautiful brochure, which I have read with intense interest, issued by Mrs. Mamie Hatchett

Fairbrother, of 710 East Sixth St. Long Beach, Calif.' in memory of her late beloved and talented husband, Col. Al Fairbrother. It is Fairbrotheresque throughout. It displays the genius of the man like the sparkle in a diamond. "Letters from Mr. Postley"—a dog—is the title, and it is a collection of mild satires on the manners and customs of humans as they may appear to a man's companion and friend, and it is announced that it is "Translated from the original manuscript," a dog's letters to his master. "Mr. Postley" was a beautiful rat terrier, "Who loved me better than I loved him," says the dedication. This loving tribute, to the memory of her "loved and lost," the translator, is a testimonial to one of the most interesting and unique characters in the annals of newspaper history. This little volume of letters from "Mr. Postley" is 44 page crammed with beautiful charitable thoughts with trenchant and witty observations, a classic to stand side by side with "The Bar Sinister," "Bob Son of Battle," and others of their kind. His facilities as a cartoonist made it easy for him to bring out sharply the fundamental weaknesses, eccentricities and humor of a situation, as they might appeal to the little dog mind and heart. Thus, Col. Fairbrother, the translator, has made "Mr Postley" a monitor of what all little dogs should be, and he does it in a big way that leaves the reader with the very positive conviction that dogs are not far from being people, and in their sense and loyalty and a great deal better than some pepole.

—o—

For the past few weeks the scent of moth balls has been in the air. There has been a shedding of B. V. D's and other light clothing for something heavier. The cool snappy mornings and days have turned men to their close closets. The ladies, poor things, seem to have nothing to discard, as they take to fur coats and wraps, with nothing on their nether limbs than what they wore in the "good old summer time." It is all putting on for them, with the oft heard expression, "Really I have nothing to wear," with a wardrobe full of wearing apparel. That is just a habit saying, I guess. They really don't mean it. Summer goes roaring away on stiff winds from the north. The porches in town are becoming deserted. The heat turned on from the furnace and that marks a real change of season. We shall have many pleasant days yet, probably up to Thanksgiving Day, but our trust in summer things has gone for this year. For five months we must endure the chills and annoyances of winter and early spring. Then the blessed spring-time will come again to lift our hearts in thankfulness for a beautiful world.

The chief thing we are concerned about right now is to make the best of this life.—Selected.

"OUR CHILDREN"

(An Excerpt)

The universal reason for the world continuing to exist is children. Imagine the chaos that would result if suddenly all children were taken from the world and the hope of any new children entirely killed.

Overnight the fundamental urge that keeps the world moving along in a well ordered manner would cease and take with it all the motives that are building a civilized world. Barbarism would succeed civilzation, materialism would supplant idealism, selfishness take the place of unselfishness, and the present far-reaching achievements of mankind would crumble to dust.

It is through our children that we may continue to live; through them the achievements of one generation are carried on to the next and the next. Down through the pages of history children have been constantly moving forward in the stage of life. Savage races had little regard for child life, the higher the race is civilized the greater the emphasis is placed upon childhood. And now in the educational world the 20th century is being called "the century of the child."

Of all nations, it is probably true that America has the most idealistic attitude toward childhood. She is demonstrating this in her nation-wide program of public education. The philosophy of present day educational leaders is: That No Child Shall Be Barred From the Right of a Good Elementary and Secondary Education.

Let's remember that we cannot build an enduring progressive state with weak, sickly, dull children for "the future race moves forward on the feet of little children."

Decidedly, the present generation of students is a genial and ingenious group of young people. We oldsters are over-suspicious and impatient. If instead of being scolded and complained of, they were given problems to solve and deeds to do, they would satisfy their critics. As an illustration of their ability to meet an emergency, we cite from our local paper the way in which a boy complied with the request of his teacher that he write a four-line stanza, using the words "analyze" and "anatomy." He succeeded admirably as follows:

"My analyze over the ocean,
My analyze over the sea,
O who will go over the ocean
And bring back my anatomy?"

—Exchange.

THE NIGHTHAWK

By Walter Young

In the prairie lands of the west there can often be seen long, thin, grey nighthawks perched on fence poles, always facing the wind, from which habit they have gained the nickname of "weather-cocks." They sleep the brightest hours of the day away, waiting for the coming of the dusk, —the time that moths, and various other flying nisects start on their nightly forages. At twilight these birds lift their long pointed wings and start out to hunt. For an hour or more they think of nothing but the catching of food. Sometimes they become so engrossed with the chase that they will almost pick a mosquito off a man's face. When their hunger has become appeased, the males start their peculiar courtship antics. They fly high in the air and circle for a moment, then suddenly descend with closed wings. When going at a terrific speed and about to hit the ground the wings open, the stiff primaries catch the air and vibrate with a booming noise. Then they gradually curve gracefully upward, and repeat the performance time after time until the coming of morning.

A generation ago, before nature study was taken up seriously, it was believed that all the so-called "goat-suckers," which include nighthawks, whip-por-wills, and others, lived on milk stolen from the herders' charges during the night's darkest hours. This superstition has long been allayed. Their food is made up entirely of moths, mosquitoes, beetles, and other insects that have the power of flight. Surely they are very desirable birds! The stiff, bristle-like whiskers which adorn their faces are not merely for decoration, but act as nets from which the winged insects bounce into the birds' open cavernous mouths.

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

A man who makes a bad buggy or who builds a poor house, scratches a poor farm, or does anything badly—he makes us all poorer. He pulls down the level of our life. The only substance that most men have is their labor. It is the most precious substance that anybody can have—the best gift of God. The man who wastes his labor throws his own life away, and he wastes the time and degrades the standard of all other men who have to do with him. Every inefficient man is a burden on the state. On the other hand the man who does a thing well—makes a buggy, builds a house, preaches a sermon, or tills an acre—he is the wise man and the only useful man in the state. He is saved—he saves himself —he is the only man worth saving. He is the only man that makes the community worth living in.—Walter H. Page.

NATIONAL CONSTITUTION DAY

(Selected)

National Constitution Day, September 17, was observed in the National Capital by many visiting citizens who viewed with patriotic interest the origina manuscript of the Constitution of the United States of America. It was on September 17, 1787, just 143 years ago, that this historical document, which binds together the forty-eight states of the Union, was signed.

This venerable State paper has passed through many vicissitudes in keeping pace with the relocation of the seat of the Federal Government, and in eluding capture by a foreign foe. After its adoption in Philadelphia, it was carried to New Yord in 1790, and then back again to Philadelphia. When the new Federal City in the District of Columbia was laid out in the year 1800, it found its resting place here. When the British invasion of 1814 imperiled Washington, this famous Constitution along with the Declaration of Independence and other important State documents were transferred across the Potomac River and hid in a barn in Virginia. Still fearing the raiding parties of the British who were firing the city and reaching out into the nearby sections, patriotic hands carried these treasured manuscrpits farther away into Virginia and secreted them in Leesburg, about thirty-five miles from the city. Since then these precious State papers have reposed in various Federal buildings here in Washington. In 1894, both the Declaration and the Constitution were deposited in specially constructed steel safes in the library of the Department of State where they remained until 1912. It was an executive order of President Harding on September 29, 1921, that brought about the final removal of these famous manuscripts to the Library of Congress. Here they are now encased in a marble and bronze shrine. Hundreds of American and foreign visitors come every day to this national and sacred shrine and contemplate its historic treasures with quickened devotion to the ideals of America.

National Constitution Order is beautifullly and impressivvely symbolized in the Rotundo Portcio of the Capitol by several sculptures representing the "Genius of America." The central group sits forth America with the eagles at her feet. Her shield, with the legend "United States of America," rests upon an altar which is inscribed with the significant date of July 4, 1776. She is listening to the inspirations of the allegorical figure of Hope while pointing to Justice, who holds prominently the Constitution, which bears another significant date. September 17, 1787.

Here at this East Portico of the Capitol, every four years a truly inspiring and nationally assuring scene takes place. A brilliant and impressive assemblage gathers on March 4, —the Chief Justice and his associates garbed in their robes of legal authority; officers of the army and navy,

which represent armed force behind political law and civil authority; the senators and representatives of the citizens and thousands of the people of the broad esplanade in front. The elected President is the central figure and upon him all eyes are cast. It is a supreme moment in governmental law and order when the President of the United States of America in response to the Chief Justice, who administers the oath of office, says, "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." Constitutional order, determined by a free and intelligent democracy,—this is America's hope and her guarantee of national well-being.

A Civil War Monument, erected here in the National Capital to those Catholic sisters who served on the battlefields of the Civil War, was recently visited by a group of Catholic delegates. This incident calls to mind a similar service rendered in those excited days by our own Lutheran deaconesses.

When the war broke out, the Rev. Dr. W. A. Passavant, director of the Lutheran Deaconess Institute of Pittsburg, Pa., offered to the government the services of himself and some of his deaconesses. In the meantime, Miss Dorothy L. Dix, the noted Civil War philanthropist, had been authorized by the government to organize a staff of Christian nurses. She made an earnest plea to Dr. Passavant for the aid of his deaconesses for service in Washington, and therefore quickly accepted his offer. It is to be remembered that the American National Red Cross was the outgrowth of the Civil War Sanitary Commission. With this commission Dr. Passavant was in close touch, and holds an honored place in the records of its achievements.

The Battle of Bull Run, about thirty miles southwest of Washington, was fought on July 21, 1861, and soon afterwards the wounded began to arrive in Washington. From this time the National Capital became not only a great center of military preparations but also a large center of hospital service. By the fall more than 150,000 soldiers were encamped in and near Washington and as many as 30,000 sick and wounded were cared for at one time within its confines.

Dr. Passavant and his Deaconesses located their headquarters in the vicinity of the Capitol. They ministered spiritual and bodily relief in the hospital, which had been extemporized in the Supreme Court room, and in other parts of the city. That was a memorable day in the history of the nation and of the National Capital when General Scott took Alezandria and when the tents of the United States soldiers covered the Virginia Heights of Arlington on the south side of the Potomac, the anxious suspense was removed and Washington felt safe. Dr. Passavant's own graphic words describe only an incident in the significant events of those days. A few moments later the rolling of the drum broke the stillnss of the night, and in a few moments the soldiers of two regiments stood

in rank and file on the parade grounds. Quietly and with perfect order they obeyed the command to march, and company after company passed out of the Capitol gate, leaving none but the sentries, the sick and the sisters behind."

A Washington correspondent wrote to the Pittsburg Chronicler that he wished to allude first to certain ladies who came here (Washington) under the auspices of the Rev. Mr. Passavant for the purpose of nursing the sick and wounded soldiers. "They are ministering angels, here at their own expense, devoting fourteen to sixteen hours of the day to hospital duties. God bless them." God bless them." The local newspapers made special and favorable mention of the work of these deaconesses in the Capitol building. And Miss Dix on more than one occasion expressed to Dr. Passavant her appreciation of the noble work of these sisters. "I thank you for your hearty co-operation and Christian sacrifice you have made to the great work in leading your choice hospital force to the service they have rendered, and this under serious difficulties."

Over the portico of the National Red Cross headquarters, here in Washington, are these words, "In Memory of the Heroic Women of the Civil War." Your correspondent has never seen nor heard of any reference here to these quiet, unassuming and self-sacrificing deaconesses of the Lutheran Church. In characteristic Lutheran modesty we ourselves have allowed this story to lie hidden in the dark archives of Church and State. In the words of the Washington correspondent referred to above the Lutheran Church also says, "I will not name these ladies, their names will be in the good Book. They will have their reward hereafter." And so the Lutherans have reared no earthly monument.

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS"

When you hear an old-timer sigh for the days of his youth, when many of the conveniences of this age were unknown, smile to yourself and think of this:

The ancients got along without automobiles, radios, soap, stoves, toothbrushes, window glass, railroads, telephones—without practically all of the things we now regard as the bare essentials of life.

There never has been a time when life bettered itself so rapidly and so consistently as now. New conveniences and new comforts are continually brought out for your benefit.

In order to reap the advantages that are yours today, you must read the advertisements. They bring you news of all the world of invention and discovery is doing to make your work easier, your life more pleasant, your clothing and food problems less difficult. They keep you informed of all that is new in the market and stores. They tell you not only about the things, the styles, the varieties and prices, but also where and when these things are to be had—Reidsville Review.

JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL TURNS OUT SUCCESSFUL CITIZENS

By Harriette H. Walker in the Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel

Looking backward over the achievements of North Carolina's progress in many directions and looking forward in equally as many, there has not been nor can there be any work in the State's history to which the men and women of the entire State can point with greater and more justifiable pride than that carried on at the Jackson Training School near Concord.

There can be no greater work carried on in North Carolina than saving and reclaiming the boyhood of the State. In work of reclaiming the lost and special attention to the wanderer was set in an example in Bible days when the Shepherd went forth from the ninety-and-nine to search for the lost sheep, and after finding the wanderer, cared tenderly for it.

The idea is somewhat prevalent throughout the State that an institution such as Jackson Training School is a sort of junior prison where strict discipline and vigilance is ever over the boys lest they make a "false step." This is true, and not true, for the 500 boys do have care and supervision the entire day long, but the care is of a kindly nature.

There are fifteen "cottages" housing from thirty to thirty-five boys each with a "father" and a "mother" in each home. A visit to the home at meal time finds the "mother" in the kitchen surrounded by a small group of boys who are so interested in the preparation of the food that little attention is paid to visitors.

From the time the boys rise from their clean beds in the morning until the time they retire at 8:00 o'clock in the evenings, their day is planned.

Charles E. Boger, superintendent of the school, attributes the fact that so little trouble in the way of discipline is experienced with the boys, to the fact that they are busy every minute, not entirely with work, but with lessons for a certain number of hours daily, farm work, dairy work, and periods of play. Not only are the boys directed in work of this kind. but they are supervised in instruction in "trades" at the institutional shoe shop, wood-working shop, laundry, dairy, bakery and print shop.

Boys are not taken to this place and "worked" without regard to talent and choice. Here the boys are taught all kinds of manual labor and then when a special talent is developed, they are trained in that line.

At present throughout the State there are numbers of useful men who are filling important places in business and industry who received their training at Jackson Training School.

This diversified training and habits of industry and thrift instilled in the lives of the boys who remain at the institution for a few years has manifested itself in many many cases.

Mr. Boger tries to "keep in touch with the boys who leave and the majority write the superintendent and faculty of the institution friendly

"back-home letters."

At this time one boy who was at the school for two or three years because of incongenial home surroundings, left the school, went to work on a farm, working part time and going to school, for conditions at home were still unfavorable. In this way the boy finished an accredited high school, entered a standard college of the State, and was quite justified in his pride in a report for the first semester. It included three A's and two B's.

One boy came "home" for a visit recently after fourteen years' absence. This boy is a meat cutter in a distant State and is now earning $48 weekly with a commission on sales extra; is married and has a baby to whom he is a devoted and a proud father.

Another boy left the school for another State when his parents had gone to make their home, entered college, graduated in law, and is now a successful practicing attorney.

Among the numbers of boys who have gone into stores, one has worked his way to the top who merits special mention. He is now earning $8,000 a year, owns a home, has a nice family and is a community leader.

Lumber and mill workers of all kinds are reported as being successful heads, many writing to Mr. Boger of their adequate living wages and social positions.

Linotype operators have filled places on many of the daily papers of the State and are in demand for their thorough training. In the office of 'The Uplift' the boys are not only trained to operate a machine, but taught general newspaper work under the able direction of Mr. Godown. At present there is a manly young fellow who operates quietly and efficiently, realizing that he is getting training that will enable him to earn a good living and set up a place for himself in the business world of today.

According to Mr. Boger, the only two professions he has not had reported are a minister and a doctor. So far as he knows there are neither, but some of the best teachers obtainable are former Jackson Training School boys.

In reply to the 375 reports made from a questionnaire sent out to welfare officers over the State, 129 boys are reported to be "making good records," 76 fair, and 76 poor.

It would seem that the greatest need of the institution is an infirmary or hospital and a nurse. While there has been little trouble with illness, due to the regular healthful habits of living, splendid wholesome food, and exercise, it is reasonable to assume that among 500 people there is sufficient illness to justify a hospital and nurse.

Mr. Boger is making the plea for this addition, and it is well justified in order to further aid in the work of rebuilding character, implanting respect for things that mold manhood and good citizenship in this group of 500 future citizens of our State.

Give the other fellow the benefit of the doubt; it pays.—Selected

THE TIMROD TABLET

(Asheville Citizen)

When the idea of turning the churchyard of Calvary Episcopal Church of Fletcher into the Westminster Abbey of the South was first conceived by the Rev. Clarence Stuart McClellan, a place was reserved from the beginning for Henry Timrod, laureate of the Confederacy. Recently a memorial tablet to Timrod was unveiled and Mr. McClellan was singularly fortunate in securing as speaker for the occasion Col. Henry T. Thompson, whose life of the poet is the most authoritative that has been written and who brought to those who gathered at Calvary a message which was informed and inspiring.

Timrod's fame was slow in growing because his genius ripened and unfolded itself during the war years, so that he became pre-eminently "the poet of the Lost Cause." Richard Henry Stoddard called him "the ablest poet the South has yet produced," Margaret J. Preston says that "the South has probably never produced a poet of more delicate imagination or greater rythmic sweetness, of purer sentiment and more tender emotion." Still another authority describes him as "the best Southern lyrists after Poe, and probably Sidney Lanier." Hamilton W. Mabie declared that "Carolina" was one of the finest war lyrics ever written and said: "It's passionate form, its lyrical sweetness, its pulse of stormy music place it among the permanent contributions to American literature" Mr. Mabie thought that Timrod's "The Cotton Boll' ranked with Lanier's 'Sunrise' and Whitman's "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," among "the most orginal achievements of American poets—rich alike in what it conserves and in what it promises," characterized by depth of thought, comprehensive imagination and beauty of style.

Colonel Thompson has labored more patientlly and understandingly than any one else to tell the story of Timrod's life and to bring about a true appreciation of his genius. Those who heard him had a rare treat.

Of all curative agencies, water is the most universal, the most versatile; in general, the most potent, at the same time the most simple in its modes of application, and yet capable of the most highly specialized and technical adaptations.

Said Claude Bernard, the great French biologist, "All life is under water."Underneath the skin, all the cells and tissues of the body are submerged in the blood and other liquids. We think under water. The heart, liver and muscles, the stomach—all our organs—do their work under water. In fact, we "live and move and have our being" under water."—Good Health.

A PEACEMAKER'S DAY

(Mooresville Enterprise)

Armistice Day touches the American heart very profoundly. We all remember how we longed for peace on November 11, 1918, and how the whole nation shouted for joy when the news of peace came across the seas. It represents a day when the peacemakers triumphed over the war makers. At that time there were two sets of opinions about carrying on the war. There were many who felt that the time had not come to stop fighting, that it was no use quitting until the foe was ready to surrender unconditionally. A great many have held that opinion during recent years, and have felt that the troubles which have since so stirred up the world, were due primarily to the fact that the war stopped too soon. And yet, as we view conditions today, it is hard to see how they would be any better if the fighting had kept on three or six months longer. It would have cost the lives of hundreds of thousands of young men, and billions in money. Hate would have been still more embittered.

The truth is that the nations of Europe had fought to the point of exhaustion and one of them was ready to go on. With all the doubts and questions that our people have raised about the war since then, it does not seem that they wanted to go on that time, or regret now that they did not keep fighting longer.

So the peacemakers won the debate and the war makers yielded. It should be so in the controversies of the future. Some tell us that there always have been wars and always will be. But it seems incredible that the human race, which has solved so many difficulties, and has a way of conquering all problems when it really decides that it wants to, should fall down in this effort to abolish the menace of war, which is by far the greatest evil that afflicts this old earth.

I used to know two fine old gentlemen who lived on opposite sides of a pretty good-sized lake that had plenty of fish in it.

One of these men was so extremely cautious that he never caught any fish to speak of because he was always calking his boat. The other man was so extremely thoughtless and reckless that he would go out with a boat he knew was leaky and so, instead of fishing, he had to spend most of his time bailing out water. One, of course, was just as foolish as the other.

We have passed through a cycle in business where too many men, to say the least, represented the reckless bailer. And, now, as extremes follow extremes, we have entered upon an era where the tendency will be to spend too much time in calking and not enough in paddling to the good fishing grounds.—J. Kindleberger, in Commerce and Finance.

SOME GREAT PROTESTERS

(Boys and Girls)

Once there was a man who was going on a long journey and he had a guidebook to show him the way. While he was busy getting ready to go, someone took the guidebook and fastened it tight by a chain to a bookshelf in a dark corner where this man seldom saw it. The poor traveler hunted and hunted but he could not find his directions for the journey. So he started out, but he got lost and he wandered here and there, and it seemed as though he would never reach the end of his way. One day, when he had wandered into a place where briars tore his flesh, and where he was in danger of robbers at every turn, a friend came running to him and held up for him to see the guidebook, which showed exactly how to find and follow the right path to the place the traveler wanted to go. The book had been lost so long the traveler had forgotten it, but he never forgot that friend who found for him his guidebook just when he needed it most.

A story as simple as that helps us to understand what the great change which we call the Reformation meant in the history of the Church. With the Bible, the soul's guidebook, hidden away in a language that few, not even all the priests, could read, and chained to the churches, no wonder the people were lost in a maze of superstitious ideas. But history was being made in the 15th Century that has led to a great change, and long before that a thoughtful Christian here and there was doing his thinking out loud.

A new world was discovered by Columbus. Through the invention of the printing press new ideas were spread wherever men could read. Universities were founded and young men from all over Europe stood before their doors. Driven by war and oppression, many wise men from the East came to Europe, bringing their knowledge of Greek and precious manuscripts which they were able to translate so that the Scriptures might be better understood.

The Roman Church, however, did not encourage giving the Bible in understandable form into the hands of the common people. At first the Church authorities may have truly believed that an ignorant man could not read the Bible with understanding, and must have a priest to make clear its meaning. The time had come when neither the pope, the head of the Church, nor the priests guided their lives by the words of Christ. They were unwilling that the people should read for themselves the story of a life so pure and teachings so wise and good that they would no longer listen to their leaders.

"I see", said a Spaniard of that day, "that we can get scarcely anything from Christ's ministers but for money; at baptism money....at marriage money....for confession money. They will ring no bells without money, no burial in the Church without money; so that it seemeth that Para-

dise is shut up from those that have no money." In return for all this, the priests gave the people nothing but empty forms of worship. Preaching amounted to little but the telling of tales, often nonsensical in their unrtuth, of the lives of the saints. The people were taught that they could not even pray to God except through the Virgin Mary or some one of the many saints. Doing penance to escape punishment took the place of true sorrow for wrong doing and the resolve to do better. Terrified by wars and pestilence, men, women and even children went on long pilgrimages to places where sacred relics were kept, hoping to please God and ward off evil.

Under all the superstition, a pure and simple faith still lived in many hearts, but the teaching of the priests was that faith was not enough for salvation without penances and self-torture. Looking back upon the world as it was at the end of the Middle Ages we do not wonder that protests were made against such conditions. Because of the protests, you remember, of certain thinking men of upright lives, the name "Protestant" was given to all who broke with the Church of Rome. Among these "protestors" the name of Martin Luther is most notable, but his name is not the only one we wish to remember in connection with the founding of the Protestant Church.

Waldo.—Even before the time of the Reformation, as far in the past as the 12th Century, there were the Waldenses, first appearing as an organization under the name of the "Poor Men of Lyons." Peter Waldo, a merchant of Lyons in France, being perplexed over the evils in the Church, and unable to find spiritual peace, employed priests to translate parts of the Bible for him. He was so impressed by the truths he learned that he began to repeat passages of Scripture to others, and to speak about the wrongs he saw under the name of religion. His followers also preached throughout southern Europe till they were forbidden by the Church of Rome any of the rights and privileges of church membership and driven to shelter in the Alpine valleys. For three centuries and more, these Waldenses were bitterly persecuted. Yet they managed to send copies of the Scriptures translated into the popular tongue, traveling as peddlers, with the precious books concealed in rolls of silk and other merchandise. They also taught orally; many of them could recite whose Gospels from memory. Their favorite saying was, "The Scriputre speaks, and we ought to believe it." A remnant of the Waldensian Church still survives in Northern Italy.

Wyclif.—An Englishman who died a hundred years before Luther was born, was called the "Morning Star of the Reformation." When we read the life of John Wyclif we understand this title. He was a clergyman and a scholar of Oxford University; a chaplain and advisor to the king. He believed and taught that "no man should follow the Pope, nor even any of the saints in Heaven, except as they follow Christ." Wyclif insisted that the highest service of the priest was to preach the Word of God to the people, and that the one

rule of faith and life is found in the Scriptures. When, because of his views he was forbidden to preach, he gave himself to making the first translation of the Bible into English. This act was considered by the authorities of the Church so dreadful that thirty years after Wyclif's death the reading of the Scriptures in English was forbidden to the people "upon pain of forfeiture of land, cattle, life and goods from their heirs forever." Some years later, by order of the Church, his bones were taken up and burned. In the words of Fuler, "They burnt his bones to ashes and cast them into Swift, a neighboring brook running hard by. Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Seven into the narrow seas, then into the main ocean. And htus the ashes of Wyclif are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed the world over."

Huss.—Another great "protestor" of the 14th century was John Huss. He was a preacher and university professor at Prague, in Bohemia, and he took up the views of Wyclif, who had been hailed in his country as the "Fifth Evangelist." Huss translated Wyclif's writings into the language of his people, beside writing protests of his own against the pope. When he was declared no longer a son of the Church and driven from Prague, he preached in the fields and woods to those who came to hear him. "It is better," he wrote, "to die well than to live badly. Truth is the last conqueror." When he was summoned before the Council of Constance —the same which decreed the burning of Wyclif's bones—he was kept a prisoner for six months, tormented by the cross-questioning of his enemies and attacked by false witnesses He said that he was willing to withdraw whatever words of his could be proved untrue by Scripture, but nothing else; and as nobody was able to meet this challenge, he declared he would be burned a thousand times rather than deny his teaching. He died the fiery death of a heretic, but from his teachings arose the party known as the Bohemian Brethren who kept alive the spirit of reform long after the voice of Huss was silent.

Savonarola.—We naturally think of Germany when we think of the Reformation and the beginnings of the Protestant Church. In Italy, when Luther was still a boy at school Jerome Savonarola died a martyr's death because of his strong protest against evils in the Church of his country. He shook the city of Florence by his eloquence, preaching the need of new life in the Church, and taking, as he said, the Scriptures as his whole guide. When the pope tried to bribe him into silence, by offering to make him a cardinal, Savonarola declared that he desired not the red hat of a cardinal but only the honor God gives his saints, the crimson crown of martyrdom. Moved as by an angel's voice, the gay and luxurious people of Florence brought their trinkets, mirrors, dice, perfumes and other vanities and cast them into a great bonfire in the publci square. Savonarola proclaimed that henceforth Jesus Christ, and He alone, was king over Florence. But the people were not true to their resolve to stand by their brave preacher The time came when the great Italian

protester was executed, on instructions from Rome to "put Savonarola to death, even if he were another John the Baptist." For years afterward, repentant Florence strewed flowers on the spot where her prophet perished.

Erasmus—A Greek scholar of Holland was Desiderius Erasmus, and he, too, had his share in the Reformation although in an indirect way. He made the Greek classics and writings in Greek of the Church Fathers familiar to northern scholars, and it is said of him that he furnished the key to the critical study of the Greek Testament, which meant so much to the Reformers when they bgean their work of translating the Old and New Testaments from their original tongues. Besides this, Erasmus wrote in very strong terms his criticisms of the priests and monks and the pope himslef. It was a common saying in later days that "Erasmus laid the egg, and Luther hatched it."

The Man God Chose

Not only scholars, but the unlettered and humble could see by this time the great wrongs that were done in the name of the Roman Church. Rich and poor were ready for revolt against its slavery, if only a leader could be found. The time was ripe for the man of God's choosing, and that man was one whose protest was to stir the world, for whom our branch of the Protestant Church is named Martin Luther.

A SEAL WITH A HISTORY

"The most beautiful national emblem in existence," is the Great Seal of the United States, according to reputable art critics. For this, the credit must go largely to Jefferson, Adams and a French engraver, Du Simiere, who collaborated in evolving a design for our nation's first hand-mark the best features of which appear on the present seal. Although the seal was ordered soon after the Declaration of Independence was signed, so particular were those in authority that no design was accepted until 1779.

We have had two great seals since that time. In 1885, the Secretary of State, Mr. Frelinghuysen, called attention to the fading lines of the original seal which had been in use for more than a century, and a second seal was ordered. It was used until the Roosevelt administration, when prevailing official sentiment that the seal lacked real heraldic significence led to another chance. Under Secretary of State John Hay, a new hand mark, reproducing the most attractive features of the 1779 seal together with certain improvements in design, was made. It is that seal which Colonel Stimson uses today.—Reidsville Review.

BY FIRE AND WATER

By L. L. Wightman

When Leland White made his first appearance at Reardon Prep School he was the object of attention at once. Fresh from the farm and entirely unschooled in the matter of hazing, as carried on in a school like this, he created fun and amusement for the other lads. Last, but certainly not least, was Leland's physical appearance. He was only five feet three in height and weighed two hundred so your imagination can give you some conception of the picture he presented

"We might call him Babe, or Chunky, or Fatty," suggested Red Jones, he of carrot hair, and erstwhile star athlete of Reardon. "Those names would apply, yet they seem too common. How about Tiny?"

"Too stale, Red," said Lefty Rogers, the portside twirler. "Name him 'Midget.' "

And so "Midge" White entered the portals of the stately old Prep School. One of his outstanding characteristics, was his continuous good-nature He was so easy going and took his hazing so goodnaturedly that some of the lads considered it proper to impose upon him. Misjudging his excessive weight as being mere fat, three of them landed on him one day with the intention of painting his face a bright green, but five minutes later Midge walked calmly across the campus while his opponents were busy arranging their disarrayed clothing and rubbing their heads where he had bumped them together. Thereafter, Midge was given greater respect, other than physical means of teasing being chosen.

One thing that held Mdige like a charm was the line of canoes which reposed in the club house. He had a strong desire to paddle a canoe, in fact, that desire was of long standing. He had learned to swim in the "ole swimmin' hole" at home, and had rowed a boat innumerable times on Davis Pond, but his dream of years was to handle a canoe. It was Red Jones who found him on the beach of Reardon Lake gazing longingly at the canoes.

"Ever paddle any, Midge?"

Midge shook his head. "I've handled a rowboat".

"Then paddling a canoe should come easy for you," Red stated, winking at Lefty Rogers. "Can you swim?"

"Yes. Folks at home said I'd never sink unless they tied a boulder to me."

Red chuckled. "Guess they were right, Midge. Toss you in the water and you'd look like one of these fancy bobbers they put on a fishline. But all joking aside, canoeing is great sport. Go up after my paddle, Lefty. I'm going to let Midge borrow it. I hate to see a fellow disappointed when he wants to paddle as bad as Midge does. I'll get a good can ready for him."

Midge failed to hear the snicker from Lefty as that individual started after the paddle, or rather to inform the other students that Midge White was making his initial acquaintance with a canoe.

Red looked over the canoes, and finally decided on a bright green one.

"Here is a splendid canoe," he told Midge. "Got more speed than a race horse. Never drag a canoe across the sand, Midge. Always carry them for the bottom is thin."

Carrying the caneo across the dock Red set it in the water just as Lefty appeared with the paddle. The canoe was all that Red recommended it to be, but in addition it was the trickiest canoe on the lake. There was no one in sight but Red and Lefty when Midge took the paddle and walked over to the canoe, but at least twenty-five pairs of eyes were watching every move in the little comedy.

Midge forgot the presence of others as his eyes took in the outlines of that canoe. The bright color, the symmetry of the thwarts and gunwales, the knifelike bow and stern, —well, a cheery smile flooded his face as he stepped into it and shoved off with his paddle against the dock. There was a flash of green as the canoe slipped out from under Midge, and the would-be canoeist struck the water flat on his back, disappearing beneath the surface for an instant to reappear a moment later, coughing and spitting. It seemed to him that he must have swallowed at least a gallon of water. Two or three strokes brought him to the dock where Lefty gave him a hand to assist him from the water.

"Wow, Midge, but you looked funny," burst out Red, holding his sides as another paroxysm of laughter swept over him. Lefty joined in.

"A canoe don't handle like a rowboat," he said when he was able to talk. "You can't ride them standing up."

Buster Williams and three other lads came around the corner of the club house. "What's going on here?" "I heard the hilarity and came to see."

At sight of the dripping wet figure before them, the newcomers burst into laughter. Midge was surely a sight. Water dripped from his hair, sweater, and ran down his trouser legs in a stream, filling his shoes. As a half dozen other lads came in sight, a look of understanding flashed in his eye. Throwing his head back, he laughed as loudly as the others.

"As long as I'm soaking wet anyway, I might just as well learn how to master this animal," he said, taking off his shoes and tossing them up on the beach. "If someone will bring that canoe back, I'll try it n."

Lefty went out in another canoe and brought back the tricky boat. With careful steps Midge managed to get seated without upsetting it. By careful stroking he drove the boat several yards from the dock.

"Paddle from both sides," Red called to him. "You're going in a circle. Do like this," and Red motioned. Midge tried to imitate him but threw his weight too much to one side. Again the green canoe did the skidding act, leaving the paddler in the water.

"Guess that lesson is sufficient for today," he puffed as he swam to the dock. "Give me a hand, Red."

At least thirty students had assembled at the club house by this time, and were thoroughly enjoy-

ing the amusement which Midge afforded them. Red broke away from them long enough to give Midge a hand. Midge was almost clear of the water when his foot slipped, and he fell backwards. Red pulled back in an endeavor to free his hand, but Midge clung with a grip that would not relax. As his two hundred pounds settled back in the waater, the red-haired lad accompanied him to the further amusement of the spectators.

"Guess we're even for today," grinned Midge as he climbed from the water, picked up his shoes, and started for his room. But the manner in which the incident closed was no joke to Red Jones. Guilty of making a laughing stock of Midge, Red did not relish the fact that the tables had been turned. A joke on the other fellow was all right, but when it was on him he lacked the spirit to accept it.

Red said nothing before the other lads, but when he met Midge alone he swore vengeance on him.

"I'll teach you to make me look foolish before a crowd," he said in an angry tone.

"But I didn't start it, or have anything to do with getting the crowd there," Midge explained. "That was your doings. You had fun at my expense but I don't hold it against you. Let's forget it."

He held out his hand, but Red turned his back and left him. Midge said nothing regarding this incident to a single person, but from that moment on he felt the antagonism of his enemy. Red had a tremendous influence with the student body, and in various ways he created a feeling against Midge. Forsaken by all but a mere handful of friends, the lad turned to his one favorite sport, canoeing.

Determined to master the art of handling a canoe, Midge rented one and kept it in a boat house two miles down the lake. There in a secluded cove he began his practice. Daily he rowed a boat to this point, and then exchanged for the canoe. Shifting his paddle from right to left side, drawing his paddle from water, dipping it correctly, feathering his blade, back-watering,—one by one he mastered each intricate move until he and the canoe seemed like one.

It was impossible for Midge to keep his hobby a secret from the rest of the students. Curious to know why he always rowed in this certain direction, some of the students secreted themselves on shore and watched Midge go through his practice. They immediately reported the matter to Red Jones.

"So he thinks he is pretty good, eh?" said Red sarcastically. "We will arrange some kind of a race and show him up."

This was easier said than done. Midge won hands down in the freshman race, and also defeated the soph champion by three lengths. In the upper classes Red Jones was easily the superior. Red was nettled because his plan had failed. Instead of making a joke of Midge, he had succeeded in pulling him into the limelight as a runner-up to the champion canoeist. Now it became necessary for Red to defend his title in special races, and his challenger was none other than the despised

Midge.

Midge had lost nearly twenty-five pounds in weight, and he realized that he was too heavy yet for a real champion paddler. His excessive strength in arms and shoulders help-to overcome the handicap of weight, yet this was insufficient in the short races. Red won the quarter and half mile races without extending himself, but was somewhat set back when Midge nosed him out in the mile. The two-mile race, the length of the lake, was the most hotly contested of all. Red took the lead at the start but was not permitted to retain it. Foot by foot Midge gained on him until they approached the finish line bow to bow. With a mighty surge each drove his canoe across the line deadlocked.

"He had more reserve strength than I figured," Red told his friends by way of excuse. "I under-estimated him. But just wait until we get on the ten-mile course! I'll have him lying in the bottom of the boat before he finishes that race. He'll do more sweating and puffing than he ever did before."

It looked very much as though Red's words were true. The ten-mile race was a gruelling contest. Starting at Willton, eight miles up the river, the contestants must navigate this stream, and cross the lake to finish. Though aided by the current of the stream, the contestants were also handicapped by the presence of snags and rocks where the river swept between tree-clad hills. Three weeks' preparation for the event soon passed by, and the school waited for the race on the morrow. If Red won, the championship belonged to him by virture of three races to one and one tie. Midge could tie by winning, and the championship would be shared jointly until another year.

Midge spent the night in Wilton, while Red chose to stay in a hut which he had built along the river, located about midway between Wilton and the school. It was exactly eight o'clock next morning when Midge reported at the starter's stand The race did not start until nine but he always allowed plenty of time. It was a beautiful autumn morning in early November. A dull haze filled the sky, obscuring the sun, and the smell of smoke permeated the air.

"Guess you won't race today," said the starter. "Woods are afire along the river. Where is the other lad?"

"At his hut along the river," replied Midge, "unless he has returned to the school."

The starter shook his head. "I'll call the school." Red was not there.

"That lad is in danger then," the starter stated. "There is fire on both sides of the river this side of his hut, and unless he gets out on the other end soon, he will be cut off from all chance of escape. The woods this side of the lake are being swept with a terrible fire."

Midge hesitated but a moment. "I'll reach him at once."

With furious strokes he sent the light canoe skimming over the surface of the river. One mile down stream he came in contact with the fire. The dry woods were like a raging furnace as the flames ran hither and yon. The heat was almost un-

bearable, and the smoke worse yet. For another mile he ran the fiery gauntles ere he emerged from it. The fire was sweeping rapidly down the river. Red Jones was just leaving shore when Midge swept around the bend above him.

"Head for the lake, Red," Midge shouted. "There is no chance to reach Wilton now. Fire in the woods has closed that exit, and it's coming this way rapidly. Another fire is closing in at the head of the lake. We're goners if we get caught between them. Dig for the lake as hard as you can."

"How did you get down here? Didn't you know about the fires?"

"Sure I did. I came after you."

A look of astonishment spread over Red's face, but he dipped his paddle and followed Midge. With four miles to go before they reached the lake, the lads drove their canoes with furious strokes. The smoke became more dense the farther they went. Fine ashes dropped on the water. The air became warmer, increasing the heat until it was almost unbearable.

Hard, drawn lines began to show on the tense faces of the lads as they realized the seriousness of the situation. It was a race for life now Hesitation meant destruction. The roar of the nearby flames increased in volume.

"Faster, Red! Faster!" Midge called

Their arms ached, throats and mouths were parched, lungs burned as they were almost reached by the flames. Side by side the canoes swept through the red tornado.

"Another half mile," said Midge in a husky voice.

"I never—can—do—it," gasped Red. He swayed in his seat for a moment, then slumped forward unconscious. His forward lurch upset the canoe and Red plunged into the river. Midge struck the water in a perfect dive, reached Red's collar with his first attempt, and struggled to the surface. Grasping h with the other hand, he propelled it towards shore with his feet. As soon as his feet struck bottom, he lifted the unconscious Red into the boat. Ripping his shirt from his back, Midge dipped it in the water, and laid it over Red's face. Brushing a red-hot ember from his shoulder Midge sent the canoe toward the middle of the river. That last half-mile was severe punishment.

Flames came down to the edge, and arched overhead. Dense clouds of smoke settled across the river until sight was all but obscured. And through it all Midge kept steadily onward with Red still lying unconscious from sheer exhaustion. There was a blur before his smarting eyes, his shoulders and arms were blistered with the heat, he wanted to lie down and sleep, but somewhere within him there was a driving power that kept him going, more like a machine than a human being.

A crowd of anxious boys watched the fire from the shore of Reardon Lake, a look of consternation on their faces.

"Here comes Lefty," shouted one, pointing to a running figure from the direction of the school. The look on his face expressed the facts even be-

fore he reached them. Wilton had confirmed their suspicions.

"They're in there, boys," he shouted, tears streaming across his cheeks. "Midge went in after Red, and they're caught what a terrible death for two splendid fellows!"

Throwing himself full length on the ground, Lefty gave way to his grief. The group of lads stood in silence. The thought of Red and Midge in that fiery furnace left them speechless and dumbfounded. There were no dry eyes among the stricken lads. They were aroused by a shout from Buster Williams.

"Look! What's that! Out there where the wind has lifted the smoke! It's a canoe!"

The smoke settled and again lifted. Buster was right! They saw Midge lean back in the canoe, the paddle dropped from his hand, and the canoe drifted idly on the surface of the lake.

"Out with that motor boat!" commanded Buster. "Midge is there but I guess Red is gone."

Midge, so completely exhausted he could not rise, greeted the boys with a faint smile. "Take Red in first," he whispered through blistered lips, pointing to the bottom of the canoe. And then he fainted.

Chapel one week later. Red and Midge, still wearing bandages, were present for the first time since the fire. Red was on his feet addressing the faculty and student body.

"I think after what has happened you will agree with me that the canoe championship belongs to Mr. Leland White, otherwise known as 'Midge.' In the hottest race we ever had in every sense of the word, he rowed me to complete exhaustion in three miles and a half. I owe my life to his courage and determniation, and I hereby wish to thank him publicly. Not only that, I also apologize for all the dirty deals I have given him. I make the motion we present Midge a medal for good sportsmanship, and write a record of his feat in the school history that students of coming years may have a mark of high character at which they can aim. Three cheers for Midge!"

But the boys didn't stop at three. They yelled until their throats were sore.

Bill Nye defines a newspaper:

It is a library. It is an encyclopedia, a poem, a history, a dictionary, a time table, a romance, a guide, a political resume, a ground plan of the civilized world, a low priced multum in parvo.

It is a sermon, a song, a circus; an obituary, a shipwreck, a symphony in cold lead; a medly of life and death, and a grand aggregation of a man's glory and his shame.

It is, in short, a bird's-eye view of all the magnanimity and meanness, the joys and sorrows, birth and deaths, the pride and poverty—all for a few cents.—Selected.

LIVING STANDARDS HIGH IN UNITED STATES

(Beaufort News)

Perhaps there are few countries in the world, if any, that have as high a standard of living as is enjoyed by the people of the United States. There is no country on the earth where there is not some poverty and it may be a long time before there is such a country. If such a condition ever arises any where it will probably be in the United States.

Compared with European and Asiatic nations we Americans are indeed fortunate. Our people upon the average live in better homes, eat better food, wear better clothing and have more luxuries than they do. We have more railroads, more telegraph and telephone lines, more automobiles, more radios and more bath tubs. More money is spent for public education than any where else in the world and more for roads. More money is spent in this country for amusements and sports than elsewhere. The amount spent annually for tobacco, chewing gum, candy, cosmetics and the like goes into hundreds of millions.

Of course there are a good many poor people in the United States but no doubt a less number than in other countries in proportion to population. There are many under nourished people but few actually starve to death. In China and India it is a common occurrence for people to die of starvation. There is considerable unemployment in the United States at the present time in the large industrial centers. There is far more unemployment in England and Germany though than here and even those who are unemployed do not live in the same comfort that the average American does.

Much of the complaint that we hear today is because people do not have as much to spend for luxuries as they would like to have. Not many are actually suffering for things that are absolutely necessary. We have established a standard of living that requires a great deal to satisfy us. When we fall short of that standard we are apt to complain. But as President Hoover said in a recent speech we must not lower our standards of living. What we need is confidence and determination to succeed mixed with hard work and common sense.

The greatest thing the world ever knew was the saving grace of the Saviour.—Selected.

HONOR ROLL FOR OCTOBER

Room No. 2.

—A—

David Cuzzon, Clyde Kivett, Franklin Smith, Fred Conner and Ralph Clinard.

—B—

Edward Eggers, Richard Kennedy, Coley Sullivan, Egbert Wall, Lloyd Childers, Harry Hill, Collie McMahan and James Smith.

Room No. 4.

—A—

Daniel Brown, Dermont Burkehead, Lester Caudle, Ed Ash Clark, Wilson Easterling, Luther Fulp, Bill Goodman, Jack Harriss, Junior Hardee, George Hill, Garland Hicks, Frank Hatch, Paul Icard, Frank Jackson, Vernon Jernigan, Lyn Jones, Andy Johnson, Alva Littleton, Russell Moore, James O'Brien, Perry Quinn, Walter Ruth, Woodrow Spruill, Pinkie Wrenn, Lester Whitaker, Dobbin Hinton, Joe Roughton, Haddon Gunter, Woodrow Maner, Jack Hoxit, Charlie Nelson and Glenn Page.

—B—

William Arnold, Everett Barker, Hiram Boughman, David Brown, Howard Banes, James Chapman, Theodore Crabtree, Charles Daggenhart, Zebbie Ellis, Lee Fox, Horace Gardner, Robert Hill, Jim Kellum, Clarence Lyerly, Garland Mangum, Ruby Marshburn, J. R. Morrow, Herman Nunnery, George Shoemaker, Carl Story, Walter Scott, Robert Smith, Lytt Talley, William Wade, Norman Watkins and Buford Shipman.

Room No. 5.

—A—

James Clemons, Herman Barrett, James Chappell and Edgar Lee White

—B—

Charles Strickland, James Camden, Thomas Clemons, Frank Horton, Homer Smith and Verlin Cutshall.

Room No. 6.

—A—

Lawrence Dorsett, Mitchell Morris, Kester Sutton, Albert Roe, Ed Bruce, James Upton, Ed Fisher, David M. Avery, Frank Overby and Hubert Gray.

—B—

Chester Cagle, Henry Chester, William Byrd, John R. Yorke, Charles Boweman, Stacy Long and Sulon Tysinger.

Room No. 7.

—A—

Clayton Waters, Herman Hamrick, William Mills, Robert Futrel, Ernest Revis, Carver Boone, Tom McCausley, Lee Pearce, Perry Futrel, Raplh Bradley, Fred Davis, Raymond Hill, Femmous Butler, Herman Lamb, John Kellery and Paul Eason.

Why worry and lose faith in the outcome of things in which we sincerely asked God's guidance.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

We are glad to learn that our little friend James, youngest son of Superintendent Boger, who has been seriously ill for some time, is very much improved.

Now that the weather continues quite cool, hog-killing seems to be a weekly occurrence. Mr. Walker and a group of boys furnished us with another generous supply of sausage last Thursday.

Rev. Paul Hardin, Jr., pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the regular service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Rev. Hardin, who is a great favorite with our boys, delighted his audience with three very interesting stories concerning the lives of Adam and Eve, Samson and Peter.

Last Thursday night our boys enjoyed the first talking picture shown in the Training School Auditorium. We are indebted to the R-C-A company of Atlanta, Ga., for this unusual treat, they having sent their representative, Mr. Pooley, for the purpose of demonstrating their latest model portable talking picture outfit.

The Receiving Cottage boys under the supervision of Mr. Presson, have been sacking, weighing and storing peanuts for the past few days. We do not have the exact figures at this time, but we are informed that this year's crop is one of the best ever gathered from our farm.

Mr. Ferrel, Welfare Officer, of Raleigh, visited the Training School last Monday. He reported that Jesse Roundy, a former student here, is now working as an attendant in the hospital at Duke University and is getting along nicely.

In a recent edition of the Charlotte Observer we noticed that one of our old boys, John Keenan, was married last Sunday, the ceremony taking place at St. John's M. E. Church, Rock Hill, S. C. The bride, Miss Mary E. Rawdon, of Charlestown, West Virginia, is a former resident of Rock Hill and a graduate of Winthrop College. While at the Training School and since being paroled several years ago, John has made an excellent record and now holds a responsible position with the Railway Express Company at Charlotte. To these newlyweds we tender congratulations and best wishes for many years of happiness.

God knows each one of us and cares for us continually if we let him do so.—Selected.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

U. N. C.
Collection Book

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 15, 1930. No. 41

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

CUT IT DOWN

If you have a thing to say, Cut it down—
Something you must write today, Cut it down—
Let your words be short and few,
Aim to make them clear and true,
Monosyllables will do—Cut it down—
Are you writing to the press? Cut it down—
Make it half or even less, Cut it down—
Editors like pithy prose,
Lengthy letters are their foes
Take a hint from "one who knows," Cut it down—

—The Spectator.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

TRY AND TRUST

"Try and trust will remove mountains, so an old proverb says; try without trusting and you merely make a small hole in the hill; try and trust at the same time and see what happens."

We are endeavoring to persuade ourselves and others that it is not only important but imperative that we trust God. It should not be hard to trust Him. The laws we have been in the habit of trusting may fail us. Our friends who, we are sure, would always be true, may prove themselves unreliable. But God will keep His word. He is worthy of our confidence. It is a source of boundless comfort to know that we may come to Him and never be turned away empty.

But you and I are convinced that good success in any field calls for something more than trust. The Lord is not doing much for the person who trusts for things to come to pass, but never tries to make them come to pass. We cannot separate faith from work, or works from faith, and expect the one without the other to be effective. We must work as though faith does not count; and we must also believe as though work does not count; and then see what happens.—Selected.

THE RESTLESS AGE

The modernized way of living, so universally accepted, has just about exiled the conservatives, so to speak. As proof, just decry some of the modern customs, such as dress, amusements or habits of living, and the expression "antiquated" will be heard. Besides, if there is an approval of the old customs

of living the suggestion is received with such silence, till it is painful.

Accepting the situation as a whole, there is satisfaction, that is the conservatives will remain the same, spiritually and mentally, even when the privilege to express a viewpoint is suppressed.

Another good point is, the lessons learned from lives of conservatives are far more effective than so much preachment, for silence is golden. The result of such a life may not be seen at once, but in the course of events the results will be felt in the community to the end of time. It takes courage to live the simple, quiet life, but, there are a few who do it.

It is an accepted fact that everybody wields an influence, passive or active, and each individual is responsible as to the manner of using talents, or time. It is a responsibility, and a great one.

The stereotyped expression, "be open minded, or broad guaged," is most frequently emphasized. Now, if all of the progressive forms of government, styles, habits of living and ideas of true worship were accepted without a question, there would be great cause for alarm.

It is barely possible that when our forebears were carving their way through the wilderness, under trying and difficult conditions, fighting for a Christian nation of free and independent States, that they ever dreamed the lawless, reckless, and wasteful people of today would be the type of christian civilization to carry on the cause they so nobly espoused—buillding the American home

There are times when we feel, after reading of one tragic death after another, caused by the use of modern developments and the recklessness of mankind, that we would like to hie to some quiet spot and there rest, out of sight of this nervous, restless mass of humanity. The question comes to mind —what makes happiness any way? There is absolutely no home life any longer, but, for ringing of the church bells Sunday mornings, and closing on the Sabbath places of business, there would be nothing to remind us of the sanctity of the day.

In this present day with its speed, its false cravings for money and excitement, the world has a greater need for staunch characters, to take the lead and make wise decisions—for with the many privileges comes responsibilites.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"IF A WILL, THERE IS A WAY"

Nothing inspires a higher appreciation of womanhood than to see one of

the so-called weaker sex, who after realizing misfortune, show her mettle by meeting bravely every emergency with a cheer and hope. It is a hard thing to do, you can well imagine, especially when once used to comforts and conveniences of life, with no thought of tomorrow, if unexpected reverses come leaving nothing but a remnant of the fortune and memories of the past—truly it is the acid test of one's moral and spiritual courage. "Our glory consists not in never falling, but rising every time we fall," is a thought that often gives courage.

We know one splendid woman who answers to the pen-picture made. She for thirty years graced the ancestral home, spacious, architecturally imposing, with a background of magnificent shade trees, crepe myrtles, boxwood, althea and other old shrubs, making a picture that attracts tourists from all parts of the country. She continues to reside at the old home, but not as formerly, conditions are different, death has claimed the head of the family, financial losses have cut the income, all of these necessitating a venture in the public life that she never thought would be her lot. She has met the proposition gracefully. She today responds to calls from the social set to manage social teas, receptions and large banquets, realizing a remuneration that gives her a comfortable living. She is not a stranger to this social life, but served in a different capacity, instead of manager behind the scenes she has presided on many similar occasions as a guest of honor. In course of conversation with this woman of charm and beauty, one is impressed that she does not permit herself to dwell upon the past. If she finds she is growing reminiscent, a smile is forced through the cloud of thoughts, remarking that "nothing comes from worry, the only thing to do under circumstances is to put your pride in your pocket and work." The moral to be drawn from such a life is—that where there is a will there is a way, and that dignity can be added to any calling.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE SKIN DEEP BEAUTY

One can readily understand that the "beauty parlors" are now looked upon as necessities. The old, the young, the beautiful faces and homely ones all go and try to be made over, and the aged endeavor to be rejuvenated. This place is visited by all kinds and conditions of people who have the price, and yet we hear an occasional explosion of tight times.

Just a few days ago in conversation with a business woman, in charge of a large terminal bus line in a bustling city of 15,000 who said: "I have not time to talk longer, for the reason I catch a train in a few moments for New York City. I am going to buy new and up-to-date appliances for my beauty parlor." The American woman has created a new billion dollar business that makes a beauty only skin deep. Youth once was considered beauty, but today youth is concealed beneath the rouge, lip-stick and other cosmetics that often make a beautiful, youthful face look freaky. This billion dollar industry disposes annually of approximately 2,000 tons of rouge, 4,000 tons of face powder, 6,000 tons of bath salts, more than 25,000 tons of facial creams, 9,000 tons of complexion soap, 26,000 tons of skin lotion and 50,000 tons of cold cream.

With all of these powders and lotions goes compacts and other things related to these products. To be beautiful is a business and wherever one goes the beauty parlors are liberally patronized.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

EMPHASIZE THE GOOD

It does seem that Charlotte has had lately an unusual number of hold-ups, robberies and killings. We do not even like to make mention of it, but since these reports hold first place with large head lines on first page of the city papers we venture to whisper the publicity the Queen city is getting is not very good. Too bad to be placed in a class with the crime city—Chicago. These conditions will prevail for only a short time. As soon as the unemployed can find work the acute panic of hard times will disappear and the crime wave will not be heard of in the city of Charlotte. By getting work for the unemployed the wave of crime will be eliminated for according to an old, time worn expression "idleness is the devil's work shop." Besides, if less publicity were given to the activities of the lawless this too would have a salutary effect, and instead emphasize the good works of mankind.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

NO FINER CLIMATE TO BE FOUND

Just at this season North Carolina has the distinction of having within its borders three distinguished visitors, Herbert Hoover, Jr., who is recuperating from an incipient case of tuberculosis, also Dwight W. Morrow and wife are

at Pinehurst enjoying the invigorating and health giving climate of the State recognized for the curative powers of the long leaf pine. We welcome to the Old North State these visitors of national renown and wish for them the best the State can offer.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE DEATH OF TWO DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS

The unexpected passing of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Norfleet, Winston-Salem, two of the State's most distinguished citizens was a shock such as seldom comes to the State. They were wealthy, public spirited and liberal, giving freely to the church and civic needs of the community. In life they were one, and in the passing of Mr. Norfleet death within a few hours called his companion, his devoted wife. In speaking of the passing of these two the North Carolina Christian Advocate writes:

> The Old Testament writings furnish the most accurate and eloquent eulogy of Mr. and Mrs. Norfleet that we can command. Here it is: "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Don't say it can't; when it can be done,
No matter how hard the work;
The thing to do, is see it through,
Not idly to sit and shirk."

—o—

Now there is a "drive" suggested for an "international Golden Rule Week" to be observed December 7 to 14. I confess to a lack of interest in these "weeks" in which some principle of life that should be observed every week in the year is emphasized for seven days, and then drops out. There are not enough weeks in any year for the especial promotion of fine Christian and social principles —nor enough days, for that matter. These things should be steadily promoted all the year around, in a way not to overemphasize any one of them, but to call attention in an impartial way to fundamental principles and their true value in relation to each other.

—o—

Life was never so large as now, and it is growing larger every day. To live in this day, in this land, is a privilege never equaled by that of any man before. The finest task of all the ages is to produce a man that will meet the demands the immediate future will make upon him. There are crowns enough to go around. If you miss yours it can be your own fault only. Royalty is a matter of character. Every man is a king-maker and works upon the task of crowning himself. The world wants whole men. Look yourself over. What progress are you making?

—o—

A professor in the University of Chicago, who has been studying the matter very carefully, declares the sun is going to keep on shining for another 15,000,000,000,000 years. Oh, shucks, what's the use in trying to keep up with this professor, with farm relief growing dimmer, the way the stock market is acting, foreign countries taking revenge on this country by raising their tariffs to almost prohibitive rates, the many unemployed asking for jobs, the wet and dry arguments—but what's the use? All of us have just got to be brave and keep on struggling.

—o—

Church statistics show that one denomination in this country has 20,000 less members than it had last year, because nominal members of that church were not counted. The church will be stronger with them out. A nominal (only) church member is not a force in religion, and is often a stumbling block. All churches have them. Some day church membership will be more of an honor to a man than it is today, because it will be harder to get and to hold, and can no longer be used as a thing to promote a bogus respectability that wants something to cover up bad behavior.

—o—

A writer in one of the newspapers writes on the decline of the mustache,

and goes on to say that the young men of today are "actually incapable of growing mustaches. The admission is deplorable and sinsiter." I cannot see why it is "deplorable and sinister" if, indeed, hair ceases to grow on upper lilps. They are not used by young men of today as formerly. The prevailing horrible fashion now-a-days is to have a little patch of hair under the nose, like a tussock of grass on a desert. Young men of today are not duly impressed when it doth please the fertility of their chins to be delivered of a beard. Instead they are more concerned with lather products and safety razors. Yet there was a time, in years agone, when a vigorous mustache was everywhere evidence of manhood, and youngsters carefully cultivated every hair on their upper lips. In those days a kiss without a mustache was likened to an egg without salt. Guess today a girl would imagine she was kissed with lips with a mop attachment, for the piece of mustache the young men wear under the nose.

—o—

Thanksgiving Day is the next holiday stop, with all of its stirring and kindly impulses. Whatever our coniidition in life we have abundance for which to be thankful. Things are never so bad that they might be much worse. We have good causes to be thankful every day, and a prayer of thanks should be our daily supplication to the giver of all good gifts for his patience and mercy towards us, such sinners as we are. No one is perfect. All of us have petty faults. On this coming Thanksgiving let us not only feast, give praise, and enjoy the blessings of the day, but let us try hard to bear with the weaknesses of others; sharing the likes, tolerating the dislikes, confiding and trusting, laughing and sympathizing with others; trusting more implicitly in God, loving Him more devoutly, and we will have plenty to be thankful for when the Thanksgiving season arrives.

—o—

Mr. Edison has perfected a device to enable aviators to see through a fog. What the most of us, who are not flyers want, is a device that will take us through this depression.

—o—

A "Buy Now" campaign is being advocated over the country, to bring about a state of prosperity. That's all right for the big fellows, with plenty of money to spend, but where are the little felows, without means, going to get the money to do their buying, even for the necessities of life?

"Life is but a battle—fight it bravely; life is a course—run it eagerly; life a faith-keeping—hold it firmly; but do not think to win righteousness by the battle, by the race, or by your faithkeeping. God will give it to you. It is a free gift.—Selected.

YORKTOWN VICTORY JUST 149 YEARS AGO CELEBRATED

(Exchange)

July 4 is a day which Americans celebrate throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is needless to say this commemorates the Declaration of Independence by the American Colonies from the British, July 4, 1776.

But the signing of the Declaration of Independence, great as was that act, did not set the colonies free in actuality, for, the British armies were still to be defeated. Five years, three and a half months were to pass before the sword completed what the pen started.

October 19. Few indeed are the Americans who know the significance of that date. Reference to the almanac will not always produce results. In its list of holidays, what is probably the most widely circulated almanac in the United States omits it.

But it was on October 19, 1781, that the American Revolution came to an end. The task which the patriots of 1776 had set before them was completed. The terms of surrender were signed and the British army became prisoners of war to the combined forces of America and France.

That was at Yorktown, Virginia, 149 years ago. This year the anniversary was celebrated with appropriate ceremonies.

Yorktown stands much as it did a century and a half ago. A fairly impressive monument has been erected to commemorate the victory of the Americans and comparatively many of the old mansions and houses have survived.

Congress has authorized an appropriation of $200,000 for the celebration October 19, 1931, of the victory of Yorktown and the end of the Revolution.

In point of historic significance the Yorktown celebration can be linked with the George Washington bicentennial celebration to be held in 1932 and probably with the 325th anniversary of the landing of the settlers at Jamestown.

President Hoover undoubtedly will be there, the occasion being of such great magnitude. And no doubt the governors of the States which were the 13 colonies—Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Virginia—will attend, or send representatives. And France, which furnished Lafayette, Rochambeau, de Grasse and 7,000 fighting men, will certainly be represented.

The British. They are good enough sportsmen to aid in celebrating an American victory over themselves. It was Sir Esme Howard, erstwhile British ambassador to the United States, who said after visiting Yorktown, that the place was the beginning of

a vaster British Empire; that Great Britain, unable to cope with independence movement in the American colonies, was free to devote her attention to Australia, Canada, Africa and India.

Cornwallis and his army reached Yorktown August 1, Lafayette had been sent by Washington, then in New York, to command the Colonials in Virginia. To Lafayette much credit at Yorktown is due. It was Lafayette who urged de Grasse to leave the West Indies and close Virginia's gate way to the sea, and it was he who suggested Washington to bring his army south.

Comte de Grasse entered the Chesapeake with his big fleet on August 28. On September 5 de Grasse bested the British Admiral Graves. Next morning there were no British ships to be seen. Graves had left Cornwallis to do as best he could. Lafayette, his forces increasing until they numbered even with the British, moved to Williamsburg about this time; Washington made a feint against Clinton and was far to the south before the British general realized what had happened. Gen. Benjamin Lincoln led the continentals to Elk River, in the Chesapeake, where they sailed to Jamestown, increasing the Franco-American forces to 16,000.

The seige of Yorktown began September 28. Day by day the lines around the British were drawn closer. There was no escape for Cornwallis on the York River, guarded by the French fleet. The big guns began to roar on October 1.

Daily the hopes of the British sank lower and lower. As dawn came on October 17, came also a flag of truce from Cornwallis. The thunder of the guns died away, and quiet, symbolic of the peace that was born, reigned. The next day the commissioners met in the Moore House and arranged the terms, and on October 19, 1781, the papers were signed. America was free.

MORE LAWS, MORE LAWLESSNESS

While many are throwing up their hands in horror at the rising tide of lawlessness and the startling growth of the prison population, we are not one to view with alarm future morality of the coming generations.

Facts assert the rise of lawlessness and the consequent growth of the prison population. However, this has not been a result of a decline in morality but rather of an increase in the number of laws to violate. Customs have not changed very much but laws have. Conduct that was once considered to be in the scope of personal jurisdiction, punishable by a reaction of society, has now been outlawed. It is easier to change laws than it is to alter morals. Since a major legal change ten years ago, the readjustment has been slow, hence more lawlessness but not more immorality.—Exchange.

A LEGEND OF EASTERN VIRGINIA

By A. A. Richards

"They say that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar bled:
And the hyacinth this garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head."

—Omar Khayyam.

Where Broadwater Bay reflects the blue and the drifting cloud packs above, there Warwick stands, a little bit of Old England transplanted almost three centuries ago to the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

It had its beginning in romance and every old tree has witnessed episodes and events that form a multicolored warp and woof of a family's history which is but a cross section of the story of Early America. As the setting sun disappears behind the pines which skirt the shores of the Machipongo River, the dormer windows and the white bricks of the sturdy home seem to be tinged with the aurora of romance.

Rachel Upshur lived there. She crossed its threshold as the bride of Abel Upshur in 1726. Within its low ceilinged rooms, her children came and from the eastern windows the little ones could see the morning sun and beyond Broadwater, the white of the Atlantic as it pounded on the chain of guardian islands.

Sunshine and shadow played about Warwick pretty much then as it does now until tragedy met Rachel on a winter's night in 1749 and an evergreen holly tree has enfolded an old tombstone as a living monument to a sacrifice of love. That is only one thread of a romance which links Warwick of today with the Warwick of a long past yesterday.

Warwick takes its name from the original home of Mary, wife of Arthur Upshur, in Warwick County, England. The first house was built about 1670 as the manor house for a 2,000-acre tract, purchased by Lieut. Col. William Kendall from "Pyony, King of the Machipongoes," payment therefore being "four good coats." In 1664 Arthur Upshur, the First, relieved Colonel Kendall of this burden, paying him head rights and, as the careless colonel had only held this property under an Indian right, Arthur secured patent on it. Near neighbors of the Upshurs were John and Agnes Revell. Abel Upshur, grandson of Arthur Upshur looked upon their daughter, Rachel and found favor in her eyes and she in his. From what little history can tell us, Rachel was tall, dark, well proportioned, of cheerful disposition, the typical homemaker of that period, and a woman of courage. The holly tree and the tombstone attest to the last mentioned fact.

Abel inherited the place as he was the oldest surviving son of Arthur Upshur and he and his bride took possession. For 23 years Rachel presided as mistress over the household which had accumulated Arthur, Jr., John, Caleb, Susannah and Elizabeth.

It was a decidedly primitive coun-

try and the poultry flocks and young animals were carefully guarded at night from four-footed marauders. The story goes, that on a bleak December night in 1749, Abel was aroused by the squawking of hens in the nearby coop and went downstairs and out into the yard. Abel, according to legend was not very rugged, and Rachel, being fond of him, was anxious about his health. She slipped a robe on over her night dress and hurried downstairs and out into the yard after her spouse.

The noise had stopped and firmly, but gently, Rachel, standing there in her bare feet, pushed Abel back into the house with the injunction ' to stay in out of the night.'' For a moment she stood there on the broken mill stone which so often was used as a doorstep for Southern homes. Then, hearing no further disturbances amidst her prized collection of poultry, she turned to follow Abel into the house. At this time, a fox, the cause of the alarm and of which had taken refuge behind the doorstep, fastened his teeth into one of Rachel's feet. Her scream brought Abel to her side, but the fox had escaped. Rachel and Abel went to the cookroom and the children who had been awakened came down stairs. The simple remedies of those days were applied to what was apparently a mere flesh wound. Rachel, however, died ten days later on Christmas night in the agony of hydrophobia.

Legend has it, that she was smothered between two feather beds, for the oldtime dread of hydrophobia prompted people to resort to drastic measures to guard against those affected.

Abel placed her in the front yard at Warwick, where from the window of the room that they had shared together for so long, he could see the grave. At the head he planted a holly tree which has now almost hidden the tombstone in its embrace.

Warwick did not go unscathed during the Revolutionary War, for it was partially burned by the British but the blame for this, however, must be placed at the door of Arthur Upshur, the second.

Arthur, with his troops, was watching for the British at Chincoteague Bay, when a messenger on horseback galloped from Warwcik to tell him that the British had landed on Broadwater Bay and taken possession of his home. Post haste with his men he flew to its defense along the seaside road to where the British boats had landed. He saw the weapons gleam when they pulled out for their ships and he and his troops opened fire on them with more or less serious effect. He then returned to Warwick, found it intact, and his wife, horrified at his precipitate conduct, told him that the British had been there and had shown utmost respect for the family and had been unusually courteous, paying for everything they needed.

It is not known whether Arthur said, ''I have pulled a bonehead play,'' or ''the fat is in the fire,'' but he did show commendable judgment in gathering together all the valuables and movable articles and with his family decamped. The British landed that night and set fire to

Warwick, destroying part of it.

Warwick was rebuilt at the close of the Revolutionary War and about three years ago was purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph T. Whitelaw, of St. Louis, and in making repairs and carrying out a restoration of the old home, they found in the bricks, uncovered in plastering the living room, charred door lintles of the first Warwick.

The old broken mill stone where Rachel stood when death struck at her still bears out the legend, for in dry weather the stone is a solid grey; when it rains a splotch of red shows.

Around the house, Rachel grew cocks-comb, foxglove, hollyhocks and rue and they still grow, but in the acres adjoining Warwick and close to the house itself, Mr. Whitelaw is growing acres of peonies. So, by a stretch of the imagination, "Pyony, King of the Machipongoes" has come back into his own.

The holly tree does not bloom nor bear fruit, but it grows green above Rachel's grave.

LET'S PLAY

Let's dream like the child in its playing;
  Let's make us a sky and a sea.
Let's change the things 'round us by saying
  They're things as we wish them to be.
And if there is sadness or sorrow,
  Let's dream till we charm it away.
Let's learn from the children and borrow
  A saying from childhood: "Let's play."

Let's play that the world's full of beauty;
  Let's play there are roses in bloom;
Let's play there is pleasure in duty,
  And light where we thought there was gloom
Let's play that this heart with its sorrow
  Is bidden be joyous and glad;
Let's play that we'll find on the morrow
  The joys that we never have had.

Let's play we have done with repining,
  Let's play that our longings are still
Let's play that the sunlight is shining
  To gild the green slope of the hill;
Let's play there are birds blithely flinging
  Their songs of delight to the air;
Let's play that the world's full of singing,
  Let's play there is love everywhere.

—Selected.

CHILDREN AND CHURCHES

(Asheville Citizen)

The Committee on "Youth Outside the Home and School" reports that ten million two hundred thousand of the members of the 232,154 churches of the 214 denominations in America are under 13 years of age. This report is in connection with the coming White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. It indicates that 18.4 of the total church membership is made up of children. Further the committee finds that Church membership is growing. For the past two decades it grew by 17.6 and 18.9 per cent, respectively, which almost exactly parallels the population growth of 17.2 and 18 per cent for these periods.

During the nineteenth century and down to 1910 growth in church membership in the United States actually exceeded population increase. Thus the figures for the past twenty years would seem to indicate a waning of religious influence. Yet the churches have been keeping pace—and that too during a period of cataclysmic World War and of business dislocation and painful, slow readjustment. Any organization which can keep intact during a terrible period of prolonged world warfare and of serious business depression and disorganization must be in a sound condition. Thus religious leaders should not be depressed by the frequent gloomy accounts of church decay in this country or abroad.

The committee finds that the most significant developments among the churches are the growth of religious education programs for children and young people and the tendency of the Church to affilate itself with the actual daily experiences of younger members. Also all the churches are seeking more and more to work together in the interest of community needs. Again there is "evidence of a wholesome and extensive hunger and returning of a somewhat materialistic and pleasure-mad age to reach out for deeper spiritual values in life."

The committee urges upon parents that they make fuller use of the Church, not only for spiritual values, but also as a needed educational measure. It is recommended that more persons volunteer for training as leaders in the youth programs of the churches. Further the churches should take greater organized recognition of their young people through suitable programs in which the youth may themselves take part.

The committee makes some other interesting findings. Other organized agencies which influence boys and girls in the 40 per cent of their time which is spent outside of home and school include girl agencies which influence 1,500,000, boy agencies which enroll 2,100,000, and neighborhood agencies which deal with 1,400,000. From one-fourteenth to one-twelfth of the total time of the 45,590,341 young people in America under 18 years of age is spent in school. One third of their time is spent in sleep.

The Society of Jesus, one of the most remarkable religious organizations of all times, early recognized the

fact that the Church must seek the and eighteenth centuries in Europe Jesuit schools were established in many places and had a wonderful influence. The Jesuits were the finest teachers of that period. They established hundreds of colleges and annually enrolled hundreds of thousands of students. Similarly churches of the twentieth century must increasingly endeavor to attract and influence young people. Various of our denominations have parochial and other church school organizations. But all can bring themselves to the youth by church programs and entertainments of many sorts. A vast field for religion lies in this direction. And much is being done, as church activity today s changing radically.

THE HOME DAYS

When the goldenrod has withered,
  And the maple leaves are red;
When the robin's nest is empty,
  And the cricket's prayers are said;
In the silence and the shadow
  Of the swiftly hastening fall,
Come the dear and happy home days,
  Days we love the best of all.

Then the household gathers early,
  And the firelight leaps and glows
Till the old hearth in its brightness
  Wears the glory of the rose;
Then the grandsire thinks of stories,
  And the children cluster sweet,
And the floor is just a keyboard
  For a baby's pattering feet.

When the goldenrod has faded,
  When the maple leaves are red,
When the empty nest is clinging
  To the branches overhead,
In the silence and the shadow
  Of the hurrying later fall
Come the dear days, come the home days,
  In the year the best of all.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

CENTRAL UNEMPLOYMENT COUNCIL IS OF VALUE

By Mrs. W. T. Bost, Commissioner of Public Welfare

Whether or not unemployment can be prevented or minimized by statesmanlike means, there remains for the present, and probably for years to come, the question of what to do with the distress caused by unemployment —family disintegration and the manifold other miseries which lack of work creates—and how the community is to bear the burden imposed upon it. It is with this question and particularly the meaning of unemployment to the individual community that the six district meetings over the State are concerned. We're largele interested in what to do right now in our immediate communities and how to go about doing it. Of course we realize that what we are doing now is merely remedial.

We know that it goes far deeper than that and will take much longer than one of these periods of depression to solve. In these group meetings we realize that we cannot hope to get far with the larger and deeper aspects of the philosophy of industrial life, causations of these cyclical periods of economic stress through which we are now passing nor shall we go far into such matters as unemployment insurance, pensions, and similar proposals. But such group meetings as these, we confidently believe, will tend strongly to arouse citizens generally to a sense of their personal responsibility in the matter, and to make employers feel that they haven't a right to hire and fire a man without some regard for his economic independence.

We social workers are "close to the 'aching realities.' We have the first hand contacts with the victims of unemployment, of low wages, and of the more insidious fear and sense of insecurity which are the products of poverty."

There are various estimates of the unemployed in the United States today, some figures being as high as upwards of 4,000,000. In normal times there are about 2,000,000 unemployed. What are we people here in North Carolina going to do about it! The problem of taking care of our people who are out of employment, with the accompanying distress that is inevitable, must be faced immediately. North Carolina passed through a period of prosperity. Our record of achievement during this period of progress thrilled every true and loyal Tar Heel. The entire State benefitted by the prestige of the position it gained through this period. Today a challenge is thrown out to the citizens of the State to coordinate all available forces in meeting the results of an economic situation that is not local, but world-wide. As loyal citizens the call to relieve the distress of our people is sufficiently clear to awaken a social consciousness throughout the State, to arouse people to a sense of moral responsibility, and to a recog-

nition of the need to stand by in this time of economic stress.

We all recognize the fact that in an emergency of this kind a central unemployment council is advisable. There is no escape from the conclusion that an unemployment committee of community wide interest is a most desirable instrumentality for effective work. Success, however, will depend largely on two things:

1. Competency of social agencies in normal times. The best guarantee of efficiency in the emergency lies in the strength of the community agencies of the city in normal times and in the fullness of their cooperative relation.

2. Early start in recognizing signs of distress and applying prompt measures of preparedness.

The central council can focus information, provide a channel for the coordination of the efforts of numerous separate bodies, centralize and control publicity, stimulate interest and participation of general public, unite private effort and public service, intensify employment service during the depression rather than the registration of unemployed; increase temporary and odd jobs; provide for additional public works by expediting plans for such works; stimulate cooperation of women's clubs, church groups, Parent-Teacher associations, etc.

GRIGGSBY'S STATION

"Pap's got his patent-right, and rich as all creation;
  But where's the peace and comfort that we all had before?
Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
  Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

  "The like of us a livin' here. It's jest a mortal pity
  To see us in this great big house, with cyarpets on the stairs,
And the pump right in the kitchen! and the city! city! city!—
  And nothin' but the city all round us ever' wheres!

"Climb clean above the roof and look from the steeple,
  And never see a robin, nor a beech or ellum-tree!
And right here in ear-shot of at least a thousan' people,
  And none that neighbors with us or we want to go and see!

"Let's go a visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
  Back where the latch-string's a hangin' from the door,
And ever' neighbor round the place is dear as a relation—
  Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!"

—James Whitcomb Riley.

WOULD SEEK TOURISTS

(Lexington Dispatch)

California lacks almost 3,300 miles of having as much hard surfaced roads as North Carolina does, but in 1929 the gasoline tax paid by tourists alone was estimated at $10,000,000, which is only two millions less than North Carolina collected from both home folks and visitors at a rate of five cents a gallon.

California spent over a million dollars last year in advertising, and the gain on gasoline taxes from tourists, at the rate of ten to one, was only a small part of the actual gain.

Our North Carolina roads are better mile for mile, our scenery compares favorably with that of California, we have a great contrast in climate; and now we are opening one of the most wonderful national parks in the world. Millions of prospective visitors are near our doors. Heretofore they have mostly used our fine roads to go to Florida or somewhere else more widely advertised than North Carolina.

Heretofore attempts have been made to organize for the purpose of putting on a North Carolina campaign, but someone has usually thrown a monkey wrench into the plans. But we are undoubtedly losers by being too content to do nothing with the opportunity.

TWELVE YEARS AFTER—1918-1930

Twelve years have stalked in slow procession by.
But they and all they spell cannot erase
A shivered tree against the saddest sky
That ever shrouded earth; a shell-shot space
Where broken shapes in khaki blankets lie,
Some moaning in the slanting spears of rain,
Some peaceful with the peace of those who die;
Hoarse guns that crack and crash—again—again;
Lead feet that drag along a dull, wet lane,
Chill streams that from the rusty helmets flow,
And sodden clothes; and dank winds that complain
And scourge the flesh, and wring the heart below.
Ah, comrades! When the wind and sky are gray,
Twelve years ago may be but yesterday.

—Wilson Clough.

OLD CLOCK DEFIES WEIGHT OF CENTURIES

By Staley A. Cook

An interestng old clock that regulated the time for the Huffman family in Germany a century or two ago is in the home of Mrs. M. S. Crouse, on Burlington route one, where hundreds have seen it, among them antique dealers from near and far.

It is almost a priceless heirloom handed down through the generations of the clan from a definite beginning somewhat remote in the faded archives of present-day genealogical recollections.

Of solid walnut, the case stands eight feet six inches. It has defied the weight of years and with a little polish and elbow grease would now have the appearance of "new furniture," except that its style hearkens back like a dim echo from afar.

The face represents a Turkish scene. Across it is written in German: "Hussein Pasha Mit Seiner, Le Ibmamelcken." In the old days it is said, Turkish warriors had their own orchestra with them and the fine miniature musicians on the old clock play on the hour, suggesting the charge of the horse brigade in the background.

The name "Grishaber" is scrawled on the inside of the case, evidently the name of the maker who was in his day famous for his clock craftsmanship. Springs had not become a part of clock mechanism in Grishaber's day, evidently, as he used none in his work.

Iron weights with their gravity pull operated the time pieces and music devices. These weights weigh 100 pounds, yet they can be lifted to the "wind up" position with a key. Many of the working parts are skillfully carved hardwood.

Floyd Crouse explained that there isn't prcie on the old timepiece. There is too much sentiment attached to it. Too many of the hands of the parent tree have toiled by it through their llife span. To the living the dull finish of the walnut reflects the long procession of the clan out of the mist of dawn into the shadows of night.

There may have been a place for the clock in the museum of Henry Ford, at Dearborn. Mr. Ford's secretary wrote an inquiry concerning it, and the price, but the information hasn't yet been furnished. It seems strange that there isn't "a price on its head," but there isn't.

Mr. Crouse stated his mother has been offered all the way from a few dollars to a few thousand for the clock. People from everywhere have stopped by to see it, some of them individuals who'd like to have the piece for a nook in their home, others bartering upon a purely speculative basis.

If there are two items in the home that Mrs. Crouse would point out as

almost sacred to her, they would be by with its two stars.
the old clock and the service flag near

JUST GOING ALONG

While the odd millions in the cities are rushing back and forth, stewing over fleeting minutes and fussing about hard times, there are some other millions in the smaller towns and rural districts in the United States that are just going along—living from day to day, and making a pretty good job of it, too.

Not that everything has been rosy for them. Far from it—the small town reflects the depression of the cities, and drouth and poor crops and low prices have hurt the farmer. But, in spite of all that, that substantial American who resides along the shady streets of the rural communities and takes his plelasure at home, is going along comfortably—weathering all storms and providing well for his family.

And there is a reason for that—the reason that day after day he puts in an honest measure of work, deals honestly with his neighbors, respects his home and is kind to his family. He isn't chasing a rainbow or trying to talk someone into a shady investment or a doubtful deal.

He has learned, instead, to do his own job and to have faith in the greatness of his country.

For this he has been rewarded with a comfortable home, good digestion, the love of his family, a clear conscience and no fear of what a bear market will do.

He is living today, and paying his way as he goes along. He is not trying to get by on the record of what he accomplished yesterday or the promise of what he will do tomorrow. Today is the page in the book of life upon which he expects to write, and he has forgotten the mistakes of yesterday and refuses to be handicapped by the fears of tomorrow. His past holds no mortgage on the present.

Benefitting from his experience of yesterday and planning for his opportunities of tomorrow—yet living only today; taking time to watch the sunset, to play with the children, to help the wife a little, and to chat with the neighbors.

He expects to do a full day's work—but to keep the evening free from worry and scheming—and to rest weary muscles in an easy chair or forget petty worries out in a fishing boat.

He has found that what pleasure life holds for him comes today—not tomorrow. He has also learned that what he accomplishes in life he accomplishes today, not next month.

Perhaps he doesn't think in big figures, and certainly he does not talk loose—but he keeps right on living and doing, serving and enjoying, trusting and harvesting the best things in life.

—By William Fleming French.

ORIGIN OF THE CALENDAR

(Selected)

In connection with a movement which has been on foot for some time but which seems to be foredoomed to failure, the history of the origin of our calendar, given recently by the Kansas City Star is of interest:

"The present calendar is Roman in origin and that is why most of the names of the month originate in Latin. However, it is often a little hard to understand how it is that December, which is named the tenth month, should now be the 12th.

"December is formed from the Roman "decem," as occurs in such words as decimate, decimal, and so on, all having the implied meaning of something to do with "10." Similarly, September is named the seventh, October the eight (compare "octave") and November the ninth month.

"The reason for this is that in the old Roman calendar March was the first month, making September, October, November and December the seventh, eight, ninth and tenth months, respectively. However, in the reign of Numa two months were added—January and February. In 452 B. C. February was put after January and those months have remained in their present order ever since.

"Originally, July was called Quintilis (fifth month), and August was Sextilis (sixth month). But it so happened that Julius Caesar was born in the old fifth month. That is why July is named from Julius Caesar.

"Not to be left out Augustus Caesar had Sextilis changed to August in his honor—and incidentally caused all of us a lot of inconvenience. For Julius Caesar, when rearranging the calendar (Julian Calendar) to include enough extra days to make the 365 necessary for a solar year, arranged that every other month should have 31 days and the others 30, except February, which should have 29 and, leap year 30. The first, third, fifth seventh, ninth and eleventh months were to have 31 days.

"But the vanity of Augustus could not permit July to have 31 days while August (under Julius Caesar's plan) should have only 30. Therefore, he took a day from February, leaving that month only 28 days in normal years, and added it to August, giving it the 31 days as we now know it. This interrupted Caesar's systematic order and has made it difficult to remember the number of days in various months."

NOVEMBER

The Summer comes and the Summer goes
Wild flowers are fringing the dusty lanes,
The swallows go darting through fragrant rains
Then, all of a sudden—it snows.

—Aldrich.

CLEARED GROUND

By Leonora Sill Ashton

Work, work, work! Would there ever be an end to it all!

John Atkins bent his young back easily and quickly to the building of the stone wall which was to border one of his faather's meadows. His hands were skillfull and sure, and his energetic movements left no time to waste; but if one could have looked into his thoughts he would have seen a discontented, troubled state of affairs.

"I don't see any end to it," he said out loud, standing upright for a moment and looking over the stretch of land.

There were still stones there; there would always be stones, John told himself. It seemed as though they grew like weeds; and if this work were ever completed, then there would be the north pasture to "clear". His father was always planning how to improve his acres. Just now he was sending for all the agricultural bulletins that came out on the subject of forestry. He wanted to "improve" the wood lot, and start a tree nursery on the sloping hill.

Of course John helped materially with all the work. He was an only son, and the one man his father employed on the farm was a part-time worker. The young man loved his father, but the resentment against this unceasing, monotonous drudgery, which had always lain deep in his heart, seemed to be growing stronger every day, and bade fair to leap violently to the suface very soon.

What John wanted above all other things was to fly. Every day, just before the noon hour, there would come a sound in the distance that thrilled him to the core—the sound of the steady whirr of a motor. Then changing from smaller to greater size, would appear the mail plane, piercing the air like a great arrow, sailing through space with victorious movement, outlined against the blue sky or the clouds with unforgettable distinctness.

On the day when this story begins John brought his fascinated gaze from the retreating airship down to the earth with a bitterness which could not be hidden. Lifting the heaviest stone within reach, he flung it on the wall with such force that it dislodged the portion upon which he was working.

"They're not even clods of earth, they're rocks that I have to deal with, when I want to sail through the air —to fly! It's my generation. Why can't I do what other fellows my age are doing!" And he gave his stone wall a kick, which dislodged the part he had built that morning.

"What's the matter, John? You don't often have to undo any work?"

John's father looked questioningly and wonderingly first at the stone wall and then at his son.

"There's always a cranky stone that won't fit, just like a log that won't burn," said John quickly, leaning down and beginning to replace the silent, heavy products of the meadow.

He and his father were the closest

chums. Probably all that had ever passed through the motherless boy's mind since he was old enough to talk, he had shared with his father, except this one dream, this impassioned desire to fly. And it was only love for this elder man and comrade that kept it a secret in John's thoughts. No one knew better than he what the blow would be to his father if he even suspected a desire in his son's heart save those for the development and improvement of his beloved farm.

"Let the wall go for a few minutes, John," said he. "And come and sit down here. I have something to talk to you about. I've seen Albert Hawkins this morning."

"What about?"

"He wants to sell out. His farm's heavily mortgaged, and he'll let me have it on the easiest terms. Then John—"

"But Father! Can we afford it even on easy terms?"

"Yes, we can. Those are the plans I want to talk to you about."

Then followed a long outline of the manner in which the property could be acquired, by careful payment, by strict economy, and redoubled work.

The boy's heart was heavier than one of the very largest of his stones.

"Look at that stretch of ground over there," continued the older man. "The pasture and the meadow and the grain field and the big pasture beyond. The three are nearly a mile square. All cleared and thrown into one they would make a wonderful piece of land. There isn't a finer level stretch around here. That would bring our farm up to James Ellsworth's, and the two together will make one of the best cultivated stretches of miles in this state. Can't you see it all in your mind's eye, John?"

"Yes, I can."

"I'm going over sometime tomorrow to talk things over with the lawyer in the village. You plan to go with me about ten o'clock in the morning."

"Hadn't I better keep right along with this?" asked John, looking with narrowing lids at his uncompleted work. His heart was swelling with rage and bitterness—not at his father, but at what his rebellious thoughts termed his fate.

"Just as you say; but I'd like you to know the terms. I don't want to make them without you. I'm just about through on the other side of the house, and I can lend a hand here when we get back."

John turned to his work with vigor, as his father turned away. It was a a good thing he had something to do. He carefully replaced the stones he had dislodged, and was just beginning on a fresh part of the wall when there came again that thrilling sound of whirring wings, and an airship appeared in the sky.

It was very seldom that more than one plane passed over the fields, and it was too early for the mail to be so far on its way.

To his surprise John saw this strange plane swoop lower as it came in his direction, and suddenly reached the ground in one of the meadows toward which his father had pointed a few moments ago.

The young wall builder dropped his stones and ran to the spot, his heart beating like a trip hammer. As he came near the plane, he saw the pilot,

who had already alighted, walking around the ship, examining the different parts of its machinery. When he reached him, he found him to be a young fellow about his own age.

"Hello!" called the visored person.

"Hello," answered John, and naturally and easily joined the pilot in his walk of inspection around the stranded airship.

"I've been flying four hours," said the latter. "And I just came down to look after a little rattle I heard."

"Is it all right now?"

"Oh yes. Ever been in a plane?"

"No."

"Want to go?"

"Yes."

Without a further invitation than this John found himself ushered into the plane and soon he was lifted up into the air, over the meadows, over the tree tops, up, up, up, with the wonderful whirring, throbbing plane almost a part of him.

"Look up, not down," called the pilot over his shoulder.

John disobeyed this injunction just once, and his head swam a little for an instant; but the exhilaration, the wonder, the miracle of it all, made a new man of him. His whole being seemed to open to the wonder and romance of it. He was a born flyer.

"I can't thank you." The boy grasped the hand of his pilot as they stepped into the meadow again.

"Don't thank me. Why can't you go for a longer ride, if you like it so?"

"I have work to do, but here, its dinner time. Stay and have dinner with us, and we'll tell father about it."

The hungry pilot gladly accepted the invitation, and the two young men walked to the house, where they were greeted with surprise and interest by John's father and the excited housekeeper.

"You flew?" she exclaimed to John with the deepest admiration; but the elder Atkins looked grave indeed.

"That was a great risk you took," said he.

They were seated at the dinner table now, and John glued his eyes to his plate, his face flushing scarlet. But the young air pilot came to the rescue at once. Perhaps he had met problems like this himself.

"Really no risk at all, sir, if you know your job. Of course the atmospheric changes are the things you can't count on, but we are learning more and more how to meet them. Granted that your ship is secure, and everything all right before you start, and granted that you keep your eyes on the compass and your wits about you, there isn't any more risk in flying than there is on an open highway with the automobiles tearing by."

"Have you flown a great deal?"

"Nearly three years".

"Where did you learn?"

Julian Hover named a well known aviation school in a neighboring state.

John, absorbed with interest, and encouraged by his father's queseionings, broke in, "Is the course of instruction very expensive?"

"Not very," and Julian casually named a sum, which made the corners of John's mouth fall again. Then the conversation turned to flying in

general, and the uses to which aviation could be put.

"You know it's already been used in the transportation of live stock," said Julian. "I think it's going to prove as great a find to farmers in years to come, as the automobile has proved itself to be. There's really no end to what aviation opens up to every one."

Indeed there was no end to the magic and the mystery and the wonder of it all in John's thoughts; but for the realization of his dream to fly himself, there seemed not the slightest possibility of a beginning.

At least however, under the fine, concentrated spell of knowledge and assurance which this young pilot wove, Mr. Atkins was persuaded to step into the plane himself, and take a short trip into the air. Returning to earth, breathless and happy, he was willing that John should take a longer trip with his new friend. Then, all too soon, came the end of those marvelous golden hours, and the plane rose from the ground again with its single occupant and whirred into space and distance. John watched it out of sight with longiing eyes.

"I wonder if he just flies for pleasure," said the older Atkins.

"He certainly does that if any man ever did; but I wonder, too, what his business is. He didn't say what it really was."

"Well, I hope he comes again," and John's father turned towards his fields and walls.

The young man followed with a mixture of emotions. Apparently his father's prejudice had been broken down. His horror of flying and his opposition to it were gone. Perhaps he might even fall in with John's dreams and aspirations—except for the money. Instruction, clothes, the wages of a man to take his place on the farm—all these necessary items attendant upon a course in aviation lined themselves up in the boy's thoughts, and told him how impossible it would be for him to take this step, which seemed to be almost the whole of life to him. It was simply impossible for him unless—unless—. Yes, there was a way. If his father gave up the idea of buying what seemed that endless tract, reaching in the distance to the Ellsworth farm.

"Easy payments! Careful economy!" Why couldn't the purchase of the land be put aside, and the same money spent for his dream, for his education and equipment in flying, the one thing that made life seem worth while to him?

John was back in the pasture once more, gathering another load of stones and as he followed the rumbling cart from meadow to wall, and back again, as he undoaded the weight of stones, and put them in their places, his mind was on wings, up in the aisles of space, an imagination guiding another type of transportation.

And how one's thoughts could travel, faster even than the swiftest plane. If only his father could be convinced of the results to be gained by spending that money for his education as an airman, it would change the whole face of affairs for both of them, John told himself. A few months of training, and he was confident he could fly. Then if he could own an airship! Perhaps he could go in the

government service, perhaps he could open a passenger route, perhaps he could blaze the air trail for the use of farm labor. Oh, he never would forget the farm; but what if he could lighten all this sad drudgery, this endless toil, by sudden flights in the air, up from the solid earth; and all with some definite end in view for the relief of his father and their farming friends!

He would broach the subject that very evening when he went back to supper.

But hope which comes on wings, can also change its course and fly away: and before John had an opportunity to speak about this all absorbing plan, his father met him at the piazza steps with, "I've just called up the lawyer, John, and he's all ready for us tomorrow. He has the papers all made out to sign, and we ought to get that business under way with no mistake before this week is over."

"But Father—"

"I've made up my mind to sell that heifer. That will make the first payment. Don't worry, John. It looks like a big undertaking, but no one ever got the best of me yet in a bargain, and you'll find everything will be all right."

"How long will it take to pay it?" John clinched his hands behind his back, as he asked the question, to such an extent that his knuckles were white.

"Four years, but it will be possible for me to make arrangements to take partial possession of the land without delay, so we can begin work clearing that third largest pasture as soon as you finish our meadow and the wall.

"A few years of hard work, John, and then we'll have a farm that has no equal in the state. It will mean comfort and money to you when you are old and I'm not here to help.

John's heart was like lead, and with these last words it seemed to drop to its farthest capacity.

When he was old. Such a time would surely come. The years as he knew them now were fleeting. He had read many and many a time in articles on aviation that flying must be done in the early age of youthful courage and nerve. Four years of back breaking, bending work; and then the possibility of his dream coming true would have flown.

"Father."

The two were seated on the piazza now, and the older man turned to his son, with a look of absolute delight upon his worn, weather-beaten face.

"It's a great piece of news, isn't it, son?"

John's inmost being writhed and twinged; but whatever happened just then, he suddenly straightened himself and squared his shoulders.

"A great parcel of news, Father," he echoed. "What time do we go tomorrow, did you say?"

So the papers were signed for the acquisition of the long, level tract of land; and after two more weeks of toil in the old meadow, and the completion of the stretch of wall, John woke one morning to the fact that work on the new meadow was to begin that day.

"We'll have to tackle it alone for the beginning, John," said his father.

The "easy" payments loomed large already in the making, and he did

not see in the farthest stretch of his imaginings how he could employ a man to help.

"Well, we've tackled things alone before, Father."

"You're right."

Every moment that could be spared from the other work of the farm was given unstintingly to the clearing of the largest of the three fields during the weeks that followed.

On either side the harvest of golden grain was being gathered, and John could not help but feel a thrill at its beauty under the September sky. Next year the whole tract would be under his father's supervision. How could the work of these added acres possibly be accomplished?

Up and down the stony, stubby pasture John moved with his horse and cart, uprooting stones and thorn apples, and piling them on the cart to be drawn away. To and fro he traveled with his burdens, first to one corner of the farm and then to another. The stone wall and the brush heap varied his trips, and every day the mail plane soared over his had, whirring past on its own mission, and back again.

John paid little attenion to it. He worked unceasingly in the meadow, and seemed to dread any interruption of his efforts. Sometimes a neighboring farm hand or one of the young fellows of his own age would come climbing over the wall to join him Sometimes the cattle that still browsed in the stony pasture would come a little too near to be of real assistance to the work, but John dismissed each intruder with short words and continued diligently with his task.

One day, however, came a visitor who could not be gainsaid.

The grain harvest had been taken in and whirring through the air, soaring down from the blue of the September sky, there came the stranger plane which had visited the same region earlier in the year. The airship made a landing not far from where John was working, and almost before he knew what was happening, he was standing face to face with his friend the pilot, who grasped his hand with enthusiasm.

"What do you think you're doing?" he asked, his keen gaze traveling over the land.

"Clearing this ground. What do you think you're doing?" echoed John.

"I'm thinking up the best way to get another invitation to dinner at your house," said the pilot, grinning beneath his visor.

John grasped his hand again, as the bell on a distant farm rang the noon hour.

"The best way is to come along with me," he said, and the two set off at once for the house.

"Done any flying since I was here last?"

"Haven't had my feet off the stony ground since I saw you."

"Well, you must tread some air trails before I leave. Tell me, is your father at home?"

"Oh, yes."

The three sat down to the dinner table like old friends, and the conversation turned at once to the subject uppermost in Julian's mind.

"How much land do you own, Mr. Atkins?"

John's father outlined his boundaries paid and unpaid for.

"Are you thinking of buying any?" asked he. The payment of his debts weighed more and more heavily upon him, added to a poor season.

"Not for myself, Mr. Atkins; but I have been sent out by the Hadley Aviation School to look for a good landing field in this state. It's a strategic point for an air station right here, with the farming development all around, and the industrial life in the background. I didn't realize it when I was here before, the ground was so overgrown. I just came this way for a friendly call this morning; but the tract that had been cleared showed me so plainty what the rest would be that I can make you the offer now to buy an ideal site for a landing field. Would you consider selling it, Mr. Atkins? I can assure you it would be a financial triumph, and of course the price would be greater if John wanted to finish the job of clearing the ground."

FORGETTING AND REMEMBERING

What should I forget of the past that is dead,
And what should I keep well in mind?
Should I never look backward and ever ahead?
Are there rules I can heed as each day-mile I tread,
That will help me the joy roads to find?

Oh, I'm glad there are rules so simple and plain!
I should strive to forget all those things
Which can bring me today needless sorrow and pain,
Or despair to my spirit and worry to brain,
Or can silence the song my heart sings.

And I should forget all those things of the past
Which afford me no help for today,
Every trouble and fear which endeavors to cast,
Like a cloud o'er the skies, a shadow so vast,
And aught that would cause me dismay.

I'd forget or remember of yesteryears
What wlil help me today live my best;
I'd remember today all that comforts and cheers,
Forget all that brings hopeless sadness and tears—
And trust God to take care of the rest!

—*Charles Arthur Vandermeulen.*

INSTITUTION NOTES

For the past two weeks the boys have had very few visitors; this was due to bad weather.

Mrs. J. P. Cook, associate editor of The Uplift, spent a few hours at the school last Tuesday.

Our barn boys unloaded another car load of coal this week, also hauled some to the various cottages.

Our farm manager reports that the cotton picking season is over, the last having been picked last week.

The Receiving Cottage boys, under the supervision of Mr. Presson, have been clearing new land, digging stumps, etc., during the past week.

Our outside forces will soon begin the construction of a new road through the newly acquired property known as the Duke land.

Rev. T. W. Fogleman, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the regular Sunday afternoon service in the auditorium last week.

MacDonald Montague, one of our boys, who has been at the Concord Hospital for some time, suffering from pneumonia, returned to the school this week and is very much improved.

With the ringing of our big bell at exactly eleven o'clock on Armistice Day, all activities at the Training School ceased, and a few minutes silence was observed in honor of those who have made the supreme sacrifice for their country.

All of our youngsters have their eyes on the calendar eagerly looking forward to the next holiday—Thanksgiving—and many of them are cutting sticks of all shapes and sizes, hoping to enjoy another good rabbit hunt.

Miss Mary P. Latimer, matron in charge of cottage No. 3, entered a number of dahlias in the flower show recently held at St. James Lutheran Church, Concord, and succeeded in winning first prize with one and second prize with another.

Several of our officers and boys enjoyed the broadcasting of some of the big football games at the ball ground last Saturday. A member of our staff kindly donated his radio and it was set up in the grandstand, and while the reception was not perfect, it enabled the lovers of the sport to keep up with their favorite teams.

Christ came to the world to bring hope and good will; do we still maintain these?—Selected.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER, 22, 1930. No. 42

DON'T

Do not look for wrong and evil;
You will find them if you do.
As you measure for your neighbor,
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness—look for gladness;
You will meet them all the while,
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

—Alice Cary.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE RIGHT

The following, we think, is one of the finest tributes to the charm and power of friendship we have ever read. We don't know who wrote it:

"I love to live not only for what you are, but for what I am when I am with you.

"I love you not only for what you have made yourself, but for what you are making of me.

"I love you for the part of me that you bring out.

"I love you for putting your hand into my heaped-up heart and passing over all the foolish and frivolous and weak things that you can't help dimly seeing there, and for drawing out into the light all the radiant belongings that no one else had looked quite far enough to find.

"I love you for ignoring the possibilities of the fool weakling in me, and for laying firm hold on the possibilities of the good in me.

"I love you for closing your ears to the discords in me, and for adding to the music in me by worshipful listening.

"I love you because you are helping me to make of the lumber of my life not a tavern, but a temple, and of the words of my every day not to reproach, but a song.

"I love you because you have done more than any creed could have done to make me good, and more than any fate could have done to make me happy.

"You have done it without a touch, without a word, without a sign.

"You have done it just by being yourself. Perhaps that it what being a friend means after all."—Exchange.

THANKFUL ALWAYS

With the month of November comes our annual Thanksgiving Day. Some think of it as a national holiday commemorating when the Pilgrims landed,

or in terms of casting up accounts to see if the balance sheet justifies a pittance of a thank offering. This is the material manner in which many offer thanks, but an offering is not complete without the spirit of love and an understanding of the source of every good and perfect gift.

With all the money of the richest of the rich it can not buy a love that never faileth, neither contentment of mind that casts a halo in the midst of a class hungering for love and tenderness. Our greatest gift is love.

Every day should be a day of thanksgiving, because with the dawn of each new day blessings are realized, and accepted without a thought of His tender mercy and grace.

Even in the midst of the financial depression, augmented by the acute labor situation, we are unconsciously blessed. Our country has not been visited by tornadoes, devastating fires, epidemics of sickness, or any other calamity that brings general suffering, but otherwise there is a glorious and hopeful outlook throughout the country in this progressive age of higher civilization. If in our mad rush of greed and gain we could for a moment fully understand the very source of all gifts there would be a greater outpouring of worldly goods on this annual Thanksgiving Day. There is much to be thankful for at all times even when calamities invade the community, for nothing is so bad that it could not be worse. If a person is never thankful, he will soon forget those things in life which make people thankful—things will become ordinary and matter of fact.

There is an old legend that tells of a man who believed that he had no reason to rejoice. He allowed his life to become so filled with sadness till nothing seemed cheerful or lovely to him. Sorrow had knocked at his door often. An angel came to him one day, and said, "if you can find a home on this street in which no sorrow has ever entered, your happiness shall be restored". The search was made, there was not a home in which there had never entered a sorrow. Yet the homes did not seem sad. He learned that while sadness comes to every one, joy too can be found. A thankful heart is a joyous heart.

Thanksgiving should call to mind that it is God's hand that prospers us. Some of us are like the Cheerful Cherub, who says:

"I love our mountain in the West,
So still and strange and tall,
I brag about our scenery,
You'd think I made it all."

JUST THE INCOME OF A DAY

Thanksgiving! With that magic word we picture in our minds cheerful firesides, a reunion of loved ones, a table loaded with the luxuries that mother can prepare, and other things that go to make the day full and complete in its joys. But that is not the true significance of a genuine Thanksgiving. We should have a greater vision, go beyond the confines of our homes, and picture a great nation bowing in humble gratitude to a kind Heavenly Father for the blessings of store-house and garner, health, happiness, peace, prosperity, civil and religious liberty.

We should rejoice daily for all these things and most especially at this season of the year turn our attention to the various orphan homes of the State. These little folks are denied the tender care of parents, and would be without the real necessities of life if not for these various homes of the State. We owe something to these institutions.

The North Carolina Orphan Association, Raleigh, M. L. Shipman, chairman of publicity committee, has asked the press for space to make known the needs of the orphhan homes. In the appeal it is impressive that the needs of the homes were never more urgent than they are today and the citizens of the State are "asked to rise to the dignity of the demand especially during the Thanksgiving season." Any one capable to estimate the value of a child bereft of ties of home will not turn down the request—"just the income of a day"—to help sustain these orphanages during the long dreary months of the approaching winter. This is an opportunity and a blessed privilege to contribute towards the maintenance of the orphanages of the State.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

HYMN FOR AIRMEN

On Sunday of November 9th, in the Episcopal church all over the country for the first time, the Fliers' Hymn, known as the "Hymn for Airmen," written by Roxanna Seabury Wright, formerly of Chicago, but now of California, was sung. This hymn is dedicated to the late Bishop Charles Palmerston Anderson in memory of his son, Lieutenant Charles Patrick Anderson, who lost his life, as an aviator, in service during the World War. The words of the last verse, beautiful in sentiment with a touching appeal are as follows:

"God of the sky and sea
We offer thanks to thee,

For all thy care.
Pitying the sparrows' fall,
Keep safe our birdmen all,
Father on thee we call,
God of the air.''

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE AIRPORT SHOW DRAWS A CROWD

There were 30,000 voices raised in shouts of enthusiastic welcome to greet the ace of flyers, Capt. Frank Hawks, on the afternoon of November 9th, as he zoomed down for a brief visit to the Charlotte airport. The air show was sponsored by the Weeks Aircraft corporation and American legion. Capt. Hawks made a brief visit to the air show, but declared the Charlotte air show one of the very best he had witnessed. He expressed pleasure at the reception given and regretted he was forced to leave so soon. Later in the afternoon the crowd grew more dense, an increase to 40,000 or 50,000, with a safe estimate of 13,000 automobiles parked.

The management was fine. There was not a casualty reported. Those handling the traffic were the state highway patrol, city and rural officers and national guardsmen, all cooperating in directing the long stream of traffic radiating in every direction.

There was a special program on Armistice Day and attracted Legionnaires and friends from all parts of the country. The big day, Armistice Day, no doubt assembled a crowd to equal that of the first day.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

TALK HOPEFUL

So states Mr. Roger W. Babson, a practical economist, as to the cause of business inactivity. He thinks ''over production'' the cause, and conditions can only be stimulated by mass consumption, and the panacea for this diminution in business activities is advertising on a larger scale than the world has ever known—an extensive scheme of "honest goods at fair prices.''

There never was more money than there is today, but the prevailing trouble is money is hoarded instead of circulated. It seems we need a pumping power of publicity to get people in the frame of mind to realize that price level of commodities are lower than they have been in years, and if we judge by previous experiences prices advance as soon as consumption over-

take production. There is not a doubt if business could be stimulated, and money that now is in hiding put in circulation, the acute conditions as to the army of unemployed would be greatly relieved. Business conditions are taking an upward trend, that we all feel, so there is good reason to hope we have passed the peak of "tight times." Let us get ourselves imbued with the hope of a brighter future, also talk prosperity, and it will place us in a better frame of mind to meet any emergency that should arise.

We happened to be passing through a store in a near by town where congregated people to do their Fall trading. One old farmer was very optimistic. He said, "come to see me friends, cotton is not selling for much, but I have plenty of corn, potatoes, meat, good milk and butter, and I am not suffering at all." The young lady book-keeper remarked, "if we could keep a store filled with such hopeful spirits every body would feel better, and we would do a busting business." The farmer bought clothing for his family and left every body feeling that prosperity was just around the corner. A smile with a bright spirit is contagious—let's try it for awhile at least. It is the finest publicity in the world for the advancement of prosperity.

For the harvest gathered in,
Safe in barn and byre and bin,
We our song of praise begin,
Loving God, we thank Thee.

We have worked, and Thou didst bless
This our toil with good success,
Labor's crown of fruitfulness,
Loving God, we thank Thee.

For Thy hand that gives each day,
Eye that guides us on our way,
Ear that hears us when we pray,
Loving God, we thank Thee.

For Thyself, great God above,
For Thy world-encircling love,
Brooding tender as a dove,
Loving God, we thank Thee.

—Selected.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"When a bit of sunshine hits ye
after a passin' cloud;
When a fit of laughter gits ye, an' yer
spine is feelin' proud,
Don't fergit to up and fling it at a
soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minit that ye sling it it's a
boomerang to your."

—o—

Since the election, after hearing of the vast sums of money spent by the various candidates in different parts of the country, I am puzzled over the fact that there is a so-called depression throughout the land. I do not see how it is possible for such a thing to happen. Buying offices has been quite a fad.

—o—

I have heard of wives having their husbands under their thumbs, but a stylish French woman has had the pictures of her four successive husbands painted on her finger nails. Then, I guess, she'll trim them as the nails grow out.

—o—

The busy bee is often cited as the symbol of industry; and he seems to be cheerful and happy at his work, unless you interfere with his plans. But the end of every bee is painful.

—o—

It is to be observed that the fall and winter hat styles mercilessly expose foreheads to the wind, and special rouge and foundation cream is being brought out to meet the expected demand for them. It looks as if the highbrow girls are coming in for a break at last.

—o—

Did you ever notice a minute bug on a geranium plant? Green in color it harmonizes with the color of the plant. That little bug remains green as long as the plant is green. When the plant dies, the bug, who up to this time has never been blessed with wings, finds he no longer has the juice of the plant to exist upon, promptly sprouts a pair of wings and flies away to another geranium plant. From this bug we may learn a lesson. It is htat in the hour of trial, or depression, when we think that everything has gone to the dogs, including the country, religion politics and even our own friends, think about the bug on the geranium plant. That bug had faith. He knows he cannot live on a dead plant, so he grows a pair of wings and finds another plant. Whether he loses his wings when he arrives at his destination, I don't know or care. The question is, if some super-natural power is able to take care of a minute little bug, when that bug is hungry and up against a blank wall; or in this case a dead stalk, why don't the same power take care of this country—you and I in our hour of want.

—o—

Times grow better, but while they are growing, they occasionally have periods of depression, and when the sun shines again—boy how it will shine; brighter than ever before, more glorious, a grander sunrise than has

ever been before. Be like the bug—have faith—grow some wings to help yourself and you will find yourself helped. When trouble hits you, start to thinking; start growing, and if its a pair of wings you need, you might produce them. If it is an idea, it will come to you—along with ideas come material things like money and the things money will buy. Try a little wing growing from time to time and see if it won't help. Whoever is responsible for the wings growing on the bug is responsible for you being where you are. A little faith in the right direction, together with an earnest desire to accomplish some worth while thing and that thing will be accomplished.

—o—

More growling is done around a home where a man is living a dog's life than by the dog itself.

—o—

Have you heard of the Scotchman who sued a livery stable because the carryall he hired from them wouldn't.

—o—

Score again for traffic lights. When hit by an auto George Lagion's horse, freed from its popcorn wagon, dashed wildly down a street in Denver, with a cop in pursuit. A traffic light flashed red just as the horse reached an intersection, so, of course, there was nothing for the beast to do but apply his brakes. Before he could go again on the green light the cop had caught up with him.

—o—

Some people are wont to complain that sometimes their breakfast food tastes like sawdust. They should be reasonable. It is the board they are getting.

—o—

We're back to normalcy! I tuned on the radio last evening thinking to find out if that lunch room, proposed by Amos n' Andy and the brother-in-law Crawford, had been opened, and I heard a woman's mellow voice say, "The other half of the cucumber I save for next day and use it in a salad with onions, green pepper and vinegar—stand by, ladies and gentlemen, we are about to broadcast the correct time—Honey, stay in your own back yard don't mind what de white folk say—a pause for station announcement." Yes, the campaign is over, and we hear political speeches no more. Thanks, huge thanks.

THE UNSAFE HOME

While we turn our attention to the hue and cry about the hazards of travel by air, automobile, and water, it is of interest to know that nearly one-fourth of all fatal accidents occur in the home. The best information, according to the manager of New York's State insurance fund, is that there were approximately 100,000 persons killed in accidents of all kinds in the United States last year, and that some 25,000 of these fatal accidents occurred in the home; and among the causes, falls take the lead.—Exchange.

MISS COLTRANE GUIDES WORKERS IN FOLLOWING OUT 'LIVE-AT-HOME' IDEA

(Conservation and Industry)

A fine example of what the "Live-at-Home" program accomplished among industrial groups is reported by Miss Jenn W. Coltrane in behalf of the Norwood Garden Club, an organization of workers of the Norwood Manufacturing Company. Miss Coltrane writes the Department that a year ago last spring when she foresaw that the mills would probably not be able to give full-time employment to their workers, she organized the employees of her father's mill at Norwood. "Out of 110 families living in our houses," the report reads, "106 planted gardens. Tho hours they have been out of the mill, which have not been many, (as we have been able to operate on a five-day schedule for the most part) they have delightedly worked in their gardens. You never see men lying on palates sleeping; they are out hoeing. The yards are spotless. The women canned 5,000 jars of fruits and vegetables, besides their jellies, buying only the peaches and picking the blackberries. The rest they grew in their gardens."

The president of this garden club is Mrs. Fred Skidmore, who is a trained economics' teacher. The report of the activities of this club states that Mrs. Skidmore has given freely of her time in directing the activities of the club, without financial remuneration. Cash prizes were awarded at a general picnic dinner on Saturdaay, August 31, to those who had the best vegetable and flower gardens and to those who kept the cleanest places.

Miss Coltrane believes that the quality of the product from the Norwood Manufacturing Company, is, at least, partly due to the fact that the management has taken an interest in helping the workers with their problems and to the fact that the workworkers understand that the problems of the management and the workers are the same problems and must be solved jointly. This is a fine illustration of what can be accomplished by indusrial communities in relieving the possibility of want due to business recession.

"There isn't time in life—there isn't time
To fret about each petty ill or wrong!
You'll find folks love you better when you smile;
They do not want your frown, they want your song."

PADEREWSKI'S RETURN

(Exchange)

Ignace Jan Paderewski, the world's most famous pianist, who was 70 years old on November 6, has returned to America for a series of 72 concerts which will end next May. In spite of his age, it is said that the veteran musician plays with much of his former brilliancy.

Paderewski is not only a great musician, but an eminent statesman and humanitarian as well. In 1900 he established a prize fund for American composers in appreciation of the cordial reception accorded him in his numorous concert tours in this country. During the war he devoted the proceeds of his concerts to the relief of Polish war sufferers, later organizing Polish volunteers in the United States for service with the allied armies in Europe.

When the new Polish Republic was organized at the close of the war, Paderewski took a leading part in its establishment and became its first premier. Although artistic skill and talent for statesmanship are rarely combined in the same person Paderewski performed patriotic services of a high order during the first years of the new nation, of which he was a native.

While he has made much money in his lifetime, his generosity has been so lavish that he is now, as he himself admits, a relatively poor man. His present tour is being made in an effort to place himself in more comfortable circumstances.

The affectionate regard in which he has been held by the American people since his first appearance in New York in 1891 will doubtless insure him the warm welcome to which his fine character and extraordinary musicianship entitle him

---

TRUTH IS TRUTH

Truth is unvarnished and untarnished; it scales the heights of doubt and descends below the depths of indecision.

It freeth the captive; "it suffereth long and is kind;" it encourages the ill used; inspires the worthy and dreams more than dreams.

Truth lifteth up the heavy hearted, it beareth no malice and ever responds at the door of hope, "if crushed to earth", like its sponsor, it will rise again, It satisfieth the longing of the hungry soul, sees with eyes that pierce the conscience and helps men find the Creator.

Thrice blessed is he who is in possession of it, never apologizes for using it and always places it where it cannot either be bought or sold. How blessed then is the God of Truth!—Selected.

YOUNG LUTHER IN THE HOME OF URSULA COTTA

By W. A. Poovey

John Luther, the miner and the faher of Martin Luther, the great Reformer, was a pious Christian. He had great ambitions for his son; he desired to make a great scholar of him. Accordingly when Martin was fourteen years of age he senet hm to Magdeburg, a town n Germany, to enter the Franciscan school. Magdeburg was like another world to the miner's son. His father was not able to do much towards his material support, like many other poor boys in the school, by singing from door to door of the villagers. Let us tell you the story in his own words: "I used to beg with my companion for a little food," said he, "that we might have the means of providing for our wants. One day, at the time the church celebrates the festival of Christ's nativity, we were wandering together through the neighboring villages, going from house to house, and singing in four parts the usual carols on the infant Jesus, born at Bethlehem. We stopped before a peasant's house that stood by itself at the extremity of the village. The farmer, hearing us sing our Christmas hymns, came out with some victuals which he intended to give us, and called out in a high voice and with a harsh one, "Boys, where are you?" Frightened by these words, we ran off as fast as our legs would carry us. We had no reason to be alarmed, for the farmer offered us assistance with great kindness; but our hearts were no doubt rendered timorous by the menaces and tyranny with which the teachers were then accustomed to rule over their pupils, so that a sudden panic seized us. At last, as the farmer continued calling, we stopped, forgot our fears, ran back, and received from his hands the food intended for us."

Within a year Martin was sent from Magdeburg to Eisenach where there was a renowned school, and where he had relatives. No doubt young Luther's father expected his relatives to help the boy, but in this nothing came of it except disappointment, for these relatives took no notice of the scholar. Perhaps they had children of their own, or being poor themselves, could do nothing for the miner's son.

So young Luther had to again resort to his singing for bread. However, one day when he had already been repulsed from three homes, and was preparing to retire to his room fasting, an event happened that changed his sad state into one of happiness. He was very melancholy and thought of giving up his studies and returning home to enter the mines with his father. Sudenly a door opens and a woman appears on the threshold, and beckons to the sad boy. It was Ursula Cotta, the wife of Conrad Cotta. This kind-hearted lady had been touched by the sweet tenor voice of Young Luther, and by his devotion, for she had seen him before now, and had often heard him sing in the village. She took Luther into her home

and provided for his wants until he had finished his studies at Eisenach.

Thus in a dark hour when he did not know what was to become of him, God opened the heart and home of a Christian family, and the Reformer was strengthened, and his faith in God encouraged. Those were happy days Luther spent in the Cotta home. He never could think of them afterwards without keen emotion. Many years afterwards when Luther was a professor at Wittenberg College, one of Ursula Cotta's sons came to study under Luther. He was received with joy at the table of Luther and made welcome under his roof. He wished to make some return to this son for the kindness he had received from the parents, when poor and hungry Luther himself was struggling for an education, he had been fed and made comfortable. It was the remembrance of the charitable act of Ursula Cotta that prompted him to give utterance to the beautiful saying: "There is nothing sweeter on earth than the heart of a woman in which piety dwells."

THE PUMPKIN

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day when from east and from west,
From north and from south come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,—
What moistens the lip and brightens the eye,
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

Oh, fruit loved of boyhood! the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling;
When wild, ugly faces we carve in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within;
When we laughed round the corn heap, with hearts all in tune
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,—
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team.
Then thanks for thy present; none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter.

Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine.
And the prayer which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet and its last sunset sky
Golden tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin pie!

—John G. Whittier.

TOOLS OR TOYS

(Selected)

By tools one refers to apparatus for work. Toys are the accessories of play. That both work and play figure legitimately in daily life, every sensible person admits. Obviously then this generation can claim high honor for its inventiveness in the production of tools and toys.

But surely there is a correct ratio between work and play. Granting that all of the first and none of the latter makes Jack a dull boy, beyond doubt too much employment of toys at the expense of tools makes a player a dependent. He is like the child: a liability rather than an asset.

Now isn't it a fact that for half a decade or more the correct proportion between work and play has been lost? It is not that folk have been idle: rather the contrary. But in stead of playing for recreation in order to have that deep and lasting satisfaction, which work gives and play does not, the objective of prevalent fashions, the bait for industry and the hope of the vast majority has been the indulgence in amusements for their own sake.

We are not ignorant of the benefits the owner of a pleasure automobile can derive by travel nor the cultural influences possible through radio Of course movies are wonderful and even cosmetics have their merits. But have travel, culture and beauty been the major products of these remarkable accessions of the past decade? And in a time when the balancing of budgets is everywhere regarded as of first importance, a question cannot be sidestepped: Must not tools be given first place now, and toys a minor position?

But it is not the economic phase of the query that is most pressing in relation to religion and morality. Thoughtful folk must inquire whether the public mind is not the victim of a dangerous obsession. Has it not been persuaded that being amused is the chief purpose in life. If only the plainly labeled enterprises for entertaining the community in groups and as individuals confronted us, the menace would be less. But the primary social demand is for frivolity, for fun. There is such a revolt against what is permanent and constructive (therefore serious) that all current thinking is permeated by levity,, carelessness and impatience with obligations. He who can make life appear as a joke is our most popular philosopher.

Now life is not a joke. The period of youth when toys can be excused is only a segment of the time at our command. Unless we can restore the balance between tools and toys (these words cover much more than shovels and dolls), more than economic stress will be suffered. Restoration of trade will only restore an orgy of debilitating play.

It seems quite proper that people enjoying communion with Christ and those guided by His revelation concerning the dignity of work, should strive to restore this correct valua-

tion. It is a multitude that will bring the balances to a normal level. Who to a greater degree than the Christian is obliged to make a form of re-creation and not the purpose of existence?

LIFE'S TOO SHORT

It's no use to stand and grumble,
Life's too short;
There's no time to make a fumble,
Life's too short;
You have got your stunt to do,
Better do it. That means you,
If you're aiming to get through;
Life's too short.

Don't go feeling dour or glum,
Life's too short;
Find a brother, help him some;
Life's too short
To be stingy with your grins;
It's the jolly chap who wins;
Don't go piling up your sins;
Life's too short.

When you find a path that's steep,
Life's too short
To sit down and go to sleep—
Life's too short;
Keep on pushing, climbing high,
And you'll get there by and by;
Don't you ever dare say die,
Life's too short.

—Judd Mortimer Lewis.

SANDHILL SECTION OF STATE IS RIOT OF AUTUMN BEAUTY

(By Old Hurrygraph)

The entire southern portion of North Carolina is just now in a season of blushing beauty. In fact it seems to be aflame with the blazing fires of loveliness. The landscape is one gorgeous panorama of rioting coloring. It is thrilling to the senses. The oaks, both great and small, are clothed in a coloring from the most delicate pink to the deepest of blood, intermingled with the yellow, brown and the green of the pine, which form a picure of nature's painting, an artist would crave to master.

Pinehurst is an opal gem of the finest ray serene. Its lawns and beauty spots are like green velvet carpets. The trees and shrubbery riot in a mass of vari-colored hues, framed in a back-ground of pines and cedars. The turft pines adorn the landscape like green pompons, and the scions of oak and dogwood dotted the scene like balls or flames of fire. The scenery is one grand expression of "Oh! My! Such beauty!" No wonder people go there to spend their winters.

A trip through the sandhill section of North Carolina at this time is a tour of thrilling, surpassing experience. The writer made this trip last week, and is on a high pedestal of enthusiasm.

Durham county contributes human beings and money to many of the public institutions of the state. Once a year the county board of commissioners make a journey to these institutions for their own satisfaction and see their county inmates and learn at first hand how they are getting along. On Wednesday of last week W. E. Stanley, welfare officer, Dr. R. E. Nichols county commissioner, J. L. Kirkland, chairman of board of commissioners, A. J. Barbee, register of deeds, and J. A. Robinson, free lance writer, made a tour through the section mentioned above. Ohter members of the board of commissioners were prevented from going on account of sickness and other causes. Those who did go were well repaid and gathered much valuable information.

The first run was to Richmond county and a visit to the Morrison training school for derelict Negro youths. This institution is beautifully located, with commodious buildings, and everything is kept in tip-top order. It has 175 youths there now; its capacity is for 200. Durham county has ten out of the number enrolled. About the same number from this county has been turned down because they did not come up to the requirements of the institution. The management of these boys is admirable, and they show attention, neatness and progress. Rev. L. L. Boyd is the superintendent, and he is doing a great work for his race in the handling of these heretofore wayward youngsters. He carries his crosses with a smile. A more learned, efficient, able and pleasing person-

ality cannot be found among the Negro race in North Carolina. The entire 175 gave our party a sample of their vocal powers and training, in their beautiful auditorium and they made the welkins of Richmond county ring with Negro harmony. They have a glee club of 22 voices, and it does some singing, I can tell you.

The next stop was a visit to the North Carolina sanatorium, in Hoke county, which is managed in the interest of promoting good health, prevention, early discovery and cure of tuberculosis. Durham has some patients in this institution. Dr. P. P. McCain, superintendent and business manager, is an able executive and to all appearances and information, is the right man in the right place. He has this great institution running as smoothly as a complicated piece of machinery, with an able earnest and sympathetic corps of assistants. From the kitchens to the attic, in every building, it is as neat as a parlor. The patients are happy. The number is placed at 400. Visitors are always welcome and there is an earnest desire on the part of the management for friends of the patients to visit them and see for themselves just how they are cared for, and what a desirable place it is for those suspected of the least early touch of T. B. One leading feature of this institution is the modern kitchen, equipped with the last word in kitchen appliances, and where the most wholesome food was prepared, which eats like "home cooking." The work being done here to restore health is something wonderful.

Our party next turned its attention to Samarcand manor, in Moore county, where Durham county furnishes some of the inmates, it is regretable to say. Miss McNaughton, the superintendent, is enthusiastic over her work here and is untiring in managing the place and the girls, who come under her supervision to atone for the past and make something of themselves in the journey through life. She has 280 in her home for the wayward, and it was learned, at this writing, that 10 more were on their way to the manor's home-like precincts. The girls, as fas as could be learned, are a happy lot it is as active as hive of bees. A notable feature of this place was the zest which the girls enter into all the activities of farming, which they perform with all the agility of veteran farmers.

Miss McNaughton is a manager who manages. She knows her onions and every other thing on the broad and well-cultivated acres and orchards of Samarcand manor. In the past few years several new buildings have been added to the manor's unit and they have been built in a manner that makes them modern in every respect for healthy living conditions; and every building is as neat and inviting as a new silver dollar. Every home comfort is provided. Every activity, whether work or pleasure, has a tone of inspiration and progress, elevating in character, like unto that of a well regulated home. Only the best breeds of livestock are kept on the farm. The wholehearted way the girls manage the dairy, the laundry, and other activities, is an inspiration and an object lesson. The work of

cultivating minds and making useful women for life's battles is the wonder of this age.

The outstanding features of this trip to these three institutions, all too limited, is the inspiration, and the satisfying thrill, of what the state of North Carolina is doing for her citizens, of course, this is but a small portion of what is being done, when we consider the many other institutions. But it is enough to make one feel proud of the human touch that is part of the administration of affairs in this great state. It is a glorious heritage she is giving the unfortunate of the rising generation.

A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

O God above, we humbly pray
To Thee this glad Thanksgiving Day,
The time that has been set apart
To speak from overflowing heart
  Of Thy great love.

We thank Thee for Thy watchful care
O'er us, Thy children, everywhere:
For health, for food, and needs supplied—
All has been given, naught denied
  From Thy great Store.

Nor would we scorn our grief and pain,
For as the sunshine follows rain,
So joy with sorrow ever goes,
And even the most lovely rose
  Must have its thorn.

Keep us from sin: we would not seek
Sin kept from us, though we are weak,
But ask Thee for the strength to rise
Above, to where a nobler prize
  Is ours to win.

Help us, that when at last we know
Our work is finished here below,
We then may go prepared to be
Forever in eternity
  With Thee. Amen.

—Exchange.

A BENEVOLENT AGENCY

(Asheville Citizen)

During the past week the people of Charlotte had practical demonstration of the aims and purposes of the new charitable institution known as the Needle Work Guild of America and what it means to the welfare of a community when the first "ingathering," an annual event, was held at the Woman's Club, in which 800 members of the Charlotte branch were represented. The "ingathering" means an assembling of the members with contributions, which is one mainly in the shape of new garments for women and children wear, and the activity of the Charlotte members of an organization less than two months old, was evidenced in a collection of 2,000 pieces of wearing apparel, all brand new, made of the best material and with an estimated merchantable value of more than $1,000. If the Charlotte branch of the Guild is able to do that much in the space of two months, we may imagine the pile of merchandise that will be developed for the next annual meeting. All of this contributed material is to be turned over for distribution among the needy to the Salvation Army, the Associated Charities, Red Cross and other organizations.

This benevolent enterprise was organized by Mrs. Stuart Warren Cramer, in September, and the interest manifested in the work is indicated by charter membership of over 800, with new additions being made daily.

The Needlework Guild owes its origin to an English woman of the nobility who was foster-mother to hundreds of orphans in an institution which she had founded, and who conceived this unique and practical way of providing for her wards. In 1885, a lady travelling in England learned of this charity, which had then grown to great strength, and brought the idea home to Philadelphia. Her niece, the founder of the American organization, interested a few young women of her acquaintance, and from this little band the work has grown until now there is a National body governing the branches throughout the United States, and constantly working to extend its usefulnss by forming new branches.

There are 450 branches in 37 States. Each branch controls its own work. A town has the simple organization of president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and under them work directors dealing with at least 10 members, who each contribute annually two or more new articles of wearing apparel or household linen. Emphasis is laid on the word "new." There are many agencies to handle partly-worn garments, but the Guild, by its charter can not accept them.

There is an annual collection, and the clothing is distributed according to the votes of the directors. In a city, where the work is larger, there are section presidents, each having directors under her; otherwise the general working principle is the same.

The organization is non-sectarian, and men, women and children may join.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

By E. X. Simmonds

Did you ever think of the first Thanksgiving Day when the Pilgrims held their Harvest Festival and Governor Bradford declared it should be a day of Thanksgiving? Besides their own people the Pilgrims had invited Massasoit with his men, ninety in number, to share their festival. The Indians came, bringing as gifts five deer and other good things.

The deer and large turkeys were roasted in the open air. They were dressed and fastened by the legs to a long pole; then two stakes with a crotch in the top of each, were driven into the ground, the long pole laid across them, and a fire built underneath. The small fowl, cuts of meat, vegetables and bread were cooked in or before the fireplace in hot ashes, in the pot hanging from the crane or in the Dutch oven.

The Dutch oven or kitchen, as it was sometimes called, was a box made of thin iron with open front, rounding back and a door at the top. It was about thirty inches long, and stood high enough to take all the heat from the fire when placed in front of it. The oven had one or two shelves and on these were placed the food to be cooked.

Indian meal, or turkey wheat, as it was sometimes called, was their principal food. They had few sweets. Their Thanksgiving dinner was a little more elaborate and the menu, though not dainty, was substantial and might have read something like this:

Nookick
Clams Lobsters Fish
Roast Vension Roast Birds
Corn and Barley Bread
Baked Pumpkin and Maple Sugar

Nookick or Nocake, as it was sometimes called, was a name given by the Indians to parched and pulverized corn and was used by them as a staple food when on long journeys. It was carried dry and and mixed with watter as they needed it. It was early introduced to the Pilgrims and was known under the name of Nookick among the residents of New England well into the nineteenth century.

The early settlers learned many things from the Indians. It was the Indians who taught them how to bake pumpkins: To select one fully ripe, not too large, to cut off the top, make a hole through which to remove the seeds, replace the top and put the whole pumpkin in the oven and bake until the pulp was soft, then the shell was broken, the pulp scraped and eaten with maple sugar.

Governor Bradford's wife originated the making of pumpkin and meal bread, and to this day New Englanders made pumpkin or squash biscuits or bannocks.

The Indian corn was crushed between two large stones and pounded with a mortar and pestle, roughly fashioned from a tree stump. For every day use the whole corn was poured in the hot ashes and roasted brown, then crushed and mixed with

water, ready to serve. Sometimes it was mixed with water and boiled in a bag.

As you know, the Pilgrims lived in log houses. Many of htem were made cosy by hanging on the walls the skins of such animals as the bear and fox; the Indians taught the white settlers how to cure the skins. The furniture was, for the most part, home-made. There were no tables, but in most of the homes the tops of the packing boxes had been saved. These they called table-boards and at mealtimes they laid them across two short logs. But though the table was rough, it was covered with the finest linen brought from their old home.

Dishes, of the kind in use today, were scarce and costly, so many home-made ones were used. They had trencher-bowls in which they served their food, made by hollowing out a block of wood and leaving a projection in one or both ends which was whittled down to form a handle, reminding one of a frying pan with a short handle, only they were square or oblong in shape.

Then there were vessels made of gourds, and dishes made of pumpkin shells. Fingers served in place of knives and forks, but spoons were made from clam shells with handles of wood. A stick was whittled firmly on the shell. Short logs served as chairs for the older people, but it was not thought proper for children to sit while eating in the presence of their elders, so they needed no chairs at mealtime.

It must have been a brave show on that first Thanksgiving Day, when Massasoit and his followers marched into the village, bedecked in feathers of every hue, with belts and strings of wampum, arm and leg bands of gold, and mantles of fur! And though Governor Bradford had appointed but one day for Thanksgiving, it lengthened into three, and besides the eating and giving of thanks ther were games and more merriment than the Pilgrims had seen since leaving England.

Such was the first Thanksgiving Day, three hundred and nine years ago.

When a smoking car with thirty-five passengers jumped the track, a railroad engineer in the car, off duty, yelled to the passengers to "hang on tight," and while the car turned over, no one was hurt.

"Hang on tight" is good advice in most upsets. The man who "hangs on tight" to himself when his temper is upset will get through without hurting either himself or others. The man who "hangs on tight" to his earnings ends with confidence. The man who "hangs on tight" to his place when business upsets come generally holds down his job. The man who "hangs on tight" when discouragement or disaster upsets others is a man to be hopeful about, because he will keep right side up whatever else turns over.—Selected.

PILGRIM MEMORIALS

By J. A. Stewart

On Burial Hill at Plymouth, Massachusetts, stands one of the finest pieces of granite statuary in the world, to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Thousands of visitors annually climb the gentle slope to stand at the foot of this magnificent memorial and read in the vivid reliefs the story of the Pilgrims. Four historical scenes are shown,—the departure from Delfshaven; the signing of the Compact in the Mayflower cabin; the landing at Plymouth; and the Treaty with Massasoit.

The buttresses are four sitting figures representnig Morality, Law, Freedom and Education. Above all stands the granite figure of "Faith," two hundred and sixteen times life size, looking over the ever-changing waters of Massachusetts Bay toward the rising sun, holding aloft a Bible with one hand and with the other pointing to heaven, a fitting symbol of the abiding faith of the Pilgrims who came so long ago to establish in a virgin land their kingdom of God.

From this "Faith Monument," when the air is clear, may be seen the 250 feet high Pilgrim Memorial Monument on Town Hill, Provincetown, twenty-four miles away. It commemorates the first touch of the Pilgrim adventurers upon the new land, the adoption of the articles of government ("the first charter of a democratic government in the world's history") the birth of the first white child born in New England; and the death of Mrs. Dorothy Bradford, wife of Governor William Bradford. Dr. Charles W. Eliot's inscription on this monument reads:

"The Mayflower, carrying 102 passengers, men and women and children, cast anchor in this harbor sixty-seven days from Plymouth, England. This body politic, established and maintained on this bleak and barren edge of a vast wilderness, a state without a king or noble, a church without a bishop or priest, a democratic commonwealth, the members of which were straitly tied to all care of each other's good, and of the whole by everyone. With long suffering devotion and sober resolution, they illustrated for the first time in history the principles of civil and religious liberty and the practice of a genuine democracy."

It was many long years after the great event of which these monuments are the outstanding records, before the Pilgrim Memorial Commission of Massachusetts, after giving public hearings and inviting suggestions from everywhere, and after visiting Plymouth, recommended unanimously that "the best permanent memorial would be the improvement and preservation of those localities within the town of Plymouth which were specially connected with the Pilgrim story and which it is possible to restore and preserve."

The Federal Legislature, appropriating $300,000 to aid the Plymouth plans, added an additional $100,000 for Provincetown, thus linking the

two landing places of the Pilgrims and witnessing doubly to the purpose of those devout men and women of the early seventeenth century who went into voluntary exile for conscience sake.

Further recognition of the Pilgrims was given by the order of Congress that a Pilgrim half-dollar be issued by the United States Treasury in commemoration of the Pilgrim landing at Plymouth. This coin, designed by the sculptor C. E. Dallin, was sold at double its face value to net $150,000 for the memorial work at Plymouth. These included the restoration of the original slopes of Burial Hill; the location of a new highway; the erection of the permanent memorial hall at Plymouth; the restoration of the natural line of the shore and the lowering of Plymouth rock to its original bed at the water's edge, covered by a stone canopy.

The British made their memorials, too. No more fitting memorial to the Pilgrim Fathers can be imagined than the comfortable "Mayflower Sailors' Hostel" at Plymouth, England, where the seamen of America and Britain meet on common ground in the active service of their country. Plymouth, England, it should be noted, has distinguished itself by sending the first woman representative to the House of Commons,—an American-born woman, Viscountess Astor. In Plymouth, England, too, one may see ancient memorials of the Pilgrims. One, embedded in the stone pavement of the pier, reads simply "Mayflower, 1620". Another the tablet, on the stone wall not far away which was erected (in 1891 during the visit to Plymouth of a number of Mayflower descendants) to commemorate the departure of "the Pilgrims who sailed from Plymouth in the Mayflower in the providence of God, to settle in New Plymouth and to lay the foundations of the New England States"

Every boy must build his own reputation. No one can build it for him. Every day he adds a little to what it was the day before. It is like a mason laying bricks. A single brick goes only a little ways in the making of a chimney or a wall, yet it helps to make the work complete. So a boy builds day by day: a good act here, an honest bit of service there, a smile and a cheery word thrown in for good measure. No one can say just when he acquires his reputation, but one day he finds others saying of him "Mighty promising lad. He will make his mark in the world—or I'm no judge." Which of his many deeds has given him this reputation? This is a question it is no more possible to answer, than to point to a particular brick and say, "This brick made the wall,.

—Boys' Industrial School Journal.

THE SPIRIT OF POWER

By Walter E. Butts, Jr.,

When Deek Wallace was nine years old he had the one and only fist fight of his life. He had not been the aggressor, and he had been whipped, though not alone, by the flaying fists of the pugnacious youth who forced the encounter. He was whipped before the fight ever began. That encounter marked a point in Deek's life, for it was a revelation in itself. Ever after that, as long as he lived in that neighborhood, whenever he had to pass that boy's house, something would come over Deek; a sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach, a lump rising in his throat, a feeling that his legs were turning to water.

It was that same feeling which possessed him now as he took the ball down the playing field of Kendall High and glimpsed the ragged line of figures closing in upon him. And this was only the second team at that. A bunch of scrubs! And he was Deek Wallace. Yes, D. Dexter Wallace, the fastest backfield man in the school next to the great Rip Coleman! Yes, and the most contented understudy that had ever warmed Kendal High's players' bench.

Through squinted eyes he saw Pithy Williams bearing down upon him. He straight-armed him and Pithy's fat body rolled like a rubber ball along the ground. He heard cheers and lunged ahead into the out-reaching maw of snarled-up arms and legs that bore him down. That was the way he saw it through his half-closed eyes. Now his face was buried in cool earth, and he felt somewhat faint.

But after practice was over and he had had a shower, he felt different. He always did. There was a sense of elation, of self-satisfaction. Sometimes he wondered how he could keep putting it over on Coach Trent without his sensing the truth. For nearly two seasons now he had enjoyed the reputation of being Kendall's best backfield man next to Bernard "Rip" Coleman, without ever having to put that reputation to test. "Never mind, Deek, your chance will come sometime," the fellows would console him as he sat on the bench through game after game while Coleman ripped up and down the field scarcely suffering more than a nose-bleed. "I never want to come at the expense of anything happening to Rip," he would declare. "That's the right school spirit," they would applaud him. "But Rip sure must carry a rabbit's foot. Take you for instance, Deek, you're never in a game more than ten minutes before something happens to you."

Deek would laugh. "Guess maybe I need to carry a pocketful of rabbits' feet."

But sometimes at night he would lie awake and think how, if anything should happen to Rip Coleman in a crucial game, he would be thrown into the breach. A chill would run up and down his spine, sometimes even a cold sweat would break out over him and it would be a long time before he could get to sleep.

Pithy Williams approached Deek in the gym. "Deek, there's nobody

can straight-arm a fellow like you. Not even Rip Coleman."

Deek smiled. "I hope I didn't hurt you."

"Well, you didn't exactly make me feel comfortable."

"Speaking of Coleman, why wasn't he out for practice this afternoon?" asked Harry Slade.

"I heard his standings are low," said another youth. "Rip can buck any line ever devised on the football field, but when it comes to the field of languages, science and mathematics, he's not so good. In fact, I'd say he isn't any good."

Pithy Williams whistled softly. "And the game with Morton only two weeks away and locals scheduled for the day before the game!"

"Here comes Coleman with the Coach now."

Deek Wallace turned. They were coming straight toward him. Coach Trent motioned to him.

"I want to speak with you a moment," he said when the boy joined them. And Rip grinned sort of sheepishly. "Lo, Deek," he said.

"It is something of an unusual request I'm going to make," said the Coach. "But I think you know, Dexter, how much the Morton game means to me this year. This being my last year at Kendall I want to go away with a victory over Morton, something I've been trying to accomplish for five years and which Kendall never has as long as she has had a football team."

"But we'll beat them this year, Mr. Trent," declared Deek.

"Perhaps, but we've got to have every man to do it—"

"I might as well be the one to tell you," interrupted Rip. "My standings are way down, Deek, and if I don't pass the local examinations the day before the Morton game, I won't be able to play. What Mr. Trent wants you to do is to coach me in my studies."

"I'm asking this of you, Dexter, because you are the only one who can materially help him outside the faculty," said Coach Trent. "You are the brightest scholar in the school—"

"Lay off the bouquets," interrupted Deek, laughing almost nervously in the feeling of relief which swept over him. "Of course, I'll be glad to help Rip with his studies."

"You realize what I'm asking of you?" Sometimes when the Coach looked at him like that Deek had the uncomfortable feeling that he saw clear through him. "If Coleman you would have to take his place. I could not play, it would mean that would be your big chance!"

Deek swallowed before he answered. "I realize that. But Kendall needs Rip in the backfield more than it does me."

"It's mighty fine of you!" said Rip.

"It's all for Kendal High," said Deek.

The Coach pressed his hand. "Thank you, Dexter." But again the boy experineced the uncomfortable feeling that Trent saw clear through him and knew just what was in his heart.

The special "cramming" sessions for Rip Coleman's benefit were begun the following Monday evening. At

Rip's suggestion they were held at his home. Deek Wallace had never been very intimately acquainted with the star of Kendall's football firmament, but by the end of the week he had discovered several things about him. On Saturday night they reviewed all the ground that had been covered, and at the end of a fifteen-minute quiz Deek was both angry and a little frightened.

"Rip, you aren't taking this serious enough!"

"And you're taking it too seriously, Mr. Professor."

"But don't you realize what it will mean if you fail in the locals?"

"Sure, it would mean that you would play fullback in my place against Morton."

Deek Wallace flushed. And Rip said quickly, "I'm sorry, Deek, I didn't mean that. If every fellow had your school spirit, playing the bench while I grab all the glory. And now doing this for me. I want you to know I appreciate it!"

Deek could not meet the other's eyes for a moment. The flush receded from his face, leaving it slightly pale. His voice trembled a little when he spoke. "Rip, you've got to be in there against Morton for Kendall's sake."

"Yeah, and I'm going to be in there, don't you forget that! You've never known me to be out of an important game yet, have you? I'll pass the locals with flying colors, Deek. And now let's call it an evening. My Uncle Jim is arrivng from Africa tonight, and I might not be in the right mood to greet him if I had to wrestle with many more of those heartbreaking questions you've been asking me!" Rip laughed and gave Deek a slap on the shoulder.

Deek grinned in spite of himself. "Is that the uncle who is a missionary?"

"Yes, he's been out in the jungles among the natives for sixteen years."

Rip Coleman's uncle spoke at Young People's meeting the following evening. Deek Wallace was both fascinated and surprised by this tall, husky, sun-tanned man, who looked anything but like the way he had imagined a missionary would look. He hung eagerly on to every word he said.

"There were times when I first went to Africa," said Jim Coleman, "When I thought I could never stick it through; when it rained day in and day out, the jungle and the companionship of naked savages seemed unendurable. But I stayed on. Do you know why? It was because something came over me as I plunged into my work with these people and I began to realize and see what a source of blessing and light I could be to them in their ignorance and superstition. A spirit of power that made me forget self and inspired me with a new consecration and eagerness for my work. And it is that same spirit of power in no lesser degree perhaps that is responsible for the everyday victories of life. The athlete on the football field—"

Deek Wallace walked home with Rip Coleman and his uncle after the meeting.

"Leonard has told me what you are doing for him and I think it's pretty fine," said Jim Coleman. "I used to play football myself."

"You did!" said Deek, and the man laughed. "You said that as though you were surprised."

"I—I am," confessed the boy.

"Well, I did. And you may be sure I'm coming around and see what kind of a team Kendall High has."

It was a strange thing. At least it was to Deek Wallace. But he couldn't seem to get what Jim Coleman had said in Young People's meeting out of his mind. He tried to. And just when he had, momentarily perhaps, the sight of the missionary would bring it back. And Jim Coleman came over to watch football practice nearly every afternoon. It got so that Deek dreaded seeing him on the sidelines even more than he dreaded the gruelling practice that Coach Trent was putting the team through.

The days sped by until the day of locals had arrived. Locals! Brains thinking, puzzling, and the scratch, scratch of pens. And hovering over all the thought of the game on the morrow and Rip Coleman. For everyone knew what these locals meant to Rip and to the entire school. The balance of power they held.

The first person that Deek Wallace encountered when he entered the study hall that morning was Rip Coleman.

"What's the matter, Deek!" exclaimed Rip. "You look worried."

Deek had put in sleepless hours the night before. "Never mind my looks," he said gruffly. "All I want you to do is to pass your examinations today."

"Don't you worry about that!" declared Rip gaily. "And I'll be the first to bring you the glad news."

The "glad news" came at four o'clock. Deek, after he had finished his examination papers, left the school building immediately. He was out on the campus when he heard shouts and saw Rip Coleman running toward him, followed by a crowd of students.

"Hail the conquering hero!" Rip shouted. And a great weight was lifted from Deek Wallace's mind. That night for the first time in a week he slept soundly.

Just twenty hours later Kendall High's football squad was assembled in the gymnasium. Coach Trent had just finished his final lecture before the game. And then he turned to Deek Wallace.

"You're playing fullback today, Wallace," he said bluntly.

It was the same as if he had struck the boy between the eyes.

"What—what's the matter with Rip Coleman?" he stammered when he could find his voice.

"Rip is out of the game today," said the Coach. "It leaves a big hole, but you've got to fill it, Wallace!"

Deek walked out of the gymnasium in a daze. There was a sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach and his legs felt as though they were turning to water.

He was scarcely conscious of anything that happened during that first quarter.

And they gave him the ball again and again until it seemed almost that it was with diabolical intent that they sent him crashing against Morton's rock-ribbed defense. But with such

futile effect! In the last few minutes of the quarter Kendall's defense cracked badly and Morton swept through to a touchdown, but failed in the try for the extra point.

But wasn't a lead of six to none as good as six times that without Rip Coleman in there? In desperation Kendall supporters began to call for Rip.

Between quarters a sub came running out and, without a word, handed Deek Wallace a folded piece of paper. The boy opened it slowly and read:

"I've lways known you were yellow, Wallace! But I wanted to make sure.

Trent.

Yellow! It was the truth. But no one had ever called him that before and something surged through him. Anger! His face grew as hot as his emotions. He glanced toward the sidelines to single out the Coach, but the first person to come before his vision was Jim Coleman. The missionary was looking straight at him and smiling. And instantly the boy mind harkened back to what Jim Coleman had said in Young People's meeting that night. He had been afraid, too. He had wanted to quit. But he hadn't and he had told them why he hadn't. And he understood now, too. Deek felt that. He was the only one who did. "Get in there and show them!" his smile seemed to say.

They still talk at Kendall High of that game with Morton. Of the miracle that changed Deek Wallace in the second quarter. They have never been able entirely to satisfy themselves as to just what it was. Of his march down the field. Up again, down again, but always forward. Fifteen yards from the goal line he went down under a pile of bodies, and, after a first throbbing stab of pain, his right shoulder and arm were numb.

But he was up again. Just let them try to stop him. They were screaming his name now, and singing Kendall's battle song of the girdiron.

"Forward, warriors of Kendall,
Crown our school with victory—".

..He had never before got the thrill or caught the meaning of that song. He was almost laughing as he crouched in position while the signal for the next play was being called. Again he took the ball, this time around left end. He slipped through successfully and was pounding his way along the turf to a touchdown, when suddenly a figure loomed in his path, barring his way. He swerved to the left and shot his right arm forward and then screamd aloud with pain. But the obstacle was shunted aside.

A moment later he fell fainting over the goal line.

"It's all right, Old Man," Coach Trent was saying when he came to. "You've got a dislocated shoulder and are out of it. But you've beaten them, boy. We're leading seven to six, and Rip Colman is carrying on in your place. Nothing can stop us now!"

"You said it!" murmured Deek.

Coach Trent was laughing now. And Jim Coleman was there beside him, and others. "I had to send you

in, Deek. It meant more to me than even the game, having you prove yourself before I left. Can you forgive me for calling you 'yellow'?"

"I was yellow, Mr. Trent, until I forgot myself and began to play for Kendall," said Deek quietly.

Over in the stands they were still shouting his name.

"Does that sound as though they thought you were yellow?" asked Jim Coleman smiling. But Deek knew by the way the missionary pressed his hand that he understood all about the situation, and he was glad.

THE LAST PROOFREADER

When the story of Mammon is printed,
  And the binder has laid down his tools;
When none of the facts have been stinted—
  And the deeds of the wise and the fools
Have been written by prophets and sages—
  And bound in the rawhide of man;
Then God will blue-pencil its pages,
  As only the Almighty can.

He will see the proud kings of the ages
  As they rot in their filigreed graves,
And measure their virtue with guages
  That He'll use for both master and slaves;
While princes whose caskets were freighted
  With laurel leaves, honors and flags,
May find that their souls have been rated
  'Neath beggar-men buried in rags.

So in the long run it is better
    To lead our lives humbly contrite;
Find truth, live up to the letter,
  With hearts free from rancor and spite;
For the great proofreader is tracing
  Man's record straight back to the flood,
And we hope for a merciful placing
  In the book that is printed in blood.

—New York Herald.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys on the barn force have been threshing peas for the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fisher spent several days last week with relatives in Whiteville.

Mr. Grier and a group of boys have been rebuilding a retaining wall near the granary.

Mrs. Betty Lee, matron in charge of Cottage No. 2, has resumed her duties after spending her vacation with her mother at Shelby.

Miss Sue Powell, of Whiteville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. C. Fisher, at the institution.

Due to rainy weather the boys on the outside forces were compelled to remain in the cottage basements several days last week.

"Johnny get your hair cut, just like mine," seems to be the slogan at this time, as Mr. Hobby and his group of barbers are cutting hair daily.

Due to the rainy weather the regular weekly picture show was enjoyed last Thursday afternoon instead of being shown at night.

We are glad to report that James, the youngest son of Superintendent Boger, is able to be around again after a serious illness.

Having been in the Receiving Cottage the usual two weeks, eleven new boys were sent out to their respective cottage homes last week.

The roads over the campus are being improved by scraping, cleaning out ditches, etc., This work is being supervised by Messrs Morris and Grier.

Dr. Monroe, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, and made a very interesting talk to the boys.

Now that the curing process is finished, the unusually large crop of sweet potatoes stored in our potato house is in excellent condition, and we feel sure that we will have a sufficient quantity of fine potatoes to last through the winter months.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Schedule Effective January 3, 1930

Northbound

No.	30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:02 A. M.
No.	36 to New York	9:46 A. M.
No.	46 to Monroe	1:03 P. M.
No.	34 to New York	3:45 P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	6:59 P. M.
*No.	38 to New York	7:54 P. M.
No.	32 to New York	8:41 P. M.
No.	40 to New York	8:56 P. M.

Southbound

No.	29 to Birmingham	2:25 A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	4:19 A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	9:32 A. M.
No.	39 to Atlanta	8:40 P. M.
No.	11 to Atlanta	6:45 A. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	11:29 A. M.
No.	45 to Westminister	2:30 P. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:39 P. M.

* All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop in Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., NOV. 29, 1930 No. 43

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

FRIENDSHIP

"What is the best a friend can be
To any soul, to you or me?
Not only shelter, comfort, rest
Inmost refreshment unexpressed,
Not only a beloved guide
To tread life's labyrinth at our side,
Or with love's touch lead on before—
Though these be much there is yet more.
The best friend is an atmosphere
Warm with all inspiration dear,
Wherein we breathe the large free breath
Of life that hath no taint of death.
Our friend is an unconscious part
Of every true beat of our heart;
A strength, a growth, whence we derive
God's health, that keeps the world alive."

—Ronald Blackwood.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

AN IDEAL

There is a life that is worth living now as it was worth living in former days, and that is the honest life, the useful life, the unselfish life, cleansed by devotion to an ideal. There is a battle that is worth fighting now as it was worth fighting then, and that is the battle for justice and equality; to make our city and our state free in fact as in name; to break the rings that strangle real liberty and to keep them broken; to cleanse, so far as in our power lies, the fountains of our national life from political, commercial and social corruption; to teach our sons and daughters, by precept and example, the honor of serving such a country as America—that is work worthy of the finest manhood and womanhood. The well-born are those who are born to do that work; the well-bred are those who are bred to be proud of that work; the well-educated are those who see deepest into the meaning and the necessity of that work. Nor shall their labor be for naught, nor the reward of their sacrifice fail them; for high in the firmament of human destiny are set the stars of faith in mankind, and unselfish courage and loyalty to the ideal.—Henry Van Dyke.

FAITHFUL TO A PUBLIC TRUST.

The occasion presented itself, and a visit was made to the Charlotte Library in search of information relative to the part North Carolina took in establishing the National Park.

We realized the subject matter in consise form would be difficult to find for the reason the potentialities of this great project, playgrounds for "Eastern America" can not be estimated or given because of undeveloped conditions.

Our wants were made known to Miss Pierce, the librarian. After grasping

the thought she repaired to a room in search of some information. In a few moments she brought out a new volume that had not yet been placed on the library shelf as a reference book. "This," she said, "will give you a thought." Finally she had in easy access many small publicity pamphlets, clippings from the Charlotte Observer, Raleigh News and Observer, Greensboro Daily News and Asheville Citizen, giving stores of information on the subject. Service seemed to be her one aim, and to do this she had kept abreast of the times, keeping up with current events, preserving news items and pamphlets for future referreference , so as to meet the demand of the reading public.

Miss Pierce was courteous and very obliging, with an enthusiasm for perfection in the performance of her duties, and at the same time inspiring her co-workers with a desire to serve unselfishly while in training for the difficult task of serving the public. She presents a fine example of system, order and service for the many young people who visit the Charlotte Library daily

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A NEED.

The Cabarrus county women, with Miss Payne, the efficient county demonstrator, have been been assembling on Saturdays in a small room of one of M. J. Corl's buildings, East Depot street, offering to the city people the products of the farm. "The undertaking was a success," said one of the delightful rural ladies, "but our marketing quarters are entirely too small."

This marketing of country produce is a big problem for a place the size of Concord, and the day has come when it seems equally important that the city and county people unite in interest with the hope of taking care of all farm products that come to town.

There is a building admirably fitted for that purpose, centrally located, belonging to M. J. Corl, on East Depot street, that with a few changes could be converted into a city-county market house where town and rural people could be brought in close contact and both be mutually benefitted.

The project could be worked up and prove successful if power be put behind the proposition. A central market would save time and money, the country man or woman could supply their regular customers from their stands in the market and at the same time have an opportunity to sell other things raised on the farm. The city of Concord is sufficiently large to have a central market—at first it might seem a venture but it would not be long till it would prove a necessity. The comfort of the county women at least needs to receive

a little consideration. They can supply the demand if a comfortable place is made possible in which they can carry on business.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

NEITHER DOES THE RADIO OBSERVE THE SABBATH.

"There is too much advertising over the radio," said radio commissioner Robinson, and we heartily agree with him. Especially is this advertising distasteful on the Sabbath when one is in the right frame of mind for an inspirational sacred concert with a sermon.

Rather than listen in to such a program when preceded by an advertising program the cut off "goes plunk" in the face of the announcer and neither the commodities advertised in that instance nor the listener gets anything from that program. Just by degrees are we accepting innovations on the Sabbath, things that would not have been permissible years ago, they are accepted now by the general public just because the other fellow follows suit. The radio could indeed, like the movies, exert an influence for good if used propperly, but like all other agencies of advanced science, commercialized programs are broadcasted that appeal to the taste of the masses. But to make a long story short, "Sunday advertising over the radio is not the time to put over a publicity campaign."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

AND YET HE LIVES

The date, November 15th, marked the 200th anniversary of the birth of Von Steuben, who threw his fate in the melting pot with other American pioneers who fought for liberty. He felt that those who loved freedom would fight for it and die for it, for there is no reward under such conditions other than liberty itself. History reveals the fact that Baron Von Steuben, a soldier well versed in military strategy, that while in service for the sake of liberty in his adopted country, adopted new tactics and wrote his new "Regulations for the order and discipline of troops in the United States," for many years the official manual of the army. As the result of his life work, the United States Military Academy was organized and it is as "The Father of West Point," that Von Steuben takes place among the founders of the nation.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

We were pleased to hear from Mr. C. W. Hunt, Charlotte, who this week contributed an edifying article giving an insight into government and work of the M. E. Church, South, as seen when attending conference.

Despite Mr. Hunt's long silence we felt that we would hear from him again because of his keen interest in the Jackson Training School.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

MIMOSA HIGHWAY.

Morganton set the pace on Armistice Day for the beautification of highways. The planting of 2,500 Mimosa trees on Highway No. 10, from Rutherford College to Glen Alpine was a most tremendous job that in the course of a few years will greatly add to the scenic beauty of the highway, and will be enjoyed and appreciated by the future generations.

Just the thought of planting that many trees seems an overwhelming task, but it was done, and it is proof that if civic work is well-planned with a splendid leader, the word "impossible" never arises in the minds of those who have a local interest and taste for the aesthetic. This project of planting 2,500 Mimosa trees is an example of a splendid co-operative spirit of the people of Morganton and the surrounding community that other people may thereby profit.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A REAL ENDURANCE TEST.

The story goes that the schooner, Brooklyn, floundered at sea not many moons back, with no available help to avert the catastrophe, and no life boats in which to rescue the crew. So the whole scene was one that called for the best courage and endurance of the crew if saved from a watery grave. Chief officer, Jorgen M. Grover, clung to a piece of bulkhead of the wrecked schooner, drifting for three days before being rescued by a passing boat. This is an example of real endurance, and one that serves for a purpose, and not done alone for publicity like the "tree-sitters" of the past summer, craved. There are times when endurance is as essential to life as gas is to an automobile in an emergency tank, and should never be dissipated but used only in real emergency cases.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

SAFER HIGHWAYS

The automobile ownership and a perfect net work of bus lines we are convinced that the Bus Lines, penetrating every part of our country have drawn heavily upon the traveling public, because the railway stations are impressively lonely, and the cars of the local trains carry but few passengers.

The good roads, automobile ownership and a perfect net work of bus lines over hard surface roads, unfoldng, ribbon like, through a country unsurpassed for scenic beauty with opportunities for future developments, catch the general public.

These many innovations and attractions of the modernized way of travel are the direct causes for the decrease of passengers on local trains despite the fact it is generally admitted railroads offer the safest trips for the traveling public.

Yet, the railroads of the country require years to train an engineer, observing schedules and elaborate signal systems. His moral and physical condition also have to be taken in consideration,, as a safeguard against human wreckage, before being permitted to drive a locomotive. On the highways, jammed with vehicles of all kinds, it is not unusual to see drivers violating traffic rules—either from ignorance or recklessness. Small wonder our highways are strewn with wreckage, and our hospitals resound with the groans of the injured to say nothing of those killed outright.

If the army of tuorists on the highways continue to increase as in the past something should be done to safeguard human life against the irresponsible automobile driver. If the railroad engnieer is required to measure up to certain demands before driving his engine that carries its weight of responsibility—human life—the man who drives an automobile should be made to feel that his job is one that should be treated with more seriousness.

The question has been asked by some "will the state legislature continue to allow this carnage on the highways, or will it pass a law requiring a license for every automobile driver?" The demand should be for safer highways, for with each day is recorded an automobile wreck that brings sorrow to many homes.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

TALK OF MERGING

There are hopes of the merging of the Christian activities of the Methodist Protestant and Methodist Episcopal Churches in the future, if echoes as to uniting forces heard from the Methodist Protestant Conference, that convened in Albemarle this year, meant anything. These two denominations stand together in doctrine, and not far apart in government, if we are properly informed, so there will be but little for either denomination to concede, and much to gain for in "union there is strength."

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Across the fields of yesterday
There sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play—
The lad I used to be.

"And O, he smiles so wistfully,
Once he has crept within,
I wonder if he hopes to see,
The man I might have been."

—o—

It takes faith and action to bring business back to a satisfactory basis. Faith in the present and future of this country—and action supporting that faith.

—o—

A mule cannot do much pulling when he is kicking; and much kicking when he is pulling. Neither can human beings.

—o—

The question of whether or not the income tax will be raised next year is hanging in the balance. A lot of we fellows are wondering not only if it will be raised but how are we going to raise enough jack to pay it. Personally, the outgo is giving me more trouble than the income.

—o—

It is told that London is all excited over the apparition of a helmeted and armed figure resembling Wagner's Siegfried floating in the air above the singers at a performance in Convent Garden recently. It may mean war, of course, or it may just mean that the people who saw the apparition had been drinking American hooch. No, it couldn't be that, because if the American bootleg stuff was to blame the horrified spectators wouldn't have seen merely a specter of Siegfried in the air. They would have seen a dozen Siegfrieds mounted on pink elephants with polka dot tails playing tag on the chandeliers.

—o—

Hey, Happiness boys! Here's one that proves that old Prosperity is just about to pop right around the corner and be with us again. A farmer's wife in California while scattering corn to her chickens lost the diamond out of her ring, said diamond costing one grand (old style, a thousand dollars). She began killing the chickens, determined to find the diamond. After she and her husband had eaten steadily through the flock and had arrived at the 125th chicken, she found the diamond. Hey, Prosperity, you little rascal, come out from behind that corner. I see you hiding there.

—o—

The splendid county of Burke, and the beautiful town of Morganton, following the example of the good old city of Wilmington some years ago, in planting hundreds of crepe myrtle along the highway, has recently planted 2,500 mimosa trees on Highway No. 10, over a stretch of 20 miles, as a memorial to the Burke county Gold Star Service men. Could anything be more apropos; more tender in remembrance and appreciation; more lasting in beauty; and more enjoyed by the tourists of the future years. The mimosa is an aristocrat

among the flowering trees. Its feathery, iridescent bloom has a charm that is irresistible; a delight to the vision and a soothing effect upon the senses. Morganton and Burke have done themselves proud, and in setting out 2,500 mimosa trees at one time has also set an example it would be well for other counties to follow—in adorning the highways of the State.

—o—

When the big thinkers of the country get criss-crossed on any subject its time for we little fellows who do not wade far out into the stream of knowledge to stay near the shore, where the water is shallow. Now here's Dr. Albert Einstein, the inventor of the theory of relativity, which nobody understands but himself, confesses that he is absolutely unable to say which came first, the hen or the egg. So there is no use for the rest of us to bother with that question any more. If Doc Einstein can't settle it, it would be worse than foolish for anybody else to try. But I still hold to the belief that it must have been the hen that came first, for if it had been the egg without a hen to lay it, then it wouldn't have been a hen's egg.

—o—

I was at a garage the other morning and a man came in to see about the service he got from the auto concern. He talked a good deal about its being poor. The garage man said that's the way they all sobbed, no matter what car they owned. Then I got to thinking it over. Maybe the trouble is that the auto salesmen are so sweet and kind before a fellow buys a car; always greeting the prospect with a kiss, as it were, and asking him what he wanted for Christmas and everything, and after the prospect had got the car—well, just another sucker caught, bulled into the front seat, and salted away, so why bother any longer with him? This way to the wailing wall. Bet there are plenty in every town who can sob louder than the rest of 'em, who are given to sobbing over automobiles.

I'd rather do a little deed
Than to do none at all,
Sometimes it is the little deeds
That count the most of all.
It's not the great deeds you do
But it's the way you do it,
And if you do an unkind deed,
Forever you will rue it.

THE INSIDE WORKING OF A METHODIST CONFERENCE

By C. W. Hunt

Comparatively speaking, there are few members of the Methodist church, not to mention intelligent Baptist, Lutheran and Presbyterian friends, who know what is done at a Methodist conference, and why it sits for almost a week. The average Methodist and Methodist's friends know that they get a new preacher very often after a conference session, but know little of the workings whereby these, sometimes, drastic changes are brought about. So if the reader will bear with me I will tell as briefly as possible how the results are brought about, as well as give an insight into how closely the character of a Methodist minister is looked after.

First, in Methodist church affairs there is held what is called a quarterly meeting, four times each year in a circuit or a station, over which a presiding elder presdies, who is appointed by the bishop at the annual conference. At about the second of these quarterly conferences there are elected four delegates out of each pastoral charge to go to a district conference, held in late Spring or early Summer, which conference comprises a presiding elder's district, which to localize, say is comprised of Rowan, Stanley and Cabarrus counties, known as Salisbury district, or Mecklenburg, Union and Anson counties comprising the Charlotte district. These delegates gather in the district meeting and during the session in which all church interests are reviewed a list of delegates to the annual conference are elected, which in the districts named for illustration, number 20 to 23. These with eight other districts compose say the Western North Carolina Conference which meets annually in the Fall at such a place as may ask for it the year before. These lay delegates with the ministers, all of them, in the bounds of the territory embraced make the conference, which is presided over by a bishop, who is elected for life by the General conference meeting once in four years. The entertainment of this body is divided. Homes are furnished by the town or city inhabitants, which furnish lodging and breakfast for their guests, and the noon and night meals are paid for by the conference the money being provided for by a small assessment on all the charges in the conference, and is known as the Harvard plan of entertainment. The bishop who is to preside is designated by the board of bishops in session in the Spring of the year, assigning each of themselves to a given district, generally for four years in successon. This general superntendent and the ten presiding elders constitute a cabinet which do the assigning of the ministers to appointments for another year, which may be the same place for four years or more, but he is appointed each year for one year only. This cabinet works secretly.

The open sessions are very, very democratic, and in which all delegates and ministers may take part, open with religious service and the calling of the roll of ministers and lay delegates, which when finished a regular routine is taken up which last for four days, intersperced with speeches from those connectional officers sent out from general headquarters at Nashville, Tenn., to represent all the interests of the church: superanuate funds, missions, church extension, Sunday Schools and all down the line. The first thing done is to call the names of the presiding elders, examine into the right living and hear how well he has done his work. That done the roll of superanuates is called and each, if present, can say what he feels like saying, his character is passed and his name referred to a committee for a continuation in the superannuate relation or the placing of his name on the effective list as health and strength may suggest. When each minister's name is called the first thing heard is his presiding elder saying. "Nothing against him," if he is clean, but any member of the conference has the right to say so if he know why this or that man's character should not pass. Thus it goes on from day to day, each man telling of the work he has done and each being answered for by the elder: "Nothing against him." Should anything appear against any minister a committee is appointed to examine and recommend if a trial is necessary. when a new committee would be appointed as well as a prosecutor and a defender of the accused.

The under graduates, those still on trial as ministers at work are called separately, and these are advanced from a lower to a higher class as the courses of study are finished. When these men have served two years as traveling preachers they are elected to Deacon's orders and on Sunday mornig the presiding Bishop ordains these by the laying on of hands and their taking the most solemn vows (so solemn that many violate them in after life). The sessions generally run from nine a. m. to twelve-thirty p. m., and in the afternoon there are a dozen more or less committees at work, studying the needs of the church and making reccommendations for the next year's work, which committees report toward the end of the session and all are printed in the minutes after being read and passed upon in open conference.

Thus the sessions continue from day to day until Monday after the great preaching day on Sunday when the appointments are read and the work of a conference session comes to a close by asking and answering the question: "Where are the preachers stationed for another year?" And this is the very climax of all that is done. Five days have been consumed in getting to it, and this last session draws the largest crowd, except the preaching service at 11 o'clock Sunday morning when the Bishop preaches a sermon that loyal Methodists come miles to hear and to see and hear the ordination service on the young men who have had two years work and are ordained to the regular ministry.

Sunday has two other interesting services besides that of the eleven

o'clock preaching hour: the nine-thirty love feast, at which men and women eat a bit of bread and drink a sup of water in token of brotherly love: not as a Sacrament. But as a token. This is followed by religious testimony by all who wish to tell their feelings, and is a most interesting service. The second interesting meeting is the memorial service for those ministers who have died during the year; at which a paper is read by some intimate friend of the deceased, for each dead member and a memorial address made by some ed speaker. At the Sunday night service some noted preacher of the connection generally preachers, after which those members who have made the grade for four years as traveling preachers are ordained elders, which completes their training, so far as a course of study goes (No preacher quits studying as long as he preaches). This is a most solemn service when the Bishop and two elders lay hands on the heads of each and they place their hands on the sacred Bible and "Take authority to preach the word of God and to administer the Holy Sacrament."

Thus is given a running account of what is done in a Methodist conference that may or may not interest or enlighten.

THE OTHER FELLOW'S JOB

There's a craze among us mortals that is mighty hard to name,
Wheresoe'er you find a human you will find the case the same;
You may seek among the worst of men and seek among the best,
And you'll find that every person is precisely like the rest.
Each believes his real calling to be along some other line
Than the one at which he's working—take, for instance, yours and mine.
From the meanest fawning creature to the leader of the mob,
There's a universal hanker for the other fellow's job.

There are millions of positions in the busy world today;
Each a drudge to him who holds it, but to him who doesn't, play.
Every farmer's heavy hearted that in youth he missed his call,
While the same unhappy farmer is the envy of us all.
Any task you care to mention seems a vastly better lot
Than the one especial something that you happen to have got.
There is one sure way to smother envy's heartache and a sob—
Keep too busy at your own to want the other fellow's job.

—Charles L. O'Loughlin.

HISTORY OF CORBIN STREET SCHOOL

(Contributed)

There are some who possibly think from the subject of this article that the history of Corbin street school begins with the date of this building, when this institution became a public school for the benefit of children of all taxpayers. But research work proves to the contrary, showing that this site used for school and religious purposes antedates this structure, and no school in Concord, including the location, has a more interesting background upon which to build. Every incident pertinent thereto indicates the very spot was destined for educational and religious use.

For the benefit of those assembled, I feel that it is a privilege to give the subject the proper setting, telling some of the facts that led to the selection of this lot for public school purposes, realizing that no community or country is greater than its tradition.

Prior to 1843 we can visualize Cabarrus county sparsely settled, with schools and places of worship far removed from the masses of people, and inaccessible because of bad roads and other conditions. These things necessitated the organization of new congregations centrally located, as well as building new school houses to meet the demand of the increasing population.

Just at this date, or before, the Lutherans of Cabarrus county within a radius of ten miles, or perhaps a greater distance, worshipped at Cold Water Lutheran Church, once a union place of worship for both the Lutherans and German Reformed, and at old historic St. James, now one of the largest rural congregations in the State functioning in every departmental work that indicates it is progressing with the times.

These thrifty people, the German element of Cabarrus, begun to grow ambitious, wishing a church of their faith in the village of Concord. The first consideration was a permanent organization and then suitable grounds upon which to build.

In the year of 1843, the first Sunday in June, St. James Lutheran congregation was organized, but a permanent location was not decided upon till 1845.

It is interesting to note that this building is placed where once stood the "old Lutheran Church," a frame structure with cupola, and the land was given by two brothers, Alfred and Henry Brown, officers of the church for the small consideration of five dollars. To connect briefly the past with the present it will prove of interest to many to know that Alfred Brown was the father of the late Monroe Brown, who was an officer of the present St. James Lutheran church when death claimed him.

The old Lutheran Church building, a landmark up to the time it was torn away to make room for this splendid school building, is vividly recalled by many of the older citizens of the county and city. The old Lutheran Church was a house of worship

as late as 1882, when the congregation built on the corner of Corbin and Union streets where stands the beautiful church of Gothic architecture, hallowed for its traditions, dating back to the generosity of the early pioneers of St. James Evangelical Lutheran Church.

At this juncture in the history of the congregation, the land and building of old Lutheran church passed into the hands of a Northern Presbyterian mission board, and soon after a Presbyterian school, known as the Union school, financed by the mission board, was conducted in the old church building. The management of the Union School was under the supervision of a local board of trustees, but all financing was in the hands of the mission board up North.

Miss Mollie Fetzer, a pioneer teacher of Cabarrus, a sister of the late P. B. Fetzer and Dr. N. D. Fetzer, taught in the Union school. There are many who remember Miss Fetzer and realize that she contributed much toward education during the lean days of the entire South. From information gathered the Union School seemed to be an experiment The Union school did not function for any length of time, for the Mission Board of the Northern Presbyterian church merged its interest in the Sunderland Hall school that is remembered for its splendid contribution towards Christian education.

The old Lutheran church property owned by the mision board remained in the care of a local board of trustees with Mr. Charley McDonald as secretary. This board had entire charge with one stpiulation—the building and grounds to be used for church or school purposes, and if used for a school the children of ministers were to receive free tuition.

During the interim, from the closing of Union school up to 1915, the date of the completion of Corbin Street school, the old building was used almost continuously as a school, and many young men and women of Concord, prominent in the social and civic life of the community, enjoyed educational training, under fine instructors, that otherwise would not have been available.

The pioneer instructors of the old church site, who blazed the way for higher ideals, and encouraged nobler ambitions educationally, during the evolution of the public school system that now encircles the state were, Dr. L. A. Bikle, a veteran teacher and minister now living at ninety-six years, Rev. Peter Trexler, a Reform minister, the Hon. J. P. Cook, B. E. Harris, and then followed consecutively Holland and Walter Thompson, Prof. J. D. Lentz, Peter Wright and Williamson Morris. These men of scholarly attainments, who gave to many the advantages of a high school rendered a most valuable service to the community.

The activities enumerated are just a few of the incidents that led up to the date of the building of the Corbin street school. Again I emphasize the fact that this spot seemed to be destined for religious and educational work. The establishhment of the public schools all over the state, giving free and equal advantages to children of all classes and breathing the very spirit of democracy, marked the

date of elimination of privately owned high schools, that contributed much towards education at a period of our history when most needed.

The first step towards the erection of this school building used as an elementary fourth ward school, was on the 13th of May, 1913, (please note the dates, 13 is usually a forecast of ill luck, but in this case just the reverse), when the citizens of Concord voted $20,000 bonds for school improvement. Fifteen thousand of this amount to be used for the erection of a high school ,building the first high school built in Concord.

After much discussion as to the location, at first things seemed favorable to building on the Central School lot. Doctors J. E. Smoot, D. G. Caldwell, J. Locke Irvin and J. E. Cline were appointed as the building committee. Again the attention of this committee in some unseen way was turned to the trustees of the Union school, and as a natural consequence, after investigation, March 3rd, 1914, a communication was received from the trustees of the Northern mission board, offering a deed to the city graded school board for the purpose of a graded school, a tract of land, on the south side of Corbin Street for the sum of $1. This offer was accepted after referring the deed to the courts to pass on the legality of the same.

It was on June 8th, 1914, the school board, D. B. Coltrane, chairman, met on the Corbin Street property and located the building. On June 14, 1914, the contract was let to R. A. Brown Construction Company for the erection of a high school building.

It is an unusual concidence, and one worthy of mentioning, to note that this land given by Alfred Brown in 1845 for a church building, that in 1914 Leonard and Lewis Brown built the present school building on the site given 69 years previously by their grandfather.

In April, 1915, the building was opened as a high school unit with W. E. Futrell, principal, Miss Willie Mae Stafford, L. H. Wilkinson and R. A. Wooten making the faculty of the first high school in Concord. Four teachers were employed, and four rooms utilized to take care of 96 high school students.

In less than nine years the building became so crowded that it was necessary to provide larger quarters for the high school. When the new high school was constructed, then in 1924 the Corbin street elementary school was organized with five teachers, including Miss Clara Harris, principal.

The Corbin Street elementary school has not grown numerically when compared to the other primary schools of the city, this is due to the fact that the fourth ward school is far removed from industrial interest, but instead is located in the midst of a conservative people. The Corbin Street school is classed as a model school standing for efficiency and order.

Needless to say, Christianity has done wonders for the world.—Selected

THE POPULAR BELIEF

(The Robesonian)

Julius Rosenwald, well-known rich man and philanthropist, who during the days of the years of his life, which now number 68 years, he amassed a fortune of $300,000,000 or more, in an expansive mood the other day attributed this modest competency to "luck"—"five per cent work and common sense and 95 per cent luck." And he unburdened himself further as follows:

"I never could understand the popular belief that because a man makes a lot of money he has a lot of brains. Some of the richest men I have met in my life have been the most stupid. There are men in America today, financial failures, who have more real brains than I will ever have. I had the luck to get my opportunity; their opportunity never came."

Since it is a tremendously rich man, who has foregathered with rich men during many years of his life, who makes this observation, it commands more than passing notice. But it will not disturb that same popular belief. There is a halo around the head of the sinfully rich. He is easily believed to know all things pertaining to all things in heaven above, on the earth beneath and in the waters under the earth. And so he must be elected to high office or honored in some way so that the dear people may receive some gracious droppings from his superior knowledge. And so no matter how dumb he may be, how stale, flat and unprofitable his conversation, it is counted unto him for wisdom. He need not be so rich, either, just so he has managed to gather together a bigger pile of stuff than his neighbors—just so he is richer than others in the place where he has his local habitation. Then so far as that neighborhood is concerned, he is the patriarch, the wise one, the one who must be looked up to and honored.

And most of the rich men will admit that homage is their due, that they are wiser than most of their fellows. It is refreshing to find one who has the good sense to realize that the mere fact that he has made millions is no evidence that all wisdom will die with him.

The trouble with the average business man is that he gives all his waking hours to his business and its problems. He lets no outside breezes blow over him. He has no time with his family; no time to interest himself in the business of citizenship. He knows only one thing—business. What is the result? When the time comes that he might retire, he cannot do it because he has built up for himself no outside interests. He has no inner resources. He is afraid to retire, because he would not know what to do.—E. W. Bok.

PUBLIC SCHOOL PROGRESS

(Asheville Citizen)

The gigantic growth of public education in the United States today is well shown by the fact that some thirty million of our children and young people are enrolled in the schools. Further, statistics show that, despite the progress of various church school organizations, the proportion of those who attend our public schools and institutions of higher learning is constantly increasing. The cost of maintaining these institutions from grammar schools through academies and universities aggregates about $2,500,000,000 a year.

Examination of statistics as to the expenditures of the Federal Government, the states, and the municipalities shows that this is only a moderate part of our annual national budget. Yet it is a vast sum. And the handling of this great amount of money is mostly in the hands of officials of the states and local governmental units. For public education is a state function and not one belonging to the Washington government. Further it is perhaps the most important function of state government in America today. No other nation of the present or the past has ever undertaken such a vast and costly system of universal education.

The Atlanta Constitution says of our school system, "It exhibits in its bare, but huge figures, the universality with which this nation is carrying out the counsel of the fathers, that 'a democracy must survive and thrive through the intelligence of its people.'" The Constitution adds further:

"That is why Jefferson said that if he had to choose between government and newspapers generally distributed and read, he would choose the newspapers. He believed popular intelligence is most likely to seek and establish good government. The old sage might not repeat that saying today, but the theory of it is even more dependable today than in his time."

Public education is essential for the proper functioning of democratic government, although it has grave problems to grapple with also. There are some thoughtful students who fear that by too much mental training we are educating our population above the status of working classes. Perhaps this is a problem of the near future. Perhaps too much education is unfitting people generally for the tasks of hard manual labor, although such toilers must always constitute an important proportion of the population. Yet such education trains mind and character. And the vast and increasing number of mechanical appliances is eliminating the need for hand labor in many lines.

Thus public education is constantly extending its scope. In cities we find night schools, trade schools, extension schools, as well as the customary institutions for day learning. In rural districts consolidation is being forwarded, together with auto bus service for transportation of children

to schools. North Carolina is one of the foremost states of the nation in utilizing bus service and in the consolidation of rural schools.

That education is not essential either to deep religious influence or to advanced civilization and its productions is well shown by past history. Down to a century ago most people in the United States were illiterate. And this has been true of European nations until much later. Indeed at present some 50 per cent or more of the population of Spain, Italy and the Balkan States are unable to read and write. Probably an even larger proportion are illiterate in Russia. But in progressive nations of this mechanical age education is essential for commercial and professional purposes of many sorts. An illiterate individual cannot make much of a living in a modern American city. Nor can he vote intelligently. Thus our system of public education is one of the greatest assets of the nation.

PURE AIR

I'm just a boy, not very high,
But I would know the reason why
A dog or cat of pedigree
Should have advantage over me.
I saw a sign not long ago,
Just at the door of a dog show;
"Don't smoke in here, for don't you see
These dogs and cats of pedigree
Are injured by the poisoned stuff
You get in cigarettes and snuff
Cigars and pipes and all of that,
So with your poison, now please 'scat'!"
For if it hurts a dog, you see,
I'd like to know what about me?
They tell me it will kill a cat,
And I'm more precious far than that.
Now, I don't like the nasty smell;
When smoke gets thick I don't feel well.
If you must smoke, sir, please be fair
And give US smokeless breathing air.

—Maude M. Aldrich.

ARE WE EDUCATED?

(The Health Bulletin)

In its issue of October 6, 1928 the Christian Herald published an article under the above title by Dr. Herman Harrell Horne, a professor in New York University. This article is a most comprehensive discussion of the subject of education. Of especial interest to our North Carolina readers is the fact that Dr. Horne is a native of North Carolina, and is a man who has made a distinguished record as a professor in the School of Education of New York University.

It would be well worth while for any of our readers to procure a full copy of Dr. Horne's paper. He states in his article that "education is adjustment." He says further that "the ideally educated person, who, of course, does not exist, has, we think, the following characteristics." Then Dr. Horne proceeds to enumerate on a percentage basis thirty-three especial characteristics which an ideally educated person would be found possessing. He rates each point at a fraction of over 3, making a total of 100 points, if it were possible to reach, for the fully educated person.

We quote here, as especially fitting, the first four items, which he enumerates, exactly as he has written them down in his article. It is more than significant that the very first item begins with the physical fitness of the individual. We have not the space to publish the article in full, but as these first four items should be of especial interest to all our readers we herewith set them forth:

"1. He is physically fit. He is not usually below par. He pays the necessary price for physical fitness in regularity of habits, no health-destroying habits, proper diet, outdoor exercise, adequate sleep, enough work, but not too much, and the absence of worry. I do not say, 'Never overwork,' but this: 'If you do overwork, make the period short, and allow time to recuperate.' While the nervous system is young and growing, better omit the cigarette. Read Elbert Hubbard on 'The Cigarettist,' a valuable brochure more pertnient by half to the American scene now than when written years ago. The memory of Roosevelt is an inspiration for all the weak who would be strong. Physical fitness is itself a form of adjustment and is a condition of efficiency in the other adjustments to come.

"2. He lives near the maxium of his efficiency. His physical fitness allows him to do so. He is not doing just enough to get along in the world. He is doing, without strain, all he can do. Most of us do not utilize more than half the energies we have available. Nor do we expend that half to greatest advantage. Efficiency is a fraction whose numerator is production and whose denominator is expenditure. You become more efficient by either increasing production or diminishing expenditure or both. That human machine is most efficient which accomplishes most with least damage to itself.

"3. He has a body which is the ready servant of his will. This means mind and body are adjusted. The phrase is Huxley's. We must master our bodies or they will master us. The weakest body is the greatest tyrant. The head of man is carried by the body, but should be able to command whither. The body was made to serve, and it will serve well, if well served. Every man should know his own machine, respect i limitations, and utilize its power.

"4 He is capable of earning a living for himself. This is economic adjustment. He is not dependent upon the earnings of another. This refers, of course, to adults, not to the sick or children in school. This is economic independence, equally desirable for women and men. The married woman who is making a home is more than supporting herself, she is actually increasing the family income by her service. Be able to earn your own living, and do so for self-respect, even if above financial worries."

PLUCK

When things are running crosswise and the engine's out of gear,
When the road is rough and rocky and the sky is far from clear,
When you're plainly up against it and you're surely out of luck,
That's the time to use your courage and to show your stock and pluck.

Most anyone can travel on a road that's smooth and clear,
And anyone can get there if he only has to steer;
But when the motor's balky and you're running in the muck,
If you're ever going to get there, you must call upon your pluck.

There's no thrill in easy sailing, when the skies are clear and blue,
There's no joy in doing things that anyone can do.
But there is some satisfaction that is mighty sweet to take
When you reach your destination that you thought you'd never make.

So when everything's against you and your plans are going wrong,
Just face the situation and keep moving right along—
Don't sit down and wail and whimper, even though you may be stuck,
You're not completely helpless if you still possess your pluck.

—Clarence A. H. Abbott.

QUALITY OF CITIZENSHIP BASIS OF DEVELOPMENT

(Selected)

"Citizenship is and always has been a tremendous asset in governmental affairs. The higher and finer the quality of citizenship in a country the better the government and he greater the progress and development and well-being of the nation," writes the Lieutenant Governor of Nebraska, George A. Williams, in the United States Daily. He continues, in part:

"In the last analysis, a community, a state, or a nation is just what its people made it. This is particularly true in a representative government like ours, where the people have the right to make and alter their government and to choose their rulers and make their own laws.

"How important it is then that we give heed to the character of our citizenship and seek to develop the qualities of patriotism and loyalty in the truest sense of the terms....

"America should guard well the foundation pillars upon which the Republic is builded. I speak advisedly when I say America needs today a new baptism of citizenship. And another has said, 'not a mere sprinkling at the altar, but a regular orthodox immersion in deep running water.'

"The foundation of our Government is the Constitution. All the power and strength and beauty of this, the greatest Republic of all ages, together with our rights and liberties, can only be preserved to us by a sacred regard for and a faithful observance of the principles of the Constitution and the laws founded thereon.

"There is too much disregard for law in our land. There is too much crime, and too many crimes going unpunished. No government is secure when its citizens exercise a choice as to the laws they shall or shall not observe.

"In our courts there are too many lawyers who ignore the fundamentals of our Constitution—justice and equity—and who prostitute their profession in their efforts to save criminals from deserved punishment."

IT'S ALWAYS SUNDAY SOMEWHERE

The first day of the week (Sunday) is the Christians' Sabbath; Monday is the day kept sacred by the Greeks; Tuesday is the Persian day of rest. Wednesday, the Assyrians worship; Thursday is a holy day among the Egyptians; the Turks keep Friday and the Jews Saturday (the seventh day) as their Sabbath.—Selected.

SECONDHAND GUESTS

By Ethel W. Clarke

From the top rung of the step-ladder, Vera reached for the last strip of wall paper and pulled it off with relieved satisfaction. Resting on her high seat, she surveyed the dismantled living room, the center of which was filled with the shrouded furniture.

The door into the hall was flung open with Jack's usual violence.

"Watch your step, Jack, and don't track these papers around everywhere."

"Save your breath, Sis. I wouldn't stay in this mess. Mother said to tell you that the paperhanger would be here in the morning."

"Can't you help carry out the papers?"

"No, I have to study. Anyhow, I might not do it well enough, everything must be perfect for your company," he teased with the exasperating privilege of a fourteen-year-old brother.

Before she could answer the saucy taunt, the boy had vanished

In the late afternoon rush of cleaning preparations, Vera reflected rather bitterly that the family showed little interest in making the house attractive for her Thanksgiving guests. Never mind, she'd show them the meaning of real hospitality.

The big room emerged from its beauty parlor treatment like a lady rejuvenated by an oil shampoo and a gay new dress. Even the shining maple floor and the brass andirons paid tribute to the expenditure of girlish muscle. As for the old mahogany furniture, after its strenuous massage, it seemed to take a family pride in its smart surroundings.

"It looks lovely, dear," complimented Mrs. Manton, "a real transformation."

"Well, I'm very much pleased with everything, except the draperies. You couldn't stretch a point, Mother, and get some new ones, could you?"

"No, Vera, it is out of the question. Your father has already been too a good deal of expense for your Thanksgiving party. In fact, we had not planned to have this room done over for another year, at least."

'Wait until you meet the Eaton family," Vera eagerly defended. "You'll all be repaid for the work and expense. Of course, we cannot expect to entertain them in the manner to which they are accustomed, but when I spent that wonderful week with Anne, she said my description of our home Thanksgiving was most appealing. It must have appealed, I'm sure, considering that the whole four of them have accepted our invitation."

There was no rest from manual labor until the whole house was arrayed in its best bib and tucker; after which there was no rest from mental labor as Vera constantly reminded the family that this spotless condition had to be maintained until the holiday a week hence.

"I'll be glad when Thanksgiving is over," grumbled Albert at supper that night. "We have always had a dandy time with our own family and

friends, but now these Eatons are too nice—"

"Come, son," interrupted his father, "play fair with your sister. Next year, you may want to invite your college friends and you will expect her to treat them well. Your mother and I have given up our usual family Thanksgiving in order that Vera may return the Eaton hospitality."

"Thanks, Dad," managed Vera, with the tears very near the surface. "I hope that I am not unreasonable, but if you all had seen the Eaton home—"

"Let's not argue the matter," her mother broke in. "There's no apology necessary on our part. We will give our best and nobody can do more."

"There's a package for you in the hall, Vera," piped up Jack. "The postman handed it to me and I forgot all about it."

While Vera and her mother were washing the dishes, Vera opened the package.

"I know what is in it. Aunt Grace has loaned me some salad forks and bouillon spoons. I asked her for them because she will be down south all winter."

"But bouillon spoons—" Mrs. Manton's tone was disapproving—"we have no bouillon cups, you know, Vera and I really cannot buy them now."

"Oh, I was just going to make a suggestion about them. If you'll advance the money for them and for some amber goblets, "I'll pay you with the very first money I earn when I get my appointment to teach in January. Those accessories are absolutely necessary for a course dinner."

"If you think such details will make a happy Thanksgiving, I will not deny you," her mother answered quietly.

The following morning, Vera departed on a shopping trip to the city, and as a result, the afternoon suburban delivery brought the lovely, fragile china and glassware as well as special canned goods and groceries, of brands too high priced and unusual for the local markets to carry.

Mrs. Manton gave up her regular Saturday cooking since Vera insisted that, if the fruit cake and mince meat were out of the way, the days ahead would be less hurried.

On his way to the cookie jar, Jack threw the mail on the kitchen table.

Vera wiped her hands and looked over the letters.

"Here's a letter from Amelia. I do hope she is not coming for Thanksgiving. Did you write her that we were expecting special company?"

"No, I have been too busy lately, but if she wants to be with us, she knows that she is always welcome."

"But, Mother, she will feel out of place with these strangers. She doesn't care for style and—"

"My girlhood friend is never out of place in my home. I'm proud of her unselfishness. A city school teacher's life is not easy, and yet she tutors during her spare hours in order to earn money to help worthy girls from the Settlement House."

Amelia wrote enthusiastically that she was looking forward to spending Thanksgiving with them, and was presuming on their hospitality to bring a young Italian girl with her who

needed a glimpse of such a happy home.

The coming of the Eatons had somehow changed all of Vera's former opinions. Amelia had always been accepted as a loved member of the family, but now Vera vaguely schemed about keeping her and this settlement girl in the background. So far, her plans had run very smoothly. Nothing must be allowed to change them.

"Telephone, Vera," called Albert. "It's long distance, too."

Sometime later, the girl walked into the den where the family were listening to the radio.

"Have you heard some bad news?" her mother asked. "You look so pale and upset."

"The Eatons are not coming." She choked over the words.

"Why, what could have happened?"

"Mrs. Eaton, it seems, had promised that the family would attend a large house party to be given either over Thanksgiving or Christmas. She had understood when our invitation was accepted that the affair could not be held until Christmas, but since the date has now been set for Thanksgiving, she hoped that it would not upset our day and—"

"I call that downright shabby," Albert interrupted angrily.

"There's no use to discuss it," Vera silenced her brother while scarlet rings began to burn her cheeks. "I am very sorry that I ever suggested such a Thanksgiving. Perhaps, even yet, the rest of you can invite some guests."

"Who wants to be secondhand?" irrepressible Jack volunteered.

"You will have to settle the matter. I have a headache and I'm going to bed." The disappointed girl was glad to escape to the haven of her room.

In the evening, Mrs. Manton opened Vera's door, saying softly:

"I knew you wouldn't be asleep. Let's talk it over. It often helps a lot to share our troubles." She drew a chair close to the bed, and in the semi-darkness ran her hand caressingly over the girl's hot, tear-stained face.

"The worst of it is that I'm to blame for making you give up our happy family party. I might have known that the Eatons are not our kind—so—"

"The best of it is that your father and I have thought of a way to celebrate a real Thanksgiving. That's what I came to talk about, instead of rehearsing any unpleasantness."

"How kind of you and dad! I will do all I can to assist."

"Not so rash, my dear," her mother laughed. "You may not be so willing when you hear that the whole undertaking depends upon your efforts."

"By way of atonement, I'd be ashamed to balk at anything you plan."

"Here it is in a nut shell. Since all our own relatives and intimate friends who have usually spent Thanksgiving with us are provided for, I expect you to find eight or ten people who need a home Thanksgiving and invite them here."

"Mother!" the girl exclamed. "I

have been away to school so much of the time for the past four years that I will find a guest hunt very difficult and embarrassing.''

"Of course not. It can be a delightful quest in search of new friends. You must look around at church tomorrow and begin to invite at once.''

In spite of her doubts, Vera started off for church with the thrill of a new adventure. As she entered the vestibule, Mrs. Francis, the wife of the new minister, stopped her to ask her assistance for the Christmas pageant.

During the conversation, Vera had an inspiration.

''I promise to take part, but at present, I am more interested in Thanksgiving. I suppose that you and Dr. Francis have made your plans for the day, but if, by any lucky chance, you haven't we Mantons would be honored if you would be our guests.''

''There's nothing we'd enjoy more.'' A smile lighted her face. "Your father and mother are already our good friends—what a treat it would be for us, but I am expecting company and—"

"Oh, do bring your company.'' Vera could not wait for her to finish. ''We'd enjoy having them—that is, if they'd care to come.''

''There's no doubt on that score,'' laughed Mrs. Francis. ''It would be too much for your mother. There would be six of us.''

''What's that I hear—six guests too much for me?'' asked Mrs. Manton as she joined them. "Thanksgiving is not complete unless I have a full house.''

So it was settled, and Vera soon found out that she had made exactly the right choice as far as her mother and father were concerned. Well, she would be a good sport even if the prospective guests, a recentlly returned missionary and wife and two sons did not sound very exciting. She supposed that they would talk about their work in China and the need for money and helpers. That was all right for a church address, but for Thanksgiving—

Her mohter's voice disturbed her line of thought.

''I need two more guests, Vera. The table will seat fifteen which is our usual number when we have our own family."

In her chastened mood, the girl would not protest, although she had no idea where to find another person who needed a home Thanksgiving.

After her dinner, she started out on her quest, hoping that a sudden inspiration would guide her steps. It did. Into her mind, there flashed the name, ''Miss Trimpey.'' ''Now why did I have to think of her?'' she groaned to herself. ''She won't be expecting to be invited because, for the last three years, I've persuaded mother that her chattering tongue annoyed all the rest of the family. Still, it would please mother and it must be lonesome to be old and alone—''

It was a full hour before Vera could get away from Miss Trimpey. At the door, the trembling old hands clung to the girl's fingers.

''Tell your ma that I'm as happy as can be about Thanksgivin'. I'll be a thinkin' about it all the time''.

To the assembled familly in the living room, Vera put in a belated appearance.

"Here comes our Thanksgiving huntress," teased Albert. "What luck in the chase?"

"It's good luck. At least, Miss Trimpey thinks so."

"Miss Trimpey with her everlasting talk. Say, Vee, you don't care whether your brothers have any fun or not."

"Your sister is learning to give rather than to receive pleasure," rebuked Mr. Manton.

Then Vera had another inspiration.

"I'll tell you what, Albert. You invite the fifteenth person. There must be some fellow at the seminary who can't go home for Thanksgiving."

"Three cheers!' exploded Albert "I was wishing that I could ask Dan Porter, but I gave it up when the Eatons were coming. What do you say, Mother, if I go over to the school right away and invite him;"

"We shall be glad to have Dan with us, but I hope that you children will remember that Thanksgiving will give us all pleasure only as we share our joys with the older people as well as the young folks."

On the afternoon before Thanks giving the Manton pantry proclaimed that the pie, cake, pudding part of the feast was ready;the silver was shining; the company china had been washed and Vera had finished the hand-painted place cards and the flower-shaped nut basket. Her role of being a good sport called for the same elaborate details for these second--hand guests as had been planned for the Eatons. She did hope that this fussing would be appreciated.

Before supper, Amelia Slocum and her protege arrived.

"Vera, this is Filomena Cianci," said Amelia. "I'm expecting that you girls will be real friendly because you have a common interest in your future careers of teaching."

Vera, extended her hand. answered politely, if not cordially, "I hope so."

The rose of embrrassment painted the stranger's olive cheeks.

"Miss Slocum has always sung your praises to me. I am so pleased to meet you at last."

In spite of herself, Vera's unreasoning prejudice for this girl of another race began to melt away as Filomena insisted upon doing her share, and that capably, of the final festive preparations.

Miss Trimpey, arriving soon after breakfast produced a cover-all kitchen apron.

"I' come to help," she offered. "I can pare vegetables and—"

"We are getting along nicely," interrupted Vera. "Why don't you go into the living room—there are plenty of magazines to read."

"Of course you are going to help me Miss Trimpey," Mrs. Manton assured her. "I will be kitchen boss and keep everybody employed."

When she was seated with a pan of potatoes in her lap , the old lady tremulously voiced her happiness:

"I declare, this is a real Thanksgiving'. jest like the old days at home. I feel as if I belonged to a family, being right here with you and all workin' together."

Behind the pantry door, Filomena, with tear bright eyes, whispered to Vera:

"That's the way I feel, too, although it is not like the old days at home with me because my mother has ten children—there's no time nor money to have Thanksgiving even if mother understood about the holiday. You can't know how I have longed to stay in a real American home where love and dainty ways of living make it like yours.

"Now, if I ever have a home of my own, I shall try to do the same as you and your mother."

Impulsively, Vera put her arm around Filomena. "You can safely pattern after my mother, but as for me, I am not half good enough for her."

From her upstairs bedroom window, Vera saw Dr. Francis and his guests as they came up the walk. Instantly, her preconceived impressions evaporated. Mr. and Mrs. Deming looked very pleasant up-to-date. As for the sons, where had she got the idea that they were boys of Jack's age? The younger would be company for Albert and Dan. The other one was a typical, athletic built college man, hatless, wavy light halr and merry blue eyes. She wondered if she could make a lightning change into her new silk dress. She decided to wait until after dinner. While her mother was welcoming the guests, she managed to race down stairs into the dining room. John Deming's place card found itself next to that of the daughter of the house.

To the strains of a gay radio march, the couples marched to the table. Mr. Manton led the procession with Mrs. Francis while Dr. Francis, in the rear, gallantly escorted Miss Trimpey to her place.

"This is worth coming across the world," said Mr. Deming. "It is our first home Thanksgiving in eight years—there's nothing in China to compare with it."

"I've heard say that folks in China had to eat rice with them little sticks," Miss Trimpey piped up. "If that's so, I guess this dinner will taste pretty good to you."

"Not as bad as that," the missionary laughed, "but you will think we have been starved when I attack this plate of turkey and fixings."

While Vera and Filomena were getting the dessert, John Deming insisted upon clearing the table. He addressed his hostess: "Behold Chanie, your perfectly trained servant."

As he swiftly removed the dishes he so sleverly mimicked a Chinese house boy that the whole party went off into gales of laughter.

At last ,the feast of plenty had to come to an end. Then the young peiple took possession of the kitchen, evon Mrs. Manton being excluded.

"I am the dish washer," volunteered Filolmena.

"I'm the head of the wiping squad." John handed each of the boys a dish towel. Let's see if Miss Cianci can keep us supplied with work."

"When I keep house," Jack grumbled, "I shall have paper dishes."

"You'll need to," Albert agreed," "until you learn to use more water

on your hands."

Somehow, in this merry give and take, the kitchen was quickly restored to order.

Vera slipped away to her room. Putting on the red silk which matched the color in her cheeks, she whispered to the sparkilng reflection of her black eyes in the mirror, "I'm so happy, so happy."

The young people decided to take a walk to the top of Bald Hill.

Filomena and the boys hurried ahead, leaving Vera and John behind them

As they slowly picked their way over the rocky trail, Vera asked:

"When do your father and mother returned to China?"

"Next September. and isn't it splendid that I shall be ready to go with them?"

"You are going to work in China! Why, with your medical degree, you could—" she faltered and he took up her words—

"Yes, I could be a physician in this country of many doctors, and perhaps, in time, I might glean the fat pickings of a specialist." He stopped abruptly and faced his companion. "I mean to make my life count where no doctor has ever gone to bring comfort and healing. Don't you believe that's worth while?"

Vera flushed uncomfortably under his searching eyes. "Yes, I suppose so, but you could make such a success here. It wouldn't make so much difference if the Chinese, in that jumping off place, had a native doctor."

"It's no use, Miss Manton, you don't get my view point at all, but tell me, what career have you selected?"

"I have my first appointment to teach school in January. My ambition is to train children to become good American citizens. Isn't that worth while?"

"Absolutely," She caught the twinkle in his eye, "but please remember, Miss School Teacher, the host of Chinese who need citizenship training."

When they rejoined the group around the open fire in the living room, Amelia. ably assisted by Filomena, was relating some of her experiences in settlement work.

"My part time services to the city emigrants are trifling in comparison to your work, Mr. Deming," Amelia said. "I'd like so much to hear about it."

"So say we all," agreed Mrs. Francis. "Why can't you send the boys over to my house for your Chinese costumes? Then you and Mrs.Deming can pretend that we are one of your Chinese Sunday school classes."

The missionary and his wife were excellent actors. So well did they portray their role that their little audience alternately laughed at the amusing incidents growing out of strange custom and then grew very sober as they glimpsed the appalling need and caught a vision of the uplifting influence which Christian teaching was bringing to China.

When it was time to serve the sandwiches and ice cream, Vera aroused herself with difficulty from this new

world of thought which was upsetting all her former ideas. She felt so ashamed of her snap judgement in regard to John Deming's career—well, he doubtless had as much contempt for her as she had for herself if he even remembered her at all after today.

Miss Trimpey begged for some music. Albert, with his mandolin, and Dan, with his violin, furnished the accompaniment for the old songs in which all could join ranging from Miss Trempey's shrill treble to John Deming's ringing baritone.

Under cover of the music, Filomena said to Vera:

"What a perfect day! There will never be another Thanksgiving, for me, quite as wonderful as this one. I can never thank you all for the privilege."

Don't think us," Vera replied. "Just visit us whenever you can."

During the leave taking, Vera hurried into the dining room to pack a box of cake and candy for Miss Trimpey.

"I was looking for you to say goodnight."

At the words, Vera faced around quickly. John Deming held out his hand.

"We are to spend a week with Dr. Francis. I enjoyed our walk so much today that I wonder if you could stand a future Chinese medico on some more jaunts."

"Indeed, I'd like it, but please forget what I said about your work in China. I see so differently now concerning it."

"I am delighted that father's arguments were so convincing—I—"

"John, where are you?"

At the summons they parted hastily, but not until a date had been set for the next day.

Before she went to bed, Vera called her mother into her room.

"I know you are tired, mother, but I must tell you how much this day has taught me- I never appreciated you and dad and my home so much as I have this Thanksgiving. If I had been able to carry out my original plans, I would have missed all the beauty and joy this day has brought. I called these people 'secondhand guests' when they are really first-rate friends. I have been so selfish and self-centered, Mother, but from this time, I intend to try to find my place of service—not something easy, either."

Mrs. Manton looked from the girl's rapt face to the open book on the bed. It was Vera's grammar school geography, freshly marked with red pencil lines on the map of China. For a fleeting moment she wished that there had been no secondhand guests, but, being a first-rate mother, she made herself thrust back her selfish fear as she answered:

"There's Thanksgiving in my heart dear, because you are learning to give your best in service."

Are you feeling alone in the world, or do the sun moon, and stars talk to you?—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. T. L. Grier, a member of our staff, is spending a ten days' vacation in Florida.

The bakery force has been busy for several days past baking the necessary pies, cakes, etc., for the Thanksgiving feast.

Ten new boys came to the Receiving Cottage this week. After spending the usual two weeks there, they will be transferred to the other cottages.

David Leary, one of the house boys at the Administration Building, was permitted to spend a few days at his home in New Bern on account of the death of his father.

Now that Thanksgiving is past, the boys are eagerly looking forward to the coming of Christmas. This has always been an enjoyable season at the Training School and we feel sure that this year will prove no exception.

Superintendent Boger, W. M. White and C. B. Barber spent last Friday in Raleigh, in conference with the Budget Bureau Appropriation Committee on matters pertaining to our appropriation for the next biennium.

William Howie, one of our young linotype operators who was paroled last week, came back to help us for a few days in getting out the biennial report for the Caswell Training School, at Kinston.

James, the youngest son of Superintendent and Mrs. C. E. Boger, was taken to the Charlotte Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital last week where his tonsils were removed. We are glad to report that he has returned to his home and is getting along nicely.

The beautiful flowers that adorned our campus have all disappeared their foliage, which indicates that and nearly all of the trees stripped of Old Man Winter is with us. The dahlia and gladiolius bulbs have been taken up and stored away. Some tulips have been planted during the past week, but not as many as usual.

Our good friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, had charge of the afternoon service in the auditorium last Sunday. After a few preliminary remarks, Mr. Sheldon turned the meeting over to four young men, students at Davidson college. These young men rendered two vocal numbers and two of them made very interesting talks to the boys.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 6, 1930. No. 44

HOW TO FORGET

If you were busy being kind,
Before you know it you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That some one was unkind to you.
If you were busy being glad
And cheering people who are sad
Although your heart might ache a bit
You'd soon forget to notice it.
If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do,
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you'd met.
If you were busy being right;
You'd find yourself too busy quite
To criticize your neighbor long,
Because he's busy being wrong.

—Exchange.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

GOOD TEMPER

Even the woodchopper seeks a well tempered ax. Why should we not seek a good-tempered friend? Not soft, easy, flabby or spineless, but well tempered. Temper harms no one who keeps it under good control. Temper is like dynamite; it may be a curse or a blessing, depending on how it is used. He who goes around looking for trouble always finds it! He who flies up on the slightest provocation comes down with a thud, and lo, nobody places a feather bed, and says, "Here, fall on this!"

Why be as placid as the mirrored millpond one day and on edge the next? Keep away from the edge of ill temper, lest you make cutting remarks. You manufacture your own welcome.

Keep cool when some one criticizes, when some one else makes some ill-natured remark. You did not deserve it, you say. Why worry, then, as long as your conscience is clear? Even if some chum makes an untruthful statement about you, truth has a knack of coming out on top—that is, provided you give hasty words time to settle.

Stirring up a tempest in a teapot is very unprofitable business; it is too much like working for nothing and boarding yourself. Set a watch at the door of your lips! Keep your temper.—G. W. T.

CHRISTIAN HEALING

In the Uplift of this week is a splendid and interesting article giving the true meaning of "Christian Healing" as practiced from the year 1 A. D. on down to the present date.

In speaking of Christian healing one's mind usually reverts to the days of

Christ when the sick by word or touch were healed and the dead were raised. These mysteries and miracles are not for us to reason why—"that God should raise the dead is not incredible, and the miracles were performed through Him that the work of God be made manifest."

But, today we continue to see and feel His power by the application of medical science, also in advanced surgery as used by mankind, the agents of mercy, in the different institutions, such as hospitals of all kinds, privately and publicly owned, for the relief of the sick, the suffering and afflicted.

Thus we see that any work for the benefit of humanity, let the activities be in the church, a community interest, or in a hospital for correction of moral, mental or physical defects, if prompted by the spirit of love, following the example of Christ while upon earth, all of this is truly "Christian Healing."

There is not a finer example of Christian healing carried on in the whole country than that accomplished in the different institutions of the state, such as the school for wayward boys, the home for wayward girls, the feeble minded institution, the hospital for the mentally sick, for the crippled child and other hospitals with charity wards where the needy are given a chance to be healed by the generosity of some great philanthropist or the united efforts of some organization. We may term many of these institutions as "state institutions", they are, but the great work accomplished is prompted by the spirit of love, so unconsciously the whole state is engaged in a Christian healing program.

By administering charity to those needing charity a stronger citizenship, mentally, morally, spiritually and physically is realized, otherwise these same unfortunates would not have a chance and would prove a liability to any community. This is no time to call a halt in the great work the state is doing through the state institutions. To progress backwards is a dangerous thing. It means stagnation and that more frequently means death to a noble cause. Our first thought should always go out to those who are not capable of helping themselves.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

JUST A BIT OF TINFOIL

"Just a little bit added to what you have makes a little bit more" was the thought that came in mind a few evenings ago while in the Southern Railroad station, Concord. The story of the incident that attracted attention is short but interesting. It is a fine example of utilizing material that seems of no

value, and the story is one that if passed on might give a hope to others —to make something out of nothing, so to speak.

Near the ticket window in the station was a cigar box, with a hole in it. Naturally every one was curious to know the contents of the box and questions were asked.

"This box," said the ticket agent, "is placed here by the Division Superintendent, M. O. Dunbar, S. R. R. with the hope that all tinfoil taken from cigars will be placed in this box. The tinfoil is sold for 60 cents per pound and the money given to the Shriner's Hospital for crippled children, at Greenville, S. C."

There was written between the lines a most interesting story. The object of the appeal was a most worthy one, and then this box was placed there by an organization made up of great big men, who often are looked upon as devoid of sympathy and with no time to give to such work. We are too prone to judge, and often misjudge because of the lack of information. If we did but know it every one is interested in some kind of humanitarian work. There is not a finer work in all the wide world than giving the crippled child a chance to walk, and those engaged in this phase of charity will be blessed to the end of time.

The Shriners have hospitals in many large cities throughout the country, and in each the doctors and nurses are helping thousands of children to become normal. The results of activities carried on in the Shriner's Hospitals is a fine example of Christian healing, made possible by the application of medical science and advanced surgery.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

ANOTHER SPLENDID CITIZEN HAS PASSED OVER THE BAR.

The sad news of the death of Mr. John M. Hendrix, on Tuesday afternoon, at his home on Corbin street, after a lingering illness for ten days, was an occasion of profound sorrow to his many friends in the city and county.

Mr. Hendrix was well known and highly respected, as a business man he had the confidence of the public because of his conspicuous fidelity and accuracy in all business transactions; as a churchman there is reason to feel the Church Militant has lost a soldier of the Cross, and as a father he never failed to teach by precept and example, living the life he wished his own to follow.

For many years Mr. Hendrix has not served the public because of ill health

and waning physical strength, but in spirit he has given his interest in all activities that stood for the good of the community.

He will not be missed by close friends and relatives alone, but by a constituency who knew him in the vigor of health when engaged in the business activities of the community, and who appreciated him and sought his council

Again the Jackson Training School has lost another fine friend and we take this means of extending our profound sympathy to those of the home who will sadly miss him and mourn his passing.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

REAL CHRISTIANITY

The remark is often made that there is nothing new under the sun. The article captioned, "Real Christianity" taken from the Macon News tells of a sect out in Ohio known as the Amish denomination. We plead ignorance, never heard of this sect before. We do not know their creed, or anything else about them, but have every reason to conclude that they are a happy go easy people without the care and worry of meeting the collector on the first day of the month. Really, from their way of living, we could learn many lessons of economy, and help in this universal depression, bringing conditions back to normalcy. Never in the world though will people take a step backwards after once enjoying the luxuries that go to make a home complete. From this you will judge the Amish are a rather queer looking people. They must look like the pioneers of our early history:

> In the State of Ohio there is a religous sect whose members call themselves Amish. They live on farms and shun the cities. They wear queer old-fashioned clothing; the women, long black dresses, the men, long coats and square hats. They will not use buttons on their garments. They have no use for such things as radios, autos, movies, phonographs.
>
> Queer? Yes, indeed. But the other day an Amish community heard that there were thousands of men in Cleveland who could not get work and who, in consequence, could not eat. And at once the Amish loaded their wagons with farm produce and trekked all the way to the city, to serve free meals, to the jobless.
>
> In the book that the Amish, along with many other sects, revere as holy, there is the observation: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Captain Hawks made the flight of 600 miles from Havana to New York in 8 hours and 44 minutes, and not going at top speed either, so states the press. Aviator Hawks wore a rubber jacket, the gift of Guggenheim, who has made

many contributions towards encouraging air service as a means of quick transportation. The rubber jacket is used as a life preserver and is easily inflated on way down either by parachute or otherwise. A few nights ago when the mail pilot lost his bearing after leaving Charlotte in a dense fog, a rubber jacket life preserver would have saved him many anxious moments while on his downward flight darkness enveloping him, and landing in an unknown land to him, but afterwards was sheltered and protected till the dawn of day in a farm house.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS CHEER

In keeping with the spirit of the Christmas season we long to express ourselves in a definite way, not remembering our friends alone, but by giving to those unable to help themselves. We realize that the wave of business depression has been felt by the masses of the people, if not in a material manner there has been a mental depression, because of the uncertainty of business life. We can only hope in the face of circumstances for the best, and endeavor to make this Christmas, 1930, very bright in the face of difficulties.

Again, as is the custom at this season of the year, we will carry a list of names of those who wish to contribute to the Christmas joy at the Jackson Training School. We have over 500 boys, who are normal in every sense of the word, so you know they have a tooth for the good things that satisfy a boy's appetite. There are numbers and numbers of them who have no one to even send them a Christmas card. The first check to be received for this cause, we are happy to announce,—to make the boys feel that old Santa is lurking around the corner comes from:

The Stonewall Jackson Circle of King's Daughters, Concord.....$10.00

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"The inner side of every cloud
Is always bright and shining
I therefore turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out
To show the silver lining."

—o—

The Republicans are sitting up nights worrying over what to do about prohibition. And the Democrats are sitting up nights worrying over how they can make the Republicans worry harder. It just seems to be some kind of a worry all the time. That is one thing I have given up long ago—worry. It doesn't pay.

—o—

A reader sends me this bit of bacon from the writing of Lord Bacon: "That which is past and gone is irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with the present and that which is to come, therefore they do but trifle with themselves who labor in past matters." So much for the excerpt. The past is valuable to us only so far as it enlightens us to the consequences of our own behavior and that of nations and governments in the past. Yet the present and the future are so connected with the past that biographies of men long dead, and the history of both ancient and modern peoples are well worth our study, but not to the exclusion or neglect of what the present demands of us.

—o—

There are 26,000,000 automobiles in the United States; 35,000,000 of them in the world. More gasoline has been turned into automotive horsepower in 1930 than in any year preceding. It requires an average of more than 4,000,000 new cars and trucks a year to replace those that wear out. The proudction of replacement parts and accessories is growing larger every year. Retail sales of such units will amount to over $2,000 000,000 in 1930, and more than that in 1931. This one item, to say nothing of chewing gum, cocola, cosmetics, and many other things, people spend money for, and still many talk about hard times.

—o—

It was very annoying, not to say humiliating, to one who has always been very fond of poultry (especially in the form of fried chicken and chicken pie) to read in the newspapers that a sitting hen back of a speakeasy in St. Louis was discover- to be sitting on six pints of alcoholic "likker." The enforcement officers took away the likker but apparently did not shoot the hen, or even put her in jail. They should have at least talked to her gently and firmly and explained the sinfulness of her act. To attempt to hatch six bottles of hootch is nullification and nothing else. It would be idle for the hen to claim she laid the six pints. She did not. She was sitting on them to hide them from the law of the land. If she will not promise to be one-hundred and twenty per cent American in the future, then off with her head.

So many people have been heard to say, "What did I have to be thankful for this year--the hardest in my life?" It reminds me of the fellow who was complaing this way; deploring his condition, and remarked, "I can't pay my bills." His friend, of a more grateful nature, replied, "Then, man alive, be thankful you are not one of your creditors." There is always and ever something to be thankful for.

—o—

A Bostonian paid $12,000 for a silver tea set belonging to the late czar of Russia. The spirit of Boston has changed since the time of the Boston tea party.

—o—

Of the 165,000 tons of sauerkraut packed in the United States last year, more than one-third came from Geneva, New York, and vicinity, in which 25 sauerkraut factories operate. One plant uses 77 vats, each of which has a capacity of 80 tons of kraut, and all are filled from one to four times a season. Most of the work in these factories is done by machinery. Fermentation requires from two weeks to a month or more, depending upon the temperature until it is "ripe" enough to be packed. The recent discovery of vitamins in sauerkraut has given a big boost to this lowly product of the humble cabbage.

—o—

Dean Donham, of the Harvard Business School, in an address to the student body discussing the need of realizing the other fellow's point of view, said it was something like the New England story of the old lady who was about to die. She sent for Grace, her niece, and said: "Grace, I am going to die, and I don't want any one to be fooling about it. When you lay me out, I want to be laid out in my black silk dress; but take out the back panel and make yourself a dress from it." Grace said: "Oh, aunt Mary, I don't want to do that. When you and uncle Charles walk up the golden stairs, I don't want people to see you without any back in your dress." "They won't look at me," the old lady replied. "I buried your uncle Charles without his pants."

—o—

The poet has said that "Hope springs eternal in the human breast; man is ever to be blest," or something like that. But many of my hopes are born to blush unseen; fly away and fall to earth like the leaves in the autumn winds. Mr. Sinclair Lewis some time ago said he would use his Nobel prize money "to support a well-known young American author and his family and enable him to continue writing." "Mr. Lewis explains," explains the New York Times, in order to deflate the air castle that I had built in the belief that Mr. Lewis was going to give me $46,350, "that he meant merely to say in joking fashion that he would use the prize himself."

If it's just a passing smile or a wave of the hand, it counts.—Selected.

CHRISTIAN HEALING—WHAT IS IT

By C. W. Hunt

To go about speaking of Christian Healing, some would think you referred to the supernatural or miraculous healing of the sick, in the same class as Christ raising the dead; but in the sense used here, such is not the case, but Christian healing as known in the present day is the application of science, medical science, to the hospital owned and controlled by the church or civic or philanthropic societies, where charity is bestowed upon those needing charity, and by the combination, life and health and strength blooms again in wasted and pallored cheeks.

The writer had never thought of the meaning of Christian healing quite in the light stated above, to any appreciable extent until he heard Dr. C. C. Jarrell, secretary of the General Hospital board of the Methodist Episcopal church south, at a recent session of a Methodist conference, when he was representing the interest of the church in that line and was telling his hearers of the vast amount of good, the unmeasured good, that can and does come through the administration of charity such as is administered by church owned hospitals. A hospital owned and operated for gain can do the same scientific work, but the reference here is to that part of professed Christianity that deals in taking care of those in need. The machinery for helping this line of church work in the denomination mentioned above is set up in what is known in these circles as the Golden Cross, which operates on the same order as the Red Cross, by the calling of a roll, when each member of Southern Methodissm is asked to contribute a dollar more or less to this fund, all of which goes to hospitals owned by the church, where the best treatment is to be had at the smallest possible cost or for no cost at all.

But aside from the appeal the mere mention of helping sufferers brings to all, with a heart, it was doubly interesting to follow Dr. Jarrel as he traced from the year One A. D., down to the present time. In the year One the first appeal was made in the city of Rome for the many then helpless and suffering, and so effectual was the appeal that the finest homes in the city were opened and the sick and suffering and sore and needy were nursed back to life by tender white hands. Just how long this tenderness for the afflicted lasted in those faraway centuries it is not said, but there was a revival of such tender healing in the 6th century when the order of St. Benedictine took to such humane treatment of the sick and again in the 11th century under the Francescian order, the followers of St. Francis. Then at two other times as recorded by history, by the Knights of St. John and by another. But the real order of restoring the sick by nursing and hospitals was set in motion by Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War, when English soldiers were rotting in the trenches, and when

this angel of mercy in the face of the opposition of war officials took material almost by force and went into the trenches and with white and tender and untrained hands ministered to the soldiers dying by inches there, ministering to them physically and singing to soothe their pains as only Florence Nightengale could sing. It was this period in which the ordc of the trained nurse was set up, and which has known no diminution since then, but on the contrary has gone on with tremendous increase as the century passes. From then until now one era after another in the improvement of the way to handle the sick and the maimed has come. In the 18th century sixty (60,000,000) million people died of smallpox alone in Europe; and it was in 1796 that Genna, the great German discovered vaccine, which has in 150 years almost wiped out the plague that was so loathesome as to strike dread at the mention of the disease, and was the first great stride in the matter of healing by the appliance of science to Christian principles.

Louis Pasteur was the next scientist to come to the rescue with preventative medicine, when he discovered a serum, by which the horrors of hydrophobia were done away with; following whom came Lord Lister with the discovery of septic surgery, prior to which time surgeons had infected their patients with dirty knives and dirty needles and the want of antiseptics; each step being one in what is now called Christian healing. Then came Walter Reid who found that the female mosquito was the transmitter of yellow fever, which for many years had carried death and destruction to all the great Mississippi valley in this country and thrived in all tropical climes, which was not stopped until the Spanish-American war, when Cuba was taken charge of an the breeding place of the plague cleaned up.

This work, all apparently Providential, has been closely associated with civilization and Christianity, both so closely allied and with each other and has earned the name of Christian healing.

"If the Christian Scientist had more science and the Christian surgeon more Christianity, etc."

In the face of the virtue of Christian healing there is no time to say: "I am sorry in the face of pain". The place to reconcile science and religion is at the bed side of the sick, when both going hand in hand, the art of Christian healing becomes a reality. The man who has seen his beloved mate's cheeks pale and the eyes dim, the laugh disappear; when friends spoke in whispers when she was taken to the Christian hospital, which like a sheltering arm reached forth, and the science of surgery did its work, in connection with the tender white hands of the trained nurse, until the color came again to those pale and ematiated cheeks, and she was restored again to her own, can know and feel and understand what is meant by Christian Healing: knowledge and religion blended in a place where it is needed to restore those who suffer and want for the means to reach such in other than Christian institutions. That is Christian Healing.

ORIGINAL THANKSGIVING PAPER LOST 100 YEARS

(Asheville Citizen)

Few Americans know that the original Presidential Thanksgiving Proclamation was lost for over a hundred years; that it was found at an auction sale in 1921; that it was bought by the Library of Congress for $300.00; and that it now reposes in the archives of that institution—one of the most valuable documents in the world. The Division of Information and Publication of the George Washington Bicentennial Commission in a statement issued, relates the story in the House of Representatives:

"Resolved, That a joint committee of both Houses be directed to wait upon the President of the United States, to request that he would recommend to the people of the United States a day of public Thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by acknowledging, with grateful hearts, the many signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity to establish a Constitution of government for their safety and happiness."

Harmless as this resolution seems, there were objections to it. In reading the Annals of Congress of that period, we find that Representative Aedanus Burke of South Carolina thought we should not mimic Europe, where they made a mere mockery of thanksgiving.

Representative Thomas Tudor Tucker, also of South Carolina, argued that it was not the business of Congress to ask for a national day of Thanksgiving.

"They (the people) may not be inclined to return thanks for a Constitution until they have experienced that it promotes their safety and happiness."

These objections, however, were overruled; the resolution was passed and sent to the Senate for concurrence. The Senate approved and appointed its committee to wait on the President. The joint committee was made up of Ralph Izard of South Carolina and William S. Johnson of Connecticut, from the Senate; Elias Moudinot of New Jersey, Roger Sherman of Connecticut, and Peter Sylvester of New York, from the House.

Washington complied with the request and on October 3, 1789, issued his proclamation,, calling for a National day of Thanksgiving on Thursday, November 26

And then the document dropped out of sight. It apparently was misplaced or attached to some private papers in the process of moving official records from one city to another when the Capital was changed. However, it happened, the original manuscript was not in the official archives until 1921 when Dr. J. C. Fitzpatrick, then Assistant Chief of the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress, and now editor of the forthcoming George Washington Bicentenial Commission series of Washington's writing, "found" the proclamation. It

was at an auction sale being held in the American Art Galleries of New York City. Dr. Fitzpatrick, an expert in Washingtoni, examined the document and found it to be authentic It was written in long hand by Wm. Jackson, Secretary to President Washington at the time, and was signed in George Washington's bold hand. Dr. Fitzpatrick purchased the document for $300 for the Library of Congress, where it is now kept as a treasure. And no amount of money could remove it.

The original Proclamation of Thanksgiving and, indeed, the first Presidential proclamation ever issued in the United States, read as follows:

"By the President of the United States of America.

"Whereas it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, to be grateful for his benefits, and humbly to implore his protection and favor—and Whereas both Houses of Congress have by their joint committee requested me 'to recommend to the People of the United States a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity to establish a form of government for their safety and happiness.'

"Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 26th day of November next, to be devoted by the People of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be—That we may then all unite in rendering unto him our sincere and humble thanks—for his kind care and protection of the People of this country previous to their becoming a Nation—for the signal and manifold mercies and the favorable interpositions of his providence, which we experienced in the course and conclusion of the late war—for the great degree of tranquility, union, and plenty, which we have since enjoyed—for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national One now lately instituted—for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed and the means we hace of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge; and in general for all the great and various favors which he hath been pleased to confer upon us.

"And also that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and ruler of Nations, and beseech him to pardon our national and other transgression—to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually—to render our national government a blessing to all the People by constantly being a Government of wise, just, and constitutional laws, discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed—to protect and guide all Sovereigns and Nations (especially such as have shown kindness to us) and to bless them with good Government, peace, and concord. To pro-

mote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science among them and us—and generally to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as he alone knows to be best.

"Given under my hand at the City of New York the third day of October in the year of our Lord 1789.

(signed) "George Washington."

Celebration of Thanksgiving Day in America can be traced back to the earliest days of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. From there the custom spread to all parts of the United States.

STAND FAST!

Stand fast when waves of trouble roll
  And drench your life with tears,
When tribulation smites your soul
  And daunts your heart with fears;
For though the storm be ne'er so high,
Be sure the calm of peace is nigh.

Stand fast when all the powers of night
  Affright your shrinking heart,
When not a star betrays its light
  To serve as guide and chart;
For, be the darkness ne'er so deep,
Ere dawn your weary eyes shall sleep.

Stand fast! The coward never knows;
  The thrill of victory won;
'Tis toil that brings the best repose,
  As night precedes the sun;
And naught proclaims the conquering soul
Like patience, faith, and self-control.

—Answers.

THE STRATFORD MEMORIAL

(Asheville Citizen)

Adoption by the United Daughters of the Confederacy recently of a resolution binding that organization to pay the final $50,000 on the purchase price of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation for the purchase of Stratford Hall, the birthplace of Robert E. Lee, doubly assures the complete success of this undertaking which has so enlisted the sympathy of the South and the country.

Stratford Hall, in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the Potomac River, is the ancestral home of the Lee family in the United States. It was built in 1729 by Thomas Lee, who was of the third generation of Lees in America, and who was the father of Thomas Lightfoot Lee and Richard Henry Lee, both of whom were signers of the Declaration of Independence, and both of whom were born at Stratford. Light Horse Harry Lee, the father of Robert E. Lee, married his cousin, Matilda Lee, and inherited the place from her.

No place in America is more intimately associated with the history of the country from the earliest colonial period down to the present. The original house, as Thomas Lee built it, is still standing. It has been the birthplace of more famous personages than any other house in the land

The movement to acquire Stratford Hall and preserve it as a Lee memorial has progressed with a rapidity that has been extraordinary. It has had support not only from the South but from all parts of the nation The organization which was started in Connecticut two years ago by Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, daughter-in-law of Sidney Lanier the poet, has spread to twenty-five States and the District of Columbia. Already more than half of the purchase price of $240,000 has been raised. Francis P. Garvan, the distinguished New York lawyer and philanthropist, has volunteered to do all the research work necessary for the restoration of Stratford through the Mabel Grady Garvan Institute of Research of Yale University.

Identification of the United Daughters of the Confederacy with the movement and their splendid pledge to be responsible for the final payment of $50,000 on the purchase price was all that was still needed to assure the early completion of this inspiring memorial. Undoubtedly it will be hereafter a shrine worthy of the great American whose name it bears and worthy of the people who delight to hold him in honor.

To do something, however small, to make others happier and better, is the highest ambition, the most elevating hope, which can inspire a human being.—Avebury.

THE NEW SOUTH—NORTH CAROLINA

By Frank U. Mallet

A writer in the New York Herald-Tribune said recently, "The south of today is the west of yesterday in opportunity." This is simply plain, unvarnished fact. The "south" today is in the "news" as never before, and intelligent men and women everywhere are beginning to realize that there is indeed an "advancing south," and North Carolina is in the lead.

Naturally, Tar Heels are proud of their past, especially of their recent past. The poverty and desolation of the years that immediately followed the Civil war has been left behind, and a new era of energetic industrial and intellectual activity has dawned.

It is not "sectionalism" to boost your native or adopted state. It is not narrow provincialism to be proud of the educational, agricultural or manufacturing development of a given province we call a state. There is still, as Edwin Mims said, a well defined section of our country known as the middle west, or the far west, or the New England states, and there is a well defined section known as the south, with a splendid history. North Carolinians are proud of their past. U. S. Senator Lee Overman said over the radio the other day that North Carolina voted against secession in April, 1861, and not until President Lincoln called for 75,000 troops to fight the sister states did she decide to fight on the side of the south.

Another thing we (who live here) are proud of is this: That we have so few aliens in our citizenship. The people are American born, and until recently there were few labor troubles. One of the next steps in progress must be the readjustment of labor problems.

Labor conditions in the south have been entirely different from those prevailing elsewhere in the states. In North Carolina the strikers have been almost entirely American born, whereas in northern states foreign influences are at work among the various racial groups of discontented laborers. The southern situation calls for a new conception of labor and capital relations, a new definition of social justice for the state, the church and the employers of labor. You can't solve the labor problems of the south with indifference or discrimination.

Right-thinking people here are watching with intense interest the efforts of the United Textile Workers, to organize the mill workers in conformity with the principles of the American Federation of Labor. At the present writing there is going on at Greensboro, N. C., an organization. The Greensboro News quoted Francis J. Gorman on the situation of organization at the Cone mills. Said Mr. Gorman, "Concentration of organization efforts with operatives of the Cone mills in Greensboro will be the center of our activities."

The labor problem is going to be settled, and settled right this time. The message and aim of the American Federation of Labor and its auxiliary, the United Textile Workers, is

peaceful, not warlike. The Marion situation must never be repeated. There is a more excellent way.

The south, and North Carolina in particular cannot afford to go on without this readjustment, and forward-looking men, some of them employers of labor in the textile industry, see this, and are doing their best to see labor receive its just due. Think for a moment what labor and capital have produced in the last few years! Read and ponder the statistics that are almost unbelievable! The latest statistics I could obtain from the department of conservation and development may be summarized as follows: Some idea of the development of industry in North Carolina can be had by tracing statistics over a period of years. The period of awakening, as we have seen, was begun soon after the Civil War. Before the beginning of that conflict records show that only $9,500,000 was invested in manufacturing, which employed about 1,400 workers, and products of such plants were valued at $16,500,000.

Starting afresh with our study with the year 1900, we find that the industries of the state had an output value of less than $85,000,000. Ten years later this output had increased to $669,000,000. The latest federal enumeration is being awaited, and is estimated as being now no less than $1,250,000,000.

In the year 1900 only a few thousand persons were engaged in industry in North Carolina. By 1919 more than 150,000 wage-earners found employment, and the total of such latest available figures show that 205,000 workers are engaged in wages ran up to $125,000,000. The industrial occupations when plants and factories are running full time. The latest figures about workers' wages show pay rolls amounting to $156,394,000. Labor and capital have together wrought some other marvels in making wealth. North Carolina's property value is estimated to exceed $5,000,000,000 a tremendous increase over the estimated $682,000,000 of the year 1800.

The values of real property in the state increased by 340 per cent in the past 10 years. One of the most important factors in the progress of the state has been the development of electric power, in which North Carolina leads the entire south. The story of harnessng the waterpower of the rivers is a fascinating one. The first hydro-electric plant in North Carolina was erected at Idols on the Yadkin river in 1896, and North Carolinians are never tired of telling the story of James B. Duke and Dr. W. G. Wylie's talk about the possibilities of the old Catawba river. It seems J. B. Duke, who had accumulated a great fortune in tobacco, was laid up with erysipelas in his foot. His physician was his principal companion, and, Doctor Wylie having invested money in a power plant in South Carolina, the talk naturally ran on "power." Mr. Duke had also invested in a plant that had proved a failure, but Doctor Wylie often talked of the possibilities of the Catawba river. Eager to know more about high tension wires that could be carried long distances, Mr. Duke asked who could explain all the details, and the engineer was named says J. W. Jenkins in his life of

Duke. Young Lee was summoned at once. Mr. Lee tells the story in his own way:

"The first time I ever saw Mr. Duke was at his home in New York I went there with Doctor Wylie, and we talked for a couple of hours. As I came in, Mr. Duke said, 'Doctor, is this that fellow Lee who you say can do so much in power?' Knowing he would wish a diagram, I had made the preliminary plans. He asked what it would cost. I told him about $8,000,000. I thought that was about the biggest amount I had ever heard of, but it seemed to attract him."

The upshot was that there and then Doctor Wylie and J. B. Duke subscribed $50,000 each, and the young man, Lee, walked off with checks for that amount to begin operations—to buy a certain property, and thus Duke went into the hydro-power game, which tempts us to show how success crowned that effort and made millions more, and what Duke, the philanthropist, has done for Durham and education.

In his introduction to "The Master Builder," a biography of James B. Duke, John Wilber Jenkins says:

"Years ago, when one of his attorneys, William R. Perkins, asked what, in his opinion, was the greatest thing the multimillionaire had accomplished, Mr. Duke said it was bringing together in the American Tobacco company such a capable group of men that, when the combination was dismembered, they were able to conduct separate companies without injury to the industry. Neither bricks nor mortar, capital or corporation make a business or institution, was his view. The most important factor is the men who run it."

This sort of practical philosophy seems to give the cue to the immense benefactions James B. Duke made to Duke university, and in the founding and equipping and endowing of the Duke hospital, which today, July 21, was without fanfare or trumpet opened for the reception of suffering humanity.

Durham, N. C., a city of over 50,000, is rightly proud of its philanthropists. The Duke endowment of $40,000,000 has built up at Durham a university, a splendidly-equipped hospital, and also provides for orphans and aged ministers of the Gospel in their declining years.

The Duke hospital cost $4,000,000. Its endowment is $6,000,000. Some of the special features of this splendid institution are: Capacity 416 beds, staff of 100 physicians, nearly 1,000 rooms, 11 operating and delivery rooms, medical school for 300 students, largest medical library south of Washington, D. C., dust-free labratory for studying bacteria, a number of semi-private cubicles.

Last, but not least, this article may close with a word about our wonderful climate. North Carolina lies on the same parallel of latitude as the central basin of the Mediterranean, which is supposed to be the most highly favored region on the globe. The death rate in North Carolina is lower than the average for the United States. Western North Carolina is the playground of America. So we give the slogan of the Old North state, "North Carolina a good place o live."

CHEERFULNESS

(Selected)

A wise-cracker once remarked: "You can't put anything across by getting cross." and another wise guy said: "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad."

There are many other old saws along the same line.

All of which go to say: to be successful, be cheerful.

Many of us can remember instances where this person or that person lost by getting angry.

No matter whether it is playing a game, prizefighting or selling insurance, the man who succeeds is the one who keeps himself under control and goes about his business with a cool head and a steady hand. When he loses his tempre, his coolness of course, disappears and his whole plan of action flies out of gear. Then, he falls an easy prey to failure. One has to keep in a good humor even in fighting. A boxer often wins his bout by deliberately making his opponent mad; he knows that anger leads to recklessness and carelessness.

There is a feeling in some quarters that flying off the handle, raising cain and all that sort of thing, denote character, personality and "it". It must be remembered, though, that anybody can do these things, even persons of low intelligence. Animals, with no intelligence at all, can snap and growl.

Real character, it would seem, is proven by patience and self-control. It takes true nerve to remain pleasant and agreeable when a situation seems to call for foot stamping. And, after all, the only place where good humor really and truly counts is counts is where it would be so much easier to get sore and snort.

"It is easy enough to smile
When life moves along like a song,
But the man worth while is the man
who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

A display of temper may seem entertaining, spectacular and heoric, but Patience and Self-control are the gold dust twins of victory.

SELFISHNESS

One of the greatest obstacles in the path of human happiness is selfishness. It brings unhappiness to all parties. If we were only able to brush the cobwebs from our own eyes, how bright the surroundings would be. But how hard—how hard this seems to be for most people. They see their own little narrow world—they have their own little petty ambitions —and they cannot feel for others.—Selected.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLS

Antonia J. Stemple

One of the chief attractions of the historic old city of Salem, one of the pioneer settlements of the Old Bay State, and which has left such an indelible impress, is the House of the Seven Gables, immortalized by Nathaniel Hawthorne, the great American author, in his novel of the same name. Visitors come from all over the country to see this quaint mansion and though Salem is full of historical and interesting buildings, none is more sought out than this weather-beaten, rambling ark of a house, set in a wonderful garden abloom with the flowers beloved by our grandmothers.

The old mansion was built by a prominent Salemite, Captain John Turner, in the eighteenth century. It has all the charm which Hawthorne attributed to it. Beside the seven gables it has the queer, overhanging second story, no end of rooms and cubby holes, also the mysterious secret staircase. The little shop where poor old Hepsibah Pyncheon sold gingerbread, Gibraltars and other trifles is also conspicuous. A tradition or story attaches to every nook of the old house which is still well preserved and shows comparatively few traces of the vicissitudes of time. It is set close to the sidewalk, the doorstep of the little shop letting directly onto the street.

The house overlooks Salem harbor and from the upper windows a superb view of the ocean is obtainable.

The House of the Seven Gables was purchased a few years ago by a philanthropic Salem woman for use as a community house and social center, and is now doing a splendid work for girls and women. In the little shop with the bell over the door, which jingles thinly whenever anyone passes in or out, are sold books, pictures, postals and souvenirs of the house and of Salem. The proceeds are devoted to the settlement work. The house is open to visitors upon payment of a small fee and to go through it is to have the imagination kindled and to get a real thrill. Quite recently it has been made possible for interested visitors to lodge in the house over night and this priviledge adds to the pleasure of seeing the house about which Hawthorne's fancy played.

The genius of Hawthorne did much to perpetuate the history and the traditions of rare old Salem. This fine old seaport city, which at its heyday was the center for great commercial and shipping interests and from which port sailed many vessels engaged in trade with the West Indies, China, India, and the Far and Near East, is full of interest. The city honors the memory of the illustrious Hawthorne, who is one of Salem's most famous sons. Not only is one of the city's chief thoroughfares, Hawthorne Boulevard, named for him, but a statue has been erected on it in his memory. The house where he was born and in which he lived are still carefully preserved as well as everything else connected with his career. In the Essex Insti-

tute, Salem's exceedingly interesting museum, is preserved the plain, high, battered oak desk Hawthorne used while he was employed at the Salem custom house, and at which he doubtless did much of his creative writing during his spare moments. The dignified, square old custom house itself, with the great gold eagle perched on top, is still in use, while on different Salem streets are a number of other houses and mansions which furnished Hawthorne with inspiration or served as the locale of his tales.

In the old burying ground on Charter Street are the graves of many worthies, the names of some of which Hawthorne utilized for the characters in his stories. Nathaniel Hawthorne was a true literary genius, many of whose works have become classics of literature, notably "The Scarlet Letter". They will enjoy a steady sale and wide reading. It is suggestive to find how eagerly he seized upon and utilized in his work the material which he found right about him. He drew heavily on everything of value in the city of his birth and where he spent so much of his life. The city itself and American literature have been the gainers, while incidentally the author acquired immortality for himself.

HOW TO FORGET

If you were busy being kind,
Before you know it you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That someone was unkind to you.
If you were busy being glad
And cheering people who were sad
Although your heart might ache a bit
You'd soon forget to notice it.
If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met.
If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy quite
To criticize your neighbor long,
Because he's busy being wrong.

—Exchange.

THE BLOOD TEST

By Hal Correll

Pelham Mayhew presented himself, rather doubtfully, it must be confessed, to the new athletic director; and the skeptical glance which swept him from head to foot was just what he had expected.

"Wait a few minutes, son," Director Allen said, turning toward two other lads who were waiting. "Wait a minute—I'll give you the once over."

With that he disappeared into an adjoining room, George Moore and Hezekiah (Kiah for short) Burnett at his heels.

Not many minutes passed before the boys came out again with smiling faces.

"Did you make it, fellows?" eagerly inquired Pel, starting up from the bench. "How did you make out?"

"Make it?" laughed Kiah with antagonistic confidence. "What do you think, Pel—that we're a couple of frail lilies like you?"

Pel flushed painfully at the unkind words, and opened his lips to make a hot retort; but George forestalled him by exclaiming, "We sure did make it, Pel! But take it from me, Allen's a hard man!"

George glanced after Kiah, then he stepped closer to Pel and said softly, with kind intentions:

"What's the use trying, Pel? He'll just turn you down. You're not heavy enough."

"Maybe!" Pel's lips tightened. "Maybe! But I'll take my chance same's the rest of you. See you later."

He swung on his heel and entered the door where the director stood waiting for him.

Warned by the lad's frail physique that a thorough examination was called for, the director spared no pains to ascertain just what Pel's condition was; and when at last he had finished the final note on his case card, he tapped the desk with his pencil and looked thoughtfully at the candidate.

"I'm afraid, Pelham," he said slowly, "that you can't make the team."

Pel started to argue, talking rapidly and eagerly, trying to overcome the director's scruples by the flow of words. Director Allen listened until Pel stopped, breathless.

"I know, Pelham, just how you feel. But," he shook his head slowly, "it's no go! Why, listen, lad! You'd break in pieces at the first rough play! Forget it—for this year, at least. Get out in the open as much as you can—build yourself up—then, next year—"

While he halted, trying to think of something hopeful to say, Pel silently left the room.

The other boys put their own interpretation on Pel's absence from their rougher athletics, rendering the verdict that he was "too ladylike."

Pel writhed in mental anguish for weeks, knowing what the fellows thought of him. But what could he do? When any of them made a cutting remark, he tried to laugh it off; and he would not let their attitude

keep him from any of the activities in which he was permitted to engage.

The boys' impression of him was apparently confirmed one week-end when they went for a long hike to The Gully. On their return trip they decided that, as evening was drawing close, they would take a short cut and descend Alum Rocks to the highway leading to town.

Alum Rocks was a cliff that rose almost perpendicularly from the level on which the town was located, and the storms of ages had made its face extremely difficult to ascend or descend, although the youngsters of the locality often did it.

When the rollicking company of hikers reached the edge of the cliff and prepared to descend, Pel drew back nervously. He could not help it. From some of his ancestors he had inherited a fear of high places that made him say with forced calmness. "'Guess I'll go around, fellows. Maybe I'll get home as soon as some of you.''

Kiah sneered openly, and his caustic comment to those around him carried plainly to Pel's ears.

''He's a great big pain in the neck! There's no sporting blood in him at all!''

''Huh-uh!'' agreed someone. ''Won't take any kind of a chance!''

No sporting blood! Such blood as Pel did have, boiled at the world. The boys were unjust! Unjust!

Pel gritted his teet. Why, oh why, had not some of his forefathers made him heir to a big, husky frame that could stand all kinds of hardships? He glanced contemptuously down at his thin frame.

''No wonder the fellows don't like to have me around!'' he thought. ''I'm not good for much, I guess.''

From that day on Kiah treated Pel with open discourtesy, and when the bunch prepared for another hike, he raised his voice in favor of bidding Pel to stay at home.

Fortunately, Pell did not know of this, and he was glad to join the others.

''Where are we going?'' someone asked while they waited for a latecomer.

Various suggestions were made, but at length it was decided that they would go down the valley to see the new bridge which was being thrown across the river.

Beautiful, the bridge was, sweeping gracefully from the bank high in air, and the boys stared in admiration. All day they wandered around in the vicinity of the giant project, viewing the activities from all angles.

Breathlessly they watched giant derricks lift and swing steel beams to the topmost towers of the great structure, and when occasionally a worker rode a beam on its dangerous journey, they held their breath until he stepped safely beside his fellows hundreds of feet from the surface of the river.

One by one the workers finished their day's work and left the scene; yet the boys could not tear themselves away from the fascinating spot.

At last only one man was left on the framework—a painter, who was putting some finishing touches on a tower.

Pel watched the man breathlessly,

wondering how he could stand it to work so carelessly away up there. Drawn by Pel's steady gaze, two or three other boys sat on a pile of sand beside him, watching the painter lower his buckets and brushes to a platform fifty or sixty feet below him.

Something caused the painter to lean over to look at the descending materials, and then—

"Oh, God!"

It was not an irreverent exclamation—it was a prayer, and it was Kaith who uttered it; for suddenly the boys had seen the man lose his balance, sway on the edge of his precarious foothold—clutch frantically for a handhold—and then fall to the platform below, where he landed in a heap and remained motionless.

"Go get someone—start the derrick—how is he to get down?"

Kiah jumped to his feet with thoughtless exclamations. He glared wildly around him, trying to think what to do.

Pel looked quickly at the level where the workers had parked their cars. Only one remained, and none of the workers were in sight. Possibly this was the painter's car.

The other boys were racing around, eagerly trying to find a way to help the unconscious man, but their very anxiety rendered their movements useless.

"Here, fellows!"

They looked around in surprise to behold a new Pelham. He stood before them with white face and lips. His hands trembled, but he kept them clenched at his sides so that it would not be so noticeable.

"Here, fellows!" he called. "See if the key is in that car. If it is, somebody go to town for a doctor. If it isn't, break into the contractor's office and telephone for help."

"There's no key in the car!"

"The phone's dead!" Evidently it connected with a board in the office at the opposite end of the bridge and the operator was gone.

"Oh! How'll we get him down? Nobody can go up there!"

The slender steel structure rose like a piece of fairy work, offering no visible means of ascent. The boys had seen the workers go up and down on a kind of elevator which was now not working.

"Maybe there's a telephone at that house up the road," said Pel. "One of you go and find out. Two or three of you go. Bring all the rope you can find. We may need it."

The boys stared at him and hesitated. Who was he, to be giving orders like that—the despised sissy! Still, there was a look on his face that caused them to go.

At the same instant Pel raced down the steep bank that led to the base of the pier, and in silence at his heels ran Kiah and several others.

"What's he going to do?" gasped one of them, scrambling down the stony bank. "He can't climb that thing!"

"He'd be afraid, anyway," growled Kiah disdainfully. "I'll have to go up."

At the pier they stared upward, and Kiah decided that he could not do it—there were no handholds. Besides, even if there had been handholds, the slightest slip would mean

a fall to the rough rocks below. And the motionless man was ninety feet above—on the third level.

Pel looked once; then he gritted his teeth and took off his coat.

"Wait, Pel! You're not—"

The words died in the speaker's throat, for Pel was grasping the steel framework and pulling himself upward.

He was a yard from the ground—another—another. Foot by foot he felt his way upward, finding dangerout holds on the slender connecting bars of the structure.

Not once did Pel permit himself to look down. Foot by foot he ascended. The skin was torn from the palms of his hands—his shins were bruised. His breath came in gasps. Yet he went up—up—up.

In the meantime the boys had reached the house on the road and telephoned for help. The farmer, hearing their story, had gathered all the rope he could find, and with it in the bottom of his car he raced to the scene of the accident, knowing that his wife would telephone for neighbors to follow.

When they reached the bridge they could see someone moving on the platform where the painter lay.

"It's Pel Mayhew," half whispered Kiah to George Moore, who had gone for the rope. "He went right up there like—like—anything!"

"What's he doing, anyway?"

No one knew; though when they went back a short distance and looked upward they could see him working with the painter.

An old coat was lying on the platform, and from it Pel quickly rigged up a rude basket sling, placing the unconscious man on it. To his delight he found a long plumb-line in the pocket of the coat, which he tied to the rope that the painter had used in lowering his buckets.

Having done all this without looking down, Pel swallowed hard. How could he stand it to lean over the edge, lower the cord and—and—do whatever else was necessary?

He crawled to the edge and looked down; then he buried his face in his arms and wept. He simply could not do it!

The painter moaned softly—oh, so softly.

Instantly the tears dried in Pel's eyes, and he cast the ball of cord over, holding the free end in his hand. Would it reach? Even as he moved to look down, he felt it pull gently in his hands and knew that someone was tying a rope to it.

A few minutes later the rope was tied securely to the sling after having been passed over one of the horizontal bars of the bridge.

"Watch yourselves?"

Those below could hardly believe that the confident voice was Pel's.

"Watch yourselves! Pay out that line as I lower him over the edge!"

Nauseated with fear because of the great height, Pel worked slowly; but without hesitating, he gently pushed the unconscious man to the edge.

"Rea-dy!"

"O. K."

"Watch yourselves!"

One more push and the man was swinging in space. Slowly those below paid out rope, but at every foot or two the man swung aganst the

pier.

There was only one thing to do, and Pel did it! He swung himself over the edge of the platform, descended cautiously a foot or two, and permitted the burden in the sling to rest against his back as he went down foot by foot.

He heard automobles roar to a stop nearby—and new voices.

Would he never reach the bottom? Down—down—down—

Suddenly the burden was removed from against his back—someone grabbed him, lowered him to the ground. Pel looked into Kiah's pale face.

There were loud voices behind Pel—a jostling as men carried the painter to a car; but nothing reached Pel's ears at that moment but Kiah's enthusiastic voice.

"Say, Pel!" Kiah exclaimed with a sigh of relief, "I got you wron You've got the right kind of blood in you, after all!"

"I'll say he has!" agreed a man in the crowd. "And it's been well tested, I'll tell the world!"

IT IS LOVE

It is love that makes the world so bright,
And takes away life's care.
It plants the blooming roses, too,
On cheeks, to make them fair,
And bids the luster in the eye
To shine with wondrous light,
And drives the coldness from the heart
To warm it with delight.

It clothes the criticising tongue
With words of mercy sweet,
And little faults will be unseen
When loving hearts will meet.
The whole world brighter seems to grow
When love, appearing, speaks,
And love-warmed hearts find peace and rest
For which mankind e'er seeks.

—Martha Sheppard Lippincott.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

(Selected)

What is Success? It is the accomplishment of the very best that lies in you. It matters not your walk in life, but that you write your name high on the pages of the minds of those you come in daily contact with, to raise their ideals. It is a matter of ouliving your sins. It is a realization in your life of the highest estimate and most unselfish work placed upon yourself. So live as to obtain the approbation of your higher self, the God within, and Success is yours.

Loyalty is that quality which prompts a person to be true to he thing he understands. It means definite direction, fixity of purpose. Loyalty supplies power, poise, purpose, ballast, and works for health and Success. Every man who succeeds in anything wins through his unflinching, unfailing, tireless loyalty to that particular thing.

As Carlyle said: "It is great, and there is no other greatness—to make one nook of God's creation more fruitful, better, more worthy of God; to make some human heart a little wiser, manlier, happier—more blessed, less accursed."

The possession of money, power or pleasure does not mean Success in life, although most men measure Success by one of those yard-sticks. In this hurrying, scurrying, material age, a man may have accumulated vast capital, so through it—or other means—exercised great power, or thereby experienced pleasure, and yet not attain real Success. There is the secret knowledge of some secret failure in his life, which he hides from his closest friends or associate, but which he knows spells Failure. He does not have the approbation of his "inner self," and all of his achievements turn to apples of Sodom in his grasp. It is the worm that never dies. In the stilly hours of wakefulness at night he cannot silence the sound of its knawing.

There is another measure of "Success" which has been termed "Happiness," but called by others a contented mind, the approbation of a man's own mind and soul. To my idea, this is the real ideal of Success, and a Success which any man may attain unto.

Money is good; power is good; pleasure is good—if rightfully and lawfully attained, in accordance with the strictest moral code. But under other conditions, their possession is a curse. We have, all of us—regardless of the position we have climbed to, seen others occupying lowly positions in life, whose "Success" we have envied, and whose peace of mind we have failed to accomplish.

The "Trial Balance" of life is so often "out of balance" because we have not located and corrected, or posted on the proper side of the ledger, the factors which made up a true and correctly balanced life, and which alone can give us contentment and a happy existence. Let us test all things and hold only to that which is good.

THE HAPPY MAN

(Royal Arcanum Bulletin)

The millionaire, a rich man, in his mansion on the hill has more money than I, but just what can he buy with it? Three meals a day, first of all. They will doubtless cost more to serve than my three, but he can not enjoy them any more than I can mine. A roof over his head. It is a wider and steeper roof than mine, and more rain will run off it; but the rain that runs off mine is just as wet, and underneath I am just as dry. A good night's sleep if he's lucky. He can own more of the world's surface than I. But try as he may, he can not breathe up any more of its air; he can not absorb any more of its sunshine; he can not bribe the ocean to give him any more invigorating bath; nor the evening stars to shine any brighter over his estate. The world is full of pleasant sights and sounds and smells, but his eyes and ears and nose do not bring him any sensation a particle more sweet than mine bring to me. The world is full of lovely women, and each of us can love and marry only one at a time. Compared with the blessings we have in common, the few paltry blessings which he has and I have not are insignificant. And so you will not rightly call him a happy man who possesses much; he more rightly earns the name of happy who is skilled in wisely using the gifts of the gods, and in suffering hard poverty, and who fears disgrace as worse than death.

THAT MINISTERIAL DEADLINE

Twenty years ago the churches everywhere were clamoring for young men, and the half-century mark was the dead-line for ministers. There are some churches even yet that start their search for a new minister by passing a resolution that no one beyond forty will be considered. We have noticed, however, that in the past ten years our greatest churches do not hesitate to call older men, if they are vigorous, capable and interesting. The Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Borough of Manhattan, in calling Dr. Henry Howard when he was sixty-seven years of age, is an illustration of this thing. Physicians, lawyers and statesmen are more honored because of their years and experience. It should be so with ministers of the gospel. Long years of experience should make them in every way more efficient and more capable. Our advice to our churches is not to publish resolutions barring men from their pulpits because of their age, but to seek out the men who have done things and who are still capable of doing them.—Watchman Examiner.

HONOR ROLL FOR NOVEMBER

Room No. 1

A

A. J. Allen, Fern Dunlap, Howard Keenan, Leonard Stinson, Vance Springer, Bill Barkley, Marshall W. Brock, John Bowers, James Davis, David Fountain, Oley Gilbert, Willard Johnson, Thomas McKee and Dan Wilkie.

B

Graham Bost, Phil Gibson, Joseph Ledford, [illegible] Robertson, Carl Richards, Morris Talbert, Theodore Troxler, Thomas Bryan, Hubert Crayton, Linwood Dorman, Goldston Dark Haskel Fleming, Ian French, John Garrett, Edward Hedrick, Charles Hun[illegible], James Mo[illegible]n, Lu[illegible]e Porter, Charles Rogers, and Archie Safe-right,

Room No. 2

A

Wylie Moore and Frank Smith.

B

Raymond Hinson, Wilson Williams, Ben Chattin, David Cuzzen, and Clyde Kivett,

Room No. 3

A

Harvey Causey, Carl Griffin, Sidney Logan and Richard Wilder.

B

Joseph Battle, Cecil Farr and Perry Quinn,

Room No. 4.

A

David Brown, Luther Fulp, Frank Hatch, George Hill, Garland Hicks, Dobbin Hinton, Jack Harris, Andy Johnson, Lyn Jones, Alva Littleton, Woodrow Maner, Charles Nelson, James O'Brien, Walter Ruth, and Henry Smallwood,

B

Hiram Baughman, Theodore Crabtree, Lee Fox, Robert Hill, Jim Kellum, Clarence Lyrely, Ruby Marshburn, Herman Nunnery, Walter Scott, George Shoemaker, William Wade, and Norman Watkins,

Room No. 5.

A

Homer Smith, William Rathbone, James Chappel, Lewis Smith, Bennie Lee Simpson, Edgar Lee White, Ben Merritt, James Clemmons, Randolph Elliott, and Jimmie Camden.

B

Fred Bennett, Frank Horton, George Nelson, Lawrence Thompson, Verlin Cutshall, Charles Strickland, Herman Perrett, Bob Russell, Thomas Clemmons, Worth Johnson and Woodrow Gaskins.

Room No. 6.

A

Anderson Trull, Leroy Janie, David M. Avery, Starling Crews, Charles Everett, Chester Cagle, Russell Dorsett, Albert Roe and Lonnie Hilton.

B

Frank Overby, Ray Jenkins, John Durham, "Moss" Chauncey, William Byrd. Kester Sutton, Stacy Long, Allen Braddock and John R. York.

Room No. 7.

A

Lee Pearce, Robert Taylor, William Shoaf, John Kelley, Ernest Revis, Bobbie Poole, Carver Boone, Paul Eason and Lloyd Pleasant.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Now that the weather has become much colder, porkers are being killed at a rapid rate. Some fine sausage, spare-ribs, etc., were issued to the cottages twice last week.

—o—

The radio fans here at the Training School have been enjoying the football games that have been broadcast for several weeks past through station WBT, Charlotte.

—o—

Rev. E. S. Summer, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Rev. Summer has been in Concord but a short time and this was his first visit to the school. We all enjoyed his talk and hope he may become a frequent visitor.

—o—

Thanksgiving Day was a very enjoyable occasion at the Training School. Although the weather was very cold and the annual rabbit hunt lasted but little more than an hour and a half, the boys managed to kill twenty-five rabbits. The usual Thanksgiving service in the auditorium was conducted by Rev. Paul Hardin, Pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, who made a short address. Following this service an excellent barbecue dinner was served at the cottages and it is hardly necessary to add that the youngsters made it disappear quite rapidly. At three o'clock we assembled in the auditorium and enjoyed a good motion picture. After supper we again met in the auditorium where we were entertained by the Franklin Mill Band and the Westford male quartet. Their program was well rendered and we wish to take this opportunity to thank our good friends for providing an excellent entertainment.

—o—

We are glad to receive the following good reports from Herman Goodman and Harold Thompson, two of our boys who were paroled in August, 1926. Herman has been working in the High Point Hosiery Mill for the past three and one-half years, and is now receiving a salary of $90 per month. Harold is working in the Tomlinson chair factory, where he has been employed for a year and a half and is now earing $60 per month.

—o—

Mr. D. C. Sebastian, Superintendent of Public Welfare, of Wilkes county, informs us that Roy Henderson, one of our paroled boys has been attending Mountain View High School and doing fine, standing well up in his grade work. Most of the boys who return home and enter the public schools find no trouble in making the proper adjustments in the grades.

There is always a bit more that we can do if we simply put forth the best that's in us.—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 13, 1930. No. 45

ALMSGIVING

We love what on ourselves we spend,
We have, as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who giveth all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to thee
Who giveth all.

To thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with thee live,
Who giveth all.

—Christopher Wordsworth.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. *J.* P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A GREAT FAULT

Probably about as much of our talking is done in discussing faults as in any other way. There is something about seeing flaws that apparently gratifies most of us. There is a smack of enjoyment in recounting the faults of people and things. One reads of faults; political propaganda is largely a parading of the faults of the other side. Even the church is not free from certain faults, if one is to believe what he reads and sees and hears.

It is likely that one reason so much is made of the faults of others is to keep people so busy looking at others' faults that they will not have time to scan us too closely. When we are honest and gaze in our own mirrors we must be conscious of faults in ourselves.—Selected.

A BENEVOLENT MINDED WOMAN.

According to custom, Mrs. Bowman Gray, of Winston-Salem, has sponsored a community Christmas Tree for the needy for many years. Mrs. Gray this year realizes that the economic condition of the very needy is acute, and will continue to grow more strained with the approaching winter season, so for that reason, after due deliberation, she has changed her plans for distributing Christmas cheer. She has placed $10,000 in the hands of the Associated Charities, in cooperation with the Welfare department of Forsyth county, to be

used throughout the next four months of extreme cold weather, supplying the needs of the many cases when presented.

There is not a question that the distribution of this generous gift, given by this benevolent minded woman, will cheer many hearts and brighten many homes that otherwise would have remained cheerless. It takes just a word, just a smile or a small gift to lift the down trodden souls from the depth of despair, with courage sufficient to start again in life with a hope of bettering conditions. Can you visualize that possibly this $10,000 will cheer 20,000 souls? The gift is far reaching.

Mrs. Gray has set a splendid example, for the rich and poor alike, to help some one this Christmas season less fortunate than yourself.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A HARVEST INGATHERING

One of the most interestig and unusual of thank offerings was demonstrated in a practical manner at Mallard's Creek Presbyterian church, Mecklenburg county, on Thanksgiving Day. It is an example worthy of emulation by all church people, either in the rural or city churches. It is a fine way to celebrate the Harvest Home Festival, showing the increase of the fields and giving thanks in prayer or song for the many blessings of the year, and praise to Him, "for every good and perfect gift cometh from above."

According to an agreement entered into by the congregation, early in the spring, it was decided to set aside certain fields and give the fruits thereof to the church. The results were wonderful, for the ingathering of the fall harvest showed up, on Thanksgiving Day, nine bales of cotton, with other products of the field, also including chickens, turkeys and so on, estimated to have a cash value of $1,000. Dr. W. H. Frasier, dean of Queens-Chicora college has been pastor of this church for eight years. It must be gratifying to the pastor to realize such splendid results from his year's work, all of which is suggestive of a congregation of fine spirit under splendid leadership.

This is a work in which every one can unite and join in worship by singing, "Come ye thankful people, come. Raise the song of harvest home."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A NOBLE WORK

Mrs. Margie McEachern White, president of the Stonewall Circle King's

Daughters, also chairman of the Social Service Department of the Woman's Club, has started her opportunity program for Christmas, previously sponsored by the King's Daughters, with an earnestness that inspires.

She has secured a room in the old Morehead apartments, equipped the same with stove, telephone, desk, chairs. racks and shelves ready for the reception of gifts, either in clothes, groceries, candies, fruits, money or anything that will give cheer to the needy.

The Boy Scouts are cooperating by mending all of the old toys given. This shows a fine Christmas spirit on the part of the young boys.

We stopped in the room when passing. The room is very comfortable, and the hopeful spirit shown on the part of Mrs. White and Mrs. R. M. King, then in charge, gave every assurance that 1930 Opportunity Christmas cheer would surpass that of any previous year.

There will be some one of the women on duty all of the time to answer any questions, and receive gifts for the benefit of the poor. To have "Opportunity Headquarters" is a splendid idea, if people cooperate, it will eliminate all over-lapping in charity work. It is quite easy to jumble things up in an eagerness to do something, but this "Central Exchange," in the Morehead apartments, will greatly facilitate the matter, and the entire program of Christmas cheer will be administered with a greater intelligence and justice to all concerned.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

John D. Rockefeller, Sr. and Jr., have contributed $500,000 to loosen up conditions due to the unemployment problem in New York City. That is mighty fine, but this sum pales into insignificance when compared to the hundreds of millions given by these same philanthropists to fight disease, promote education and advanced science all over the world. The amount $500,000 is just small pocket change for these two men, but it will aid greatly at Christmas time to give cheer to the needy.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"AN AID TO CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS."

To stimulate interest in giving as a Christmas gift something made in North Carolina the State Department of Conservation and Development is sending

out letters to merchants and manufacturers, asking that stores set up counters displaying "Made in Carolina" articles. This will give shoppers an opportunity of seeing the home made goods and prove a great help to the Christmas shoppers in making selections. In discussing the purpose of such a campaign, the following resolutions were advanced:

"First, the gifts would be useful and serviceable and would do the maximum amount of good to those who receive them.

"Second, gifts to people both within and without the State would serve to acquaint the home-folks and those in other States with goods manufactured in North Carolina.

"Third, Christmas money spent for North Carolina made goods would be kept at home and could be used over and over again in paying debts and mak ing other purchases, and

"Fourth, the spending of several million dollars for North Carolina made goods at this time would stimulate the production of goods somewhat, give employment to a few more people and help increase all commercial activity within the State. Such a program as this would help everybody.

"North Carolinians ought to take pride in giving and wearing something made in North Carolina this Christmaas," it was said.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

HURTS THAT HINDER

We read at all times from cover to cover "Lutheran Young Folks" published in Philadelphia. The stories are clean and carry a fine moral, just the kind we like our boys to read, the general news articles are informative and up-to-date, and the editorial page goes to the heart of a subject in a manner that creates a spirit of charity towards our fellow man. The following editorial entitled "hurts that hinder," gives so lucidily a thought that often comes to mind we are giving it as whole. It tells the experiences of the human family and the same will continue to the end of time. It is worth reading:

> Ingratitude is a hurt that hinders. Even love must hang back when it faces ingratitude. Try as it will it can't do as well as it desires to do. Kindness has a hard fight to keep on being kind when it discovers ingratitude in the one for whom the kindness is intended. Ingratitude is far too common a trait for any of us not to know what it is to be hurt by it. Homes are shaded more than the public realizes because of a child's ingratitude. Many a devoted father and mother have lost

heart and come to think that life is not worth what it costs, and all because their unselfish sacrifices for the welfare of their children receive no signs of appreciation. Their years of toil are taken as a matter of course. They are left far behind while the children run wildly ahead. There is no complaint on the part of parents about how much they have done for their children; their lament is that the children are ungrateful.

Of course something ought to be done about this. But the cause must first be found. And who can declare what the cause of ingratitude is? Is it thoughtlessness? Probably it is, but why the thoughtlessness? Is the cause the state of the age? To say that it is does not explain anything. Is ingratitude a disease that is infectious, or contagious? Is it a modern malady? Surely the hurt that ingratitude induces has been felt in all former centuries. Ambitious men and women have always been hindered by the hurt of ingratitude. Statesmen have felt its burden and slackened their pace toward welfare legislation. Educators have yielded to discouragement and dropped back into the old-fashioned paths when their propositions for improvement have been ignored. Ministers and teachers have experienced the sting of ingratitude and lessened their labors. The only remedy that seems worthy of suggestion is in what Jesus called the commandment "like unto it"—love "thy neighbor as thyself," or His new commanndment, "that ye love one another." A good remedy—but hard to take.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A VERY SAD DEATH.

The announcement of the untimely death of one of Concord's most promising young men, Tom Gay Coltrane, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Coltrane, and grandson of our most esteemed and venerable citizen, Mr. D. B. Coltrane, was received with an overwhelming feeling of profound sorrow by the entire community.

Young Tom Coltrane, since finishing his college career, was associated in the First National Bank, Concord, with his father and grandfather, where he rendered splendid service, making himself popular with the public by his courteous manner and efficient service.

The news of this tragic death as it was passed from one group of friends to another was received in breathless silence. It was an occasion of universal grief among a legion of friends, who mourn with the family in the sad demise of this fine young fellow.

To visualize young Tom Coltrane just entering upon the threshold of life, in the vigor of manhood, in training for the mantle so nobly worn by his dis-

tinguished forbears, we are reminded, that, "in the midst of life we are in death."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

In keeping with the spirit of the Christmas season we long to express ourselves in a definite way, not remembering our friends alone, but by giving to those unable to help themselves. We realize that the wave of business depression has been felt by the masses of the people, if not in a material manner there has been a mental depression because of the uncertainty of business life. We can only hope in the face of circumstances for the best, and endeavor to make this Christmas, 1930, very bright in the face of difficulties.

Again, as is the custom at this season of the year, we will carry a list of names of those who wish to contribute to the Christmas joy at the Jackson Training School. We have over 500 boys, who are normal in every sense of the word, so you know they have a tooth for the good things that satisfy a boy's appetite. There are numbers and numbers of them who have no one to even send them a Christmas card. The first check to be received for this cause, we are happy to announce,—to make the boys feel that old Santa is lurking around the corner comes from:

The Stonewall Jackson Circle of King's Daughters, Concord....$10.00
Mrs. W. R. Odell, Concord.....5.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte.....50.00

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"If I had the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self, that stands no show
In my daily life that rushes so,
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still towards the the shining goal—
It might be nerved by the thought sublime,
If I had the time!"

—o—

In this life everything—our happiness, our success, our personal comfort, our peace of mind—all depends upon our health. It is a subject of vital interest to every one of us. It is not only our privilege to be healthy. We owe it to ourselves, to our loved ones, and to those who are dependent upon us. In fact, we owe it to those we work for and to every one who comes into regular contact with us. Poor health breeds not only ills of the body but of the mind and soul as well. Poor health ruins dispositions as surely as it ruins prospects and chances for success; and a ruined disposition is a liability to the entire community. Sickness and misery breeds unhappiness, and we all know there is no joy-killer like the long-faced dyspeptic or the rheumatic individual that visits his misfortunes upon every one within hearing. There are three general rules for good health, the doctors tell us. First, common sense living; second, sensible eating, and third, proper exercise. Each is vitally important. Let us all observe the rules, and keep well, as well as we can.

—o—

We seem, as a people, to be much inclined to take dangerous risks when getting rich quick is the order of the day and too much is given to finding fault when business is poor. The old belief that when a man didn't do well it was largely his own fault, seems to have passed. Instead, the idea now seems to be that a man's failure to do well is always the government's fault. The politicians have taught us to believe that. The government is not going to help everybody, so it's up to every man to rely upon himself and be a whole man, self-reliant.

—o—

Cyrus H. K. Curtis once said: "If you believe in the Lord, He will do half the work—but the last half. He helps those who help themselves." In other words, when a man is in accord with deity, he gets along, because the sense of being and doing right is mose powerful in all human affairs.

—o—

The only thing about the human body that I recall as being numbered are the hairs of the head. We are told that in the Scriptures. But here is something that is going to be most alarming until we get used to it. The docs of the American Med-

ical association say they are going to adopt the idea of numbering every inch of the body and each of the twenty thousand diseases we're subject to just as football players number the plays they use on the gridiron. Just think of a doctor coming to see you when you're sick, feeling your pulse, looking at your tongue and then jumping back and shouting, "17—8—4—23—5—11—65—2!" And then his assistant or some other doc rushes in and bellows, "45—33—6—66—47—77!" And all the first doc said was that you looked tired out, and the second doc said he though you had dandruff or winter itch. It will be exasperating until we become accustomed to it.

—o—

Alexander Leggee, chairman of the farm board, has up to the present time, bought us—we Americans—seventy million bushels of wheat in order to save the country. It's our wheat because its bought with money out of the national treasury which we put there when we paid our income tax and other things. It's mighty nice to have Mr. Legge buy all this wheat for us, but we haven't got ours yet. What would I do if Mr. Legge distributed it to me? I might plant it in window boxes in place of the geraniums, but geraniums are prettier. I might mash it up in the bread bowl and cook it into cakes for breakfast, but it would be dry eating with husks and all. Anyhow, its our wheat, and good Mr. Legge is holding it for us. But what's the use of owning a thing if you don't get it, huh? And thinking that I'll probably have to dig for higher taxes next year, to pay for that wheat, just makes it that much more aggravating. And besides, if kind Mr. Legge is buying up the farmer's wheat to help the farmer, why doesn't he buy something from me to help me along in these hard times? I've got a second-hand radio, a wornout typewriter, two or three pairs of old suspenders, a gold-fish bowl, an empty canary cage, a silk hat of the vintage of 1910, a dress suit of the same year too small for me, and several suits of old clothes I would like to sell for a little real money. I can't see why kind Mr. Legge won't buy 'em of me and put 'em away in a big warehouse alongside of the wheat. I'd very much like to be saved also, Mr. Legge. See what you can do about it.

There is but one rule of conduct for a man—to do the right thing. The cost may be dear in money, in friends, in influence, in labor, or in a prolonged and painful sacrifice. But the cost not to do right is far more dear, for you pay in the integrity of your manhood, in character, in honor, and in truth. You forfeit your soul's content, and for a timely gain you barter the infinities.—Alger.

RURAL VERSUS URBAN CIVILIZATION

By C. W. Hunt

The following press dispatch was sent out from Philadelphia not very long ago, and contains such an unusual assertion, it is being passed along here that more may have the opportunity to think of what this high church official has said:

Rev. Edward D. Kohlstedt, secretary of the Board of home missions and church extension of the Methodist Episcopal church, in his annual report submitted to the board today, says that American democratic civilization is in danger if the trend of population toward the cities continues.

"No purely city civilization has yet survived in history." the report said. "America is facing the identical problem that has taxed the ablest minds of all races in every civilization since the beginning of time.

"It is necessary to develop in America a national policy in which the trend toward urbanism will be balanced by a wholesome, secure, rural life, in which a sufficient number of our best people may be encouraged to carry on the important and primary tasks of building homes, rearing families, producing the food and raw materials, but above all, giving to our cities that quality of mankind without which no nation has yet survived.

"The American city remains the supreme challenge of modern Christianity."

When a man's mind runs in a channel, at times, crossfiring his general trend, he is quick to pick up what some one else has said on any given line. Many of us have preached "back to the farm," but here is a thinker in high position who goes a full step further and warns of the degeneration of our civilization, if we undertake century after century to grow men and women in the cities and away from that which is given to man by working in the sun and the open spaces. The fact that most of the great captains of industry, finance and commerce come from the country home, makes what Dr. Kohlstedt says all the more thought provoking. Of course, the man who lives for today only, is not interested in what may come next year or in the next century.

The greatest men this nation has ever had in the public gaze were grown on the farm or in connection with the farm. This writer cannot help but feel and know what he saw and felt sixty years ago, when, as a boy, he came in contact with real country homes, where work and culture and refinement and character and stamina were all partners in making men and women. Some of these types of men, north, south, east and west have passed out and gone forever, and it is exceedingly doubtful if such could be again produced anywhere, for these were those "who come up out of much tribulation, and possessed a poise and dignity that is just about extinct. The very fact that these men fought and conquered a

wilderness and savage Indians and wild things therein, made them such as they were. They grew in the great out-of-doors, where God and nature worked together to make men. These had to work with little, as now reckoned, and it would be impossible now to have only what they had then, for it and the men, type of men, have passed together. Even if a great host felt called to go back to the wilderness, the wilderness has gone also, the modes of communication by land and water and air and ether all tend to keep in touch with city or urban life, the very life that Dr. Kohlstedt says will finish our civilization in the course of time.

This suggests again what the Ohio state professor said in 1929, when the matter of farming to make money was under discussion in the farm press, namely: that the occupation of farming ought to be non-commercial, and lifted out of the realm of commerce; that the ideal farm should be first a country home, in all that word means, where a man lives because he likes to live there; where he tills the soil for a living, not expecting to make a pile of money, but always making some surplus to sell, so as to provide for what had to be had outside the farm; in this home were grown and will be grown children, reared by contented parents, which were all the better for having been born there and in such a home away from the dust and dirt and smoke and filth; away from the jazzy movies and contamination that besets. The idea is that people reared under such conditions absorb something, some quaility that makes them greater than those less fortunate or city born and reared, which will show itself when such are promoted to responsibility.

The late James B. Duke saw two things in his latter years that few men ever saw. One was that the Church of God was the only institution that would finally stand the test of time, and began then to give of his abundance that which would encourage young men to enter the Christian ministry, and embolden those already carrying on to give of their best. The second was the provision made in the great Duke endowment for helping the country church, to the leaving out of provision for taking care of the city church. He saw and knew full well that it was from the rural places that come the men who carry on in the greatest institutions, and he made provision for these rural centers to live on in the face of the constant drain cityward for men in business and to furnish new membership to city churches.

Under present conditions of organized society it would require a powerful will and an abiding faith in God and human beings for an educated man and wife to go out and away back to make a home and say to the world: here we have established our castle, here we propose to get our living out of the land, by tilling it, here will we rear our children, whom we will teach that God is in the heavens and He cares for us. It will take a wonderful courage, but it can be done, and at the same time keep in touch, as occasion needs, with all that is good. This would be a wonderful change from city life but as said above it is impossible now,

to see and to know and to feel what our forbears felt and saw when they lived in the back country with no thought that there was any better place for them to live.

After all that has been said about this or that, about this life or that life,there is not a particle of doubt in this writer's mind, that being back in the country, growing a living out of the soil and a little more, is one of the ways of getting back to a solid and practical and ideal life to those who want to grow the best possible offspring. Hundreds of families now in the city struggling for a living and famishing their souls, ought to be on farms, the head of homes, masters of themselves and the situation confronting them, who are now drifting, drifting, with next to nothing that is stable to guide them.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Something new in monuments has been erected in Rockland County, N. Y. It is a monument to Benedict Arnold and was unveiled on the anniversary of the date of his meeting with Major Andre, the spy.

The purpose of the association erecting this memorial was highly patriotic, as the inscription indicates. It reads:

"In the dead of night, on the 21st day of September, 1780, Benedict Arnold, the traitor, and John Andre, the spy, met at the water's edge, where the guns point, to plot the fall of America's freedom."

The speaker at the unveiling of this unusual monument pointed out that it was erected only because of the importance of the event and because, if it had been successful, the conspiracy would have marked a turning point in the American Revolution and might have changed much subsequent history. He spoke also of the horror and disgust felt by those erecting the monument, which he likened to a lighthouse on a dangerous shore, hoping that its warning would stop the activities of all potential traitors and conspirators.

What a field this opens for society organizers, monument erectors, patriots and speech-makers! Think of all the things that haven't quite come off which might have changed the whole course of history, that may now be commemorated in this way.

HISTORY OF THE GREAT SEAL OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY

By Ida Briggs Henderson, in The Charlotte Observer

In the issue of October 26, the Atlanta Constitution carried a vivid account of the discovery and history of the famous lost Seal of the Confederacy, a story of importance to all southerners and one certain to touch responsive chords in the hearts of descendants of those who once so nobly wore the gray.

In fact, this subject holds interest for everyone, for it relates to an object of immense historical value and explains a mystery of many years standing; a mystery that first ap peared impossible of solution and one that people, in a great measure, have forgotten. The members of the older generation will recall the former press discussions in this connection and the importance attached to the puzzling disappearance of the Great Seal at that time, but if they have not read an account of the fortunate solution of the mystery that once baffled the south, doubtless they will welcome an explanation.

The history of the seal reads like a fascination romance appealing to anyone who likes to delve into the past and learn facts appertaining to the Confederacy in the patriotic endeavor to gather up the loose ends of the threads of that torn gray fabric for re-weaving into a tapestry of remembrance for the future generations of the south to cherish.

The honor of designing the seal is devided between Hon. Thomas L. Semmes, who suggested the wreath; Hon. Clemen C. Colin, Jr., of Alabama, responsible for the questrian portrait of General Washington and Hon. Alexander R. Boteler, of Virginia, who combined these suggestions with his own and who introduced house joint resolution No. 13, this being adopted April 30, 1863, as a measure of authorization.

The wreath running around the border bears testimony to the things that comprised the chief wealth of the ante-bellun south, being composed of the outstanding agricultural products of the section—cotton, corn, tobacco, sugar cane and rice. The motto, Deo Vindice (God vindicates), clearly indicates the absolute faith that they had in the cause for which they offered all; their firm belief in the justice of those vital truths of the sovereignty of states and in the rights of men to the pursuits of life, liberty and happiness in their own ways. The ribbon carried the Confederate colors.

It seemed logical to use the date, country's provisional government ceased and the permanent form establish on Washington's birthday, he admittedly being the greatest son of the south and a most ardent advocate of the establishment of a Confederacy of states while convention when framing the constitution of the United States. There fore, it was appropriate that he be shown pointing

out the way for his countrymen.

Supervision of actual execution of the work was given to the Hon. Jas. M. Mason, Confederate commissioner to Great Britain. He in turn employed the eminent sculptor, J .F Foly, on design work, and Jos S. Wyon as engraver, he holding like position as chief to his majesty's seal. The Wyon family yet retains the original impression. On April 30, 1912, Allen W. Wyon, president medalist and engraver to the king, certified that he had carefully compared the discovered Confederate seal with the original impression and found it to be an accurate reproduction.

Upon Lieutenant Robert T. Chopman, Confederate States navy, was conferred the honor of delivering the great emblem to Judah P. Benjamin, secretary of the Confederate states, on August 4, 1864.

The iron press and other materials for use with the seal never reached the Confederate authorities, nor has it ever been known how the objects were lost in transit — whether they were confiscated or thrown overboard could not be learned by subsequent investigation.

Without doubt this seal is one of the most important and rarest relics of the Lost Cause, even though it was never used. At the close of the war between the states it disappeared and for 47 years its whereabouts constituted one of the unsolved mysteries of the day.

It waas known that upon the evacuation of Richmond, April 2, 1865, Judah P. Benjamin, secretary of state, had entrusted to William Bromwell, a clerk, all of the more valuable documents of the state department, as well as the seal, with instructions to remove them to a place of safety and prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Almost immediately afterwards, the Confederate government dissolved while Bromwell was in sole possession of the relics. Having been authorized to use his own judgment in the matter, Mr. Bromwell employed Col. John T. Pickett to sell the holdings. Negotiations took quite a bit of time, as the United States expressed a willingness to buy but first wished to be positive as to the authenticity of the documents.

The government empowered Captain Thomas O. Selfrage, U. S. N., (now rear admiral) to carefully examine and establish the value of the articles offered. In 1872 after a favorable report from Captain Selfrage, the government paid $75,000 to Colonel Pickett for the collection—all except the seal, which was retained in his possession. This money was placed in the Riggs National Bank and later used to relieve part of the distress and acute suffering among he bereaved widows and orphans of the defeated south.

Feeling that he deserved some recognition for his (services, Colonel Pickett gave custody of the seal to Captain Selfrage. He and every one acquainted with the transaction were sworn to absolute secrecy on the most solemn Masonic oaath.

To Mr. Gilliard Hunt are all the southern people indebted for the final discovery of the valuable Confederate relic. Being in the manuscript division of the Library of con-

gress in Washington, Mr. Hunt came across an old letter book formerly belonging to Colonel Pickett, and from its pages learned that Rear Admiral Selfrage was the possessor of the great seal. The admiral, when told of the discovery of this fact, quietly opened a safe in his residence and brought forth the "lost" relic from its hiding place of 47 years, and made this remark "Since you know that I have it, I feel that I am not violating my most solemn oath in producing it—" He was glad to be relieved of the responsibility of its care in a way that could not reflect on the observance of the pact.

Naturally, this finding was considered of much importance by those interested in collecting and preserving the relics, records and mementoes of the Confederacy. On May 14, 1912, Messrs Oppa Hunton, Jr., William H. White and Thomas P. Bruan purchased the great seal from Admiral Selfrage and gave it to the trustees of the Confederate museum in Richmond, where it justly belongs, and where it will be for always watched over and cared for. So, in the very cradle of the Confederacy has come to rest the wonderful coat of arms of the Confederate states. Around it is entwined the glamour of glorious achievements, undying fame, supreme self-abnegation, invincible courage and the fearless convictions of the patriots who wore the gray from 1861 to 1865.

Recently to the assembled women at the annual convention of the Georgia division of the U. D. C., in Albany, Mrs. John A. Purdue, honorary president of the U. D. C., and curator of the Richmond museum, presented a replica of the seal—the rarest and most prized tangible thing of all Confederate history.

In an eloquent address in which she explained the history and discovery of the prized exhibit, Mrs. Purdue said in part:

"Do we weep for the heroes that
died for us,
Who living were true and tried
for us,
And dying, sleep side by side for
us;
The martyr-band.
That hallowed our land
With the blood they shed in a
tide for us.

"The message I bring is familiar to some—a few have heard something about it, but to many it will be new.

"We are indebted to Annie Payne Pillow Gross for this wonderful lithographic reproduction of the great seal, which is the coat of arms, the emblem of sovereignty of the once formidable Confederate states, which contained 8,000,000 souls. It is reproduced as a solemn and appropriate memorial to commemorate the valor, to perpetuate the name, and to honor the hallowed memory of the heroic southern people who, as a great and enlightened nation, bravely met and gallantly fought the invaders of their soil; embracing as they did all the perils and dangers of war; enduring with the greatest fortitude unspeakable, unbelievable sufferings, and losing their families, their homes, their fortunes, their lives, their all—save honor—in the conflict for constitutional liberty."

CONSIDER THE PENDULUM

(Selected)

Those who bemoan poor business would do well to study some facts concerning the pendulum. Many, many things which we find in every day life remind us of the action of the pendulum. The old law that "every action has its equal and opposite reaction" holds good in nearly every sphere.

Have you ever studied the motions of a pendulum, with an inquisitive child at your elbow? If not, try it some time for the business lessons you will learn.

You will find out that:

1. The faster the pendulum swings down, the faster it will swing up.

2. The length of the upward swing is determined by the length of the downward swing.

3. All the time it is going down it is gathering momentum for the sole purpose of helping it go past the low point.

4. While it is swinging up it is nevertheless losing speed.

Business is so like the pendulum. The time to worry is when business is increasing, for as soon as the pace begins to slow up the end of the boom is approaching. When business is on the downgrade, it is gathering momentum for good times. In other words, to think now about our own field, the nation needs just about so much construction. If, for a period, this is dammed up it means an increased volume later.

There is a lament in the world today that the home is endangered; that art is on the decline; that poetry is dead; and that the church is lukewarm and losing its leaders. And the reason is that so large a majority of the people are gazing eagerly, crowding madly, climbing furiouslly toward the summit of wealth and ease. But is wealth the only goal and end to be desired? Has the violinist never reminded you of vanished hours when you might have learned to make your music speak to men's souls? Do you regret that Socrates had not the wealth of Croesus? Was the soul of Jesus dimmed because He had not where to lay His head? "This world is no blot or blank; it means intensely, and it means good. To find its meaning is my drink and food." The sun is always shining, no matter how dark your midnight may be; and there is always beauty everywhere.

Because you have occasional spells of despondency, don't despair. The sun has a sinking spell every night but it rises again all right next morning.—Boys' Industrial School Journal.

"CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE"

By Anne Spottswood Young

Usually Eleanor came home from the office, even when very tired, with a rush and a blithe, "Hoo-hoo! Where is everybody?"—everybody meaning her father and mother. Tonight she came in quietly, and did not call. She was late, and "Josie," monarch of all she surveyed in the kitchen had peeped in at the sitting room twice to see if "Miss Eleanor" had come in yet.

"Here she is now, Josie!" announced Mr. Page. "And I'm hungry!" He tossed away the evening paper, and nodded toward the hallway. "Something is wrong with Kittens!"

"Yes!" replied Mrs. Page. Then she raised her voice. "All right, darling?"

"Yes, Mother! Just tired. Go on to the table, and I'll be right down." Her voice had a note of forced cheerfulness ni it. They heard her run upstairs, and in a few minutes run down again.

"I didn't get half the office grime off me, Mother, but forgive me this once. My, I wish we had a big, bright, clean suite of offices. I couldn't help being late—something happened to upset everybody today."

"Eat some oup first," advised her mother. "Then tell us." One glance at her daughter had convinced her that nothing was wrong with Eleanor personally.

"Is Tony in trouble?" asked Mr. Page. Eleanor's face brightened. She and Tony, thrown together often in business, were now firm friends.

"No, Tony's fine! He's making good with Griggs & Gregson, and he's gotten another raise! We had lunch together today, and he dropped in to see Mr. Gibson about some new filing cards we are ordering. He's working too hard though—going to law school at night, but he seems to be standing it all right."

"Work won't hurt him," remarked Mr. Page.

"Oh, no," agreed Eleanor easily. Her mother's eyes had a sudden twinkle in them, and she gave some order to Josie lest the others notice her amusement. Mr. Page liked Tony. No one could help liking him, and he had been at the house often. Eleanor's father knew that "boys" would like Eleanor, or "Kittens" as he called her, a long string of them probably! He felt, however, that there was no use wasting undue sympathy on Tony because he was "working too hard." He gave a covert glance at his pretty daughter, then the momentary cloud on his face lifted entirely. Whatever the future might hold, it was clear that Eleanor and Tony were far too absorbed in their careers at present to have even the vaguest thought of anything but a rollicking friendship, though that friendship was deepening steadily. The first pangs of Eleanor's hunger being appeased, she told of the day's happenings.

"We have a new boy in the office," she stated. "His name is Joe Kennedy. I think I told you about him, didn't I? Well, anyway, we needed some extra help, and Mr. Gib-

son told me to see the applicants and select what he called—he's awfully funny sometimes—'the most likely inmate'. Joe is about sixteen, and has never worked before. He had to leave school temporarily in order to help out at home. His father was hurt in an accident and has been laid up for months in the hospital. Joe and his younger brother and his mother are trying to get along as best they can. Well, I liked him at once. He's a goodlooking boy—but—but—now I'm afraid maybe I did recommend him on account of his long eyelashes! Mother, you never saw such lashes! I wish he'd sell them to me!''

Her father howled. There is no other way to describe Mr. Page's

''Coals to Newcastle, Kittens, so burst of laughter.

far as lashes are concerned! But you don't mean to tell us that you actually recommended that boy to Mr. Gibson on account of his lashes!''

''I'm not sure, Dad! Aren't women—funny sometimes, Mother?'' she mused, joining in the laughter herself. Mrs. Page stood by the guns on the woman question.

''The lashes may have caught your attention, Eleanor—but I am sure your intuition was working!''

"I hope so! I liked him very much and I've kept on liking him. He's the best office boy we've ever had. He makes almost no mistakes, he works hard, he keeps his home troubles to himself, and he postively watches for ways and means to help me—he's so grateful for his place. Mr. Gibson has been entirely satisfied —''

''He would be with such lashes—'' murmured Mr. Page.

Eleanor's lips twitched, but she went on with as much seriousness as she could muster.

''He was going to raise his wages next week. Joe would have been overjoyed—and then this had to happen!''

"What is 'This'? We are devoured by curiosity now,'' urged Mr. Page.

''But you see, you couldn't understnd unless you had the background first, Dad! However, this is what happened this afternoon. Tony came about half past four to see Mr. Gibson about those cards, and was waiting for him in my little den, off Mr. Gibson's office. What we call the Bib Room opens off from my den—where all the others work in this department. But as it happened Joe was alone in there filing. The others were in other parts of the building checking up ion the day's sales, etc. My door was open, and no one went into the Big Room. Tony was facing the door so he knows that, too. This is all important, as you'll see Big Room opens off from my den—He had a roll of bills in his hands, and the pay roll list, and some small envelopes. He gave me my envelope, and I offered to help him, but he wanted me to finish a letter I was writing, and he said he'd get Joe to help him. Mr. Karl, the cashier, usually attends to this with checks, but he's been at home ill for several days, and Mr. Gibson just drew the cash so each one would have his envelope as usual. No one likes to be disappointed on the day the 'ghost walks'—and this time a real ghost seems to have walked in the Big Room—''

Eleanor paused for breath.

"The money disappeared!" said Mrs. Page.

"Yes—in the strangest way!"

Mr. Page waited patiently. He often had to wait for the entire story! Perhaps his patience was too teasingly evident for Eleanor speeded up again with her news.

"I told Tony this was a good case for him before he becomes a lawyer. He just wrote a fine essay on circumstantial evidence, and got a high mark on it. Now, here's some practical work for him!" Eleanor checked off the points on her fingers. "Mr. Gibson had the roll of bills when he went into the Big Room. Tony and I both saw that. He had nothing in his hands when he came out. Joe was alone in the room—with the money. There was a telephone call for Mr. Gibson, and it was important so I called him. He was out of the room not more than three or four minutes. He left the money and list and envelopes on Joe's desk. Joe says he saw him do it. Joe says he did not touch the desk or go near it. He went on with his filing in another part of the room. No one went into the Big Room while Mr. Gibson was telephoning—we all know that. When he went back the roll of money was gone. The envelopes and list were there—but the money wasn't!"

"Whew-ew!" whistled Mr. Page. "That does look bad for Joe!"

"Yes! Oh, it was awful. Joe looked frightened, bewildered, stricken, but he didn't look guilty to me. I just KNOW he didn't take it. That's why I was late tonight—we've been hunting and hunting it. The house detective serached Joe, but the money wasn't on him. He stuck to his story. Mr. Gibson was nice to him. He was worried, but he didn't think Joe took it either, or hid it, for he let him go home, and told him to come back early tomorrow morning. The room is locked till then. Tony has an early appointment with Mr. Gibson about the cards, and I'm going to be there early, too. I hope we'll find it!"

"Any windows open? Couldn't have blown off, could it?" asked Mr. Page.

"Windows all closed—Joe had already closed them for the night. We thought of that. I'm so worried about it!" and a tear of sympathy rolled down Eleanor's cheek. "It was all so pitiful! The very fact that Joe needed money badly is against him. I wanted Tony to come home with me for dinner, but he said he wanted to think it all over undisturbed—as his first case. He's going around to see Joe tonight."

"And you and mother are going to a movie with me," said Mr. Page. "You can think better tomorrow if you have some relaxation tonight. We'll drop in at Clico's and have some of those good hot sandwiches afterwards—how about it? There's a fine reel at the Majestic. I was told not to miss it. Hurry up now—we'll take in the first show—get your things on."

"Oh—Dad—you're wonderful! That will do me good! It will take me about ten minutes! I'll slip on another frock. I got so dusty and dirty hunting around in that Big Room! Tony is just crazy to have Mr. Gibson take the suite of offices on the floor above Griggs & Gregson. It would be far more expensive but it

would pay us, I think, and everyone would work better, and we'd be right in the center of things there. It's just made for us! I begged Mr. Gibson at least to go see it, but he only laughed at me and said I'd have him in the poor house. Still, I can't help knowing as his secretary that this has been a fine year for him, and I wouldn't be surprised if some time this year we would move to new quarters, but by that time that suite will be snapped up. Well, that's neither here nor there except that it explains why I need ten minutes to change my dress! That Big Room is a disgrace!" Cheered up in spite of her worry, Elanor flew to get ready. Dad made a mighty good—and indulgently extravagent—host on trips like this!

The next morning Tony was waiting for her at the elevator. Mr. Gibson had not yet arrived, he told her, neither had Joe, and he was glad he had the appointment about the filing cards or he would have had no excuse to be there himself.

"Did you go to see Joe?" asked Eleanor eagerly, as she opened the office door.

"Yes, and he's no more guilty than I am—or you are! I'm convinced of that. It was a sorrowful household last night—nice people, comfortable little home, tastefully arranged. The mother has been giving music lessons, and making cakes and candies to help out during the months her husband is in the hospital. The little brother is only about six, a cute little chap. They were dismayed, but they were not frightened at all. Joe stuck to his story and I believe every word of it—and I'm not the believing kind always either! Far from it! Joe is caught up in a lot of circumstantial evidence and I hope we can untangle it."

"So do I!" said Eleanor fervently.

"And I" echoed a voice back of them. Mr. Gibson had entered. He looked tired and worried. "Rollins, mind waiting a few minutes till I glance over the mail—then I promise you we'll take up those cards at last!"

"Take your time—I'm early anyhow. Do you mind if I take a look in your Big Room again by myself?"

"No—go ahead, and luck be with you!" He handed Tony the key. "I'll be there myself in a few minutes. Now, Miss Eleanor, take this note to Smithers. He's still uneasy about that order. The rest of the letters can wait a while till you sort them over."

Ten minutes passed. All was quiet in the Big Room, as quiet as if Tony had fallen asleep—but he was not asleep! His keen eyes were very wide open. Suddenly the two in the den were startled by a crashing blow as if a heavy object had been flung against the plastered wall,—as indeed it had. Eleanor and Mr. Gibson hastened to the doorway.

"Tony—have you gone crazy—" began Eleanor. Then she gave a terrified shriek, made for the nearest chair and jumped upon it. Tony's arm was still held upright. The stone paper weight he had just flung lay on the floor. It had knocked a hole in the decaying plaster, and Tony's eyes were on a hole near the one the stone had just made. As Eleanor shrieked, a large rat darted around the desk and disappeared in the wall.

"You stay where you are for a minute, Eleanor," advised Tony without looking at her.

"Or would you rather leave?" asked Mr. Gibson, trying hard not to laugh at her.

"I'd—I'd rather leave!" gasped Eleanor, and she jumped from the chair and fled to the refuge of her own den, followed by the age-old tolerant, indulgent glances of the two men. Even the best of secreteries have temperament!

"I thought of this last night," said Tony. "Saw evidences of rats when we were hunting. Saw the actual rat this morning—it was very quiet in here, and he was reconnoitering. I believe the rat took that money, Mr. Gibson, for a nest. He's probably been living beyond his income," Tony grinned. "We'll have a look anyhow. Remember we moved out that desk last night, and it took both of us to move it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Gibson, his mind busy with the idea.

"Well, we moved it after the money was lost, and I kept my eyes on Joe all the time. He wasn't near that desk. We didn't see how it could have gotten under the desk, but we looked everywhere on a chance. The rat had plenty of room—and plenty of time. My theory is that the rat came out—while Joe was quietly working—just as he said—at the other side of the room, and took the money. It wasn't new money, by the way, but was loosely rolled, remember that?"

"Yes," said Mr. Gibson again. "Well, Rollins, if you are right in all this deduction—you can have my law business in the future when you are practicing!"

"Good! That's a bargain! I hope I am right—but I may not be." He was already poking with a yard stick in the hole in the plaster. Then he threw the stick aside, and reached in his arm.

"Look out, Rollins! Those creatures bite ferociously when cornered."

"He's not waiting to be cornered! Yes, there's something jammed in here all right—hope it's—it is! Somewhat chewed, but not so it can't be redeemed!"

Tony held up the bills triumphantly.

"Good work! Oh, Miss Eleanor!"

"Have you really found it!" came the happy reply,—but Eleanor herself stayed in the safety of her den. "Please—both of you—come in here and tell me about it!"

Amid praise for Tony, and general rejoicing, Joe entered.

"It's all right, Joe!" Mr. Gibson assured him, one hand on Joe's shoulder, and he smiled at the instant change in the boy's troubled face. "I'm more sorry than I can say that all this happened, but I didn't think you took this money,—none of us did!"

"Where was it?" gasped Joe. Then, in the next breath, "May I telephone my mother?" He looked gratefully from Tony to Eleanor, and from Eleanor to Mr. Gibson as they quickly told the story. All three knew that Joe was a loyal fixture in this business office as long as he wished to stay.

"Here, Joe—take my 'phone!" offered Eleanor, turning away from the instrument after a few joyous

words with her mother.

"And then, Joe, take care of the office till the others come in," said Mr. Gibson. "Miss Eleanor, put on your hat and coat again and come with Rollins and me."

"Where?" asked Eleanor as she hastily obeyed orders. "Where are we going?"

"Where! Over to look at that suite Rollins told us about, of course! You want to pick out your own office, don't you? I don't dare leave you here with that thieving rat, or I might lose my secretary. We are going to move,—the quicker the better. And, Rollins, when we come back—unless the building blows up, or some other little interruption occurs—I'll take up those cards with you!"

"No hurry!" said Tony obligingly. No hurry, indeed! He well knew that he had made a lasting friend of an important customer of Griggs & Gregson,—a good day's work in itself. No hurry—with Eleanor laughing up into his face, her eyes full of praise and pride. The Gibson firm was going to move into the beautiful new suite of offices—on the floor above Griggs & Gregson. "For business reasons" a much more convenient location,—just as Tony had said!

DO SOMETHING FIRST

It is easy to pick out the flaws
In work that others have done,
To point out the errors that others have made
When your own you haven't begun.
It is easy enough to fuss and find fault
When others are doing their best,
To sneer at the little that they have achieved
When you have done nothing but rest.

It is easy enough to cavil and carp,
To criticize, scoff and deride,
For few of us ever have done perfect work,
No matter how hard we have tried.
It is easy enough to speak of the best
And to dwell all the time on the worst,
And perhaps it is prpoer to sometimes find fault;
But be sure you have done something first.

THE REAL ISSUE

(The Business Week)

The important thing in this depression is not the temporary losses to business or the hardships to labor which it which it brings in its train; it is the consequence of these things upon men's minds. It is one thing for men to lose their jobs another for them to lose their faith.

In that light, this depression is more than a passing circumstance in our history; it is a crucial turning point in industrial civilization, not only for the United States, but for the world. Because of the circumstances in which it takes place—far more universal in their scope and far different in their character from any in the depressions of our past— it presents the first and perhaps final challenge to the economic and political systems under which the western world has lived for more than a century and a half. It is not too much to say the philosophy of individual and organized private initiative upon which our business system is founded and operated under the leadership of business men economist, and engineers who have replaced the kings and statesmen of the past, definitely on trial today, more decisively than it ever has been before. And becaue of the dominant position of the United States in world economic affairs and the leadership it has assumed in world progress this philosophy is meeting its crucial test for all the world

Unless this business system, founded on private individual and organized effort can demonstrate its ability and unless our business and financial leaders developed by this system can demonstrate their intelligence and determination to sustain stable progress in this country and maintain and advance American standards of living, vast masses of people in this and other countries are going to consider seriously the possibility of acheiving these ends under some other social philosophy and system of economic control. All of Europe has already gone a long way toward state socialism in one form or another; Russia the whole way. Unless the United States can effectively resume its leadership in world economic affairs and demonstrate by its own success in meeting this crisis the superiority of the philosophy of which it now stands as practically the sole exponent, outright communism will be knocking at the gates of Berlin and London within the next decade, and the echoes of that summons will be heard across the wide seas.

Every time one man puts a new idea across he finds ten men who thought of it before he did. But they only thought.—Selected.

THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

(Asheville Citizen)

Unemployment is the most difficult problem immediately facing the country. Out of the present widespread unemployment grows more actual distress than out of any other one situation. It is a dangerous thing to have thousands of able-bodied heads of families out of work and unable to find work.

It is estimated by the Commissioner of Labor in North Carolina that 50,000 heads of families are without employment at the present time and that probably 150,000 other bread winners have only part-time employment at best. This is only an estimate and we are not in position to form an opinion as to its correctness. Undoubtedly the situation is bad. It is bad throughout the greater part of the United States.

With us in this part of the country the conditions are the more disturbing because we have never heretofore been called upon to deal with such conditions on such a scale. It is going to be hard to remedy these conditions quickly. One thing that can be done, however, is, as far as possible, to give preference during this period to those whose requirements are greatest, to those who are dependent on their daily work for the actual necessities of life.

There are many younger people who seek positions for the purpose of earning pocket money. There are many young men and young women who will now feel the greater urge to find jobs of one kind or another if they can, some of them quitting school for that purpose. unquestionably, in numbers of cases, these young people are moved by the laudable desire to help out, in so far as they are capable of doing, in the stress to which their own households have been subjected.

All available work rightfully belongs at the present time, however, so far as practicable, to those whose hardships will be he severest if they are without such work. This should be the general approach in dealing with the whole situation and if this approach is followed consistently much can be done towards preventing matters from becoming worse, and perhaps towards making them better.

HOW TO FIT IN

Fit and accomodate thyself to that estate and to those occurrences which by the destinies have been annexed unto thee; and love those men whom thy fate it is to live with; but love them truly.—Marcus Aurelius.

TOO MANY PEOPLE IN ENGLAND

(Asheville Citizen)

One of the most interesting theories which we have read in explanation of England's present troubles is advanced by Lord Jellicoe in a letter to the London Times. Lord Jellicoe contends that primarily England is suffering from an unbearable congestion of population. He contends further that this congestion of population is England's greatest danger, looking to the future.

This phase of the situation has not received a great deal of attention abroad. Lord Jellicoe expresses doubt whether it is sufficiently understood in England. Before the World War, he points out, approximately a quarter of a million people left Great Britain every year to go either to the Dominions or to the United States. This exodus relieved the pressure on the population which remained and enabled England's increasing industries more or less to absorb those who stayed behind.

For four years, from 1914 onward, however, this safety valve was closed and it has never since been more than partially reopened. The United States definitely restricted immigration and is carrying its restrictions further and further. The Dominions have not been absorbing as many emigrants from the British Isles as they did prior to 1914.

"The result of this has been," says Lord Jellicoe, "that since 1914 the cistern of the British Isles has been filling up through its intake, while the outlet pipes, after being entirely choked for over four years, have not yet been cleared. It should be quite easy to establish a very definite relationship between this increasing population and the unemployment figures. In other words, had the outflow been maintained at the same rate as pre-War there would be very little unemployment. As we have lost trade so we have found it in other directions, but this fatal checking of the outflow—somewhat mitigated perhaps by a drop in the rate of increase—not only appears to be largely responsible for our present troubles but is an evil that is going to increase on us year by year in arithmetical progression."

The area of the United Kingdom, including England, Wales, Scotland, Northern Ireland, the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, totals 94,284 square miles, or just about the area of the two Carolinas. It had a population by the 1921 census, the latest figures immediately available, of about 44,000,000 people. England itself, slightly smaller in size than North Carolina, had a population more than ten times as great as that of North Carolina. It would not seem impossible for England to support a population of this size. However, New York, which is slightly smaller than England, has a population which is only about one-third that of England; and the difficulties of the British situation are accentuated by reason of the fact that its people are definitely shut in and

most of them can not escape to other places in a period of depression and consequent unemployment.

Lord Jellicoe urges the necessity of working out a plan for settling thousands and tens of thousands of English families in the Dominions. Here he is rather vague and not at all convincing. His statement of the British problem does challenge attention.

THE SPIRIT OF LABOR

I am the Spirit of Labor.
Toiling I waken deserts to life, make the wilderness blossom into beauty.
Through my endeavor man rides upon the seas and floats among clouds.
Mine is the gift of sacrifice, my reward is in work well done.
Wealth is my creation. I am the apostle of a higher civilization.

I am the Spirit of Labor.
Master am I, who only seek to serve. I am earth's sole regenerator.
Hills do I level and the valleys fill. I sow, reap and garner for the feast whither I am unbidden.
Temples to learning I rear, yet I and mine languish in ignorance.
Mansions I build for the mighty of earth, yet lowly are my dwelling places.

I am the Spirit of Labor.
Rare fabrics I weave and spin, yet rude garments cover my nakedness.
Fires warm the favored ones while I sit outside the glowing circles. I hunger in the fullness of harvests.
Barefoot I trudge life's thorny ways, but with eyes uplifted to brighter days.
Through patient striving shall I gather the fruits of my endeavors; in God's good time my recompense shall come.
I am sole arbiter of my destiny. For mine is the
Spirit of Labor.

—Charles Payne Smith.

THE TRUTH IN BUSINESS

(Dr. Frank Crane)

Listen, young man! The cleverest man in the world is the man who tells the truth, and tells it at all times, not occasionally.

Sometimes you can profit by a lie, but it is like dodging bullets; you never know when you are going to get hurt.

The fundamental laws of business are just as accurate and as well established as the principle of geometry.

It is hard to see this, for our visual range is limited. Most of us can see the crooked dollar coming today, but not the ten straight dollars it is going to lose tomorrow.

Real business success is cumulative. It grows like a snowball. And the one thing that makes it keep on growing even while we sleep, is our persistent truthfulness and dependableness.

If you put an advertisement in the paper announcing goods worth five dollars for sale at two dollars, and if the people come and buy, and find out the stuff is not worth ten cents, you may make a one-day's gain, but you have alienated a lot of indignant customers and have started to saw the posts that sustain your reputation.

If you have a store rented for a week only and purpose to conduct a sacrifice sale of goods that will make everybody disgusted who buys them, then perhaps you may lie or exaggerate with a high hand and a stretched-out arm—and get away with it.

But if you are in business to stay, and want regular, returning, increasing, satisfied and friendly customers, it will pay you to stick to the old-fashioned truth.

Exaggeration is lying. It does not take long for the people to get the habit of discounting twenty-five per cent of all you say.

If you continually overstate, and vociferate you must keep on getting louder, until you soon become incoherent.

But if you habitually state only what is soberly, honestly true, by and by everything you say will be away above par.

A man's repute for truthfulness is as much a part of his capital as are his store and stock; so much so that he can raise money on it.

As civilization progresses, business becomes more and more an affair of credit, of trust. The very foundation of big business is trustworthiness. Therefore, if you are ever going to get beyond the peanut-stand and push-cart stage of merchandise you must establish a basis of dependableness.

There is not one thing in this world, young man, that can be of as much value to you as building up a reputation such that men will say, "His word is as good as his bond."

It is well to be clever and keen and Johnny-on-the-spot; it is well to look out for number one and to know a good bargain, but best of all is to have the world say of you:

"Whatever that man says, can absolutely be relied upon."

THE JOY OF LIVING

(Detroit Masonic News)

The philosophy of happiness and contentment is very simple indeed. Were it not for the pertinence of the imposing we should so realize it. We are miserable and discontented, burdened by anxiety and care, broken in heart and spirit for no other reason than that we fail to measure up to the opportunities provided us by Almighty God that we may know contentment and a peaceful benediction in our living.

If we are to realize that joy in our living which is our right and which God, the Lord, wills for us, we must no longer consent to being imposed upon by the impertinent impostures of imposing things. If we continue so to do, we shall continue to find the dregs in our cup of happiness bitter.

In the past we have been bullied by the brazenness of these big things. We have found it hard to realize that life is not made up of great possessions, high honors, heroic duties and sublime sacrifices. It doesn't seem possible that it could be made up of the things of which it is really made—little things like smiles, small kindnesses and simple duties well done. We pay altogether too much attention to movements of great might—overemphasize them. Our ideal of power is the force that rifts and rends—the terror of the storm, the plunge of the cataract, the lashing of the sea, the march of armies, the flow of gold. But these, all, are powers of destruction. There is no life in them. They are always local, exceptional. In them is something akin to the fury of an hysterical woman. The real powers of life are always sustaining, saving, conserving, creating, building. They have in them no fury, no clamor, no noise. They never insist upon recognition. They are quiet, silent-working.

No, we shall never find the joy of our living in the so-called big things: —never in the robes of royalty, never in any luxury of wealth or possession; never in the flattery of men; never in anything that is outside of ourselves. We shall find it in the despised, simple things—in learning to be content with the little we have rather than feverishly seeking the much we have not; in our friendships, in our daily duties and commonplace relationships and experiences.

For this wealth of soul, which the joy of living is, knows no short-cuts. "Life is in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures upon the dial." "He lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Do the best you can, and then you will never be sorry for it.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are painting the exterior of the Cannon Memorial Building.

Last Wednesday being a very pleasant day, there was an unusally large number of visitors present.

Mr. T. L. Grier, a member of our staff, has returned from a short vacation, most of which was spent in Florida.

Miss Mary P. Latimer, matron in charge of Third Cottage, is spending her vacation with relatives in South Carolina.

Mr. R. H. Walker has been placed in charge of the smoke house and during the hog-killing season he and his boys will attend to making sausage and curing hams, etc.

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of the McKimmon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon and made his usual interesting talk to the boys.

With the exception of a few cases of mumps, and a few boys complaining of slight attacks of tonsillitis, the general health of our boys has been very good thus far through the fall and winter months.

The members of our printing department force have been quite busy for the past ten days printing and binding the ninth biennial report of the Caswell Training School, located at Kinston. The job has been completed and shipped to Dr. W. H. Dixon, the superintendent.

The Woman's Club, of Concord, have beautified a section of the National Highway, just a short distance below the Training School, by plant- a number of native trees. The planting occurred on Wednesday of last week, with appropriate ceremonies, consisting of short addresses by Superintendent C. E. Boger and members of the club. A number of our boys assisted in planting these trees.

The large cedar tree on the northern end of the campus has been brilliantly illuminated with colored lights, the print shop boys are working on the Christmas program; over at the school building the boys are rehearsing songs and a Christmas play; in fact, in all the various departments of the institution efforts are being made to make the coming Christmas season brighter and happier than ever before in the history of the school.

"A big business man who privately buys goods and then sells them to his corporation, pocketing big profit, is a bad citizen. A world composed of such men would be a dreadful place to live in."—Exchange.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 20, 1930. No. 46

THE ROAD TO CHRISTMAS

The old road to Bethlehem
Alight with a Star,
The road of the shepherds
And Wise Men from far;
The road to the manger
For you and for me;
The road we must follow
If Christ we would see.

The road that leads skyward
And on to the end;
The road of the Children
To Childhood's best Friend;
The road of the angels
Of Peace and Good-will;
The old road to Christmas,
We travtl it still.

—Lucy W. Peabody.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A JOYFUL CHRISTMAS

"Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow-men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are doing to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas!

"Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking whether your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough to bear in mind the things that others have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke; to carry it in front, so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas!

"Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—

stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the Blessed Life which began in Bethlehem so many years ago is the image and and brightness of the Eternal Love?

"Then you can keep Christmas! And if one day, why not always?"

—Henry Van Dyke

CHRISTMAS

"There is something undefinable permeating the spirit of the Christmas season; a something sweeter, kindlier, more charitable and more peacefully loving than at any other period throughout the year.

"Perhaps it is the metaphysical psychology inspired by Him whose Nativity we commemorate, transmitted adown nineteen centuries to us, that we may not forget the primitive purity, the boundless love and the sweet charity inculcated by the lessons simply taught by the Master.

"There is no orthodoxy, no bigotry, no hatred in the Christmas spirit—it embraces the world and extends out beyond into eternity. It is all good, devoid of evil.

"If in the Christmas spirit one reads The Lord's Prayer, the Twenty-third Psalm, The Other Wise Man, The Great Guest Came, The Will of the Mill, The Master of the Inn, and Dickens' Christmas Carol, and other such simple and beautiful literature it can not but broaden and deepen one's perspective of the duty owed to God, to country, to family, to neighbor and to one's self.

"The parable of the Sower, applied to the Christmas spirit, implanted in the rich soil of the heart and nurtured throughout the years, would not fail in bringing forth a thousand-fold harvest of Peace on Earth and Good-will to all mankind.

"In the Golden Rule and in the New Commandment: 'Love One Another,' is found the essence and the seed to be sown to produce an abundant harvest of the Christmas spirit.

"Go thou and plant the seed."

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THE HAPPIEST SEASON:

For us Christmas is the happiest season of all the year. It means the coming home of our loved ones to a bounteous Christmas dinner, the giving of

presents to each other by father, mother, children and friends. We remember the many blessings that have come to us because we live in a land where the birth of Christ is celebrated and children are loved and remembered through all the year, but most especially at Christmas time. It gives to each and every one a chance to express some evidence of love to the Christ child by giving to the needy about us.

Don't crowd Christ out of your heart by spending too much time in making an even exchange of gifts, but on the other hand, give to some one who would be lonesome and Christmasless if you forgot them. To get much out of the day we must remember the solemn occasion of the celebration, the glad tidings of great joy, the sacred message the angels proclaimed for upwards of twenty centuries ago. That message has been carried from one generation to another, from one country to another with one purpose and one aim, emphasizing the true spirit of the Christ by ministering to those without homes, without friends, and sick both in body and mind. There is no true happiness without service, and it is equally impossible to render an ideal service without that spark of divinity—love.

The heart must always be in the gift, or the blessing to the one who gives is largely lost. In giving let us remember God's gift to us, the Christ child, the real gift of all gifts, and endeavor to take the message to others, for Christmas without Christ is nothing more than a holiday. In giving to the poor it is well to remember His words: "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

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A WELL-BALANCED DIET NECESSARY.

Dr. A. W. McPhaul, city health officer, Charlotte, thinks that the day is fast approaching when the necessity of free lunches for school children will be accepted as one of the essentials in school life. Dr. McPhaul was of this opinion eight years ago, and feels that the expense of free lunches will very soon be included in the running expenses of the school system. Too much emphasis is laid upon physical culture and too little thought given about nourishing food for the growing child. Some one no doubt will argue, "surely the parents should feed their children." There is a reply to every such argument. There are few children, comparatively speaking, who are not able to pay the price of a physical director. Too much physical exercise without proper food is very strenuous for the adolescent youth.

THE PASSING OF A DISTINGUISHED SON.

Each day the great state of North Carolina is recording history of colorful interest, some of the pages convey messages of joy and others are filled with pathos, but the volume as a whole, let it be what it may, will be passed down to posterity to be reviewed. This year, 1930, marks the passing of three very distinguished citizens of national reputation, two were members of the lower house of Congress, and one was a member of the upper house of Congress. But while the State bowed in grief at the passing of these great men there was some comfort in realizing that there were other capable possibilities to fill the vacancies.

The last of the three to answer the final call was United States Senator Lee Slater Overman, a son of Rowan county, conspicuous because of his fidelity to duty and towering strength in championing the causes of public trust, proving himself at all times the peer of any of his constituents.

His friends will rejoice to know that after a distinguished service to state and nation, he has laid down the burdens of an official life, enacted with a manly poise during periods of war and peace, in the face of disagreements and conflicts, and entered into a peaceful and most blessed rest.

Senator Overman's death brings sorrow to a people who had long loved and respected him and whose affection and trust had grown with his long service at Washington. Just as he wished he fell at his post of duty, was brought to sleep among those he loved best, where his memory will be cherished as a leader who played a man's role in attending to the affairs of the state as well as the affairs of the nation. He loved his fellow man—the real secret of his capacity to hold his friends—and his friends in every walk of life were legion.

Truly our great men are fast falling, and the greatest question confronting the nation today is the development of Christian citizenship with a hope of splendid leadership.

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WE OFFER CONGRATULATIONS

To United States Senator Cameron Morrison, the Jackson Training School, including Superintendent Boger down to the least one in the institution, offers congratulaations to this eminent son of the Old North State. The handing

of this Senatorial portfolio to the man who has rendered a valuable service to the State is an honor most worthily bestowed, and we forecast that the trust will be safeguarded and dignified by a conscientious performance of every cause presented.

Senator Morrison from his varied experience as a politician, having also a versatile and bright intellect, will lose no time in adjusting himself in his new tenure, taking over the affairs of the office as one thoroughly conversant with every duty confronting him. Senator Morrison's family, including Mrs. Morrison and attractive young daughter, Angelia, will prove a valuable acquisition to the social and cultural interests of the national capital's society.

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BE TRUE TO YOUR HERITAGE.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton University, and one time United States Minister to the Netherlands, declares in an address to the business men's club, Germantown, the award of the Nobel prize to Sinclair Lewis, the author of Main Street and other novels, "is an insult to America." By this award Dr. Van Dyke thinks the Swedish Academy knows nothing of the English language. "In Main Street." so states Van Dyke, "there is not a girl in the story with whom you could fall in love. It used to be that Americans were taught to honor traditions. Nowadays the modern idea is to scoff at them."

Family tradition today is really an unheard of thing among the younger people of the country. The greed for money among the masses or the desire to be classed with the social set for the sake of reflected glory is so pronounced till there is no time or disposition to review family history, or express gratitude for a noble heritage of family or country. There is little time spent in doing the worthwhile things of life. One of the weaknesses of today is the lack of ambition to lead, every one seems satisfied to follow, to drift, so it is clear to see how easy it would be "to scoff" those who cherish memories of home, family and country. There are some who have no time for the past, eliminate memories of the homestead, church affiliation, friends of younger days and reach out for new things and new people with the hope of social position This in a nut-shell is one of the prime reasons the American people are not taught to honor tradition. It is wisdom to remember that no country is greater than its tradition, and no people greater than their

country. The people make the country, and a chain is as strong as its weakest link.

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THE ANNUAL SKIP.

After this issue of the Uplift the boys of the printing class take their annual vacation of one week. This little magazine makes its weekly appearance, with the exception of this one skip, and there is reason to believe the interested friends of the boys are perfectly willing to vote the class this annual vacation. The Christmas season is the only time the Jackson Training School boys are excused from the school room and other duties of the institution, for a week, and all together enjoy one big frolic.

We now bid our readers good-bye with best wishes for a happy Christmas and a successful New Year. We will greet you again the first week of 1931.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE VALUE OF THE T. B. SEAL.

A Tuberculosis Seal carries a vital message to your many friends, showing a personal interest in the work realized from the sale of the same. From this Christmas sale one-fourth of the money raised is used for research work in the State and national organizations. Just think, three-fourths of the amount raised is used in the local community to help some one afflicted with the disease or to further preventative work.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

In keeping with the spirit of the Christmas season we long to express ourselves in a definite way, not remembering our friends alone, but by giving to those unable to help themselves. We realize that the wave of business depression has been felt by the masses of the people, if not in a material manner there has been a mental depression because of the uncertainty of business life. We can only hope in the face of circumstances for the best, and endeavor to make this Christmas, 1930, very bright in the face of difficulties.

Again, as is the custom at this season of the year, we will carry a list of names of those who wish to contribute to the Christmas joy at the Jackson

Training School. We have over 500 boys, who are normal in every sense of the word, so you know they have a tooth for the good things that satisfy a boy's appetite. There are numbers and numbers of them who have no one to even send them a Christmas card. The first check to be received for this cause, we are happy to announce,—to make the boys feel that old Santa is lurking around the corner comes from:

The Stonewall Jackson Circle of King's Daughters, Concord	$10.00
Mrs. W. R. Odell, Concord	5.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte	50.00
Judge William M. Yorke, Greensboro,	$ 5.00
Mr. Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro,	10.00
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro,	50.00
Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte,	5.00
Mrs. Charles E. Boger, Concord,	10.00
Mrs. J. W. Cannon, Sr., Concord,	10.00
Mr. Charles E. Barnhardt, Charlotte	5.00
Board of Charities and Public Welfare, Durham	10.00

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"If you have tried and have
not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is
done
Just by patient trying."

—o—

If you want to make your wife extraordinarily happy, take a Christmas club to her.

—o—

Hank Ford says "the only permanent thing in the world is change." True in some things, but not all. For instance, when I break a bill, my change is not a permanency with me. And there are others.

—o—

Some men are club-footed. From the records of the courts, and the appearance of some wives in their battered condition, there are more of them that are club handed.

—o—

What this country needs is a lip stick that will stick and not stick. That is, stick to the lips of the girl that puts it on, and not to yours when you have kissed her.

—o—

Children, it is said, are more honest than their elders. This is a self-evident truth, but somehow or otherwise, they outgrow it as they grow older.

—o—

The treasury department is worried to death because, as it says in a statement to a congressional committee, the new paper bills do not last as long as the old bills did. The treasury department is right; the new paper money certainly doesn't last as long these days, nor does silver money, and not even copper money. The only money that I've found to have staying powers is a plugged Canadian dime that some dirty crook worked off on me some time ago. I find no one else will have it . It stays with me as one of my souvenirs.

—o—

I attended the funeral of a near neighbor the other day, and the choir sang in an impressive manner, that beautiful, old, immortal hymn of faith, hope and consolation, "How firm a foundation," etc. That was my sainted mother's favorite hymn. Memory flies back over the span of years and pictures the scenes of childhood in the "old home nest." How oft, as a small chap, have I been rocked to sleep, in my mother's arms —I can feel them about me now— while she sang, "How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord." Her voice lingers in my memory like an echo of the past. Her faith was deeply rooted in that dear old hymn, and her voice and tenderness planted the faith-seed in my heart, which has been a solace during a long period of years. Our mothers—God bless every one of them—are the guardian angels of our destinies! We

do not fully appreciate them until after we lose them.

—o—

The Lindbergh baby's future was prognosticated at the White House child welfare conference not long ago, and the doting mother was told what Charles, Jr., will be like at four years of age. She was told he would not be jealous nor resemble his dad more than his mom; that he would require from one to four spankings a month; that he would be able to recite rhymes, songs and prayers, and (listen to this) that his favorite amusement will be having his mother read to him! A venturesome prediction that! He may be mischievous or docile, daring or timid, forward or backward. Sometimes babies develop into individuals whose characteristics are those of grandparents or even great-grandparents. I hope the little chap will not be coddled too much, or too much protected from the occasional mishaps of child life, as some poor little rich children are, and that he will be reared as a child on the principle that Napoleon voiced when he told his wife's physician to treat her as a woman, not as an empress.

—o—

A car owner told me the other day he was never so happy with his car as now . Said he: "This is the season when I really take great pleasure in owning a car. Some motor drivers claim spring is the best time to own a car. They'll talk about the cherry blossoms and the young green grass peeping shyly out on the hillside and the soft, sweet breeze from the south and the bright, blue sky overhead. Oh, spring's the time for them. Another lot of motor mad people will say there's nothing like the summer. They rave over the flickering shadows, the deep tangled wild woods, the flowers by the little brook that babbles through the dale. All that and more. Then there comes the autumn enthusiasts. No time like autumn, they say. The heat and the dust of summer are gone. the leaves are turning red and gold and softly rustling down to earth. The goldenrod in its gorgeous glory standsby the old mill and overhead the ducks fly south. Oh, glorious, wonderful, beautiful autumn, say they. But to me, an auto owner, the winter time is the grandest of all. How I love my car in the winter. I go over to the storage warehouse where they've got it jacked up and the batteries taken out and the oil and the water and the gasoline run off and big chunks of burlap wrapped around it. I love to stand in front of it and say: 'All right, go ahead, take a nose dive into a ditch, if you want to; ha, ha! Keep right on at full speed in spite of the fact that I am standing on the brakes. Try to jump the fence and plow up that hay field because I am going a little fast around the curve. Go ahead and eat up gasoline by the barrel. Ha, ha, ha! Now I guess you'll be good, you old stiff-necked gas glutton, you: once more, ha, ha, and many of 'em; Yessir, that's why I love my car in the winter time more. Because that's the only time it doesn't scare me to death."

HAPPY CHRISTMAS TIME

By Rev. C. F. Sherrill

"The earth has grown old
With its burden of care,
But at Christmas it is always young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul, full of music, breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angel is sung."

Thus sings Phillips Brooks of the joyful Christmas time.

The finest gift ever made to the Christ is a redeemed, consecrated life.

"What can I give Him
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb,
If I were a wise man
I would do my part—
Yet what can I give Him?
Give my heart."

What a blessed light and joy Christmas brings to us. It is the children's jubilee. What a joy the parents have in the joy and gladness of the children.

"But, Bethlehem, since that dear night
When angels sang His birth,
His holy name in sweet acclaim
Has echoed 'round the earth."

St. Luke's Gospel opens with a burst of holy song. What music, joy and gladness the Babe of Bethlehem has brought!

"Heaven and earth His praises sing;
O, receive Him whom God appointed
For your prophet, priest and King."

**"Only a child—his Christmas gift,
Heralded by a star,
"But a light was set in the dusk of the years,
And the rays have shined afar.**

**And ever in faith when the eyes of men
Behold his star in the night,
Their steps are turned to the way again,
And they find in the Christ their light."**

CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE

(Selected)

England

Christmas is a merrie time in merrie England. Every one enters into the Christmas spirit. The poor of the villages sing carols from door to door. These poor people are called "Waits" and when they sing at the "great houses" they are given money and a generous "set-out" of Christmas goodies. The poor people, servants, and wealthy people have great merry-making together.

France

Across the channel in France the Christmas atmosphere is more of religion than of hospitality. The children are given toy-like figures of Christ, the manger, Mary and Joseph, as well as animals such as you see in Noah's Ark. Many little French children worship these toys.

Spain

In sunny Spain it is always warm at Christmas so the children do not hang their stockings in the chimney but scatter their shoes carelessly about the garden walls. They expect to find them full of sweets on Christmas morning.

Italy

Over in Italy for two weeks from Christmas Day, the Bambino or Christ Child, is displayed in the homes, Christmas is quiet in the homes and presents are given in baskets decorated with greens.

Russia

The Russians gather in the open to sing on Christmas Eve, then they hold a strange masquerade, the Kolenda, when young and old take part. They disguise themselves as sheep, oxen, and other domestic animals to keep in remembrance the thought that the Saviour was born in a manger among the lowly beasts of the fields.

Norway and Sweden

In Norway and Sweden, they have a very humane custom of feeding the birds. Grain is sprinkled on window sills, on floors, and even tied to poles set up in barnyards, so that the fowls of the air that our Lord spoke of, should have a share in the Christmas feast. The children love this and renew the food day after day.

Holland

In Holland the land of wooden shoes, Dutch children gather in the Market Place at two o'clock on Christmas morning to sing the carols they love. The leader carries a star on the top of a long pole. All gather about this and it means to them the appearence of the wonderful Star of the East that guided the Wise Men to the place where the Savior was born. These children go in procession through the towns where a supper, or rather, an early breakfast is set for them.

Germany

Germans use the pine tree for their Christmas festival. On it they hang gingerbread men, angels, and animals elaborately iced and gilded, made to delight the children. They

have large cakes that show whole Christmas scenes and are several stories high, built up of pastry and icing. They really look too wonderful to cut. In Oberamergau it is believed that the Christ-Child came down from heaven, bringing the Christmas tree, accompained by angels with gifts. They think a blessing is left for the little children of the household who have been good and kind during the year.

Mexico

From Germany we come to our Spanish American countries, where on Christfas Eve gay throngs crowd the streets. All doors are open and every one may enter. There is music and dancing and revelry unchecked. At midnight the scene changes, the cathedral bells ring, the streets are deserted for all the revelers are in church. In Mexico, nine nights before Christmas, a procession is formed with lighted tapers, touring the the homes, with the figures of Mary and Joseph carried at the head. On the ninth night an image of the Christ-child is added and placed with Mary and Joseph on the familhy altar. Then all go to mass.

United States

Just over the border from Mexico, is our own country where we hang our stockings on the mantle for St. Nicholas to fill and have gay Christmas trees and White Gift services. for Our King. We enjoy our own the most and are so glad that we really understand the story of the Christ-child.

HOLIDAY EVERGREENS

By Earle W. Gage

Through the centuries the Christmas tree has been an established feature of this joyous season, and its hold now upon the people is as great as it was in the days when grandmothers wore bonnets and crinolines and grandfathers chokers and beaver hats. Its grip upon public affection is unrelenting despite the passing of years, and though customs and habits change with the times, the Christmas tree remains a symbol of Christmas.

"And—like some seer of magic
eld decked out in fiery witchery—
My eyes in childish faith beheld
the glory of the Christmas
tree."

Any experienced traveler on the modern highway of life will advise you that this modern Christmas tree is nothing more than a sort of "off shoot" descendant of the old Druidical oak and misletoe; in other words, naught save a queer but vigorous survival of that true worship coincident with mankind's first gropings after the Supreme Power.

And so we must go to the simple soul of a great believer to find the birth of the Christmas tree thought.

His name was Martin Luther. History will tell you that he was born in 1483 and passed away in 1546. It will tell you many more things of the glorious accomplishments and the staunch ideals characterizing his sixty-three years of life. But you will have to go to Dame Legend to find one of the tales about him we love the best; and here it is:

The time was Christmas Eve of some year in the first quarter of the sixteenth century. During the day a heavy snow had fallen, and the thickly wooded countryside was covered with that magic white blanket which never quite loses its thrill for the northern born. With the deepening of night the stars began to glow in the heavens. Brighter and brighter they showed in clear brilliance, leading to the snowy world beneath them a calm and spangled lustre.

Along a rough road that led to his humble home walked a man. He was weary—worn alike with his own mighty thoughts, his responsibility toward those who followed him and the persecution that dogged his days. Yet as he trudged along he looked, and gradually the glory of the scene soothed his troubled soul. The eve of the Savior's Birth!—and it seemed to him that both the celestial and terrestrial worlds were joined in a great hymn of tranquility and beatitude.

Ah, if he could but convey some fragment of this beauty to those loved ones who awaited him at home!

And then was born the Christmas tree.

With the heavy knife that swung at his side he cut down one of the numerous small evergreens beside the path. With it in his arms and a smile upon his rough-hewn face, he pushed open the door of the little home and called for candles and any shreds of linen that might be found. As wife and children searched for these, he fastened the tree upright in the center of the oaken table. Then he shredded linen and tossed it here and there on the green branches to give the feeling of the snow; lighted candles he fastened at likely places to signify the stars, and some little semblance of the holy night outside had been translated to the no less holy hearth of this little home and the trusting hearts worshipping therein.

Thus was born the Christmas tree, out of the abiding faith of an unconquerable soul, to come down to all of us an annually recurrent symbol of the land that watched, the stars that shone, and the humanity that rejoiced at the birth of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

And, be the legend merely the fabrication of a poet's soul or rooted (as are so many of our ancient stories) deep in the rich soil of Truth, it is a "good thing and a noble thing" for us all to remember as we sit with our loved ones about our own Christmas tree. Let the antiquarians and the mythologists shroud it with primeval mists as they will, the Christian significance of Christmas shines ever forth to illumine the world, as shone the light of Martin Luther's candles in that little room so long ago.

For Christmas is a period of tri-

umph, of exultation, of extra friendly greetings, of good cheer, thanksgiving and universal happiness. And nothing we have so far discovered expresses the essence of that spirit quite so capably as the green little tree, gaily decked out in its festive adornments. Long let it—with its tender memories, its glowing hopes, and its transcendental symbolism—be with us.

Although our Christmas festival is in its present development a product of time and remote antiquity, involving the mixture of many pagan rites which had to do with entirely different worship, the evergreen Christmas tree is, perhaps, the most essential feature of the holy season as we now observe it, and is so recent a usage, despite the fact that it dates back to Martin Luther's time, that many people are incredulous when told how really modern it is compared with the other customs of Christmas.

In England, for example, where the festival of the Christmastide (described by Charles Dickens as a time of feasting and plenty) has been celebrated ever since the Middle Ages, the Christmas tree was not generally known before the beginning of the nineteenth century. In fact, the use of the evergreen tree at Christmas was not widely introduced into England and France until about 1840.

To the German people is attributed by all authorities the first use of the Christmas tree, for its adoption first spread from Luther's home to the forest homes of the country. Naturally, the people of the homeland were first attracted to this unique and beautiful custom. There were no printing presses then to issue newspapers and magazines to advise those abroad of new customs widely in vogue, and the few travelers who visited the land were either present at some other season, or were not sufficiently impressed to carry the news to other lands.

That the German Christmas tree was essentially the same as the one we know today is attested by the fact that Goethe, in 1774, described it as being decorated with candles, fruit and sweetmeats. Schiller, in 1789, called it the "green tree." Later it was given the distinctive names of Christbaum and Weihnachtsbaum. In Germany the Christmas fir can be traced back, in approximately its present form, to the early seventeenth century; but its earlier use appears to have been local rather than national.

In 1605 an unknown German writer mentioned the custom of bringing fir trees, adorned with paper flowers and fruit, into the homes or Strasburg. The seventeenth century apparently had its share of reformers and reprovers of human pleasures. For the Christmas tree, which in our age is an accepted symbol commemorating Christ's birth and which brings joy and pleasure to millions of children, young people and adults was then severely condemned by the theologians.

About the middle of the seventeenth century a celebrated Strasburg divine wrote: "Amongst the

other absurdities with which men are often more occupied at Christmas time than with the Word of God, there is also the Christmas or fir tree, which they erect in their houses, hang with dolls and sweetmeats, and then shake, causing it to shed its flowers. I know not the origin of the custom; it is a child's game."

Soon others of the clergy had taken up the cry against the innocent observance, so denounced it that the spread of the Christmas tree throughout Germany was retarded. But the fears appear to have been groundless. The Christmas tree in time displaced the other popular rites of that age.

Modern as the Christmas tree undoubtedly is in its present developpment, many ancient sources, lost in antiquity, have contributed to its evolution. Often these sources may be traced to pagan times, when the ancient equipped trees with virtures which were recognized in ther religions.

In pre-Christmas Germany the winter festival was, we are led to believe, a riotous celebration with many gross observances. This great Yule feast was held in commemoration of the return of the fiery sun wheel. For twelve nights, from December 25 to January 6, their great deities, Odin, Berchta and others, gave revelations to their worshipers. The early Church, eager to replace pagan festivals with Christian, sent missionaries among the German tribes. tribes.

Among these was St. Boniface, also called St. Winifred, who obtained many converts among these wild people in the eighth century. It is recorded that in Hesse some of these "converts," with a perfectly human, if primitive desire to propitiate the gods of both religions, professed Christianity, while at the same time, led by their wizards, adhearing to the old worship of sacred groves and many gods.

The story relates that at one of their Yule festivals at Fritzlar, St. Boniface, who appears to have been a man of singular courage, hewed down a venerable oak, scared for years to mighty Thor, the Thunderer. As the oak tottered beneath the last blows of the saint's axe, out of the sky came a whirlwind which the awed people believed to be Thor hastening to avenge the sacrilege. But instead of the intrepid saint being destroyed, the oak toppled and with a mighty crash fell to the ground. The pagans bowed in fear and reverence before the superior strength of Christianity.

In connection with this story there arose a legend that attempts to account for the advent of the Christmas tree. In the place where the veteran oak had stood, there suddenly appeared a young fir tree. St. Boniface told his astonished listeners that the pagan oak was gone forever, and that the fir, symbolizing the eternal Christ, should henceforth be the tree of their new faith.

"Let this green fir," he is supposed to have said, "be your holy tree tonight. Take it into your homes as a living emblem to honor

the birth of the Christ Child."

This is the other legend of the origin of the Christmas tree, and shares with that of how Martin Luther originated the custom, the story of the use of the evergreen at holiday festivals.

For the Christmas tree, among many peoples, was in early times held sacred, and some trace the present tree to the votive offering which were hung on the branches of living trees as an offering to the gods of antiquity. It is related that Xerxes, before starting to battle, hung rich jewels and garments on a sacred tree to invoke victory. Perhaps before sitting out against the Greeks, at Marathon, he made some such gift, but it is possible that he made use of the wrong sacred tree!

The Egyptians gave special veneration to the palm, the Greeks to the wild olive, and the early Celts to the oak. But the Christmas tree rite, as we know it, orgininated not far from the present German Swiss border, in the heart of the great forest which then covered the land.

To this day, in Germany, Christmas Eve is for the young people the most joyous night in the year. A great yew-bough is bought in on Christmas Eve and set up in the living room. A multitude of little tapers are fixed in the bough and sweetmeats and nuts are hung from the branches. Under this bough the children lay out the presents for their parents, each gift nicely wrapped in paper, and marked with the name of the person for whom it is intended. Then the parents are invited into the room, and each child presents his little gift.

Then on Christmas Day, the parents lay out on the table the presents for the children. A sense of more sober joy succeeds, as on this day the mother says privately to her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which he has observed most praiseworthy, and that which was most faulty in their conduct during the year just closed.

German and Dutch immigrants brought the Christmas tree custom across the seas, introduced it into America, and today we have a distinctly American Christmas festival, the central object of which is the same evergreen tree which Martin Luther set up in his house so long ago. In fact, more than ten million evergreen trees are required each year in the United States, to answer the demand for this symbol.

THE LIVING CHRISTMAS TREE

By Leonora Sill Ashton

"Not one more evergreen is to be cut down on my ground. Not one, I say," repeated Mr. Jackson with emphasis, when Jack and Janice looked up as if to remonstrate. "The greens have been growing thinner and thinner year after year, and I want above all else to keep those spruces in the woodlot. If you want to go out foraging for a Christmas tree, you can, but I'm a firm believer that this ruthless cutting of greens and trees at this season should be stopped. And the truest way to foster a movement like that is to begin at home."

Jack and Janice continued to look at their stepfather, but they said nothing in answer to his remarks. He was a man of very decided views, and not at all inclined to be even tempered if these views were not agreed to by other people.

And, of course, after all, the boy and girl had nothing to say on the subject. This was Mr. Jackson's home, and the woodland stretching beyond the window was also his. If he chose to make these rules about the trees there was nothing left but for them to keep them.

The two young people had arrived from their two boarding schools the night before, radiant at the thought of seeing their mother, and full of anticipation for the house party which they had planned, and to which they had invited three of their friends, two girls and a boy.

Among these plans had been one for an old-fashioned Christmas tree, covered with tinsel and colored ornaments, and with real candles—not strings of electric lights in the branches.

All the presents were to be on the floor underneath the tree. "And we'll crawl under for them and have the needles of the branches prick our necks," Jack had said.

One would have thought these two young people were fifty and sixty, instead of fifteen and sixteen; but a long illness on their mother's part and the enforced absence from home at Christmas time had left four years barren of the old Christmas festivities.

"I guess we'll have to toe the mark pretty closely instead of having things our way," said Jack as he and his sister left the breakfast table and went up to their mother's room, where she was still a semi-invalid.

"How big a tree do you suppose we should bring back?" asked Jack, as they all sat in the sunny bay window. "Jane and I are going to walk ten miles, if we have to, to find one we're free to cut down."

Janice gave her brother a warning look as the note of sarcasm as to his stepfather's views crept into his voice.

"My plan is not to cut one down," said she. "I'm willing to walk ten miles and farther, but I want to dig one up. Then it can be put in a tub, used for a Christmas tree, and plant-

ed again outdoors when spring comes.''

''Dig one up out of the frozen ground!'' exclaimed her brother. ''Well, we'll have to take a crowbar with us.''

''This principle of not cutting Christmas greens and trees has taken deep root in this neighborhood,'' said their mother, who had been listening thoughtfully to all her children had said, and reading their inmost thoughts behind their words. ''As far as I am concerned, I believe there should be reason in following it, just as there must be in the principle of not picking wild flowers.

''No one of us would pull a wild orchid up by the roots and carry it home never to revive again; and I think the most careless have learned not to pull up or pick arbutus and other rare flowers wantonly. But I think a spring without a handful of wild flowers of our own, and a Christmas without trees and holly and laurel in the house, would make this a very cheerless world to live in. So do your best, children, to find the via media this Christmas holiday.''

''I'm sure you will,' she added, as the two kissed her good-by.

She spoke cheerfully, but deep in her heart was a fear that her boy and girl were going to be disappointed in their cherished plan. Her hus- was the founder and president of an association whose slogan ran: ''Save Our Native Evergreens.'' Moreover, he was most conscientious in everything he undertook, and had imbued his friends and neighbors with the truth of what he considered a very necessary movement throughout the countryside. The fervor against cutting Christmas greens had increased during the past year, and now, on the threshold of another Christmas, the topic loomed with great importance.

Jack and Janice knew nothing of this, except what they had gained from the conversations on the subject that morning. So, full of confidence in finding what they sought, and with the blood racing through their veins that sunlit, frosty morning, they almost ran down the long, snowy street, which led from the town out into the open country.

''There's a scarcity of green anywhere and everywhere,'' admitted Jack when they came to a stretch of woodland, and looked deep into the maze of brown and black outlines of bare trees against the white. ''Perhaps this isn't an evergreen country, though.''

The boy carried a spade over his shoulder and his sister was armed with a small, but strong hatchet. This was the young people's first visit to their stepfather's home, and the whole trip to the woods that morning was one of exploration. The two did not know where any of the roads led. They did know, however, that the town was encircled by woodlands, and they felt sure that somewhere, near or far, there must be one lone evergreen that could be dug up and carried home.

''I wonder if they have been all cut down and rooted up, or if they don't grow here '' questioned Jack.

Just at that moment, as if in answer, there came a turn in the road;

and here with the woods growing wilder as they grew more remote from town, stood a grove of evergreens. There were hemlocks and spruce and a few great pines, rearing their branches to the sky.

The boy and girl stood entranced at the sight.

"Oh," breathed Janice in rapture, as a gust of wind stirred the long green fingers and blew a little cloud of sparkling frosty snow into her face. "Isn't this your idea of heaven, Jack? I haven't been in the woods in winter since I was a little girl."

"It's great!" answered her brother, with a glow on his face, kicking along in the snow and looking up at the sparkling trees. Three crows called there in the branches, and a blue jay flashed the color of its bold beauty far up in one of the pines.

Janice had stopped walking and stood very still. Another jeweled cloud of snow blew in her face, the wind caught her brown curls, which had only lately emerged from their bobbed captivity, and ruffled them against the brown beaver of her coat. A solemn rabbit, with startled eyes in vivid contrast to its fat body, suddenly appeared between two trees and just as suddenly disappeared with a few quick scampers. As she turned to look at the direction in which he went, the girl caught sight of another quick movement, and a striped chipmunk darted along the top of a stone wall, with a nut in his mouth.

"I don't wonder people in the old days, and fairy stories and children think the woods are enchanted Jack, do you?" she asked.

"Now don't get sentimental or we'll never accomplish what we've come out to do," answered her brother. "Let's go right in and explore. I want to reckon how far we've come, and how near these woods are to a house or to anyone who might own them."

Janice walked slowly and very carefully behind her brother.

"Afraid of tripping and getting your coat snowy?" teased her brother.

Janice was used to his bantering. "No," she answered in a matter of fact way. She did not explain that she was trying not to obliterate with her own steps, the tracks of the rabbit and other tiny claw and paw prints on the white forest floor. Her attention was so occupied in watching all she found that could not be deciphered there, that she did not see how far behind her brother had left her until she heard his voice coming from a distance in the woods.

"Janice!"

"Call again. I can't see you."

The two started towards each other and soon met.

"Follow me," said Jack, and led his sister to a place where he stood perfectly still and pointed through the trees.

Janice followed the line of his finger, and saw what was evidently a clearing in the woods, where stood an old weather-beaten building. It must have been a summer camping place at one time; but other hands than those of vacationists had transformed the hut into a refuge against cold as well as heat. Two of the windows had been boarded up, while

glass had been roughly fitted into the others; and the door was skillfully stuffed with paper in all its cracks and crevices. A pile of wood stood near the door, and from the chimney, which was the one substantial portion of the house, around which the whole seemed to center, rose a column of sweet smelling smoke.

"What do you suppose that is? And who do you suppose lives here in the middle of these woods?" whispered Janice, creeping up behind her brother.

"Let's go and knock on the door."

Suiting his action to his words, Jack lost no time in giving a loud rap on the door with the handle of his spade. Almost before the sound ceased the door was pulled heavily open and a tall man confronted them on the threshold of the strange house. His eyes, however, instead of resting on the boy and girl, instantly became fixed upon the spade and the hatchet.

"Well," said he, opening the door as wide as it would move. "I reckon yer ther kind uv people I'm set here ter watch fer. Cum in an' git warm, an' I'll keep them tools uv yourn fer er while ef yer don' mind."

Janice drew back a little, but Jack stood his ground boldly, keen for adventure.

"We'll gladly come in and see you and sit by the fire for a few moments," he answered. "But you haven't any right to take this hatchet and shovel away from us. We haven't cut off as much as a pine needle since we left the town; and if we're trespassing on forbidden ground, we didn't know it, and we can take ourselves away just as quickly as we came, right away if you want us to. But I would like to see the inside of of your hut, sir. Wouldn't you, Janice?"

"Yes, I'd like to see the fireplace of that chimney," answered Janice, nothing loath to go in, although she did look a little askance at the tall, roughly-clad man towering above them.

It was a typical woodman's hut, with only the bare necessities piled on a rustic table in a corner of the room. Somehow the place seemed more a transient abode than a permanent dwelling place.

"What are you?" asked Jack in his usual frank manner. "A kind of forest ranger, mounting guard over evergreens to keep from being cut down for Christmas trees?"

"Yer've guessed it," answered the man. "Ther associasjon fer savin' ther native evergreens hez placed me here til after December 25."

"How long have you been here?"

"Ever sence ther first uv ther month."

"Have you had much trouble keeping people away from the woods?"

"Not much. They've learned their lesson aroun' these parts, but this grove hez ben used fer years back, an' people cum from far away ter cut trees here."

"I don't wonder," said Jack, looking out of the window. "They're the most perfect shapes I ever saw. And see the little ones coming up! Why in a very few years there'll be a whole new growth of them. I should think it would help to cut a few down each year. Look at that

medium sized one near the door It's a perfect specimen. I think all this fuss about not cutting Christmas greens is nonsense!" he added impatiently.

"I don't know how fast evergreens grow," said Janice slowly, "and I do't know anything about the economic value of keeping them or cutting them down. I do know mother's right in saying we should treat the whole thing reasonably and with common sense. But Jack, when I think of the blessed evergreens lying around the florists' shop in New York after Christmas—the hundreds that have never been sold—and when I think of one of these trees here in the sunlight and the wind and the snow, green the year round, in summer and winter, cut down, shut up in a hot stuffy room, with candle grease dropping on the branches and making them all hot and sticky—it seems—too awful for words."

"Sentimental again, Jane," said Jack with a teasing smile. "Nevertheless, I believe in an old-fashioned Christmas tree. It doesn't seem like a real Christmas without one, and—"

"I ain't never seen one."

Janice and Jack started at the sound of the highly-pitched little voice that fell upon the air, and turned quickly to look in the direction whence it came. They had not noticed a couch in a dark corner of the room, much less that a little figure had lain there asleep.

The tall woodman was by the side of the bed in an instant. "Did we wake yer up with ther talkin'?" he asked. "Want father ter bring yer anythin'?"

"No, Daddy," answered the small boy, nestling up against the rough coat. "Go on an' tell more about ther Christmas trees. Then ain't it really wicked ter have one?"

"Is he your little boy? Did we wake him up? Is he sick?"

The questions about the child from Jack and Janice crowded each other as they stood looking down at the little five-year-old.

"He'll git better ther doctor says," answered the man simply. "He kin move his legs er little now. It wuz ther infantile purallis. He's all right though. Ain't yer Dick?"

"Sure," answered the small creature obediently. "But tell more erbout ther Chrismus trees."

Tall Jake looked at his young visitors. How could he—the appointed guardian of the green, growing citizens of the forest—tell their enchanted but forbidden traditions to his son?

Jack came to the rescue. "Why, Dick, when I was your age I always had an evergreen tree in the house for Christmas; and it had all sorts of ornaments and presents on it—and toys underneath."

"And were they yours?"

"Yes, Dick, mine and my sister's. Didn't you really ever see a Christmas tree?"

As the boy shook his head, Jack turned to his sister with a strange expression on his face.

"Tell him more about it," he said in an undertone. "I want to talk to his father.

The next day was Christmas Eve,

but, contrary to all expectations, it found the Jackson house very silent.

"I thought Jack and Janice were going to have a house party," said a "shut-in" neighbor across the street.

"I guess they've gone on a winter picnic," said her companion. "I saw an automobile full of young people start off with a load of bundles."

But it was not just that kind of a winter picnic that the two pictured to themselves. Out in front of the hut in the woods, five young people were working hard upon the "perfect specimen" of an evergreen tree, while Jake guarded the couch upon which Dick lay, and engaged the boy in all sorts of conversation and amusements.

Sparkling, silvery tinsel found its way amid those symmetrical branches, and held real frost jewels as the snow blew upon it. Wonderful glass icicles and imitation raindrops caught the winter sunlight and broke it into rainbow colors. Little baskets of candy and of forest nuts took their place as the fruit of the tree.

When one o'clock came the busy workers paused in their toil, and carried a big basket of provisions into the hut, where Jake had hot coffee ready for them. They all sat around Dick's bed, and he fingered the Christmas cookies with white sugar and tiny red candles on them, instead of eating them.

"Would they be ther kind that would be on er Chrismus tree?" he asked.

"Not exactly," answered Jack. "More likeely there'd be candy and presents on a tree."

"Can I have a tree? Can I have one " cried Dick excitedly.

"You mustn't tease him, Jack," said Janice. Then turning to Dick, "I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you had a Christmas tree this year, that is, if you are a very good boy."

Lunch over, the five went back to their work The forest tree seemed not such a medium-sized one after all, when they began to trim it; and it was necessary for two of the young people to make several trips back to town to buy extra ornaments and toys.

The sun had set before all was finished. The tree was hung with dozens of Christmas ornaments; and underneath on the frozen ground beneath the branches, which had pricked Jack's neck as had placed them there lay packages of all sizes and descriptions.

Just as the first stars began to shine in the pale winter heavens, Janice lighted the candles on the tree. The air was very still, so the tiny flames burned steadily, for a time at least; and when, at the sound of a tap on the wnidow pane, Jake carried Dick to the door of the hut, the little boy saw his first Christmas tree with lights and balls and presents and candy, gleaming against the white snow and the clear evening sky.

VISITING THE AMERICAN NUREMBERG

By Julia W. Wolfe

When Santa Claus goes torth to purchase American toys for American children he buys a ticket for Winchendon, a delightful town in Massachusetts, 68 miles northwest of Boston. It is called Toy Town, and is, as it should be, about the happiest place in the land. This town lies in a pleasant and peaceful valley in the shadow of majestic Mount Monadnock. Woods of white pine, the soft workable wood that gave Toy Town it being, encircle the valley.

In this town live six thousand people and for two generations nearly every grown person has made toys. Almost without exception the houses are painted white; their roofs, steeply sloped against the heavy snows, are red or green; and every place is in the pink of condition.

Despite the tall stacks of the Toy Town factories and the clustering chimney pots of the village, there is little smoke in the air. Wood and hard coal, for the most part, are the fuel, and the snow stays clean and white through the long winter. Then there are the factories, which are driven by the power of the river, lighted and heated by the electricity generated. The air you breathe is pure in this town.

And in this delightful setting and by these happy people are made the toys our boys and girls play with. More than half of all the rocking horses that have delighted the past and present generation have been turned out on Toy Town's lathes; two-thirds of all the drums that shatter our grown-up nerves, but delight the children annually, come from here; most of the desk blackboards; ninety per cent of the toy furniture —gay little trunks and tool chests, doll laundries, kitchen cabinets, toy pianos, building blocks, wooden express wagons,—these are the products of Toy Town. No dolls are made here and no metal toys, except tiny sail oats which are turned out in one of the smaller factories. But it is quite safe to say that any wooden toy that lies under the Christmas tree first saw life here, and what a charming place for a toy to be born in!

In all the fifty years of its existence Toy Town has never had a strike. The toy-makers have no organization of any sort, they are part and parcel of their factory. Quite a number of the people own their own homes, and it is said there is not a vacant house in the town.

Winchendon did not start out, of course, to be America's Nuremberg. It was settled in 1764, eleven years before the Battle of Bunker Hill, by English colonists, who gave it the name of their native place in England. It was known in colonial days as the plantation of Ipswich-Canada, for some reason that local historians do not know.

The original village was built on a hill overlooking the two lakes and the valley. It centered around the

gent with the fragrance of white pine and cedar, and the saws rip beautiful old white Congregational church, of which the Rev. Mr. Morton was pastor. His son, Levi P. Morton, earned his first dime ringing the bell in the white church, little dreaming that some day he would be Vice-President of the United States

When the old Post Road from Boston began booming in the valley, and the Morse House)just recently torn down) became an important overnight stop for the stages, the village began to grow. Then the railroad came through.

Amasa Whitney, a pioneer of the region, whose descendants still carry on his work, was one of the dominant industrialists of Winchendon's early days, a man of great power and vision when a big job was to be done. It was he who gave the town its start as a manufacturing community, but at great cost to himself and his workers. The rule he set for his factory was, "Work begins at ten minutes before sunrise at all seasons of the year; work ceases at ten minutes past sunset from 20th March to 20th September; at thirty minutes past 8 o'clock from 20th September to 20th March. Saturdays at sunset." Toy Town workers now work forty-eight hours a week, except during the period of extreme rush, and have their Saturday afternoons off.

But Morton E. Converse was the man who founded the toy-making business . His first factory was making paper collars, which were in vogue right after the Civil War. Competition became so keen that he had to think out something else. He devised a collar box out of his native pine, whittled out a tiny tea set, that would appeal to children, and put three little holes in the bottom of the box for pegs to set into. By inserting these pegs the collar box became quite a fetching toy table on which a tea set could be laid and a doll family served. The novelty caught on and the Converse paper collars and the Converse tea set box became the rage of the day. It was a happy and fortunate inspiration.

When the paper collar fad began to show signs of dying the elder Converse cautiously considered going in for toys on a big scale. He found any quantity of raw material right at hand in the white pine forests, and the nucleus of a band of skilled workers in those who had been making his collar boxes. So he opened his first modest factory in 1877. Thus the town grew. After Morton Converse passed on ,his son, A. D. Converse, took the reins of the business, and increased it.

There are a dozen or more men in the factory today who have worked there forty-five years. The original toy-makers were old New England stock and most of them are today. But many French-Canadians are found in the town and excellent workers they are, too.

The long, rambling factories in which the toys are made have not the look of factories at all. No roar, no dust. They are kept freshly painted, and their myriad windows seem most friendly. Inside they are pun-

through the clean wood with a cheerful sound. The workers themselves work quietly and efficiently and smile at their tasks. Summer and fall months are the busy ones, and several thousand carloads of toys are dispatched from this town. Just before Christmas there is a lull and then toymakers touch up their pretty homes with paints and repairs. Before Christmas is over the workers in Toy Town will be going full blast, making all sorts of nice things for next Christmas.

A SEASONABLE THOUGHT

Only God could have thought of Christmas. Its beauty is beyond the wit of mortals, so simple in its sublimity, so homey yet so heavenly. On a tapestry woven of a stable straw and starlight it unveils a picture to soften and purify the heart. Man would have made it a pageant, but God works in slower and more secret ways. He blows no trumpet; He rings no bell. He begins within, seeking His ends by quiet growth, and by a strange power that men call weakness, a wisdom mistaken for folly. Man has one answer to every problem—force; but that is not the way of God. He did not send an army to conquer the world; He sent a Babe to make a woman cry. It is a scene to sanctify the world, as if to teach us that God enters the life of every man by lowly doors, attended by starry ideals and simple shepherd sentiments—"one of the children of the year." They are wise men who bow at such a shrine, linking a far-off pilgrim star with the cradle of a little Child. By such faith men are truly wise, knowing that no hope is too high, no dream too holy to be fulfilled—even the hope and dream of peace on earth among men of good will."

—Dr. Joseph Fort Newton.

QUAINT TRADITIONS

(Selected)

The holiday season recalls quaint ideas and Christmas fancies of old, even back to the ancient days of the Druids—a time when the mistletoe sprig, as a potent mascot, was presented as an omen of good fortune, as a symbol of health, wealth and prosperity, and in those days long ago the house that sported a branch of mistletoe at Christmas would never be unlucky. It is from the Druids that the custom of decorating our churches and homes with evergreens comes, for they believed that all the sylvan sprites flocked together on these boughs, there to remain until the warm weather came. In midwinter the Druids sent around sprigs of ivy and mistletoe to remind the people to decorate their dwellings with evergreens, in order to propitiate the sylvan sprites and secure protection from frosts and wintry blasts. Holly berries long have been considered as giving wonderful power when worn in the shape of a wreath, which must be made and worn in imitation of a sacred crown of thorns and of berries, and the wearer of the crown must go alone at midnight on Christmas and sit in the dark, and, in accordance with the ancient tradition, when worn on Christmas eve the holly wreath will evoke visions of spirit forms coming in the air to sing their Noel songs, and all the beasts will be seen to kneel down in worship.

The Yule cage and Yule log, too have their important part in this ancient Saxon tradition for the Christmas festival season. The cake had the same powers as the bride cake has on Christmas night. The Yule log was used to light the Christmas fire the next year because it preserved the house from fire during the year and subdued the spirit of the flames.. Its powers were bestowed in the days of the Druids when the belting fires were lighted and the brands secured from the fire to light the fire next year. The ancient Saxons burned the Yule log as a symbol of the turning of the sun toward spring. Even the moon contributed its share to Christmas superstitions, for, as the legend runs, if Christmas comes during the waning of the moon we are sure to have a good year, and the nearer to the full moon the better. Holland, perhaps, has the prettiest custom of all nations for the Christmas festival. On the night before Christmas, in commemoration of the Star of the East, the young men of their towns assemble and carry through the dark streets a large, bright star; all the people go out to greet and give to the bearers of this "Star of Bethlehem," as it is called, alms for the poor.

Seven days before their New Year, the Chinese worship the Kitchen God by preparing dishes of candy and various sweets with which they smear his mouth. Later they burn him amid the firing off of crackers, the dicty being sent up in a char-

lot of smoke and fire to a conference with the king of the celestial regions. The idea of smearing his mouth with sweets is that he may not say anything but honeyed words, or that his lips may stick together and so prevent his talking too much.

The Kitchen God, according to story, has been ill treated by his brother and sister-in-law, who were very rich and had many servants, but allowed their brother to work with the servants and have dinner with them. Their cruelty developed day after day until at last they treated him heavenly by seating him in a sedan chair made of paper.

The creation of giving gifts at Christmas came, not from presents of gold and silver given to the Christ child, as many believe, but from an old custom of priests putting on board of all outgoing ships a box of alms. This box was opened at Christmas time and masses said for the givers of the alms, and was called "Christ mass" box, and from this has come our custom of Christmas boxes and gift giving.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. J. P. Cook, associate editor of the Uplift, who is spending the winter in Charlotte, spent last Tuesday at the school and with friends in Concord.

Rev. T. W. Fogelman, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His talk was both helpful and interesting.

Despite the fact that there has been a financial depression all over the country during the past year, a number of our friends are sending in their usual contributions to the boys' Christmas fund. Superintendent Boger and Mr. White, purchasing agent, have been busy for the past few days purchasing the good things to be given to the boys during the holiday season.

Preparations for a happy Christmas season at the Jackson Training School are well under way. We are informed that the boys taking part in the play to be given Christmas Eve, are making great progress in their daily rehearsals. Almost every day we hear the boys practicing those beautiful old Christmas carols; and in all of our various departments the usual Christmas activities are moving along in high gear, all of which indicates that Christmas at the institution will be a time of joy and happiness.

Last Tuesday night and Wednesday morning a real snow storm visited this section. The snowfall measured about ten inches on the level and in many places the drifts greatly exceeded that depth. As we assembled at the "old oak," the boys had quite an enjoyable time playing in the snow. The roads about the campus were drifted shut and there was very little traffic on the highway. It was not until Mr. White and his barn boys blazed the trail with the snow plow and considerable shoveling was done that the auto owners here at the school were able to get their cars out of the garages. The rural mail carrier on our route, who is usually very punctual, was more than four hours late. It was the heaviest snowfall that has visited this section of the country in years.

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